

UNIVERSITY OF ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE



3 1761 07097649 3



Young Ladies' Library

ST JOSEPH'S ACADEMY
TORONTO

No 1184

145





HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED ST. LUKE. . . . 48

VOL. LXVII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JULY 4, 1908.

NO. 1.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C. S. C.]

Memento Mori.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

AND now the beeches show a shaded gold,
Or brown, gold-tinted, for July is here;
'Tis like a hint of change that brings strange
fear
Into the strong man's life; warm, wide-unrolled,
The roses' petals droop, the lilies hold
Up languid chalices near blade and spear
Of red gladioli, the ferns are sere
In open places; June's glad tale is told,
And May a memory; still to the skies
The song of Summer mounts; through its
tones run
Sounds like a coming wave that moans and
booms
Before a storm:—all beauty fades and dies,
Petal by petal, and the day is done,—
And then the Rose Eternal bursts and
blooms.

Our Lady of Grace.

BY THE REV. H. G. HUGHES.

WERE we endowed with a gift of supernatural sight so that the realities of the spiritual world, God's kingdom of grace and glory, became clearly visible to the perceptive faculties of our souls; and were we able with that gift of spiritual vision to range through heaven and earth, what marvellous beauties, surpassing all the beauty of material things, would open out upon our wondering gaze!

As we looked at earth, the things of earth, the things of this present world, would recede into their true position as shadows and images,—faint shadows and images of the things of God and of the soul that are the only permanent facts, and will alone outlast this brief existence. Looking at earth, indeed, we should see also much horrible evil and hideous corruption; for the evil angels who beset us, and the dreadful deformity of souls in sin, would be revealed. Sin would then appear to us in its true light, as the real cause and root of all the woes and miseries that afflict mankind.

But we should see also the beauty of holiness, the splendor of pure souls; we should descry the indwelling presence of the Holy Spirit in those that love God, the fair fruits of virtue, and the heavenly gifts with which He enriches them. Looking at heaven, we should see the unspeakable glory that is to come; and we should view the blessed spirits—angels and ransomed souls—bathed in the light of God's presence, rapt in the contemplation of His eternal, all-surpassing beauty, and ravished with His all-satisfying love.

And there in heaven we should see a throne, set high above the thrones of the Seraphim, exalted above all other seats of majesty but one alone—that one whereon there sits at the right hand of the Father He who was made Man for us and is true God, eternally adored. And on that throne of which I speak, lower only than the Throne of God made Man, there sits One so fair, so beautiful without, and so spiritually

perfect and glorious within, that only to gaze upon her would be a very heaven of delights. And who is she but Mary, Mother of God, Queen of Angels and of men, our Blessed Lady of Grace, clothed with the sun and with the moon beneath her feet, and about her head a diadem of stars?

And what is she doing? Angels and archangels do homage before her; majesty and mildness, imperial royalty and tender graciousness shine forth from her countenance and reveal themselves in every gesture. She is ever looking up,—up to that one heavenly Throne that is exalted above her own,—the Throne of the Godhead where sits her Son, with the Father and the Holy Spirit of them both. And we might think, from her ecstatic gaze, that she could have no thought for aught else, and saw only the Adorable One, the Blessed Trinity in Unity, and the resplendent form of Jesus, the Incarnate Word.

But it is not so; for the blessed see in God all other things that especially concern them. And Mary, above all others in glory as in grace, possesses an unspeakably vaster knowledge of God than any other saint or angel in heaven; and, in Him, knows also more than any other the things of this created universe. And she knows in God, and through her vision of God, all that concerns our sanctification and salvation, the things that belong to our peace. For is she not most intimately concerned with these things? Did she not give our Redeemer to us? Is she not the chosen co-operator with God her Son in the work of our redemption? Did she not speak that blessed word of consent with which our great salvation was begun, "Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it done to me according to thy word"? And her office as sharer in that work of redemption she did not lay aside when she was gloriously assumed into heaven, any more than Jesus, our great High Priest, laid aside His office of Redeemer when He

entered within the veil. And so there is mirrored to her in the Divine Essence that she contemplates everything that has to do with the souls for whom her Son has shed His Precious Blood.

There is no necessity of ours that she does not know; there is no good prayer that we make to her that does not reach her Mother's heart; there is no loving act of devotion that fails of her attentive regard, or shall not gain a recompense at her hands. Yes, while she looks upon God, and is blessed above all others in heaven with the fulness of divine knowledge and divine love, she listens to our prayers and continually intercedes for us with Jesus, who can refuse no boon to His most beloved Mother.

And as she prays there flow out from God, at her continual and loving entreaty, streams of grace that fall like refreshing rain upon the earth, and give life and strength to all who call upon her,—grace to convert sinners, grace to aid us in temptation, grace to heal our spiritual maladies, grace to console us in trial, grace to lead us higher and bring us nearer to God.

At her prayer, divine sanctifying grace is poured out in the souls of sinners by the Holy Spirit, who takes up His abode in them; and great increase of grace and charity is given to those who are already living in the fear and love of God. At her prayer the Gifts of the Holy Ghost and the Christian virtues spring to life where they were not before, and grow to luxuriant richness where they have already been planted. Yes, Mary is Queen of the vast kingdom of grace; to her has her Divine Son given the vicegerency of that kingdom, inasmuch as no grace that is given to men is given without her concurring intercession as co-operator in the Redemption wrought by the Blood of her Son.

But, after all, we need no gift of supernatural vision to know that all this is true. We need a gift, indeed,—a supernatural gift; but we have that gift, and it is our

faith,—faith, which St. Paul calls “the substance of things hoped for; the evidence of things that appear not.” Faith is not, indeed, the same as sight; and when God’s glorious kingdom of grace and glory bursts upon our view in the life to come, we shall cry out that not the half of its beauty and its wonder was told us. But faith is certainty,—infallible and firm certainty; and it needs but the drawing aside of the veil of this earthly tabernacle of flesh in which we dwell, for the things we hold now by faith to become visible to us.

And knowing now by faith what Mary’s office is, we rightly call her “Our Lady of Grace,” Queen of that invisible realm that is so much more real, so immeasurably more important, than earth with all its concerns. She is entitled by the Church “Mother of Divine Grace,” and “Mother of Graces”; and most fitting to her are both these titles.

Mother of Graces she is; for graces come not to men without her loving intervention. Mother of Graces, again, because in her immaculate soul are all high virtues and graces beyond comparison with any other but the blessed soul of Jesus. Mother of Grace she is because she has the plenitude of sanctifying grace, so great, so intensified, that she is of all most like to God her Son,—a marvel to the very angels that worship about His Throne. Mother of Divine Grace, again, because she is the true Mother of Him who is the Source and Fount of all grace that is—Jesus, the Only-Begotten of the Father, “full of grace and truth,” made flesh through her for us.

All this we know by faith; and hence it is that we honor Mary under this most beautiful, most consoling and most true title of our Blessed Lady of Grace. And we shall honor her in a way she well loves by the utmost confidence in the power of her intercession; for trusting her, we show trust in Jesus her Son, who has made her what she is, and from whom all her great graces and privileges

come. So let us ask of her all the graces that we need: an ever-constant faith, sure hope, and fervent love for God; a real personal devotion to Jesus Christ, our Blessed Saviour; strength in time of trial and temptation, hatred of all sin, courage to profess our holy religion in the face of a scornful world.

With the utmost confidence we may pray; for to her the Holy Catholic Church has not hesitated to apply the words of Divine Wisdom: “I am the Mother of fair love, and of fear, and of knowledge, and of holy hope. In me is all grace of the way and of the truth; in me is all hope of life and of virtue. Come over to me, all ye that desire me, and be filled with my fruits.” * Mother of fair love, of charity divine, by which we are made God’s own, and closely knit to Him; Mother of fear, giving us by her prayers the saving fear of God, the dread of sin, lest we grieve the Holy Spirit of God by whom we are sealed unto the day of redemption; Mother of true knowledge—the knowledge of God,—and of true wisdom,—the wisdom of a holy life; Mother of holy hope, in whom our hopes are placed, since she bears up our petitions to the Throne of Grace and makes amends for our unworthiness.

In her, indeed, is all grace of the way and the truth, and all hope of life and of virtue; for to us she has given Him who is the Way and the Truth and the Life; and from Him she will obtain for us that we know that Truth and walk in that Way and live by that Life. “Come over to her, all ye that desire her.” And who of us will not desire her and come over to her from sin and indifference and sloth, to be filled, to our eternal blessedness with her most rich and most precious fruits?

* Ecclesiasticus, xxiv, 24-27.

HUMILITY is the altar on which God wishes us to offer sacrifices to Him.

—*La Rochefoucauld.*

An Interlude.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

AUNT ABBIE had one of her headaches, and the household was demoralized, if the word can be applied to anything so staid and simple. The sufferer, provided by her niece with a hot soapstone for her feet and various concoctions of herbs to drink, had withdrawn to the chamber above the living room. Meanwhile a hush settled over the house. Miss Fanny checked the exultant spring song that rose to her lips, and the chickens seemed to tread more softly.

"I do hope nobody'll come in," said Miss Fanny; "for it's too cold to sit out doors, and Aunt Abbie could never stand to hear talking."

But Mrs. Currier, her nearest neighbor, was at that moment lifting the latch. There were two grades of callers in Hilltop. If you went in without knocking, you were on terms of intimacy; a warning rap indicated more formal relations.

Miss Fanny held up a warning finger.

"Aunt Abbie's dreadful bad with one of her headaches," she said, "and maybe she's asleep."

And so they conversed in whispers. But presently the alluring themes of house cleaning and garden planting tempted them. They raised their voices, and Aunt Abbie awoke. She was better: the headache was in full flight. She even felt equal to taking a silent part in the conversation going on downstairs, and stepped softly to the aperture through which in winter the stovepipe came from below to supply her bedchamber with warmth.

"She must be an awful sight of trouble," were the first words she heard.

"She is," said Miss Fanny's well-known voice. "I've planned every way in the world to get rid of her. I declare it seems sometimes as if I couldn't stand to have her around another minute."

Aunt Abbie had heard enough. She crawled into bed again, and shook with sobs that racked her old frame. Her own niece planning to get rid of her! Tired of her! Thinking her trouble! Why had she never suspected this before? Fanny had always seemed so kind. Her own sister's daughter, and such a hypocrite!

"Oh,—oh!" wept the injured woman.

"Are you worse, Aunt Abbie?" whispered Miss Fanny, putting her head in the door. "I thought I heard you groaning."

"No, I ain't," answered Aunt Abbie. "The headache's just about gone, but there's worse things than headaches."

"I know that," responded Miss Fanny, cheerfully; "but I'm awful glad you're better. Don't you think you could drink some tea? You didn't eat a swaller of dinner."

"I don't want any tea or anything else. I've just been eating you out of house and home this long while."

"Why, Aunt Abbie!"

"Yes, I have, and I'm an awful lot of trouble and expense, and you'd like to get rid of me."

"I don't know what you mean," said her niece. "I'm sure I'm just as glad as can be to have you here. You ain't hardly a mite of expense either, and if you *was* I wouldn't care."

"That'll do to talk," said Aunt Abbie, getting out of bed and planting her feet on the floor with decision; "but I know you're sick and tired having me round."

Gentle Miss Fanny was perplexed. Had those awful headaches ended by affecting her aunt's brain? She tried a diverting theme.

"You'll feel different after you get downstairs. Mrs. Currier just left; she brought me some tomato plants."

No answer.

"And, Aunt Abbie, I've concluded not to go and help Cousin Hannah with the house cleaning. I don't believe you're a bit well."

"I'm well enough for a tiresome old critter that's in folkses' way," answered

Aunt Abbie; "and I won't have you staying at home for me."

The mystery grew darker. What had clouded and embittered that old mind? Miss Fanny, puzzled and apprehensive, left for her cousin's the next morning.

"If I hadn't promised, I wouldn't go a step," she said as she went away. "Those headaches are surely wearing on you."

"They ain't," said Aunt Abbie. "I'm just as well as ever I was."

"Well, be sure and take that liver medicine,—a teaspoonful before each meal; and take things easy. You can pile up the dishes and leave them for me to wash, and I'll be home in a couple of days. And, Aunt Abbie," she came back to say, "you get that notion out of your mind that you're a trouble to me. Why, I wouldn't know what to do without you!"

Then she hurried on, fearing, like a true New Englander, to betray unwonted emotion.

"I heard her with my own ears," said Aunt Abbie to herself. "'I've planned every way to get rid of her. It seems as if I couldn't stand it.' Those were her very words, and I'm going right straight away."

She had thought it all out in the night. She would go and work in the cotton mill again, just as she did when she was a girl.

"There wasn't a hand that could beat me," she reasoned. "I could do twice what most of them could, and I guess I can yet. When they see me run a loom, they'll think I am pretty spry."

She put the house in order, leaving several days' supply of water for the chickens, and trusting them to forage for food. Then she made her travelling toilet, putting on her black alpaca gown and adorning the waist with a large pink bow, as a supposed concession to fashion. She wore her Sunday bonnet; but in her excitement forgot to pin it securely to her little knot of hair, and it settled down on one side of her head in a rakish and

jaunty manner. In an old carpet-bag she packed such articles as she deemed would be required, and tied a white apron about her waist.

"Folks is always eating in the cars, I've been told," she said. "Some children might sit near me and get grease on my front breadth."

After she had fairly started, she went back twice: to put the cat out and to hide the spoons. She left a note on her niece's pincushion.

"I ain't going to be any more trouble to you," so it ran. "You'll find the spoons in the green-sprigged teapot, and be sure and cover the tomato plants if it gets frosty."

It was something of a walk through the woods to the station; but she met no one, and bought her ticket with mingled joy and apprehension. A strange youth stamped it and pushed it through a little grating, and the train whizzed in. A man in uniform helped her to get aboard, and she sat on the edge of a seat, her carpet-bag grasped tightly, her bonnet still perched insecurely over one ear. The brisk walk in the wind had disarranged her thin gray hair, and it was a very unkempt and dishevelled old lady who arrived at — early in the afternoon and asked the way to "the mill." There was not a familiar building in sight; the faces in the street were strange, and her unaccustomed fast had weakened her.

"The mill?" asked a kindly woman whom she addressed. "Which one?"

"Are there two?"

"Bless your heart, grandma, there's a dozen or more!" was the reply. "And right across the street is the office of the biggest one, if you want to find out anything."

Aunt Abbie passed through the open portal.

"What is it, grandma?" asked a man behind a railing.

Aunt Abbie was vexed.

"I ain't your grandma," she said; "and I ain't that woman's grandma either. I want a place to work."

The man, being busy, attempted to dismiss her, saying that no scrub women were needed.

"I don't want to scrub," she answered. "I want to run a loom. I was the spryest girl in the mill once. You just let me try, and you'll see."

"Move along!" he said. "There are others waiting to see me." He thought her demented; and, from his point of view, had reason to do so.

She went out of the door, tears in her dim old eyes. Two boys "shied" pebbles at her and called her Mrs. Hayseed. No longer able to stand, she sat down on the curb, and a crowd gathered. A policeman, to the urchins' delight, sent in a call for a patrol wagon, and took her kindly but forcibly by the arm.

"If you'll let me, I'll take care of her," said a clear voice, as a young woman made her way through the crowd and put her arm about the bewildered Aunt Abbie. "Come right along with me, dear!" And she smoothed the straggling hair and put the bonnet straight with deft touches. Aunt Abbie's grandfather fought at Bunker Hill, and at a friendly word she was her brave self again. Then the cry of "A fight!" from the next corner attracted the boys as well as the guardian of the peace, and the women—one so old, one so young—were left to themselves.

"What I want is a cup of tea," said Aunt Abbie, "and then I'm going straight home. I'm afraid I'm going to have one of my headaches. I'm subject to them. I never saw such an awful place as this is."

"Do you live here?"

"My goodness, no! I live in Hilltop, up in New Hampshire, with my niece. She got tired having me round, and I came here to work in the mill as I did when I was a girl. I used to run two looms," she added, with pardonable pride.

"Was it long ago?"

"Well, it was—why, I declare it must have been nigh on to sixty years!"

"They have machinery now that does

most everything," explained the girl as they walked along. "It's you that are to have a fine cup of tea with me, then I'll see you safe to your train."

"I can pay for it," said the independent Aunt Abbie.

"We'll see about that," answered the girl, seeing instinctively that her charge was not a suitable object of charity.

"I can walk faster," said Aunt Abbie. "It's clearing off and I'm afraid there will be a frost, and I must cover up the tomato plants."

Poor old soul! The disease we call nostalgia had gripped her with iron bands. She thought of all her simple joys,—of the sun going behind the mountain, of her headache medicine, of her niece's kindness in her days and nights of pain.

The strangely assorted pair had a confidential talk in Norah Daly's little hall room over the hot cup of tea. The next train north would leave, they had ascertained, at four o'clock, and there was no need of haste. Each told her story; and Aunt Abbie forgot her own troubles as she listened to the young Irish girl, who was so sad and lonely and far from home. She and her young brother, she said, had come to America the autumn before; he had gone farther in search of work, and had never come back.

"My poor little Tim!" she said. "It's dead he is, or he would have written to ease my heart."

"There now!" responded Aunt Abbie. "Don't give up. Maybe his letters are lost or he don't know how to send them, being a furriner. Furriners are pretty queer, though maybe I ain't polite in saying it."

"I don't mind at all," said Norah, at the cheerful words.

"Yes, they're queer. There's a furriner at the Poor Farm who doesn't know who he is. They call him Curly on account of his hair. He's smart enough most ways, though, and is a master-hand with horses. They found him in the road last fall with a hurt on his head."

"Poor old man!" said the sympathetic listener, putting on her hat, for train time was approaching.

"Oh, he isn't old! He's only about sixteen, and a little feller at that."

Norah turned white. "Curly hair, and little, and liking horses! Thanks be to God, I believe it's my own brother Tim!"

Aunt Abbie rose to the occasion. "It may be," she said; "but don't be sure. Come home with me and find out; and if it isn't Tim, you won't be any worse off than you are now, and you can see the green hills, and get out of this awful place where boys and men have stones for hearts. And speaking of hills reminds me that they say the boy is forever singing about the Green Hills of old Ireland."

"And why?" asked the joyous Norah. "Because it's the only song he ever knew, and it's Tim!"

The sun had set when the travellers reached Hilltop; and in a wagon at the station, holding the fat Poor Farm horses, sat Curly himself, the Irish waif who couldn't remember.

"Tim!" said Norah softly, and he looked at her and smiled.

"Tim!" she said again.

"I don't know you," he replied, after a moment's pause; "but you make me think of my mother."

Leaving brother and sister together, Aunt Abbie trudged on. Mrs. Currier was standing at her gate.

"Been travelling?" she asked.

"A little," answered Aunt Abbie, hastening to change the subject. "Do you think there'll be a frost?"

Mrs. Currier was persistent. "I couldn't think where you'd gone," she continued. "Your speckled hen's been here all day. I couldn't shoo her home. It beats all how much store Fanny sets by that hen. Just yesterday she was a saying she'd planned every way to get rid of her and it didn't seem as if she could have her round another minute. When I said, 'Why don't you kill her?' she was mad, and said she'd as soon

eat one of the neighbors. She's got a spiteful tongue."

Suddenly light flashed on Aunt Abbie. It was old Speckle that Fanny was tired of having round and wanted to get rid of. She said good-night and hurried on. How fair the world had grown! How bright the stars! The cat came to meet her and rubbed against her feet. She opened the door of the house, took the note from the pincushion and burned it, folded away her Sabbath gown and covered the tomato plants. Everything was the same again. "God's been awful good to a cantankerous old critter," she murmured; then said her prayers and went to bed in the safe shelter of the dear green hills.

She went over the whole story the next day when Miss Fanny came home.

"I couldn't stay longer with any comfort," the niece had said upon her appearance, and she laughed until she cried when the confession was made.

"But you did have an awful time, Aunt Abbie!" she said.

"I don't care a mite about that," answered Aunt Abbie; "for if you hadn't said what you did, and I hadn't got mad and gone off, that nice girl might not have found her brother. She was here this morning, and says he's beginning to know her. A doctor over at the Beach thinks he can fix his head and wants to try. They're up on the mountain now. Hear them sing!"

And to the listening ears there floated the song:

Oh, the green hills of old Ireland far away!

CRITICAL history is an approximation to truth by the aid of written documents; legend is another approximation to a man's character, or to the influence of an idea, made by popular imagination. Legend has its measure of truth, which is frequently greater than that to which the critics can lay claim.

—Rev. J. M. Lagrange, O. P.

The Visitation.

Another Road to Rome.

BY THE REV. ARTHUR BARRY O'NEILL, C. S. C.

BY N. C. D.

And Mary, rising up in those days, went into the mountainous country with haste, into a city of Juda; and she entered into the house of Zachary, and saluted Elizabeth. And it came to pass that when Elizabeth heard the salutation of Mary the infant leaped in her womb. And Elizabeth was filled with the Holy Ghost, and she cried out with a loud voice and said: Blessed art thou among women; and blessed is the Fruit of thy womb. And whence is this to me that the Mother of my Lord should come to me? For, behold, as soon as the voice of thy salutation sounded in my ears, the infant in my womb leaped for joy. And blessed art thou that hast believed, because those things shall be accomplished that were spoken to thee by the Lord.

(St. Luke, i, 39-45.)

A PILGRIM slender,
With heart full tender,
She hastes to render
Such welcome care
To yet another,
An elder mother,
As, sure, no other
Than she could bear.
Sweet love inspiring
Her soul's desiring,
With feet untiring
She went her way
O'er hill and valley,
Nor stopped to dally,—

The Queen in whose bosom the God-Man lay.

No allegory,
That sweet old story—
How Mary's glory
Thrilled John unborn;
Yet may our gleaning
Beneath its screening
Find other meaning
We may not scorn:
Whate'er our station,
Our visitation
May bring elation
Where hearts ebb low;
True loving-kindness
May cure soul-blindness,
And bid hope leap in the womb of woe.

TO be a Catholic seems to me the most natural thing in the world.

I opened my eyes and saw. I was not conscious of going anywhere, of changing ground, but rather of realizing where I stood. It was as if mists from round one's head had cleared away.

That, I think, is memory's account of what is now beginning to be a good many years ago. There is no doubt that *what I did was done for me*. I have as great a certainty of that as I have of my existence and responsibility. I know this. My instincts, my actions, my movements of mind, my whole being, so to speak, are otherwise inexplicable. If I do not say that, I can say nothing. But how hard it is to give any impression of all this to another man! Faith is a gift, though it may be dependent (must be, in a sense) on other conditions—not only in ourselves.

Over and over, the matter presented itself to me in the following way. But these were, if I may say so, the arguments that I was *told* to build up, in order to illustrate, or, again, to underpin, that which I knew to be true.

It is impossible not to distinguish between right and wrong. There must be a source of the ideal in morals. That is He in whom all things live, who is the source of all. But here faith is beneath the gropings of mind, of instinct. There are better and worse among religions, and it is vain not to acknowledge this. But, then, guided, no doubt by Power not ourselves, we are in the way of readiness to understand the lesson of history, the state of men at various times, under various religions; we know what it is that Christianity does for the simple of heart, for the best; we judge of others by those we know; most of all, we judge by ourselves. Neither they nor we would, or dare say, that the better we are, the more

COLERIDGE described conscience as "the court of equity established by God in man."

unjust seems to us our lot. Hence we get firm beneath us that there is good absolute, if there is also evil; and difficulties are not doubts. Let them be so, and we are down the ladder once more at nothingness, at the impossible; whence we must get our foot on the first step again, by the very facts of our existence, forcing us to moral choice. And so there is no greater difficulty in accepting the Catholic religion as the one full truth than in acknowledging anything to be right as opposed to anything else wrong—which is the greatest pain in such a conversion as here is recalled.

I shall speak afterward of the submission to the Church as the one form of Christianity making reasonable appeal,—if that is worth doing nowadays. For, of all the parts of that which one's mind went over in such fashion as suited it—however inadequate that may seem, or its expressions may be,—of all parts, this last always seemed, I will not say the easiest, but the obvious: Christianity implies oneness, implies the Catholic Church. *That* I had been accustomed to settle in my mind for years, without realizing my own responsibility toward her. There are things which rudely awaken; as Newman noted: illness and bereavement. And, as I repeat, if a man's state, then, does not imply that he is being *made* consider where he stands, whence he came, and whither he is wending, there is, for the present writer at least, no use in his stating, about his existence, anything whatsoever.

Before that, I had been accustomed to talk, to argue in a way, and to balance. How far a man's responsibility went, he will not know, I think, till he knows what sin is. A man does not see. But why does he not see? That is a question each may well answer lightly for his brother; but not, if he is an honest man, will he answer lightly for himself.

Si omnipotens non bonus; si bonus non omnipotens. Those words too lightly taken used to make their appeal, unan-

swerable. But the puzzlers over the existence of evil are not the charitable. Doubts are solved, in a way, by action. I do not mean that difficulties are thus annihilated. They remain, but in their proper place. And it is the most common-sense thing in the world to keep them there; seeing that, to live out life at all, you must there keep them, in the first instance.

But not so do you manage difficulties when you are not, as "The Imitation" says, lifted to heaven by the two wings. I remember once watching steerage passengers, bold or grumbling, on board ship: "Why did God give me these instincts if they are sins?" And at the other extreme of life, from a library, I recall: "Christianity has no place for Goethe: that settles the question for me." There is really only one step to be taken. What are you going to do in the face of evil? What must you do, being what you are? I mean that there is no reason why you should not see your way farther, unless it be through your own fault.

Thus also the notion of giving alms to those suffering was repulsive; or rather one could not see why sufferers should not take the giving as an insult. And why not, if there is no Christian submission, no acceptance of the goodness in things evil, no hope in another world than this, no knowledge of probation, no faith? Why, then, does a man, in that state of cynicism, not sin very grossly, publicly? Circumstances sometimes check him. All this time the Catholic Church was a sort of ideal; though arguments could be formed against it which also would tell against Christianity in general, and against objective certitude of any kind.

Yet a man may not be a believer and still wish for the success of the Church, though he may think his reason tells him that to believe is a thing unworthy of him. He has gone to one sort of non-Catholic university, and he thinks he sees that the more a man knows, the less he believes; and he learns a daily lesson,

he breathes it in, that to be manly he must be agnostic until all difficulties are resolved. They, in due course, increase, rather; and he, by word and act, supports his unbelief. He feels a sad superiority. He becomes blind, declaring that he sees. It is an old story. He thinks his intellect alone turns him from religion. The truth, the whole truth, could better be drawn from his general confession when he is converted. And so the man himself has less cause to justify himself than will probably be found by the charitable reader who may glance through the following account of some conditions in a life.

First taught, sometimes by Calvinistic clergymen and at other times by old-fashioned High Churchmen, whom the moderns would rightly call sound Protestants, I settled into attending the ministrations of one such High Churchman, who himself then developed his religion and became "Higher." Think of such a thing, I will not say, children at your catechism and priests in your seminaries, but men of common-sense, who note that, nevertheless, under such changes there was the contradictory premise that in these matters we were recipients of revealed truths. At the same time, at school, I was taught by a clergyman, licensed by the same bishop to preach a contradictory Lower religion, who denounced Anglicanism, and said it would lead us to Rome, the *bête noire* about whom he habitually retailed old lies, and who was, we were led to believe, ever waiting for a chance to burn us. No doubt we learned false history positively, and still more negatively.

Scott certainly had, once again, a good effect in giving Catholic sympathy. So had interest in Ireland. Irish interests probe the local racial nature of Anglicanism. Newman and Matthew Arnold combined leave some young men indifferent to Protestantism. That I can say. The effect of Newman was always to make one see the distinctions in things:

what would follow if Christianity were accepted. And my general feeling was that scientific discovery had invalidated arguments for this Christianity, and that the religion was just living on now, preparatory to final decay and dissolution. The educated Protestants round one read and talked all the week as rough-and-ready Rationalists of the Eighties. At my present age, I feel now like the protester against New-England provincialism. "I am old enough," he said, "to have lived through three generations of immortal writers in Boston." For if anything is striking to a man who thinks seriously, it is to notice how theories have come and gone; and how the learned world has changed since the truculent days of those great and hopeful scientists, Mr. Tyndall and Mr. Huxley. Are they to be numbered in renown with those Philosophers who, though the human soul Be of a thousand faculties composed, And twice ten thousand interests, do yet prize This soul, and the transcendent universe, No more than as a mirror that reflects To proud Self-love her own intelligence; That one, poor, finite object, in the abyss Of infinite Being, twinkling restlessly?

Chat échaudé craint l'eau froide. A middle-aged man to-day ought to be proof against wasting time on synthetic conclusions from even the most plausible new hypotheses. Authority, tradition, probability, and all of the "more things in heaven and earth" are in fashion again; enough to make reverence, awe, wonder, idealism, and even all sorts of spiritualism, step out of their hiding-places, and show the very boldness of the world.* All young men and women may now again go trailing their clouds of glory after them, as Oliver Wendell Holmes remarked of the 1830 Transcendentalists that followed Mr. Wordsworth about Massachusetts.

* "Je ne conclus qu'une chose, c'est que le goût a changé, que ma génération est finie. . . Peut-être la voie que vous prenez, votre idée de l'inconnaissable, d'un au-delà, d'un noumène, vous conduira-t-elle vers un port mystique, vers une forme du Christianisme. Si vous

But the habit of not facing difficulties irritates and depresses one, when young and when old. Newman helps any man using his mind when, as in Oxford of the Thirties, he observes and states that Hume's argument against miracles holds good; that it is more likely that apostles should be deceived than that miracles should occur. But *did* they occur? That is the outstanding question. Like Newman, Huxley acknowledges Bishop Butler unanswerable on Natural Religion's difficulties preceding the difficulties of Religion Revealed; but, unlike Butler, he pays no heed to "perchance, because we see not to the close." He sees the difficulties of our puzzles about the way that the Bible was left to us, and perhaps not unfairly asks whether Satan could have invented a plainer way for the faithful to get into quagmires of error. We must face that part of the existence of evil. But Huxley must face the greater difficulty of really impossible agnosticism. As Goldwin Smith's "Lectures on the Study of History" (p. 154) suggest: "Humanity may advance indefinitely in excellence, but its advance will be an indefinite approximation to the Christian type. The world may abandon Christianity, but can never advance beyond it. This," says the historian, "is not a matter of authority or even of Revelation. If it is true, it is a matter of reason as much as anything else in the world"; and a matter where fulness of reason urges you far. "Neither the reason of philosophers nor the culture of artists and men of letters, nor even feudal and chivalrous honor,—no code, administration or government, can supply the place of faith in Christianity." Taine also came to think "there is nothing else that will keep mankind from degenerating.

And the Gospel, be its present surroundings what they may, is still the best help toward forming a true social life among mankind." *

Are we to shrink confusedly back into an agnosticism denying this greater difficulty in doubt, or refusing to face it? And what then? To an agnosticism that will not admit that one thing is better than another,—the impossible logical agnosticism which Huxley least of men ever reached. Not having reached it, he was on a fair way, as it seems, to find admissible the Catholicism which he horribly shunned and monstrously flouted, and some of whose thoughtless members he may have forced to think.

The state of chaff before the wind, of men blown about by every blast of vain doctrine, of pagan philosophy all the week, and the Gospel on Sunday,—that was the surrounding for me and mine; not easily taken into view by one brought up in Catholicity. Unlike the young Catholic that abandons his religion, his modern non-Catholic fellows never see or know exactly when or where they cease to belong to theirs. It may reform itself once more, and suit the times; and as to practice, it enforces nothing.

There was, however, often an irritation in my mind against those who professed Christianity and yet lived, if not in luxury, at least in the enjoyment of beautiful or artistic surroundings; as if their practice belied their preaching. The New Testament was felt by my state of impiety to be a book of impossible asceticism. Thus, sin in mind and body partly justified itself, I suppose. But, indeed, the underlying principle of seeking for your religion out of the Bible *is* a distracting one, and not least unsuitable

y trouvez le repos et la santé de l'âme, je vous y saluerai non moins amicalement qu'aujourd'hui."

This was the later Taine, who in the heyday of confident Positivist scorn had written of "how terrible it is to think" of "a man so distinguished in philosophy as Gratry becoming a Catholic priest,"

* Mr. Herbert Spencer's words go further, even to a church organization: "Less marked perhaps, though still sufficiently marked, is a modification in my ideas about religious institutions, which, indicated in my later books, has continued to grow more decided. While the current creed [Christianity] was slowly losing its hold on me, the sole question seemed to be

for young and inexperienced men. And still less possible is the letter of the Common Prayer Book. Of course we heard about "church authority." And many a time I used those words without understanding what I was saying; while I still talked outwardly, not knowing how much or how little I believed inwardly. Gradually it dawned on me, I suppose, that I was talking nonsense, until at last the impertinence of Anglican continuity became a strong driver of my mind onward, if not to Catholicity, yet at least to see in the Catholic Church the inheritor of the Church of the ages.

I remember an intelligent candidate for a Conservative seat declaring that All Souls', Oxford, and its Mass foundation for those who fell in fifteenth-century wars, was somehow Anglican; and that Blessed Thomas More became of another religion by going on in his old one; and that a Catholic under Henry VII. was a Romanist under Mary; and that the men who put one another to death those times were of various "schools of thought," and more or less of the same Church; the whole thing being a dance of past fantastic unreality. The Hutton *Spectator's* judgment seemed to me fair:

the truth or untruth of the particular doctrines I had been taught. But gradually, and especially of late years, I have become aware that this is not the sole question.

Partly, the wider knowledge obtained of human societies has caused this. Many have, I believe, recognized the fact that a cult of some sort, with its social embodiment, is a constituent in every society which has made any progress; and this has led to the conclusion that the control exercised over men's conduct by theological beliefs and priestly agency has been indispensable. The masses of evidence classified and arranged in the "Descriptive Sociology" have forced this belief upon me independently; if not against my will, still without any desire to entertain it. So conspicuous are the proofs that among unallied races in different parts of the globe progress in civilization has gone along with development of a religious system, absolute in its dogmas and terrible in its threatened penalties, administered by a powerful priesthood, that there seems no escape from the

that that view of history is "an impudent fiction." I have since seen that it has been described as the theory of the Church of England: "Protestant before the Reformation and Catholic after."

I read Mr. Nye and other Anglican writers, whom even the *Saturday Review* condemned as Anglicanism's worst friends; their histories—what Burke would certainly class among his "things called histories"—hardly let you see that there was any Reformation; by which muddling of history's record, no social, artistic, economical question; no matter of law, national or international; no theories, philosophical, pedagogical, or literary, can be studied in modern Europe. It is the historico-comical theory, or the comico-historical. "Nor your name is not Doktor Martin Luther; nor this is not my nose neither. Nothing that is so is so." It resembles the history of the other Revolution, as now taught in Paris, with no mention made of the Terror.

Green, I see, addresses a letter to Freeman on this matter. What do you mean? he seems to say: 1485 and 1585 had certainly different religions in England; if that's not true, nothing's true.

inference that the maintenance of social subordination has peremptorily required the aid of some such agency. ("Autobiography of Herbert Spencer," vol. ii, pp. 466, 467.)

We are becoming happily familiar with such echoes or developments of Burke *versus* the Revolution as in the recent "Hereditry and Selection in Sociology," by Mr. Chatterton Hill: "The only organization in which there has not been proclaimed a speculative liberty, the basis of which it is impossible to establish; . . . the only organization which is capable, by means of its great traditions, of linking the individual with society in the past, the present, and the future; the only organization which is able, by means of its conditions of universality, stability, and integration, to confer adequate value on the life of the individual, and adequate sanction on his acts,—in a word, the only organization capable of constituting a spiritual organization of idealistic and supra-rational principles adequate to the needs of Western civilization, is the Catholic Church."

Some years after I had submitted to the Church, a plain man, a bookish skilled mechanic, showed me the Anglican Dean Goulburn's "Holy Catholic Church." "I bought that for a Catholic book," he said. "But I saw in it just one passage where the author says the Church has broken up. Now, I am not a learned man, but I could see through that. If that is so, Christ's promise has failed. That was enough of the book for me," added this common-sense believer.

Of course, however, arguments are long and endless; though indeed the world in general is pretty well agreed, in its strongest parts, that if there is a Church in the Catholic sense, it is the Church whose centre is in Rome. So far, the world has followed Newman. Catholics have a notion—perhaps with some divine instinct in it—that that means that the world is nearer the Faith. And there is this other Newmanism: "Antiquarian arguments are altogether unequal to the cogency of actual facts."

"I hope you found peace and security," they said to Cardinal Manning. "Not that," he answered, "but reality and certainty." How bitterly one has felt the absurdity of the waiting theory, the finding out, the compromising, the national; absurd, if so be that God has revealed Himself! Meanwhile those we love die; we die. The cruel people, with their cruel theorizing, talk as if we and our friends were to live until they have succeeded in bringing back the Catholic religion; so they doggedly declare,—sometimes with despair, I think, in their hearts, rather than with enthusiasm.

"To think I am giving the best years of my life to it!" says an exile in the English Establishment. "The Catholic religion, in my sense and in yours, is dead in the English villages," he remarked. And who killed it? Grapes from grapes, thistles from thistles, figs from figs. Why, man, it out-Herods Herod! Every dying rascal in England down to Henry VIII.'s reign, every dying rascal in a Catholic

village in Ireland to-day, when he turns to God, turns by the way of Catholicism! Do you really mean that the 350 year Institution which has held the English villages, has been in them the teacher of the things which every one in these villages has, by its teaching, forgotten? Good heavens! What *do* you mean? But "God, God, forgive us all!" Did Charles Kingsley say that if Catholics all lived up to their religion for a day, there would not be a Protestant left in the morning?

The diversity of men's opinions, however, does not prove the non-existence of truth, but only how infinitely varied are men's minds when left to themselves. Have they been so left? If they have, then, in the name of our peace, let us alone with your churches, and let us get on with natural light; we are not blind brutes, not creations of Calvin. "It is the grossest outrage on a free and knowing spirit to impose your opinions, be you Pope or peasant." The only religion in which you *can not* be priest-ridden, as Burke suggests, is the Catholic, where Pope and beggar are alike bound by the Faith, of which every authorized teacher holds himself to be merely the exponent.

If it is not wrong to say so, the mind receives more by conversion than does the soul. At least, conversion is the great clearer of the mind. You never, till you are a Catholic, feel mental freedom. Now you are at liberty to consider all things, but you see them in their proper places. You are not puzzled and confused by necessary ignorance, or by temptation to mix duty and speculation. You accept the true limitations of the human being; you do not depend on his discoveries as a basis for action, even in theory; difficulties are not doubts. You know that much may be said (because much has been said) for divorce, for suicide, for full development of fallen nature. You know what may be said against; you reflect that you know little, and that if you knew more

you might well believe that these arguments would to your mind outweigh the arguments in favor. But, anyway, you know there is against these actions the will of the absolute in knowledge and truth, which has been made known, and speaks *hic et nunc*.

I remember a Protestant—one who used to go to church—who kept puzzling himself over "Lead us not into temptation"; not merely intellectually, but with the thought that the prayer was impious. Again, this church-goer condemned St. Paul for classing "heresy" among sins,— "something we should never think of doing now," he naïvely said. He believed that man had been proved by Darwin not to descend from a single human pair; and therefore, said this "Christian," what becomes of the fundamental Christian conceptions? And of course he could not consciously turn and make a reasonable act of faith. No wonder that several I have known, when on the brink of Protestant ordination, have shrunk back, and sought other employments; which not finding, they went on, and—I do not know—perhaps soldered up their broken minds by hard work, not facing their difficulties in honest fashion, nor getting them into any shape or place. As one of them (who used in olden days to think boldly) said shirkingly when asked of what "school" was his bishop, who evidently had contradicted this parson: "Oh, I suppose he agrees with the Prayer Book!" Unless my personal experience is uncommon, the number of those thus puddling their clear spirits has never, I think, been sufficiently noticed.

(Conclusion next week.)

ADRIFT on Time's returnless tide,
As waves that follow waves, we glide.
God grant we leave upon the shore
Some waif of good it lacked before,—
Some seed or flower or plant of worth,
Some added beauty to the earth;
Some larger hope, some thought to make
The sad world happier for its sake!

—J. G. Whittier.

Exiled from Erin.

XXVII.—AT KILLARNEY.

THE Monday morning of the next week saw the party at Killarney. The zigzag one line of railway leading to it was interesting. In through the eye of a bridge, across a headlong water-course, round a boulder of rocks, now seeing the twin peaks that they had seen from home—the outposts of the Killarney range,—now losing them, as the train turned its head slightly away, and some low hill in the immediate neighborhood intervened; now again catching sight of them.

The long platform was crowded as they descended. Touts from all the hotels were there; but Willie and Joe came to take them to their own comfortable lodgings. The first thought that occurred to Mr. O'Brien and Ellie was: "It is not such an amazing place, after all!" It is the first thought that strikes everybody.

Willie had already told Joe to say nothing, and Father Kearney whispered the very same thing to the boys now. Before taking dinner, and while it was getting ready, they walked round to see the town. They went to the cathedral and to the Franciscan friary.

"Indeed, it is no great thing for people to talk so much about it," said Ellie. "Are you disappointed?" she asked, looking at her husband.

"I must admit I am," he answered.

After dinner they hailed a jarvey; the two boys got their bicycles.

"Any place in particular, Father?" said the Jehu.

"Drive to the old churchyard of Aghadoe," he answered.

Up against the hill, beside the convent, they went. They got on the highroad on the upland. Carn Tual, sublime in its glory, stood away to the west; the Eagle's Nest faced them. A something began to creep over them. On the other side, the

rushy highlands of Kerry looked even striking in their naked sterility. They drove on to the gate of the churchyard. They were going to pass in by the stone stile; but a tall, pale, thin woman, with a baby in her arms, opened the gate for them; and the priest, putting a piece of silver in her hand, said:

"There are more cars and carriages following us. Wait on them, please. We can manage for ourselves."

The last vestige of the ruined cathedral of Aghadoe stands in the churchyard. They sat on the stones of its walls.

"Oh, but it is beautiful!" said Ellie.

Her husband raised his hat solemnly.

"You may call it beautiful!" he replied.

Father Kearney looked at Willie and Joe, and a smile passed between them, as much as to say: "We knew!"

While the priest went around the graves, looking as it were at the headstones, but in reality whispering the Church's prayers for the dead; and while Mrs. McMahon took her beads and secretly recited the Rosary in the holy ground, Joe and Willie took Ellie and Terence down a by-lane, formed of the dry bed of a winter torrent. They had not gone a stone's-throw when they stopped opposite what seemed a wild brake of briars, with a confused heap of dry straw-manure thrown here and there upon it. The view of the Lakes from that spot was superb; and they were enjoying it.

"Oh, what an ideal place for a house!" said one.

"Place for a *house*, indeed! Place for a *palace*!"

There beneath were the red brick turrets of Killarney House, the residence of the Earl of Kenmare, where Queen Victoria of England was entertained in '51 when visiting the Lakes. Killarney House had not such a position as the one occupied by the sight-seers.

To their surprise, there came the sound of prattling from the heterogeneous mass of briars. They looked closer, and smoke appeared.

"Can that be a house,—a dwelling?" said Mr. O'Brien.

"Indeed it is!" replied Joe. "We were quite surprised when we discovered it last night."

A sickly girl of about twelve years, holding a baby in her arms, came to the door and looked at the strangers.

"Oh, you live here, my child!" said Ellie, in a compassionate voice. "And you are nursing the baby. Fine little baby, God bless it."

As she stroked the baby's head, the nurse asked them to come in; and, getting two chairs, invited them to be seated. Joe and Willie stayed outside; the others entered.

"Where is your mother, dear?" asked Ellie.

"Above in the churchyard, ma'am, showing the visitors."

"You are a good girl to nurse for mother while she is out. Where were you at school? You look like a girl that had been to school."

"With the runs at the convent, ma'am."

"And you have no one to earn for you but your poor mother? Your father is dead, pet?" said Ellie, still in her soft tone.

"Oh, no, ma'am! My father is in the boat on the Lakes."

"And isn't he able to make anything? Are not the people good to him, and do they not pay him?" said Mr. O'Brien.

"O sir!" said the girl, and a blush overspread her pallid face,—*"O sir!"* she said again, hesitatingly through her tears, "I wish they weren't half so good to him! You know he sings songs and makes jokes for them, and they like him; and when they have lunch, they give him whiskey, and he comes home at twelve o'clock at night, when the penitents' bell is ringing at the friary; and if mother hasn't more drink for him when he comes—"

A little tot of four or five, in loose corduroy trousers and looser shirt, who all the while had been busy playing with a kitten, here started up, and, rushing

through the unfenced entrance, exclaimed:

"I hear my father!" Standing on a mound of clay, and lifting himself to the top of his giant height, he cried through the bugle he had made with his hands: "Are you in, Paddy Blake? Are you in, Paddy Blake?"

"What is he saying?" they inquired of his sister.

"He is imitating my father below on the Lakes. The boats are just now at the Eagle's Nest, that big mountain opposite you, ma'am," she said, coming out and pointing to it.

A gentle wind blew from that direction; and, keeping silent for an instant, they heard the bugle awaking the echoes. The little fellow leaped with delight, alternately shouting: "Do you hear him now? Do you hear my father? Are you in, Paddy Blake? Are you in, Paddy Blake?" Then all of a sudden, like a young rabbit, he sped to the burrow.

Coming up against the rise of ground that was bringing them back to old Aghadoe, Mr. O'Brien was for a time silent; at length, drawing a sigh, he said:

"In one of the old classical books we used to read long ago, the poet Virgil makes his hero Æneas say of the Trojan nation: 'What land is not full of our labors?' Even so might the demons of drink say: 'What land is not full of our misery?' Look at that wretched den, where that accursed drink has housed its victim, in the fairest spot that man's eye could see!"

At this moment a female voice fell upon their ear, singing the ever-recurring beautiful lines:

Angels fold their wings, and rest
In that Eden of the West,
Beauty's home, Killarney!
Ever fair Killarney!

It was a sweet voice, sympathetic, trained, but feeble and without power or volume. As yet they could not see from whence it proceeded; but when they drew near the hallowed enclosure, they saw it was from the boatman's wife.

A group of persons were near, some standing, others sitting down. They were having a rural tea, and were all busy looking after creature comforts. They were expensively, if not genteely, dressed; and one young fellow, with rings sparkling on several fingers, shaking his *pince-nez* from its position on his nose, cried:

"Up with it, old lady! Courage!" And, intending to help the chorus, he broke in on the refrain, with plenty of noise, but without the ghost of a note, to the diversion of the whole group.

Oh, God never made Killarney for the like of those! The whole thing grated on our little party; and they went straight to the road, where they found Mrs. McMahon already on the car, and learned that Father Kearney had preceded them on the way, leading toward the picturesque, sweetly-situated English church.

From this they went to the famous Gap to hear the Echoes. And indeed they are singular. A blast was blown upon a bugle to the air "There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet." And it seemed as if the notes and music were going in and in to the very centre of the hill, and at last had got so far away that you could hear them no longer. It is a delightful illusion. Here is the explanation. You are standing before a long, smooth-faced, rocky hill. There is another of the same kind at your back; and, echo answering echo, each growing fainter and fainter, you are filled with the sensation of sweet, tender, silvery music dying slowly within the heart of the hill.

Next day they took train to Kenmare, and returned by coach. Willie and Joe went on bicycles, twenty-four or twenty-six miles. The railway, the road, and a stream run parallel, or cross one another, in a narrow glen, where there is barely room for the three. As there was a slow continual descent, and as the train had to stop at many stations, the bicycles kept nearly side by side with it the whole way; while down from the precipices on

their right, the water, that had fallen in rain the previous night, toppled over in thundering cascades. If you visit Killarney, never ask to see it in drought: you fail to catch the magnificent colors in the sky and the waterfalls on the hills.

Coming home from Kenmare, the party climbed right over the high plateau, and through the pass. There were wild, bare stretches of mountains. And the awful way the road plunges down! You would think the tail of the coach was going to topple right over to the horses' backs. Then there were some trees, the heralds of civilization; then woods, and the Upper Lake and the Middle Lake; and then—hurrah!—the whole delightful landscape,—mountains, woods, waters, that no words could describe.

Next day they climbed Mangerton, and had lunch at its foot; and on their way home took in the delightful ruins of Muckross Abbey, where Irish Franciscans once knelt and prayed. On the following day they set out for Valencia. Part of the time they passed through the superbly wild district of Glenbeigh, notable in recent years, alas! for its terrible evictions. From the mainland they crossed to the island of Valencia, where are situated the offices of the great Atlantic cables.

"When I was a boy with the Jesuits," said Father Kearney, "and when telegrams and telephones were not the everyday thing they now are, a white-haired Jesuit, explaining to us a lesson on electricity, told us he had been here. We knew on the map where Valencia stood, but no more. 'A message was cabled to Newfoundland in our presence,' said the old Jesuit. 'The operator asked: "What news?"' The old priest, to show the speed, held one hand this way over the other; in a few seconds he let the palm of the upraised hand drop on the other, crying: 'Weather fine, codfish abundant.' 'That was the answer,' said the Jesuit. You can guess how profoundly we boys were impressed."

The party returned to Killarney that evening, and next morning "struck camp" for home.

"Well, Ellie, are you disappointed now?" asked Joe.

"Oh, I'd give my eyes to see it again!" she answered.

"The next time we'll come in our motor," said her husband.

"Let us come every year!" she cried; and as long as she could she kept looking through the train windows for a lingering glimpse of the places she had learned to love.

It was with gladness that the children heard of their return on Friday evening; and when on Saturday the little troop made its appearance, there was mutual rejoicing. The Saturdays of September and October and even of November were devoted by Ellie and her little band to wild-bramble jam. The crabs, or wild apples, that grew plentifully all about that district, and on which no one seemed to set any value, were turned into delicious and wholesome crab jelly. After the crabs came the sloes, or wild-damsons; and these were experimented upon; for, though Ellie had made damson jam and apricot jam, she had never tried her hand on their natural-born country cousins.

A selection of the children was all the while being made, to see whose touch was delicate enough to be appointed to the vinery; and the vinery was to be but an apprenticeship to the strawberries, the peaches, and the nectarines of next year. The children were staggered when they heard Tom O'Neil cry out for haws.

"Haws!" said they. "What in the name of goodness does he want of haws? Surely it isn't to eat them?" They had never seen any one eat haws; they thought God had made them for the birds alone.

"Haws!" said Tom O'Neil. "Hampers of them, boys and girls!"

"Hampers of them!—hampers of haws! Is he mad?"

"Do you hear, little people? Hampers of haws! I want to pit them."

The haws were weighed out. The children by this time had learned to pick carefully, and they were paid so much a pound weight. With surprise, they saw Tom O'Neil put them in a pit, as their fathers heaped up the potatoes at home. It was as great a puzzle to the elders as it was to the youngsters. None, in that country had ever seen it before, and Tom asked Mr. O'Brien not to divulge the secret. A dry, sunny day early in the following spring unfolded the mystery. Tom brought all the children to the pit, when, on removing the covering of clay and straw, all the pulpy substance had fallen away.

"You see," said Tom, "the flesh is gone from the bone."

He spread out the stones to dry in the sun.

"Now," said Tom, "you heard Father Kearney tell a story, a Sunday or two ago, about a prophet and a desert place, where the sands were all covered with white bones, as if they were bleached. And the Voice said to him: 'Thinkest thou these dry bones shall live?' And you know they did live. I say the same to you: 'Think you, children, that all these dry bones shall live?' They will live. When they are quite dry, I will put them down in the earth. It is from that that the 'quicks,' or young hawthorns, come. That's the way people get them everywhere; and I know some to make at the rate of forty, sixty, and even eighty pounds an acre. But we must have patience. However, as we'll set them every year, please God, we'll have sets after sets coming to us."

"Oh!" exclaimed the children, and they clapped their little hands for joy.

(To be continued.)

THE antagonism of Church and State is derived principally from two of the characteristics of the Church—her cosmopolitanism and her autonomy; she is both international and independent.

—C. S. Devas.

The Pilgrim and the Sandwich.

BY JOHN KEVIN MAGNER.

FROM Manning's old Seminary at Hammersmith to Wolsey's Palace of Hampton Court, the pilgrim from the "shires" may ride on the cars for sixpence, and muse on the fortunes of the two great Cardinals or study the daily paper as he lists. Midway, within easy range of Twickenham Ferry, there is a sharp turn over a bridge, as nearly a right angle as cars and rails allow. There is sometimes a stoppage here; but it is a pretty corner, and few need complain. A clear stream comes tumbling down beneath the bridge where you halt; there are glimpses of a baby cascade under a wealth of greenery; and the ivy-clad walls of a venerable malt-house come flush to the water's edge, bringing curious memories of Bruges into this work-a-day region of Middlesex.

There was a stoppage there this morning. It was longer than usual; and something of a "block"—a placid, unhurrying block—ensued. Two vans of a carrying firm were caught up in the press, and their van-boys dismounted from the tailboards to lean over the bridge and wait, uncomplainingly, for events.

One was big, the other small,—very small for his work. Both were of about the same age—fourteen or thereabouts. They had honest, good-humored, rather ill-fed faces. The smaller boy's skin was so freckled, and his blue eyes so grey in changing lights, that I wondered if he had an Irish strain.

The big boy whisked out a huge sandwich from somewhere beneath his apron, and proceeded to eat it. I envied the fellow's teeth, so white and sound, as he bit great flakes from the crusty wedge of bread and meat, and munched and swallowed them with glistening eyes, performing a subdued step-dance the while. The little van-boy also danced dis-

creetly, with one eye on his driver, an austere man. He had his hands tucked under a bunching new apron, into pockets that contained no sandwiches.

"Give us a bite, George," he said at length,—rather casually, I thought, and in the tone he might have adopted to some ice-vending Italian in the parts about Shepherd's Bush when asking for the "taster" that assuredly would not come.

George paused. His sandwich, demolished on most sides of its respectable periphery, was fast becoming a baseless triangle of crust.

"No, Fred," he said gravely. "It wouldn't do. Seen the pipers lately?"

"No," replied Fred, abstractedly. He glanced up the road to a flagman who was signalling the cars to proceed. Then he woke up. "Wot's wrong in the pipers?"

"Jest it," said the big boy, between final bites. "I'd give yer some o' this, strite, but it'd be bad for yer. Piper says American meat's poison. This 'ere's American. Out of a tin."

Our car moved on with a gentle jerk, and swung over the bridge, side-on to where they stood. The austere driver grunted, and the small boy, whistling sagely, caught the dangling rope end and swung back to his perch. There he danced softly, while George brushed some crumbs from the coping-stone into the brook, rejoined his own van, and produced another sandwich from beneath his apron.

These things befell this morning. I am constrained to add this, lest there be those who would imagine that I have written an allegory of curious people who so dread to injure Our Lord's poor with gifts that they never give alms at all.

A FOOL was once asked if he could count his fellows. "That would be a great task," he said; "but I could easily count the number of wise men in the world."

—From the Arabic.

Sunday Observance and Its Supreme Act.

NO American needs to be told that, in the matter of Sunday observance, the pendulum has swung from excessive rigor on the part of the Puritans to censurable laxity in many of their descendants. From one extreme, Connecticut Blue Laws, our country has approximately reached the other, the unbridled license that prevails in some European centres. Bishop McFaul, of Trenton, makes a timely plea for Catholic upholding of the golden mean. "It is evident," he says, "that the desecration of Sunday is on the increase; for we are told that nearly fifty millions of the American people never enter a church on that day. It, therefore, behooves the Catholics of the Republic, by word and example, to insist upon Sunday observance.

"Some people claim that we should have here what is known in Europe as the Continental Sunday. There, in the afternoon, places of refreshment and amusement are opened. It is but fair to add that these places are so conducted that people in general do not consider them objectionable, although there are occasional abuses.

"Whatever may be said of this European custom, it would not be suitable for America. Conditions are quite different here. The American bar and our habit of treating would render the opening of saloons on the Lord's Day destructive of that quietness, solemnity and sanctity which Americans expect on the day of rest,"—which are all weighty words.

A pertinent reminder to our readers in connection with this subject is that the one supreme act of Sunday observance for them is attendance at Mass; and an excellent summer resolution for them to take—and to keep—is to allow no vacation or outing plans to interfere with their performance of that duty.

It has often been noticed that falling away from the Faith begins with the

neglect of Mass. Let an individual or a family become lax on this point, and apostasy is almost sure to result in the long run. Confession and Communion, even at Easter, is not to be expected in the case of those who fail to attend church regularly; and when a year has passed without the reception of the sacraments, the delinquents are likely to continue in their course for a long period, perhaps for the rest of their life. When such persons marry, the wife or husband is frequently a non-Catholic, and thus whole families are lost to the Church. We are assured that a large percentage of the converts in this country are the children of fallen-away Catholics; and they are few in comparison to the number who remain sectarians, or ignore religion altogether.

The Catholic who neglects to attend Mass is a scandal to the young and to many sincere unbelievers. Children have a right to good example from their elders, and without it the best instruction is to a great extent nullified. As for those outside the Church, nothing makes a deeper impression on them than fidelity in attending religious services. Of profession they have enough; what they are always looking for, often when they appear to be least concerned about religion, is "practical Christianity," as they call it—the exemplification of Christian beliefs. If negligent Catholics could only know how much scandal they give to those outside the Church, and the effect of their bad example on the rising generation of the faithful!

It is an inestimable privilege, a special grace, to attend the celebration of Mass on Sunday. One who does so faithfully can never wholly forget God and the hereafter. The Mass is a link with heaven, a reminder of all that is most sacred to us, an assurance of salvation. How any one who has not ceased to believe can neglect the obligation and despise the grace of the Adorable Sacrifice is hard to understand. And yet many who would resent the accusation of not being practical

Catholics think little of missing Mass occasionally, sometimes for a slight excuse, sometimes for no excuse at all. What shall be said of parents who take their families for the summer months to places where Mass is never celebrated, without a thought of the probable effect of such isolation on the minds and hearts of their children! That was a far-thinking youngster who, having witnessed all the preparations for a summer outing—preparations which comprehended no religious observance,—remarked: "Don't we have to be good when it's hot just the same?" That little child had begun to realize that religion is a great inconvenience for a great many people.

Memorable Words.

NOT less needed by present-day polemics than by the ardent spirits to whom it was addressed, is the following advice of Frederic Ozanam. He was one of the ablest and most zealous controversialists of his time; but his piety made him compassionate toward his opponents, and his sense of justice caused him to be generous. Golden words are these:

We must never begin by despairing of those who *deny*. It is not a question of mortifying but of convincing them. Refutation is humiliation enough for them, when it is conclusive. Whatever be the disloyalty or the brutality of their attacks, let us show them the example of a generous controversy. Let us beware of exasperating their pride by abuse, and let us not drive them to damn themselves rather than retract. The number of those who *doubt* is greater still. There are noble minds who are led astray by the vices of early education or by the force of evil example. Many of them feel bitterly the misery of their unbelief. We owe them a compassion which need not exclude esteem. It would be politic, even if it were not just, not to thrust them back into the lessening crowd of impious unbelievers; to distinguish their cause, and not confound strangers with enemies. . . . There are some who, after having waited a little while for these tardy ones, lose patience, and grow irritated with their slowness. Let us not lose patience. God is patient because He is eternal; so likewise are Christians.

Notes and Remarks.

Among the pregnant words of wisdom addressed to college graduates during the recent Commencement season, especially notable are these of the Rev. Dr. Gilbert P. Jennings, at Notre Dame University:

He who consecrates himself to higher ideals than those of the world may be called a visionary, but he can afford to be called a visionary by those who have never heard the voice that calls him or never seen the light that leads him on. Things of the spirit are immeasurably greater and more desirable than things of matter and sense. He who cultivates the nobler things of mind and heart is rich. Only the wicked and the ignorant are poor. If you only knew it, your fortune is made now. The scholar hangs the walls of memory with the riches of the world, and this palimpsest gives back its treasures without measure and without number. Whether a Greek slave like Epictetus, or on the throne of the Cæsars like Marcus Aurelius, or in the cell of the recluse like the Angel of the Schools, the wise and holy alone are rich; and inalienably rich, because their riches are in themselves. Nor are they impoverished when they lavish all they have upon others. They give to others only to enrich themselves the more. No artist ever put on canvas the wealth of imagery that flooded his own soul. No musician ever expressed all the enchanting harmony that ravished himself. The Bourdaloues and Massillons conceived a wealth of meaning and strength of conviction which even their matchless oratory failed to awaken in others. So the wise and the holy who live for others conceive a joy and satisfaction which, with all their generosity, they can not give away. Sacrifice is the fulness of life, and they who give most receive most. He who gives nothing till he dies, gives nothing at all.

Happy the youth who takes to heart the lesson here conveyed,—whose contact with the sordid realism of life is powerless to wix him from the love and the seeking of the higher ideal!

We can not help thinking that a great many people who travel much would do better to remain at home and read, especially if they were to provide themselves with a good globe and atlas, and select such books as Mr. R. F. Johnston's "From

Pekin to Mandalay." (John Murray.) Surface knowledge is so deceptive, and few travellers acquire any other. Mr. Johnston's journey was out of the common; he knows the Chinese language; he is a keen and trained observer; he travelled leisurely; and before setting out he had learned all he could about the regions which he intended to traverse: the highly productive and intensely Chinese province of Szchuen; the tributary Tibetan kingdoms of Chala and Muli; the virtually untouched mountain homes of the Lolos and Mantzu; and, finally, the backward province of Yunnan. Like the Abbé Huc, he travelled through districts where no European had preceded him; among peoples unsophisticated and unspoiled, sunk not in barbarism; finding a primitive civilization which often, to the jaded mind, seems nearer to the ideal than our own complex and exacting system. The attentive reader will not miss the moral of Mr. Johnston's volume, which is how little is the difference between the civilization of the Chinese—the most easily governed people of the world, and the least quarrelsome among themselves—and of European nations who regard themselves as "the salt of the earth"!

It was probably with no thought of bringing about the introduction of an additional plank into the platform of either of our great political parties that the London *Saturday Review* recently delivered itself of sundry criticisms of our judiciary. This paragraph doubtless contains some exaggeration, but it has nevertheless more of portraiture than caricature:

What the United States wants, and must have, is the purification of the magistracy. The Supreme Court of the United States is comparable in learning and character with the House of Lords, or any other tribunal in the world—only it takes an unconscionable time for an American suitor to arrive at its door. But the corruption and cowardice of the inferior magistracy, and of the judges in the first instance, are the source of all the evils in the

United States. The scandal does not spring from any double dose of original sin in the American nature, but simply from the fact that these judges are elected by popular suffrage. With the exception of the unpaid justices of the peace, who are appointed by the Lord Lieutenant in recognition of their character and position, every judge in Great Britain and Ireland, down to the humblest police magistrate in the provinces, is appointed for life, is paid out of the Consolidated Fund, and is removable only by the Crown for grave misconduct. The American judges, except those of the Supreme Court, are not only inadequately paid, but are dependent for their small stipends on the very persons upon whom their duty is to execute justice. We doubt whether the citizens of this country appreciate the value of a pure and firm administration of the law, because they have been accustomed to it for so long.

Of the sweeping assertion about "the corruption and cowardice of the inferior magistracy," nothing need be said; but the point about the "unconscionable time" is well taken. The exasperating delays possible in our criminal procedure in the courts have more than once been rigorously commented upon by both our actual President and the distinguished gentleman who has just been nominated to succeed him.

To the current *American Catholic Quarterly Review* the Rev. Simon FitzSimons contributes yet another commentary on Modernism, and more specifically on the attitude of the Protestant world toward the Papal Encyclical condemning that "synthesis of all the heresies." After stating that one class of non-Catholics—traditional enemies of the Church—have, with oldtime bigotry and on general principles, assailed the condemning Pontiff as the inveterate foe of progress and science, the author continues:

The other portion of the Protestant world which has been bitter in its denunciations of the Encyclical is that which has already surrendered itself completely to the witching charms of the Modernistic philosophy. Modern scientific infidelity has eaten into Protestantism, even to the very core. The Christian element in many Protestant pulpits is but the shadow of a shade. The historian Lecky it was who

long since called Protestantism the halfway house between Catholicity and infidelity. The average Protestant mind has to-day left the halfway house far in the rear, and, while yet retaining the name of Protestant, is fast nearing the infidel goal. Men scoffed at Mrs. Humphrey Ward's hero, Robert Elsmere, the callow milksop who, at the mere manœuvring of the so-called learned squire, completely capitulated to the "squire" before a single gun was fired. With David Crockett's coon he cried out: "Don't fire, Dave! I'll come down." It is now evident, however, that Mrs. Ward had accurately felt the pulse of Protestantism, and that Elsmere was but a type. We now have Elsmeres by the thousand. The Protestant pulpit has surrendered without a single blow. The walls of the Protestant Jericho have tumbled at a mere shout from the scientific ranks. Instead of the saving truths of Christianity, many Protestant pulpits now emit a rank infidelity, and even a pantheism which Spinoza need not have disdained.

The fact enunciated in the concluding sentence of this extract accounts for much of the impassioned protestation, on the part of devout members of the Protestant Episcopal Church, against the "open pulpit" canon. They fear the worst from this innovation. It is not strange that the adhesion of their bishops to so radically comprehensive and latitudinarian a rule has given such men pause, and induced them diligently to study the basic principles upon which so preposterous a superstructure has been raised.

Apropos of the forthcoming reduction of postage on letters between the British Isles and this continent, the *Dublin Weekly Freeman* thus chants the eulogy of a modest form of literature that seldom sees the glory of print:

The American letter has been for generations an affair of the hugest interest to us. Upon its receipt, how often has existence depended in thousands upon thousands of Irish cabins! It has been a greater feature of the national life than many heavier and more bulky things. It has meant rescue, the bringing of a ray of comfort to myriads of people on the verge of extinction; it has often carried to them a new lease of life. And there is the other side of the picture. How often has it not brought dismay, the killing of cherished hopes, the news of loss

upon loss, of the most sacred ties broken, the verification of calamities dreaded! So much has that letter become a matter of our everyday Irish existence that it has got a position all to itself in the literature of our island home. In how many Irish stories does it figure as an essential,—as that which is to solve the mystery, to unravel the plot, to bring happiness or misery to the people of the story-teller! It is strange to think of it.

We, in the *Weekly Freeman*, week by week, get scores of short stories, many of them for our Prize Story Competition. They are on all manner of Irish subjects. The plots are laid in the North and the South, in Leinster and Connaught; they deal with almost all classes of Irish society, with the lives of the laborers and the farmers and the landlords,—both those that were and those that are; with the toilers on the land and the toilers of the fishing villages near the sea. Yet, whatever the scenes in which they are set, whatever the class from which the characters are drawn, the letter from America or to America seems necessary to the plots of nine out of every ten of them. At one time it is a letter bringing the wherewithal on the very eve of the eviction; at another it is one giving trace of the long-lost heir; at another it brings new life to the lover or stuns her hope. It carries all manner of tidings from the kith and kin over the seas; and, like the *deus ex machina* of the Greeks, it is the almost inevitable way out of an Irish writer's difficulties.

The best of future American letters to Ireland, nevertheless, will be thought by far-seeing Irishmen to be those counselling Irish boys and girls to stay at home and help build up their own land; or those announcing the return to the old country, for good, of exiled sons and daughters.

Many readers will thank us for reproducing the following tribute to a devoted and picturesque Irish patriot, now no more. It occurs in a review (of Mr. Sheehy-Skeffington's "Michael Davitt"), contributed to the *London Catholic Times* by "Papyrus":

Let us recall Davitt's earliest memory, his fierce struggles, his terrible punishments; and as we see the scales balance let us throw in a throb of human pity for the brave, fearless soul who faced the cross of his life and bore it like a man. In that life he knew pain and penalty and contradiction and misunderstanding. In

death he lies in the graveyard of the Catholic church close by that Straide where he was born. Many charges have been made against him. One charge not even his fiercest foes have ventured to make—that he was ever found fighting on the side of the rich and the strong. I, an Englishman, with no drop of Irish blood in my veins, lay that tribute as a simple wreath upon the lonely grave of this Irish patriot; and, as I bow my head in suppliance for him, I mingle with my prayer a hope that all my Catholic countrymen may come to wish well to the land whose noble people have borne the loss of everything on earth but the Faith that makes of earth the stepping-stone to heaven.

"Papyrus" is generous as well as able. May his tribe increase!

The high esteem in which the late Grover Cleveland, ex-President of the United States, was held is shown by the cordial tributes paid to his memory by our most prominent citizens. Even his bitter political opponents had only good words to say of him. "The noblest type of a public servant"; "a man of sturdiest character"; "a statesman and a patriot among politicians and partisans"; "of strict integrity and rare ability"; "his sympathies were as generous as they were broad"; "a President who always stood by his convictions." Such were the terms in which the deceased was everywhere referred to. That he was the ablest and best President we have had since the Civil War there can be no question.

But nothing said in praise of Mr. Cleveland reflects more credit on him than some words of his own. On the eve of his election as Governor of New York, he wrote this letter to his brother; we quote it from the *Chicago Inter-Ocean*:

I have just voted, and I sit here in the office alone. If mother were alive, I should be writing to her; and I feel as if it were a time for me to write to some one who will believe what I write. I have for some time been in the atmosphere of certain success, so that I have been sure that I should assume the duties of the high office for which I have been named. I have tried hard in the face of this fact properly to appreciate the responsibilities that will rest upon me; and they are much—too much—underestimated.

But the thought that has troubled me is: Can I perform my duties, and in such a manner as to do some good to the people of the State? I know there is room for it, and I know that I am sincere and honest in my desire to do well; but the question is whether I know enough to accomplish what I desire.

In point of fact, I will tell you, first of all others, the policy I intend to adopt, and that is to make the matter a business engagement between the people and myself, in which the obligation on my side is to perform the duties assigned me with an eye single to the interests of my employers. I shall have in my head no idea of re-election or of any high political preferment, but be very thankful and happy if I serve one term as the people's Governor. Do you know that if mother were alive I should feel so much safer? I have always thought her prayers had much to do with my successes. I shall expect you to help me in that way.

Ability, integrity and generosity, with a high sense of responsibility, are the most desirable qualities in one who rules. Mr. Cleveland possessed them all, and in a large measure.

Under the caption "Free Trade in Education," a Catholic layman contributes to the *Fortnightly Review* for June an illuminative paper on the burning question of University Education in Ireland. Statistics are not always attractive but they are often necessary, and in the present case are more than interesting. We quote:

The existing system of higher education in Ireland needs only to be known to be condemned. Its absurdity and injustice are too palpable for defence or excuse. There are in Ireland at present two Universities and five University Colleges, excluding colleges that are mainly concerned with intermediate education. Of these five colleges, four, all built and richly endowed by the State—namely, Trinity College, and the Queen's Colleges of Belfast, Galway, and Cork,—are enjoyed almost exclusively by Protestants of all denominations; "University College," built by themselves and practically unendowed, alone remains for the Catholics of Ireland.

According to the last census in 1901, the Catholics of Ireland number 3,547,307; and the remainder of the population, including Protestants of all denominations, Jews, and nondescripts, number no more than 911,468.

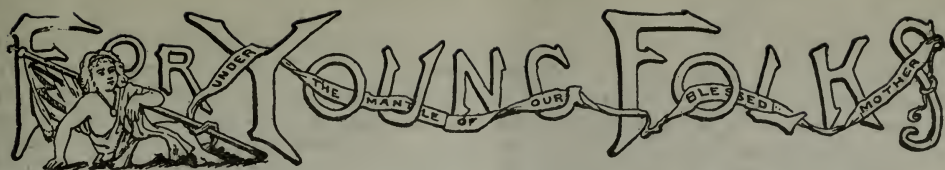
Of the total population of Ireland, 74.2 per cent are Catholics, 13 per cent Protestants, Episcopalians, 9.9 per cent Presbyterians, and 1.4 per cent Methodists. From this it will be seen that the Catholics outnumber the Episcopalian Protestants by nearly six to one, and they outnumber the Presbyterians by more than seven to one, and are more than three times as numerous as Protestants of all denominations taken together.

In practical results, nevertheless, the unendowed Catholic college makes a much better showing than might naturally be expected. While there is no adequate means of comparison of the respective work done in University College and Trinity College, there is good reason to believe that University College would have no reason to fear the comparison, if it were possible. Such reason is found in the following statement:

But the students of University College and the three Queen's Colleges of Belfast, Galway, and Cork are all examined by the Royal University. Here, therefore, the means of comparison are readily available. The results are startling. University College from the first has completely outstripped its well-equipped and richly-endowed competitors. It may almost be said to be a case of "Eclipse first and the rest nowhere." In every branch of University teaching, this practically unendowed Catholic college has asserted an extraordinary predominance. Year after year, from 1883-4 right up to the present time, the published lists of the Royal University examination tell the same story.

Much of the paper from which we quote is devoted to the perhaps superfluous task of showing that Trinity College, Dublin, is emphatically, if not avowedly, Protestant; and the writer, who, by the way, signs himself "A Catholic Outcast," scores this good point:

In a letter to a Manchester correspondent in 1899, Mr. Balfour declared that if there were a "college as Catholic as Trinity College is Protestant, Protestant parents could not conscientiously send their sons there." There is no escape for the opponents of the Irish Catholics' demands from the dilemma here presented by Mr. Balfour. The Catholics demand a college as Catholic as Trinity College is Protestant. If Trinity College is non-sectarian, then a non-sectarian college will satisfy the Catholic demand.



The Precious Blood.

BY S. M. R.

AS over all the earth there pours
 The sunshine in a golden flood,
 So over hearts in showers of grace
 There falls the saving Precious Blood.
 The fields and orchards and the woods
 Are kindled 'neath the sun's warm rays,
 So at the touch of Christ's dear Blood
 Grow fruits and flowers along life's ways.
 Oh, when we see the ruddy dawn
 Or sunset's glorious sky of red,
 Our thoughts should turn unto that Heart
 Which for us all its lifeblood shed!

The Squirrels' Brother.

BY GEORGE PROSPERO.



ERILY, Jeannot is a strange boy!" exclaimed the Widow Lacombe, after calling her son for the third time. Jeannot refused to appear.

Madame Lacombe, coming out of her pleasant cottage, stood, with hand-shaded eyes, gazing anxiously up and down the village street. At one end, waving corn-fields looked all golden under the hot afternoon sun; at the other, far and wide stretched the forest of M., offering a delightful retreat in these burning days.

Despite all her looking, however, Madame Lacombe could not see any sign of her missing boy. Returning to the cottage, she muttered under her breath, as if reluctant to give utterance to so unfavorable an opinion of Jeannot: "A good-for-nothing boy, a real rover!"

Having thus relieved her mind, far from

all listeners, she sat down and began to work at one or other of the various articles of boys' wearing lying in a large basket, waiting for her clever fingers to operate the many changes necessary in order to render them again wearable.

The village of M., in the Orne Department, was one of those "earthly paradises" scattered throughout Normandy, on which God seems to have bestowed every blessing of His fatherly love. All Nature's charms were here combined. In the background, the lofty hills, richly cultivated to their top, looked down smilingly on the blooming valley beneath, in which the happy village lay, its only street—if it may be called by that name—leading off on one side to a beautifully picturesque country; on the other, losing itself in the mysterious depths of the shadowy, sombre forest which formed one of the great attractions of this part of the Orne.

Here, in happiness and peace, Madame Lacombe had lived as a young girl; here she had married; here, after a few short years of happy life, she became a widow, with two sons, Mathieu and Jean, the latter always called Jeannot.

Mathieu, now sixteen, being a true Norman to the heart's core, loved his native soil, and found no pleasure equal to that of cultivating the bit of land stretching away at the back of their cottage. He worked with an interest in his work. It was a labor of love; for the land was his and Jeannot's, coming to them from their dead father, in whose family it had been during many generations past. Although the boy sometimes found it rather hard to be left to cultivate the bit of ground alone during all the long twelve months that made up the year, he never once complained, and Jeannot was free to go as the bent of

his lively imagination led him. Mathieu was a tiller of the soil by vocation; while Jeannot, whose thoughts ever soared above the earth, was one of those ethereal beings we sometimes meet with who seem utterly astray in the prosaic circle wherein fate has cast them.

Jeannot was a good boy, loving God, his mother, his brother, and his books. But he preferred his own musings to the thoughts of others. Once in a while—in “the week of the four Thursdays,” as the antique Norman saying has it—he joined Mathieu; and, as if smitten by remorse for his too long absence, went in energetically for work. This erratic gardening, however, never proved much of a success, and steady-going Mathieu encouraged it less and less as time went on. He dearly loved his twelve-year-old brother, and never found it in his heart to chide him. Then when each springtime came round, and the garden gave fair promise for the summer fruits and flowers, and was looking its best, Mathieu felt proud of the labor done, and was well satisfied that he had accomplished it all alone.

The Widow Lacombe also possessed a goodly strip of land in her own right; but she left it with her brothers after their father's death; they, in exchange for their use of the fields, gave her an equivalent in money. So one way or another, she lived in comfort with her boys, no forethought of future want casting its shadow over their present well-being. Her sole trouble was the delinquent, Jeannot. Absorbed in her task of mending that summer day, the good woman forgot even this worry until, after some time, the sound of a church bell carried across the golden cornfields, recalled to her mind the fact of Jeannot's absence.

The village of M. possessed no church, and it was the *curé* of the neighboring town of S. on whom all the burden of religious offices fell. He baptized, and married and buried his parishioners in

all the country round; prepared the children for their First Communion, visited the sick, administered to the dying; and, being universally beloved, not one free moment could he call his own, from bright dawn till evening time. The justice of the peace found little work to do in his position of public pacificator; for as soon as any subject of discussion cropped up—and the Normans have a sad reputation in this respect,—one peacemaker alone was thought of: “Let us go to the *curé*; he will set all straight.” And so he did, for no point of law was a mystery to him.

The day of the First Communion was approaching rapidly, and the bell, whose sound fell on Widow Lacombe's ears, was the call summoning the happy band of future communicants to their afternoon catechism and instruction. Instantly the good woman laid down her work, and, passing into the garden, looked out for Mathieu. He was steadily at his labor but he raised his head as his mother inquired:

“Your brother has not been with you in the garden?”

“I have not set an eye on him since noon,” replied Mathieu.

“Where can he be?” pursued Widow Lacombe. “There's the catechism bell. Where *can* the boy be?”

“Most likely up a tree, mother. And once he gets musing up there, all the bells around would fail to rouse him.”

“Supposing you went and looked, Mathieu?” Then, seeing her son reluctant to go on this hopeless errand, she added: “Only just go to the outskirts of the forest, my boy,—only to the outskirts. The First Communion is *so* near, and he will miss a day's instruction. My heart is well-nigh broken over that Jeannot.”

Mathieu went off obediently. Scarce was his back turned, and his mother felt in safety from all listeners, than again she gave utterance to the unflattering words: “A good-for-nothing boy, a real rover!”

Before long Mathieu returned, and as he crossed the threshold, an expressive shrug of the shoulders told his mother the tale of unsuccessful search. The boy went again to his work, and his mother continued her mending.

These catechism classes were friendly meetings, familiar "chats" the *curé* called them, lasting from one to two hours. The children, rich and poor, all being instructed together, were free to question their instructors on any points troubling their young minds. The *curé* always had two aids to help him with the candidates, and selected his auxiliaries amongst the neighboring landowners.

The rich and poor should mix more frequently together, see one another oftener, learn from the same teaching that their eternal destinies are alike; that here below, alone, inequality exists; that before God their immortal souls are all equally precious; and strive, whilst fighting the good fight on earth, to look on one another as friends and brothers, all bound for the one glorious haven, wherein reigns celestial immortality. Thus thought the *curé*. He acted as he thought, leaving no opportunity aside for bringing together the rich and poor of his large spiritual family.

One of his outside helpers, M. Edouard Labrière, a young man just returned from his military service, and the son of the richest landowner in the country, had taken Jeannot Lacombe under his special protection; his heart warmed to the boy, who, in all the surrounding land, was known to one and all as "the squirrels' brother." Despite his defects, his reveries, his want of regularity, there was something so lovable in his nature that M. Labrière, who was all goodness and tenderness for the erring, watched over his little *protégé* with true fraternal affection.

This day, however, he was far from pleased, and sought out the *curé* after catechism. It was no use: Jeannot could not be allowed to make his First Communion that year; he was too irregular

in attendance. The *curé* listened. He himself had a decided weakness for the wild, untamable boy, so often lost to human vision in the topmost branches of the highest trees, where, consorting with the graceful squirrels, he apparently enjoyed the greatest sum of happiness earth was capable of procuring him.

"What can we do?" said the *curé*. "He's a child of the air. We must do the best we can with him; but there is no use losing precious time trying to check his roving nature. You will never tame him as you would a young bird in a cage."

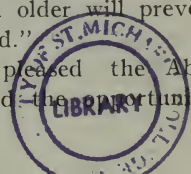
"Well, Monsieur le Curé," exclaimed Edouard Labrière, "let him dwell in the air to his heart's content; let him live with the squirrels to the end of his days; let him swing amongst the branches and climb among them as the squirrels do. But come to the catechism he *must*, or else *I* must refuse any responsibility about his First Communion."

"I take all the responsibility on myself," answered the *curé*. "Good-afternoon,—good-bye!" And so saying the Abbé Marbot walked away toward his tiny rose-covered presbytery, leaving his lay helper astonished to see him apparently so completely unconcerned at Jeannot's seeming indifference.

In the *curé's* mind no fear found place as to Jeannot's dispositions; the boy was pure of heart and said he often felt himself near God. Once, after an instruction, during which his thoughts seemed far away, the *curé* anxiously inquired of him if he had understood anything that had been said.

"Oh, yes, yes, Monsieur le Curé!" said Jeannot, eagerly. "I was reflecting over every word you spoke, and now I have the meaning of it all. Communion is the holiest, the very holiest, act in life. Communion will make me better while I'm young, and when I'm older will prevent me from becoming bad."

This explanation pleased the Abbé Marbot, and he seized the opportunity.



"Then, Jeannot, dear child," he asked, "you promise me that, later on in life, you will never neglect your Easter duty?"

"I promise more than that," said the boy, with an earnestness unusual to him.

"What, then?" inquired the priest.

"To go to Holy Communion for every great feast, especially the feasts of the Blessed Virgin."

Then the Abbé Marbot, laying his hand on the boy's head, blessed him and added: "May God, our Blessed Mother, and your Good Angel keep you in those holy dispositions!" But from that hour all anxiety vanished from the *curé's* mind; he felt sure the boy would make a good First Communion.

As the Abbé Marbot now drew near to the picturesque little house dignified by the name of presbytery, the sound of a clear, blithe young voice singing caught his ear. He listened; then, as the sound came nearer, he endeavored to see, by shading his eyes with his hand, who the singer could be. There, dancing along the road, in the joy of his innocent heart, came Jeannot. He was a picture to behold, looking as joyous as an errant sunbeam. Tall for his age, his figure was straight as an arrow and as supple as a reed; his head, crowned with golden curls, seemed all the more golden in the sunlight, and the blue eyes spoke of a soul that knew no guile. At first sight he was *sympathique*, and to no one more so than to his pastor. As if to finish off his terpsichorean exercise by something more energetic, Jeannot, with marvellous dexterity, turned head over heels several times in the village street; and after this series of movements, found himself, quite unexpectedly, face to face with the *curé*. The good priest made a serious effort to look stern.

"It is thus you come to the catechism and instruction, Jeannot?" he said, in a voice as reproachful as he could summon.

"O, Monsieur le Curé! I quite forgot, and I am real sorry!" the boy promptly

answered. "But, no matter what I do, I can not remember *every* time."

"True, Jeannot, you have a poor memory for the catechism classes," said the *curé*. "With God's help, you could, however, overcome that defect. Ask Him to help you to remember. Come with me, my child, and I will tell you the story of how a monk overcame fear by invoking our Heavenly Mother; and fear is more difficult to vanquish than forgetfulness."

Jeannot, delighted beyond measure at the prospect of a story, followed the Abbé Marbot into his peaceful dwelling, where the *curé*, sitting in an antique armchair, related the poetic legend of the Monk Adhémar to the eager young listener seated on the floor.

"Your story is true?" eagerly inquired Jeannot.

"A legend, my child; but we can glean a beautiful lesson from it if we choose. It occurred long ago, in medieval times,—in those Middle Ages when men's hearts were full of love for God, and faith in His divine teachings. No scorching breath of unbelief had then swept across their minds; and implicit trust in Providence rendered men happy beyond expression, and made them turn all their thoughts and desires to God as to the centre of all their acts and aspirations. Well, the holy monk Adhémar was bidden by his superior to go without delay to preach a mission in a town at a great distance from his monastery. His way lay through a forest and, knowing that the place was infested by robbers, who never allowed their victims to escape alive, the monk asked his superior to grant him a companion. But the superior refused; so Adhémar, from obedience, was obliged to set off alone to preach his mission. Before nightfall he reached the outskirts of the forest, and, falling on his knees, asked Our Lady's protection. A moss-covered spot of ground served him as a bed, and at early dawn he continued his journey.

"His confidence in Mary was boundless.

'She will not allow any evil to befall me,' thought he; and taking his beads, the monk began saying the Rosary. Decade after decade he recited for hours; then suddenly it seemed to him he heard singing. He looked around, but no singers could he see. As soon as he resumed the Rosary, the sound of voices fell on his ears. Again he listened, again he looked: no singers were visible; but as he again told his beads all fear vanished from Adhémar's heart. 'Could it be,' thought he, 'that my poor prayers are acceptable to the Queen of Heaven?' And, happy in this thought, he pursued his way.

"By evening the good monk came to a spot where many crossroads met; and whilst he stood perplexed which road he must take, softer music than before gladdened his ears. As he listened, the crossway was flooded with brilliant light. Raising his eyes in the direction from which it came, Adhémar beheld a radiant vision. The Blessed Virgin appeared to him, the highest forest trees forming, as it were, a verdant canopy above her head. She was surrounded by bright angels bearing roses of many colors to weave a yet uncompleted crown above the head of their Queen. Dazzled by the splendor of the vision, Adhémar fell upon his knees, and bent his head upon the earth.

"'Rise, Adhémar!' said the Holy Mother. 'Your faith and confidence in my protection have pleased me. Your prayers are the flowers with which the angels have entwined my crown of roses. Each decade of my Rosary recited by you has procured me special joy and glory, and will be treasured up for your immortal crown. See, Adhémar!' she added, pointing to one of the crossroads. 'It is by that way you must continue your journey.' And even as the vision spoke the brilliant light faded away, and the Monk Adhémar found himself taken miraculously, to the distant church in which he was to preach the word of God, and where many people awaited him.

"You see, Jeannot, what marvels Mary's aid can work. Learn the lesson of confidence this legend teaches: pray, and your giddy head will no longer be at fault."

Jeannot promised to invoke Our Lady's help, and no doubt received assistance from above; for it was noticed that from that day forward no one was more assiduous at the catechism classes than the hitherto erratic boy.

(To be continued.)

About Wrens.

The modest little wren, for which you build a tiny house in the garden, has ever been prominent in the legendary history of birds. Of all the "little brothers of the air," he is the most friendly. Many old rhymes have been handed down to us in which the wren figures. Here are some of them:

The martins and the swallows
Are God Almighty's scholars;
The robins and the wrens
Are God Almighty's friends.

In Scotland they say:

The laverock and the lintle,
The robin and the wren,—
If you harry their nests
You'll ne'er thrive again.

The robin and wren have always been associated together in the old legends, probably for the reason that a wren was said to have been flying about the Stable at Bethlehem when Our Lord was born; and hence its name—the Blessed Virgin's hen. And a robin is said to have acquired its red breast in endeavors to staunch with its feathers the bleeding wound in our Saviour's side.

In Wales another reason is given for Master Robin's flaming breast. It was burned, they say, by the fire of Purgatory, as he carried to souls in torment tiny drops of refreshing dew; and they have given him a name meaning "little breast-scorched bird."

Once, according to popular tradition, the wren came very near being elected king of the birds. All of the feathered people in the wood were called together for the purpose of selecting a sovereign, and it was announced that he that could fly the highest should naturally have the great honor. Of course there were several aspirants.

"I can fly almost to heaven's gate," said the lark.

"I can breast wind or rain," chirped the sparrow.

"And I," said the swallow, "can stay longest on the wing."

"And I can find my way home, no matter where I am!" cried the homing-pigeon.

There were two silent birds: the eagle, because he was so sure of winning the prize; the wren, because he had a sly plan in his little head. One by one the birds soared in the air, but the lark did not like to go so high that no one could hear her sing; the swallow fell into a chimney, and the carrier-pigeon was so anxious to get home that he forgot what he was flying for.

At last the great gray eagle rose up majestically into the blue air of heaven. "Am I high enough now?" he called down, in triumph. "Yes," said the judge. And just then the wren, who had perched among the loose feathers on the eagle's head, flew from among them and ascended a little farther.

So the wren had flown higher than the eagle. But his shrewdness was his undoing. Instead of giving him the crown, they drove him into a mousehole, and set an owl to see that he did not escape; but the owl, having been up late the night before, fell asleep and his prisoner got away. This is why the owl is always ashamed to be seen, and comes out only when it is dark.

Some time after this, it is said—before there was any way of lighting a fire on the earth,—the wren went to the sun to procure a few sparks. As he was bringing

them they set fire to his feathers, and he was left without clothing. Thereupon each bird gave him a bit of his own plumage,—all except the owl, who refused to do so. And for this Master Owl was condemned to shiver perpetually. "The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold," says the poet Keats.

Granite.

When a person is especially firm and unyielding, it is proper to compare him to granite rock; for granite is the hard bedrock of the world. It is the lowest stratum in the earth's crust, and is from two to ten times as thick as all the other layers of rocks combined. It is also the only rock in which no remains of animal or vegetable life have ever been found by geologists.

The word "granite" comes from the Latin *granum* (a grain), in allusion to the granular texture of the stone. New Hampshire is called the Granite State, on account of the prominence of granite in its foundation and the composition of its hills and mountains. Everyone has heard of the granite hills of New England.

Not Silly at All.

It is only the ignorant who talk about "silly geese." Hunters tell us that it requires great patience to hunt wild geese. While they are feeding, several of their number act as sentries, ready to give an alarm in case of attack. These sentries stand with head erect, eyes and ears alert, and detect the slightest movement of the sportsman,— "true descendants," one writer observes, "from the ancient preservers of Rome." Their sight and hearing are marvellous.

Geese have also learned to be suspicious of a camera, and the man who thinks it an easy matter to photograph a wild goose finds himself sadly mistaken.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—A new novel by Adeline Sergeant, entitled "Paul Marillier," has just been published by Messrs. Methuen. This is the second book by Miss Sergeant issued since her lamented death.

—The "Official Program" of the Diamond Jubilee of "Old St. Mary's Church," Chicago, is an artistic booklet of some seventy pages. It contains a brief sketch of the history of the church, and is handsomely illustrated.

—"Buried Alive," by Arnold Bennett, just published by Messrs Chapman & Hall, is described as a humorous story, and is said to be "really funny" in spite of its gruesome title. There is no accounting for taste even in book titles.

—Mrs. Julia Ward Howe has not, at eighty-nine, fallen into that senile condition known as second-childhood. Witness her statement at her recent birthday celebration:

I take a good bit off the corner of all these fine things I've heard about myself. I'm sorry to say, ladies and gentlemen [shaking her head sadly], that I know better.

—From Malta comes a 50-page pamphlet ("Juventutis Domus") containing an interesting account (in Italian and English) of the origin and dedication of a new home or club-house for young men. The edifice is the gift of Mr. and Mrs. Alphonso Galea, and the institution is in charge of the Salesian Fathers.

—In the "Lion's Den" department of *Out West* (Los Angeles and San Francisco, Cal.), Mr. Chas. F. Lummis gives an elaborate explanation of the correct pronunciation of Los Angeles, and, incidentally anathematizes those who use any other form than that indicated in the following stanza:

The Lady would remind you, *please*,
Her name is *not*

LOST ANGIE LEES,

Nor Angie anything whatever.

She hopes her friends will be so clever

To share her fit historic pride,

The G shall not be jellified.

O long, G hard, and rhyme with "yes"—

And all about

Loce Ang-el-ess.

—Recent issues of the Australian Catholic Truth Society's penny pamphlets—Nos. 53 to 58—deal with biography, fiction, discovery, contemporary history, theology and demonology; this last term being perhaps the fittest synonym for "Spiritism," by Fr. S. M. Hogan, O. P. The same author gives us a most readable sketch of Father Tom Burke. "Wattle Branches" is a pleasant story for boys. Cardinal Moran's

"Discovery of Australia by De Quiros" is as valuable as interesting. Bishop Delany, of Hobart, discusses in masterly fashion "The Third French Republic and the Church"; and the Rev. M. Watson, S. J., is the author of "The Church's Greatest Treasure: the Adorable Sacrifice of the Altar."

—Another volume of good short stories, entitled "Nemesis," by S. A. Turk, is among recent publications of Messrs. Benziger Brothers. These tales are from life, and all have a deeply religious motive, of which the title of the story is typical. The setting is English and Irish; but the heart of each narrative is that of humanity, and one readily sees that it was this quality which called forth the commendation of his Eminence Cardinal Logue.

—A classical scholar of world-wide fame was the late permanent secretary of the French Academy, Marie Gaston Boissier, who died a happy death last month at Viroflay, France. Born in 1823, he was in 1861 appointed to the chair of Latin eloquence in the Collège de France, whence he was later transferred to the chair of Latin literature. He became a member of the French Academy in 1876, and was elected to the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-Lettres in 1886. In addition to extensive contributions to the reviews, the deceased savant published a number of scholarly works, some of which have been translated into English. His "Cicéron et ses Amis" is regarded as a masterpiece.

—The charm of the Abbé Klein's "Discours de Mariage" (Bloud, Paris) lies in the power to bring home the stern lessons of life in words that reach the heart, to uplift and move it to action. Spoken before audiences familiar to the orator, these sermons necessarily contain some details and allusions the sense of which the general reader will miss. But the great truths and the great facts that confront those on the threshold of married life, are explained and described in a manner that can not but appeal to all. Whatever his theme, he conveys his lesson in graceful yet simple style. One admires the genial Abbé's eloquence, poetry, and delicate humor. Short as they are, these speeches are models of their kind, and therefore deserve careful study.

—In the attractive series of books known as Longmans' Pocket Library, two recent issues are of particular interest. They are reprints from Newman's "Historical Sketches" and "The Idea of a University." The first of the two, "The Church of the Fathers," comprises

that portion of the Sketches dealing with the period from Basil to Martin and Maximus; the second, "University Teaching," is made up of the nine discourses which constitute the first part of the larger work. The placing of these admirable little volumes before the public in such convenient form and at such a moderate price is a service for which Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co. deserve unqualified thanks.

—R. & T. Washbourne present a new edition, revised, of "A Child Countess," by Sophie Maude, whose historical tales are valuable contributions to Catholic libraries. The Rev. Robert Hugh Benson, in his admirable "Foreword" to this volume, points out the difficulties encountered by the historical novelist, and he declares that the best way is to saturate one's self in the period and then to write regardless of critics. This, he observes, is the process followed by Mrs. Maude; and that she has done well, we think all readers of the story will agree. The central figure is truly a heroine, though she died at the early age of twelve years. Many side-lights are thrown, in these interesting pages, on English affairs under the Tudors; and Catholic girls and boys will find much history in the simple recital of the deeds of a dear little English girl, who once was a "really, truly" countess.

The Latest Books. A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' price generally includes postage.

"The Church of the Fathers," "University Teaching." Cardinal Newman. 75 cts., net.

"A Child Countess." Sophia Maude. 75 cts., net.

"Nemesis." S. A. Turk. 60 cts., net.

"In a Roundabout Way." Clara Mulholland. 75 cts., net.

"Christ among Men; or, Characteristics of Jesus, as Seen in the Gospels." Abbé Stertillanges. 60 cts., net.

"The Tale of Tintern." Rev. Edward Caswall. 30 cts.

"A Commentary on the Present Index Legislation." Rev. Timothy Hurley, D. D. \$1.35, net.

"Althea." D. E. Nirdlinger. 60 cts.

"The Test of Courage." H. M. Ross. \$1.25.

"Assertio Septem Sacramentorum; or, Defence of the Seven Sacraments." Henry VIII, King of England. Re-edited, with an Introduction, by the Rev. Louis O'Donovan, S. T. L. \$2, net.

"Lois." Emily Hickey. \$1.10, net.

"The Divine Eucharist." Père Eymard. 75 cts.

"The Favorite and Favors of the Sacred Heart." Abbé Berry. 75 cts., net.

"A Missionary's Notebook." Rev. Richard Alexander. \$1.10.

"Mr. Crewe's Career." Winston Churchill. \$1.50.

"The Doctrine of Modernism and Its Refutation." J. Dodrycz, D. D. 80 cts.

"Christian Science before the Bar of Reason." Rev. L. A. Lambert, L. L. D. Edited by Rev. A. S. Quinlan. \$1.

"Lord of the World." Robert Hugh Benson. \$1.50.

"A Synthetical Manual of Liturgy." Rev. Adrian Vigourel, S. S. \$1, net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rt. Rev. Monsignor Joaquin Araoz, San Angel, Mexico; Rev. Joseph Kilpatrick, of the diocese of Brooklyn; Very Rev. Eugene McGinnity, archdiocese of Milwaukee; Rev. Alphonso Rossi and Rev. John Van Krevel, S. J. Brothers Narcissus and Anastasius, C. S. C.

Sister Hermas, of the Sisters of the Holy Names.

Mr. John Holman, Mrs. Mary Miller, Mrs. Ellen McCauley, Mr. John Gold, Mrs. Annie Harvey, Mr. Edward F. Kane, Mr. Bruno Ritter, Mr. Bryan O'Donnell, Mrs. Ellen Marmouget, Mr. Daniel Hanley, Mrs. Mary Cox, Mr. Michael Cleary, Miss Charlotte Sherlock, Miss Mary C. Fallon, Mrs. Mary Frances Williams, Mr. John Flaherty, Mr. Claude Mathieu, Mr. William Schatterer, Mr. John Boyle, and Mr. William Van Valkenburg.

Requiescant in pace!

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For three foreign missions:

Mrs. A. E. D., \$1; M. J. Walsh, \$3; Rev. T. F., \$5.

The exiled French religious:

M. J. Walsh, \$3.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED ST. LUKE. . . . 48

VOL. LXVII. • NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JULY 11, 1908.

NO. 2.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C. S. C.]

Hail Mary!*

BY WILLIAM C. BARNES.

MOTHER of Jesus! O wonderful name!

Angels and mortals have hallowed thy fame;
Through the green valleys of lovely Judea
Hear the sweet echo, "*Ave Maria!*"
Mary of Nazareth! Hail, favored One!
Mother Most Blessed! We worship thy Son;
With thee, Holy Mary, His glories we sing—
Son of the Highest, Eternity's King!

All the world's mothers thy story repeat,
Sing to earth's children its anthems so sweet;
All the world's painters thy beauty shall crown,
Glowing with glory thy face shining down;
Earth's fairest pages thy name shall adorn,
Thou shalt be honored by millions unborn;
Through ages forever thy praises shall ring—
Virginal Mother of Jesus, our King!

Fact, Fiction, and Fancy.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

II.—THE PHENIX CITY.

GOING up from the south, one now enters San Francisco by a new route. Formerly the approach was disheartening; the only pleasing feature along that line of the Southern Pacific Railroad was a glimpse at the acres and acres of vegetable gardens, kept scrupulously watered and weeded by the Italians, who thus supply the city markets. They were a joy to look upon; so also

were the numerous cemeteries—Catholic, Protestant, Jewish, and fraternal—that lie one against another in perfect harmony at last. The landscape gardener has made of them beautiful and imposing pictures. But beyond these cities of the dead came the ragged edges of the city of the living,—the blustering, restless, windy, misty city, than which, in that borough at least, nothing more uninviting can be imagined.

Sailing in from the Pacific through the Golden Gate—before the fatal April of 1906,—the city might have been called the City Beautiful. Approaching it by the ferries from the eastern shore, it was a delight to the eye, because of its lofty and noble outline. At night, when brilliantly illuminated, it sparkled like a mountainous bed of coals. It was only when entering it by the old southern route that it looked shabby and dusty and weather-worn and horribly uninteresting.

All that is now changed. The track veers to the right and hugs the Bay shore. Suddenly it burrows through a hill, and comes out upon an artificial neck of land that cuts across a cove; there is water on both sides of us, and an amphitheatre of hills sprinkled with cottages to its topmost tier. These are the homes of the thrifty, who are mostly "clerking it" in town. Again we burrow into the dark, and come to light with a schooner on our starboard bow, and a background of hills and houses facing the salt-water and the sunrise across the Bay. Five times we are plunged in darkness; five times we emerge upon new

* Copyright by the author.

sections of San Francisco, and begin to wonder at the latest improvement it can boast.

After the holocaust of April 18, 19, and 20, 1906, the Southern Pacific Railroad alone transported nearly 300,000 people, free of charge, within nine days. The loss to the city by fire and quake is estimated at \$350,000,000. Less than one-tenth of this is attributed directly to the "temblor."

I had said to myself over and over, "Let me never see the place again!" It was the home of my youth. I had been happy there, as I have said in those recollections called "Old Days in El Dorado." Now it had become a thing of the past—"The City that Was," as Will Irwin calls it. One day, while rustivating with dear friends at their charming villa down the coast—I was endeavoring to recover my nerves, not yet quite normal, by the way,—it was suggested that we take the auto car and run up to the City of Cinders just to see what was left of it. We carried with us a well-filled lunch basket, and fairly flew over the county turnpike.

I held my breath, having no trust in the motor,—the least intelligent and most wilful and unreliable of all inventions. My heart was in my throat, for I knew that a sight of the old home must be a grief to me. And it was! Every house I had ever lived in gone forever. Most of the streets of the burned district impassable. Fragmentary shells of some brick or stone buildings still standing and looking a thousand years old. Much iron used in the construction of buildings that had fallen or been burned encumbered the ground,—shapeless, twisted masses, like colossal brambles, everywhere to be seen. Impossible to recognize the old familiar streets, even those we were threading, because the landmarks were gone or hopelessly disfigured. Old St. Mary's Cathedral, where I was baptized, roofless, gutted, toppling to its fall. I did not once alight from the car; I had not the

heart or the courage or the wish to do so.

Out among the camps of the refugees, in the once wonderful Golden Gate Park—gone all to waste,—we silently broke bread and shared it with the hungry about us. The bread-line was so long, and the distribution of rations so complicated a process, that some were upon the point of fainting before their turn came to be fed. "Never again," I said,— "never again let me look upon the likes o' this!"

Down in my seaward window, in Monterey, I had read of the city that, phoenix-like, had risen from its ashes. The selfsame friends with whom I had motored among the smouldering ruins are now living in the resurrected city. After much persuasion, I resolved to visit them. Thus it came to pass that I ran over the new line lately completed—the short cut, as they call it,—and saw all the wonders of the hills and of the deep.

Is it a risen city? Yes; like a field of mushrooms, it seems to have sprung up in a night. There are wonderful blocks of buildings, substantial and fine. There are new sky-scrapers that out-scrape the old ones. There are trolly and cable lines of cars that are packed to suffocation,—cars that go tearing recklessly up and down the steepest, inhabitable hills, imperilling life and limb at almost any hour of the day or night. They hurl themselves onto automobiles, and run over people, and crash into each other. They are sometimes mobbed or stoned. Their brakes refuse to work at intervals, and death or disaster follows. Even when the brakes hold and the wheels are locked, if the tracks are wet and greasy after a rain, the car carries you past your street corner, skating like a skater upon the ice.

In the residence portion of the burned district, there are still marble staircases leading from the pavement into space; bronze railings warped and rusted, fencing in lots where once stood stately mansions. The stalks of a few forlorn palm trees seem to emphasize the weariness of these

waste places which are the abomination of desolation. Sometimes, in the rear of one of these deserts, there will stand a little shack of two or three rooms, a stove-pipe poking out of the roof. It is a picture of misery, and probably tells the story of some once prosperous merchant who has lost all but this land; and, with hope in his heart, he has sought shelter in his shack, while he is seeking to regain a fortune. Such a spectacle must arouse the sympathy of all, and one sees it on every hand.

There is nothing more disheartening than to look upon the ruins of great edifices where throngs were wont to worship. One morning, seeing the twin towers of a church in the distance, each crowned with its gilded cross, I went thither to attend Mass. It was a gray morning, and the mist was drifting in from the sea. At every corner stood little groups of the unemployed. They looked chilly and hungry and forlorn, and yet most of them wore an air of defiance that seemed to check one's sympathy rather than arouse it. Some of these were no doubt professional hobos; some perhaps refugees who, having been living so long on the charity that flew to their rescue when they were left homeless and penniless by the great conflagration, have forgotten how to work or have lost interest in it. Others, most likely, were strikers with hearts full of bitterness. I was in some fear of these loiterers, for many people are attacked in the streets of San Francisco, by day as well as by night; and I must confess that I am not in training, and would stand but a poor chance with any one of them.

Where there is a whole city to be rebuilt, it seems strange that all may not find work. Hard times, of course, prevent many from giving employment to the needy and the willing; but the town is being rebuilt with amazing rapidity, and I am assured that it is difficult to find men enough to fill the positions that are open to them.

As I drew near the church, I followed the stream of humanity that was hurrying toward it,—rivulets, I should say, flowing in from all directions, and finally joining near the great flight of stone steps that led up to the vestibule of the sanctuary; here all poured down into an excavation that was well paved, and crowded through narrow doors into a subterranean chapel. It was like entering a cave. The ceiling of the long, low chamber we were in was below the level of the pavement. It was probably the cellar, or basement, of the convent above us, that stands at the side of the church. One could hardly see the altar for the dimness of the light. A friar gave a brief instruction in German, but representatives of every land under the sun seemed to be present there. Thus, thought I, did they worship in the catacombs in the fearful days of the early Christians.

Upon coming out of the gloom and ascending to the street, I found that, though the walls of the noble building and its towers were intact, the great windows were unglazed, the church roofless, and the towers as hollow as huge chimneys. So is it with dear old St. Mary's—the first cathedral of San Francisco, now the church of the Paulist Fathers. The steps leading to its main entrance are broken and fallen all awry; its walls are braced, lest another quake should send them crashing upon the temporary wooden chapel and the house of the Paulists that stand just beneath their shadow. Yet at the Mission Dolores, the old adobe church erected in 1776 (St. Francis of Assisi) is still in use; and its roof—the beams of which are lashed together by thongs of rawhide—still holds its weight of Spanish tiles, and is likely to do so for many a year to come.

The magnificent church of the Jesuits (St. Ignatius'), the largest and most splendidly decorated of all the San Francisco church edifices—had survived the earthquake, and escaped the first flames that literally devoured the greater portion of

the city. So badly had the buildings throughout the town been shaken, a law was passed—the panic-stricken people were now under the rule of General Funston and his aids—that no fire should be kindled in any house, and that all cooking should be done out of doors, in the street. Some one, unheeding the wisdom of this law, lighted the kitchen fire. So many chimneys had fallen or been thrown out of gear, so many stovepipes been disjointed, the natural consequence was that the house soon burst into flames; the conflagration that seemed to have nearly spent itself spread rapidly, and shortly St. Ignatius' Church was doomed.

Before the destruction of San Francisco, it had been proposed to remodel the city. Perhaps all cities of any consequence are accidental; and all streets, in the beginning, cow-paths. I have known many a city to be planned that never materialized. In my youth I saw a collection of two or three houses on stilts, that had waded out into the tule marsh by the side of the San Joaquin River, and called itself the city of New York; now, having increased and multiplied, it is content to be known abroad—if it is known at all—as Black Diamond.

San Francisco, owing to circumstances over which it had no control, was at first a very small Spanish colony clustered upon the shore of a cove on the west side of the Bay of San Francisco. It was called Yerba Buena ("Good Herb"), because the good-herb grew there plentifully. The Franciscan Fathers, upon their discovery of the Bay, had named it in honor of St. Francis. In 1849, when people from every quarter of the globe were flocking to California in search of gold, the village grew speedily into a town, perhaps more lawless and unique than any other in the world, and it became known as San Francisco. It ran up hills and down dales, regardless of angles; and some of the streets were climbed by stairways. It had more heights than Rome, though it was so much younger. In my day, when it was

six years old, there were certain grades which no one dreamed of attempting to scale in a vehicle of any description. What might have been made a beautifully picturesque city finally became in appearance a very commonplace one.

As the citizens grew rich, leisurely and esthetic, it was resolved to remodel the metropolis and make it a thing of beauty and a joy forever. Boulevards, terraces, amphitheatres; forums, parks, parklets; fountains, a statue-crowned Acropolis,—all that made Rome and Athens in their prime famous and fascinating, were to add to the splendor and grandeur of the city by the Golden Gate. It would, of course, take time to accomplish this, and cost millions upon millions of money; but, with such material to work upon, was it not worth the price? Mr. D. H. Burnham, chief architect and director of the World's Columbian Exposition, sat in the saddle between the twin mission peaks, and created a dream city that was to dazzle and delight the eyes of all the nations of the earth. Then was published a costly volume filled with alluring vistas and visions of the city that was to be. Next came the earthquake and the consuming flames, which left that part of the city, where improvement was most needed, as a ploughed field ready for the seed of the sower. What followed? Nothing!

A new crop is growing out of the stubble, so like the old that one scarcely notices the difference. But there *is* a difference, and a very great difference. The New San Francisco can scarcely be called even an imitation of the old. The city has been pronounced a wicked city. I knew it at its worst and at its best. I have known many cities in my day. I do not believe that San Francisco was ever any worse than any other city of its size—nor as bad as some of them that have never been tried as by fire. I believe that it was as good as the average city, and a great deal better than many upon which judgment has never yet been visited. It

was a fascinating city in its youth; it was ever the soul of hospitality; it was the home of many quaint traditions. But all that made it what it was—unique, original, in some respects unparalleled,—all that is gone forever. It will never be itself again; it has lost its charm, its individuality, its identity. It may become a greater city than it was—greater in some respects,—but it can not begin where it left off and go on in the same old way.

It is not true, as that sweetest of all poets sang,

You may break, you may shatter the vase if
you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it
still.

The old perfume has gone out of it,—the unmistakable aroma that was the breath of the nostrils of those who loved it, of those who fairly worshiped the memory of it in the days of its enchanted youth. Other perfumes may arise, but they will not be the old fragrance which was as cinnamon and cedar and sandal-wood.

The old, fêted Chinese Quarter had its peculiar attractions, that are not to be forgotten even when gazing at the garish structures that flank California Street at the corner of Dupont. They have pitched their keynote too high; and though their tip-tilted pagoda eaves may startle the unaccustomed eye, they do not satisfy those who were familiar with the older town.

San Francisco no longer seems homelike, in the good old New-England sense. It never was really homelike in that sense. But in the early days it had a charm that appealed to the romantic and, perhaps, the sentimental in one's nature, and one grew very homesick when one was away from it. I know this, to my cost, only too well. It is true that many families lived year after year in hotels and boarding-houses where the real home influence is seldom to be found. Many lived in flats; but flat-life does not seem to me real home-life. Perhaps my twenty odd years of experience on the Atlantic coast, after

a California experience that covered, at intervals, twenty-five years, has made me old-fashioned. Old-fashioned I am, as befits my age; yet youth eternal fires my heart, and I wonder sometimes what it is I miss in the life of the people on this Western coast. Repose is lacking, for one thing. Even Monterey, which was the very cradle of it thirty years ago, is opening its slumberous eyes just as the slit-lids of the Oriental eye, after a few years in California, begin to part, and the eyes to stare about with fearful intelligence.

In the Land of Mañana—"to-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow,"—whose motto was never do anything to-day that you can conveniently postpone, people are up and doing, and Repose has received Christian burial in the graves of the oldest inhabitants. There is, possibly, less worry than hurry in San Francisco, but you will not find a vestige of tranquillity within its bourne. It is a mad city—as it is a mad world, my masters,—but it is rather glad than sad for all the horrors it has suffered. A great city, stalwart, strong-hearted, the bravest of the brave; but what made it once ideally wild-western and almost deliciously woolly is gone, and gone for evermore.

"God alone," says St. Andrew of Crete, "can worthily pronounce the eulogy of Mary; for human language is incapable of praising her who is clothed with the sun, who has the moon under her feet, and on her head a crown of twelve stars, and the brightness of whose glory dazzles even the inhabitants of the Heavenly Jerusalem?" "There is no greatness," says St. John Chrysostom, "like to that of the Most Blessed Virgin Mary; neither the Prophets nor the Apostles nor the martyrs nor the Patriarchs nor the angels nor the Thrones nor the Dominations nor the Cherubim, nor anything created, can reach the excellence of her who is the Mother of God."

Nelly Bryant's Secret.

BY MARY CROSS.

TWILIGHT was deepening; there was a clear green glow in the sky, toward which the shorn fields stretched smooth and brown. At the gate of a white cottage, surrounded by a glory of phloxes, a woman was standing, gazing anxiously up the lane which led to the village. Now a covered cart went by, its driver nodding drowsily over the reins; now a group of youthful anglers, displaying their catch in a pickle bottle; now a pair of alehouse cronies, "disputatious and altogethery." At length the watched-for figure came in sight, tall and shapely, and the woman opened the gate with a sigh of relief.

"How late you are, Jim!" she said.

"You will never have to complain of that again," he returned curtly, and went into the house without other response or salutation.

"Well, I was not complaining," she said, ignoring his unusual and perplexing ill-humor. "You see, you are always home in such good time that I couldn't help wondering what was keeping you."

He looked at her in a hard, stern way, and for the first time she noticed the anger in his eyes, the flame of wrathful color in his cheeks.

"You'll not have to complain of my being late or early," he said; "because the same walls won't hold you and me after to-night."

"Jim, whatever has come over you?"

"I have found you out,—found out your treachery at last!" he muttered through his teeth.

"What *can* you mean?" she demanded.

"Oh, of course you don't know, don't understand! Not you! Perhaps you will, though, when I tell you I saw Mrs. Brighthouse to-day,—Mary Massey that was. She has come home from America, and we had a long talk together over old times."

Nelly's color had faded; her eyes grew anxious, troubled, expectant; her lips trembled.

"I don't need to remind you," he said, his voice shaken by the very intensity of scorn and wrath, "that Mary and I used to be sweethearts, boy and girl together. We had a silly quarrel, and it was never made up, and she went away to service in Liverpool. The next I heard was that she had married another man, and gone to America with him. Well, to-day I met her for the first time after all those years, and we began to talk about the past. And it came out that before her marriage she wrote to me, asking if I still cared for her; because she liked me best, and would not have any one else if I wanted her. She never got an answer to that letter, of course; so she married the other man, and I married you. Thanks to you, Mary's letter never reached me!"

"Are you trying to say that I kept back that letter?"

"I'm not *trying*: I'm saying straight out that *you did*. You were in our house, nursing my mother, and I was away from home at the time the letter must have come. No one but yourself had any motive for keeping it from me."

She did not reply for a few minutes; when she did so, the words were slow and dragging.

"You believe I did a mean, dishonest action to get you, Jim. You—"

"Do you deny that you kept back that letter?"

She looked at him steadily and quietly, but she did not deny the accusation. He turned his back on her, and she walked slowly out of the room. A dead silence fell upon the little dwelling. With his head on his hand, he thought of what might have been if that letter had reached him. Yet his pain and anger were less for loss of the girl he had loved with a boyish love than for Nelly's treachery, for the shattering of an ideal. He had believed her the soul of truth and honor,

By and by the silence became oppressive, and he rose with a fear that suddenly quickened his pulses. He crept quietly upstairs; within the bedroom he saw Nelly kneeling, her arms flung across the snowy counterpane, her head bowed on them, and a sobbing sigh shook her from head to foot. He went away as noiselessly as he had come, a softer feeling, a kindlier judgment growing on him. After all, it was evident that if he suffered, so did she. The wrong she had done had been for love of him, and she had been a good wife, making his home a *home* indeed.

He was awakened from a troubled sleep by the chirping and twittering of birds. Early though it was, he heard her astir too, and found her going about her customary household duties as if nothing unusual had occurred. But her face had fallen into hollows, the light of her eyes was quenched as by many tears.

"Nelly," he said, awkwardly, "I was very harsh to you last night. But I will try to forgive you, and to let bygones be bygones."

"It is not a question of your forgiveness but of mine," she answered very quietly. "Some day you may be glad to know that I forgive you, though it has cost me a struggle to do so."

"I'd like to know what you have to forgive me for. I'm sure I don't understand you," he declared impatiently.

"Don't you? You have proved that you have no faith in me. We have lived together, man and wife, many a day; yet you think so lightly of me that you believe the first charge you hear against me. I thought you loved me as I loved you. But you have as good as told me that you married me only out of anger with Mary, not because you cared for me and wanted me for your wife. You can't understand, I'll admit, the shame of that—the wrong of it to a woman."

He stared in amazement; she was talking as if she were the injured person. The situation was relieved and a diversion effected by a hasty knocking at the

door. Nelly admitted a woman whose face was blanched with distress, whose voice trembled in a passion of appeal.

"O Mrs. Bryant," she said, "I wish you'd come and see our Sarah! I've been up the whole night with her, and she's no better yet. Come and tell us what to do."

Amongst her humble neighbors Nelly was something of an authority on childish and other diseases. Often they consulted her in preference to a doctor. It was cheaper, and sometimes more satisfactory.

"Of course I'll come," Mrs. Bryant answered promptly. "Will you get your breakfast yourself, Jim? It's ready."

He offered no opposition to his wife's departure; indeed it was not unwelcome; for the current of her thoughts would be changed and her unreasonable wrath be cooled by attending on a sick child.

Before going to his work, he thought he would like to see her, he scarcely knew why; and so he made his way to the neighboring cottage. She had observed his approach, and spoke to him from the window.

"Stay where you are, Jim. It is diphtheria, very bad. I've promised to do the nursing. Tell Granny Hill to keep house for you in the meantime. She'll be glad to do it."

"Very well," he acquiesced. "Don't run any foolish risks, Nelly."

As the days went on he realized ever more clearly what she had been in the house: how she had studied him, interposed between him and petty domestic worries; how peaceful and benign had been her influence. She and her patient were isolated, so that he could not see her, else he had told her that indeed he loved her; that because of that very love he had felt so keenly her fall from her high estate.

One afternoon a neighbor met him as he trudged home, her eyes red with weeping. Nelly had contracted the dread disease, and the doctor did not think that she would recover.

"You can't see her, Mr. Bryant. That's hard, I know. None's let go near her but them that must. Father Ryan was there, and gave her the Last Sacraments, so everything's been done."

The woman left him with homely words of comfort and promises of prayer; and, half stupefied, he entered his house, from which indeed the light had gone. He stared round the little parlor, with its picture of the Sacred Heart, its statue of Our Lady, which it had been Nelly's delight to keep surrounded with flowers. There were her books, presents and school prizes; her workbasket, with an unfinished bit of knitting, a ray of sunshine glinting along the bright needles; her desk, her favorite chair. Each thing revived some memory of her: her innocent pride in her little library, her busy hands sewing raiment for God's poor, or binding white and blue flowers together for her humble altar. He touched the books tenderly, as though they were already relics of the dead; he moved the chair and set the workbasket beside it, as things apart from all else of his possessions; his eyes dim, his fingers trembling.

Somehow, the handling of her things gave him consolation and hope; she must come back to them, to him. He lifted the desk and softly blew the dust from its shining surface; the lid slipped from his unsteady grasp, and in falling heavily dislodged a letter which had been fastened to the inner surface. It was sealed and addressed "To my dear son James."

How was it that he had never seen this before? Why had Nelly kept it concealed in her desk all these years? Good Heavens, had she suppressed even a letter from the mother he had idolized? He tore it open and read the lines, dated a week prior to the writer's death, five years before.

"MY DEAR SON:—I know that I am on my deathbed, and before I die I must clear my conscience, and ask your pardon if you think I wronged you by what I

did. You have been so happy with Nelly, and she has proved so devoted a wife, that I feel that what I did has, after all, turned out for the best. Mary Massey was never good enough for you, and I was glad when something came between you, and she went away. I knew Ellen liked you, but you 'might never have asked her to marry you if I had not suggested it. One day a letter came for you from Mary, and I opened it and read it. She wanted to be friends with you again. No one but myself knew about the letter, and I burned it. I meant you no wrong, knowing that Nelly was the best wife for you; but I can't die with this on my conscience. I am giving this letter to Nelly to give to you if she thinks fit. She knows what I did, but she does not know that it was I who advised you to marry her, and that you had cared for Mary."

His mother's signature followed. The feeble scrawl fluttered to the ground. He understood too well. Nelly would not shame his mother in his eyes; she would not clear herself at another's cost. His reproaches, his harsh judgment came back upon him like a bitter sea that overwhelmed him. How long he sat stupefied by the double blow that day had dealt him he never knew. But at length he started up in desperation, impelled to action by very agony. He must see Nelly, he must speak to her: no human power should keep him from her. He could not bear another minute of his life without her pardon. He rushed out, determined if need be to force his way to her presence; but, fortunately for both, he was met at the gate of the cottage where she lay by Father Ryan, who laid a detaining hand on his shoulder.

"Jim! You can not go in, my dear boy!"

"But I must, Father! Don't try to stop me."

"For your wife's sake, Jim, control yourself. I have good news for you.

Since Extreme Unction was administered this morning, there has been a slight change for the better; and, please God, Nelly will be spared to you for many a day. Go to the chapel, Jim, and pray for her. I shall see her again to-night, and I will bring you word how she is."

"And will you tell her, Father, that I'm on my knees at her feet, beseeching her pardon, praying God to give her back to me that I may make up to her for all I've made her suffer; that I may show her there's nothing in this world so dear to me as she is—"

His voice broke and died away in tears. The old priest pressed his hand with murmured sympathy and hope and blessing; and the other hastened to the little chapel, and there caught at Our Lady's mantle in a very passion of supplication. And the Queen of Sorrows looked on him in compassion, and again told her Divine Son: "They have no wine."

As from the very jaws of death, Nelly was given back to him, to a love and tenderness of which she had not deemed him capable. Gently and sweetly she responded to his appeal for pardon, and the cloud passed away forever from their lives. To him she was the answer to a prayer: Our Lady had restored her to him, and he must prove himself not all unworthy of Our Lady's trust.

The Snares.

(After the Armenian of Koutchak.)

BY THOMAS WALSH.

Another Road to Rome.

BY N. C. D.

(CONCLUSION.)

THE arguments used to me against the step forward into Catholicism were strange. One clergyman wrote that he could not believe the composers of some beautiful, godly Protestant hymns were in error. Yet he is High Church, and doubtless unchurches, if not Charles Wesley, yet that hymnist's successors, and the really great Lutheran singers of hymns.

These good Anglican people never live habitually in the distinction made between persons and the beliefs or errors held by the persons. And many of them seem to live in a mental world inhabited only by Anglicans and "Greeks" and "Romans." To be sure there are Papistically inclined anti-Papalists who would make Newman burst out louder than in this passage: "You have in all respects an eclectic or an original religion of your own; . . . nearly all your divines, if not all, call themselves Protestants, and you anathematize the name. Who makes the concessions to Catholics which you do, yet remains separate from them? . . . In some points you prefer Rome, in others Greece, in others Scotland; and of that preference your own private judgment is the ultimate sanction. What am I to say in answer to conduct so preposterous? Say you go by any authority whatever, and I shall know where to find you, and I shall respect you. Swear by any school of religion, old or modern, . . . nay, by yourselves, and I shall know what you mean, and will listen to you. But do not come to me with the latest fashion of opinion which the world has seen, and protest to me that it is the oldest. Do not come to me at this time of day with views palpably new, isolated, original, *sui generis*, warranted old neither by Christian nor unbeliever, and challenge me to answer

WITH those proud birds that feed not
Upon the grains of earth,
I winged my flight, to heed not
What snares of Love were worth.
But through the skies elated
Love spreads celestial strings:
On earth the feet are baited,
In heaven he caught my wings.

what I have really not the patience to read." *

Newman but echoed Montalembert: "I protest against the most unwarrantable and unjustifiable assumption of the name Catholic by people and things belonging to . . . a fraction of the actual Church of England. . . . Consistent Protestants and Rationalists are more Catholic in the etymological sense of the word than Anglicans. But that so-called Anglo-Catholics, whose very name betrays their usurpation and contradiction, whose doctrinal articles, whose liturgy, whose whole history are such as to disconnect them from all mankind except those who are born English and speak English,—that they should pretend, on the strength of their private judgment alone, to be what the rest of mankind deny them to be,† will assuredly be ranked amongst the first follies of the nineteenth century."

It still puzzles the twentieth; as witness the following, which appeared in the *Edinburgh Review* (January, 1908): "What the Ritualist means by the Church it is not easy to say. . . . He is not, except in a very few instances, disposed to accept the modern Roman Church as the arbiter of doctrine; and the English Church

has no living voice to which he pays the slightest respect."

"This is dreaming, surely." Real rooted Catholics are no mind-wearied castle builders of things as they ought to be, not as they are. They understand (all the more if they are devout) what they might not be able to define about formal and material heresy. We have all noticed, when in Ireland, for instance, how it is that the better the simple Catholics are, the less intolerance they feel to "heretics" and the greater their sensitiveness to heresy. It is often otherwise with blustering anti-Protestants who are far from the devotion of their fathers.

Many will remember how the mysteriously inaccurate Mr. Froude tells of giving up High Churchism because of finding pious "Evangelicals" in Ireland. But he is typical. Pious persons have been thrown at me, I must say. As if all of us would not witness, with Cardinal Manning, that in becoming Catholics we lost the irritability or indifference toward "Dissenters" consequent upon nervous, Established self-assertiveness, and simply relapsed into common-sense, where truth is one; while those who are without, in ignorance, approach more or less nearly, and are guilty or are innocent, and to themselves stand or fall, God alone knows which. But where is the use of saying that a man singing a little flat is nearly in tune, and that it's just the same, and that he is really making one note with my true note? He is making a discord, only less horribly than the man who is flatter. One does not say that they deserve, therefore, to have their heads removed, because their ears or their throats are formed to such disadvantages; unless they do so indeed deserve, for their folly in singing against the Church's note, and declaring that they will soon get there, or that anyway being a little off the note does not matter, or even that their private pitch is the standard.

"Because thou sayest: I am rich, and made wealthy, and I have need of

* The foregoing should surely disarm every personal animosity. Of one Anglican clergyman, who has taken to paying Peter's Pence as an outward and visible sign of his Roman heart, the "American-Anglican" paper, the *Lamp*, "an Anglo-Roman monthly," says: "Already, under the blessing of God, results of far-reaching consequence have grown from that generous initiative. Who among our readers will follow his example and send a Christmas gift of Peter's Pence to the Pope in honor of his Sacerdotal Jubilee? It should contain a short personal message to the Holy Father, letting him know that the giver is an Anglican churchman whose heart's desire is corporate reunion with the Holy See."

† As is noted in the *Edinburgh Review* for January, 1908: "A community [the Anglican Church as expressed in terms of Ritualism] whose claim to be the Catholic Church of England is ridiculed by all other Catholics, by all Protestants, and by all who are neither Catholics nor Protestants."

nothing; and thou knowest not that thou art wretched and miserable, and poor and blind and naked. I counsel thee to buy of me gold tried in the fire, that thou mayst be made rich, and mayst be clothed in white garments, that the shame of thy nakedness may not appear; and anoint thy eyes with eye-salve, that thou mayst see." *

Surely it ought to strike—it does so strike, I know—religious persons outside Catholicity,—persons seemingly so deserving of what others have got without desert, that the fact is undeniable, how the non-Catholic or blind anti-religious world ranges itself against the Catholic Church, tolerates other religious organizations, hardly notices any change in a man's opinion or faith except the one. Some of the most urgent dissuading letters I received were from those who, I knew, did not pretend to be positively Christian any more; though, to be sure, these men's neighbors can be persuaded that a man ceases to be Anglican only if they see him received a Catholic.

Is it not interesting at least, and wonderful, and suggestive of much thought, that things should so be? Acknowledge the facts of existence as it is; accept life for action, rather than for "puzzling in the divine counsels," in Burke's phrase; take what is known, nor reject because much is unknown; consider well the vastness of our incapacity and our ignorance; note the effect of religion in practice rather than in theory; tell the truth to ourselves about our own lives, distinguishing between what real claims religious revelation makes and what some of its professors say are its claims; above all, live up to the best light we have—put away sin,—while taking care that the light in us be not darkness; practise humility and purity, and, if possible, pray,—we are on the Catholic side. Is it not, I say, striking that men can generally see this; that they are found to maintain, perhaps in

increasing numbers, even when outside religion, "It is quite true, admit there is any absolute morality, sin, and a distinction between right and wrong objectively, and of course there is no obstacle to your being a Catholic"?

"If I but knew more, I should have the faith of the Breton peasant," said Pasteur shortly before his death (good Catholic though he was). "Could I but know it all, I should have the faith of the Breton peasant's wife." "I never in my life was tempted," said Lord Acton, "to doubt in the slightest a dogma of the Catholic faith." Mr. Huxley, on the contrary, said as much as that a man must be a "beastly fool" to believe what he himself could not; adding that he was "possessed with a desire to arise and slay" Pasteur and Acton and Newman and "the whole brood of idolaters whenever I assist at one of these ceremonies [High Mass at St. Peter's]." *

But that is certainly not "healing," and it has been proved to be a useless way of going on. Rather, minds, great and small, should seek to discover the premises by reason of which men disagree throughout many conclusions, and whereby they do not and can not see eye to eye. Most arguments are useless because men do not agree about their premises. And *we* certainly do hold that rational consideration of these premises, and of life in its various powers, leads us up to a very much more modest form of agnosticism, and beyond it to a wish to believe, wherein, by action, we find the first step of the ladder of faith.

I believe some are told that we become Catholics from love of incense smells (so Ruskin stormed, in a diatribe of vaporous talk; some of the stuff that he sanely said afterward was nonsense), and from attraction to ceremonies. I have not met such persons. Alas! there is great need of ritualism, these days, among us Roman Catholics, all the world over. But, if you will, these things are the lesser matters

* Apoc., iii, 17, 18.

* "Life," ii, p. 91.

of the law,—though St. Teresa *did* say that she could die for the least of the ceremonies of the Church. My first parish priest—well, it is amusing to think of him as a ritualist. I allow that he certainly wore “the vestments.” But I feel that Catholics would not care if priests said Mass in black coats, if so the Church willed. I should not mind,—not much mind. And as to counting candles! One of my kindest early Catholic friends, with “Catholicity,” as he specially wished it called, not “Catholicism,”—with it bred in every fibre of him, was mightily astonished indeed when a High Church lady posed him with the candle question. As if he had thought of candles—at Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament!

A convert told me that, when a Ritualist, he used to be distressed beyond measure if altar-cloths did not hang down a certain length. That is the unhealthy way of treating things torn from their natural setting. And though Ritualists, as they are called, are often serious men, I will say that on my visit to the only Ritualistic church in a country where I lived, a young lady came down at once and asked if I would “like to look at the frontals.” Also, when I went to inspect the new Protestant Episcopal cathedral a-building in New York, the verger asked me to wait until he had enough visitors assembled for him to give his little lecture on the tapestries, and on the mosaics of the altar, the which, we learned, had been at the exhibition in the great city of Chicago.

As I say, there are things in Ritualism to be well imitated. There are things also to be avoided. But what is the use, indeed, of saying that within the fold? You might as well tell a living flower to avoid behaving like one stuck in the ground rootless. In short, Catholicism is natural, and then supernatural; like this old world for which it exists, requiring much clearing up among its disorderly hosts, who can agree in nothing but their faith—that marvel of agreement impossible to nature,—and who

have all the imperfections of men. The difficulties in Catholicism are the difficulties belonging to our existence on this earth. Sometimes one is almost tempted to wish that its leaders would quarrel more as men, so that the distinction might be even more clear between such strife and the din raised by faith remakers. But that is a temptation. What is more admirable is holy love among the brethren of the household of faith.

There is one thing Catholics do *not* do, and that is impute to others beliefs they do not hold. The Judgment Day will, I should suppose, reveal this at least, that Catholics generally have one virtue— forbearance. And long may they continue to make allowance for invincible, though it be indeed inconceivable, ignorance!

Exiled from Erin.

XXVIII.—AT HOME AND ABROAD.

SEPTEMBER and October were not over-busy months with Willie and Joe; and, in order to improve themselves, they took opportunity of attending exhibitions and lectures that were given here and there through the country. It did not cost them much, for there was generally an excursion by train; and they took with them their luncheon, consisting of homemade bread and butter and cheese, hard-boiled eggs, a few slices of bacon, bits of cold fowl, and a bottle of lemonade. Truth to tell, they were fast growing into very presentable young men. Willie was not much above the medium height; but Joe was quite tall, and if he would only fill out he would be a fine fellow.

Now, “ould Jes Mahony” lived “outside the bounds.” He had made money twenty or thirty years ago, when labor was cheap and butter was dear; but he couldn’t earn a penny to-day; and he was forever nagging at his wife and children, who “could eat and wear and lie in bed,” but who could not work or make.

“I’m sick and tired of that woman and

her children!" he'd cry. "The world is going to the bad entirely, and no wonder. Look at them two fellows outside there! I remember to see them running to school almost in the frost without a shoe on their feet, and see them now, my two gentlemen! Off to every hurling and meeting and gathering, because their little sister made money over in America. But I'd like to know," he'd finish up with a solemn shake of the head,—"I'd like to know *how* she came by it."

The poor man never knew that knowledge is power, and that technical skill in every branch of work is necessary for success in these days of keen competition. Things and times were more indulgent to ignorance in his young days. He did not know that Joe spent two or three hours every night poring over scientific magazines; and that, when he went to the exhibitions, every moment of his time was spent among the machinery.

Willie was a husbandman; and his interest was in, not what man, but what God had made: the tree, the shrub, the rose, the cow, the sheep, the horse, the dog, the bird, the bee. One winter—and he often said it was the most delightful winter he had ever spent—he went through a whole encyclopedia, reading about birds and animals and fishes, looking at their pictures, learning about their singularly interesting habits, their places of resort, their means of obtaining food, their arts for protecting themselves; about their young, their way of feeding them, and carrying and sheltering them. And each brother took a general interest in the pet subject of the other, and to such an extent that persons wondered "how those two could always find talk for each other."

Mr. O'Brien and Willie made a survey of the outside of the out-offices. Finally they came to the barn. This building Mr. O'Brien was going to use immediately. He was about to buy oats, threshed or unthreshed, from all the cottage-holders and small farmers that wished to sell. The man who was to attend Willie in the

ploughing was with them as they went around. To his surprise, the first order he received was to remove all grasses and clay, but especially nettles, to the depth of about a foot, and lay bare the foundations of the wall.

"You are wondering at that, Johnnie?" said Mr. O'Brien.

Johnnie stammered: "Be-e-bedad, yes, sir, I am!"

"Now, Johnnie, there's no better hiding-place for rats and mice than old grass and the roots of nettles. The next thing is to fill that space with cement."

All around the circumference of the buildings Johnnie had to go, for the double purpose of looking after the drainage and clearing it from vermin. That made everything within the houses, the stock as well as the corn and other forage, far safer. The same thing was done all round the garden. And to Johnnie's credit be it said, he immediately saw the advantage of his work, and "took to it hugely."

With the middle of October, when others are beginning to think of taking their ease, work began in earnest for them. By the early light, Willie led his plough and pair of horses into the Gorraun-Baun (white-horse) field, lying beside the garden. This was being turned up, with the intention that as soon as it was sufficiently broken it was to be added on as a supplemental fruit garden. In the meantime it was to prove the faith of the tillage—namely, that tillage would pay its way. In the very first year, the early potatoes made for themselves from one hundred and fifty to two hundred dollars an acre. Turnips, sown early, made in the month of July six dollars a ton. Oats, the principal crop, gave equally satisfactory results; and all the while the apple trees, pear trees, cherry trees, and plum trees blossomed and waved their branches like banners above an army.

It was a delight to go into the garden. Everything had been picked and cleaned

and weeded. Squares of promising clumps of strawberries had been laid out; walks had been raked; the vineries having been repaired, some of the worn-out vines were cut back; the same had been done to the peaches and nectarines; supports had been put under inclining limbs of apples; cherries and currants and plums were pruned and retained against the walls; the raspberries were removed or thinned; currants and gooseberries put in proper trim; so that by the waning of the year "Tom O'Neil had left the print of his hand on it," according to Jimmy Dunne.

Now, in this matter it is as well to state what Mr. O'Brien had resolved to do every year: to divide among the children everything that could at all be removed from the garden, in the shape of roots of flowers or young fruit trees. Besides, until he had apples growing for himself, he was to buy and give every child two apple trees each year, for his or her own garden.

It was not, however, money that Mr. O'Brien and Father Kearney, when talking together, regarded as the best result. The life which the little enterprise put into the place, the happiness, the "go," the cleanliness,—that is what both, with unanimous thought, looked upon as the chief result.

Then there was the planting of the fields all round the old home,—their "Cottage in the Woods." And when the planting was done, fences had to be repaired. On rainy days the threshing and the winnowing went on in the barn. Corn was wanted for the horses, and corn was mixed with the feeding for the fattening cattle, and corn was wanted for the tilled ground, to be shaken on it. And there was the busy sound of hammer and chisel and saw. The strawberries would be ready for the market in spring; a man was in demand to go early to town and have them on the market, and supply the grocers.

Every evening the big ledger was laid

on the table, and Ellie sat by it. The columns were drawn in the book; she had only to fill them in. "What was Tom O'Neil doing? Jimmy Dunne? Johnnie Canty? What was bought? What was sold?" And so the story went down in black and white.

About Christmas time Ellie went out to see Joe, who was "carpentering away." When she approached, he sat down on a block beside her and said:

"Ellie!" and was silent.

"What is it, Joe?" she asked.

"I'll tell you. My job is done now, and do you think they would let me go to America?"

A surprised expression appeared in her face. He hastened to allay it, adding:

"It is only for a month or two,—just until the strawberries and violets come up. I tell you, those old motor cars are going through my head night and day. I don't care a brass pin about them, but somehow I can't bear to think that I'm not able to master them. I am sure I could learn all about them in a month or six weeks. There is that old mill below, too. It could be turned to use; we could grind corn, perhaps do a little in the wool and flax way. But I don't know enough about machinery; and it was American machinery killed our milling. I think I could learn that also in a few weeks more."

The project was talked among themselves. "He must be allowed to go," said Mr. O'Brien; "for no one knows how to work, and how to get work done, till he sees the world."

"Won't you call at the Trainers?" said Ellie.

"O Ellie, what would take me to those people? I don't know them at all."

"But they'd be glad to see you," she remarked.

"They are coming next summer, are they not? Oh, we'll meet then!"

Mrs. McMahon was the only one opposed to Joe's departure.

"That boy will never have a stem of sense," she said.

But Joe was off the very next week, with his mother's consent and her blessing.

"Now, mom, don't cry after your beloved Joe. He'll come home to you soon with his carriage and pair."

"Wisha, do you hear him, when he ought to be saying his prayers?" sighed the poor woman, as she sprinkled him with a liberal supply of holy water; for she was thinking of the dangers of the deep, and the perils of those who go down to the sea in ships.

He crossed to America, and immediately sought employment as a *chauffeur*. He was rather lucky: at the first place he applied he was engaged. His new companions thought to play some of the usual tricks on the greenhorn; but they found that they had miscalculated, and instead they soon began to admire the courageous, well-informed, hearty young Irishman.

In a few weeks his time was up; and, as the firm was to give him his certificate on the following day, one of the directors took him out for a run into the country, in order to test his knowledge. They had cleared the suburbs, and the master told him to prepare for a good fast rush, as there was a long open stretch before him. He turned on speed; but scarcely had he done so when he saw, at some distance before him, a motor which was sending forth volumes of smoke.

"Will I overtake it, sir?" said Joe.

"I think it is safer not, boy. But what can be wrong with it?"

"As yet I can not say, sir," said Joe, looking innocently into his master's face, but in reality desiring to know where he was looking; and finding that it was on the burning car (for there could be no doubt now that the car was burning), he quietly put on a little more speed.

The master noticed that they were gaining on it,—a thing which he did not relish; and he called to Joe to slow down.

"Yes, sir," said Joe; and, fumbling with the bar, he managed to give it another start forward.

"I told you to slow down, and instead

of that you are running into the thing, maybe to blow us all up!"

"Oh, there's no fear, sir, with the help of God!" said Joe.

The man was an atheist, and at the name of God flew into a rage.

"I tell you, if you don't slow down I'll pitch you off the car."

"I tell you, you'll do no such thing," said Joe. "And I'll not slow down till I overtake and try to help those people."

The master made a grasp at the regulator; but Joe caught his hand as he attempted it, and, holding it firmly, shouted loud over the noise of the two vehicles:

"If you were the master a thousand times, I'll pitch you out on the road, if you prevent me from trying to help those people beyond us."

They had now got almost side by side. The smoke of the car up to this had not let Joe see who the occupants were; but, now that he was side by side with it, he saw that they were a gentleman and two ladies. At one glance he divined that the *chauffeur* was drunk, and that, alas! he was an old school-fellow of his.

"Merciful heavens, Harry!" he cried. "What are you doing?"

"Help us,—help us, for God's sake!" the others called aloud.

"Don't be afraid, ladies,—don't be afraid! Push in," he said to the gentleman, "and let me leap in."

He had now evened his own car with the speed of the other; catching a firm grip of the second car, and telling his companion where to lay his feet, and to slow down easily, he rose as if he were a bird, and perched in a vacant place by the driver's side.

"Don't be afraid!" he cried. "All will be right in an instant."

He meant to stop the car in the usual way; but his companion, either through nervousness or inexperience, applying the brake too hurriedly and too strong, stopped all at once, with the result that he was thrown out.

Joe, despite himself, was therefore forced to run some distance farther than he had wished. By this time the ladies' dresses began to catch fire; and, having lost the courage that his leap into the car had inspired them with, they thought only of throwing themselves out.

"Hold on, ladies! As soon as I pass the car I'll stop."

The moment seemed an hour to him as well as to them, but at last it stopped. He burst out the door, and, tearing off his big coat, his grand coat—his only coat, poor fellow!—wrapped it round the first that rushed to him, and put her lying on the ground. A rug, that fortunately had not been touched, he wrapped around the second; and was going to lay her down, when he recognized the proximity of danger from the fire. He therefore hastily removed both near to the empty motor, where there was plenty of covering; and snatching another rug, he put it round the gentleman, who was little more than scathed.

The latter he begged to take care of his master, whom he found bleeding from the head, and whom he raised to sitting posture, while he himself ran to save his former school-fellow. With the doggedness of the intoxicated, his old playmate refused to stir; and when Joe tried to lift him in his arms and remove him, he struggled with him. Joe's foot catching in the machinery, both fell heavily; and in that instant the car blew up.

As soon as possible ambulances were telephoned for. When assistance came, it was found that the gentleman and ladies who had been occupants of the motor were but very slightly injured,—a little singed, a good deal frightened, and that was all. Joe's principal, however, was lying insensible, and bleeding from under the hair on the side of his head. But by the time that assistance arrived he had recovered his senses, and was sitting up, unable as yet to remember anything previous to his fall.

(To be continued.)

The Gardens of Anglet.

BY K. O'KELLY.

IN the extreme southwest of France, halfway between the quaint old city of Bayonne and the beautiful seacoast town of Biarritz, is the village of Anglet, celebrated for its two convents, which have been a source of blessings and prosperity to the surrounding country. These convents are built on a plain at some little distance from the sea; and, seventy years ago, the land which surrounds them was a bleak desert, covered by every high wind from the Atlantic with a thick layer of sand; as at this point of the coast the cliffs disappear, leaving the interior of the country open to the ravages of the ever-advancing ocean.

The once barren wilderness has become an earthly paradise; for the loose, shifting dunes have been consolidated, and planted with pine trees, which now form a thick wood, and shelter the flower-laden gardens and fertile fields of the good runs of Anglet. And all this has been done by women, encouraged and helped on in the good work by one of the uncanonized saints of the nineteenth century—Father Louis Cestac.

Father Cestac was of mixed French and Spanish origin, and he inherited the best qualities of both races: possessing the steady working capacity and practical intelligence of his father, the Bayonne surgeon, and the ardent faith and exalted piety of his Spanish mother. Having been saved from death in his childhood by the intercession of the Blessed Virgin, he devoted all his life to her service, and, as the most acceptable way of honoring her, he spent it in the raising up and ennobling the weaker half of humanity.

In 1836 there were very few charitable institutions in Bayonne. The Revolution had swept away those which existed under the old régime; and during the troubled period of the First Empire

people had little time to think of succoring their poorer brethren. When the Bourbons came back from exile, peace reigned and a few new Orders were founded. Then came another Revolution—that of 1830,—which shook the country to its very foundation; and six years later, France was only just recovering from the shock of this convulsion.

At this period Father Cestac was a curate attached to the cathedral of Bayonne; and in his long walks through the poorer parts of the city, he had noticed numbers of children apparently deserted by their unworthy or criminal parents. They lived by begging, or on what they picked up in the dust heaps, slept anywhere they could, and were clothed in filthy rags. The priest's heart was wrung with pity for these poor waifs; and, having obtained the willing assent of his Bishop, Mgr. d'Arbou, he gathered together seven of the most miserable amongst them, all girls. He first brought them to his father's house, where his mother and his sister fed, cleaned and clothed them; and then established them in an humble home, furnished entirely out of his own slender savings. For some time an elderly lady, one of his friends, devoted herself to their care; and then his youngest sister, Elise, undertook the charge, consecrating herself to God and His abandoned little ones.

A short time after the foundation of this orphan asylum, the good priest attacked another sore festering in the city's heart, and rescued from a life of vice and misery some poor repentant women. These he placed under the direction of a lady of great gentleness and strong will-power, who undertook the task gladly, and by her tact and intelligence was the means of bringing many souls to God.

It would be useless for me in this short sketch to try to tell the wonderful story of Father Cestac's struggles, difficulties, and final triumph. After some time several other ladies and young girls desired to share in the pious work he had undertaken. A Congregation was formed. Some of the

nuns were appointed to the charge of the orphans; others, to keep guard over the penitents, whom he established in an old manor house in the desolate plain of Anglet. The nuns of the new Order were called Servants of Mary, and their duties were legion. To teach, wash, bake, cook, care for the domestic animals, and build, were amongst them.

The beginning was terribly hard, and on some occasions the Sisters were obliged to listen to the piteous appeals of the children for bread when they had none to give them. It was a rule of the house to ask for no charity; but, when in great straits, the orphans fell upon their knees and prayed, and each time some charitable soul was inspired to bring them food.

One day, when Father Cestac was hearing confessions in the convent, a bill for two hundred francs was suddenly presented by a non-Catholic creditor, with a threat of selling off the effects of the orphan asylum if the bill were not settled within three days. The poor priest's credit was exhausted, and he had only a few francs remaining in his purse. He took the obnoxious paper to the Blessed Virgin's chapel, and, holding it outstretched in his hands, implored her who had inspired the founding of the institute of charity, not to desert it in its hour of need. He then stood up, with a feeling of peace inundating his soul; and a few minutes later a lady called quite unexpectedly and presented him with three hundred francs.

Little by little the good work prospered. The poor Magdalens of Anglet, passionately grateful for the humane treatment and loving care of the nuns, worked with a will, and soon flowers began to bloom and fruit to ripen around the old chateau in which they had found a refuge. The Servants of Mary were indefatigable. One made cakes from some old family recipe, and sent them to Bayonne, where they met with a ready sale; others mended fine lace and took in washing.

The stronger amongst them, aided by the penitents, dug and fertilized the sterile soil; and Father Cestac, who was city-bred and totally ignorant on the subject of gardening, determined to penetrate its mysteries. By long and careful study—theory and practice—he became an adept in all its branches, and then communicated the science to his spiritual children, to the great profit of the Order.

About this time (1846) an old man, whom the nuns had nursed through a long and dangerous illness, died and left a large tract of sandy soil to Father Cestac, in trust for the convent. This farm, if it could be called so, was in the direction of the sea, but adjoining the land which the nuns already possessed. Several of the Servants of Mary and a detachment of the penitents were told off to cultivate it. In a spirit of mortification, they agreed amongst themselves to perform their daily task in prayer and silence. Every morning they left the mother house—Our Lady of Refuge—and went into the “wilderness,” as they called it. There they derived such spiritual consolation from the solitary communing with God that they besought Father Cestac to allow them to continue this life of labor and silence.

The holy priest, after long and fervent prayer, consented; and so the new Order of the Bernardines was grafted on to that of the Servants of Mary. The life of the Bernardines is a very austere one. Perpetual silence, hard and constant work, and poor fare is the sum of their existence. Several Servants of Mary live with them, and do any communication that is necessary with the outer world; for a Bernardine never speaks except in confession, to the superior, and once a year to her own immediate friends.

It is since the foundation of this Order that real prosperity has come to the convents. It was these patient daughters of Saint Bernard who planted the moving sand hills, recommencing sixteen times, as the storms from the Atlantic tore up

the young trees and covered their bright flowers and delicate vegetables with the destroying sand. They it was also who prepared the dainty cobweb lace caps and dresses for the ill-fated Prince Imperial; for when the Emperor, Napoleon III., built a palace at Biarritz, the Empress became a frequent visitor to the humble Sisters of Anglet. The Emperor had the greatest respect for Father Cestac, and not only invited him to dine at his table, but on one occasion, with his own hands, pinned the Cross of the Legion of Honor on the good priest's breast.

The ladies of the court often enriched the convents with orders for richly embroidered linen; but the money had scarcely passed the gates when it went forth again on some errand of mercy. Gradually the tiny seed sown by a poor priest became a mighty, spreading tree, sheltering thousands of God's most helpless creatures beneath its grateful shade; for the Servants of Mary extended their labors, and not only brought up orphans and watched over the penitents, but also visited the poor, nursed the sick in hospitals, and founded industrial schools. Many of these most useful convents have, unfortunately, been closed by the unjust laws of the past few years; but the mother houses still remain, twin sources of burning charity, which, when better days dawn for the Church, will send forth fresh bands of workers, to stem that tide of infidelity—far more destructive than the wild Atlantic flood—which casts its withering waves over the once most Christian land in Europe: beautiful and erring France.

We went to see the convents of Anglet on a lovely spring day, having driven over from Biarritz for that purpose. Halfway on the trip to Bayonne we left the main road and turned into a long avenue of sweet-smelling pine trees, set between irregular sandy dunes. This is the nuns' domain. There is no gate or enclosure of any kind, and people are free to wander there at their own

sweet will. Our driver was evidently well acquainted with the routine of the place; for when we had arrived at a kind of cross-roads in this miniature forest, he told us we must go on foot the rest of the journey, and pointed to the left as being the nearest way to the Bernardine convent.

We set off along the shaded path, sometimes nearly ankle-deep in the loose sandy soil; and in a few minutes arrived at a low door in an ordinary garden wall. This is the enclosure of the Bernardines. A pull at a tinkling bell brought out a dark-faced little nun, with bright eyes, and movements as light and brisk as those of a bird, who welcomed us gracefully and bade us enter.

We followed our kind guide, a Servant of Mary, into lovely gardens, where magnolias twenty feet high grew in the open air, and rows of camellia trees were blazing with scarlet, or snowy with delicate white blossoms. In the distance the shadowy peaks of the Pyrenees formed a background; and the sun, lighting up the young green and softly tinted blooms of the fruit trees, made the gardens a fair sight indeed.

"You should come here in a month, when the roses are out," said the nun smilingly, as we looked around with admiration. "We have quantities of beautiful ones, and the whole place is perfumed with their sweet smell."

When we had visited the humble chapel of the Bernardines, we were shown one of their cells, which open directly on the gardens. Here a pallet bed, a wooden toilet stand and a chair are all the furniture admitted by the rule; and in such cells the solitaries pass their lives, without ever even looking on one another's faces. Some of the Bernardines are women of gentle birth, who came in their youth and innocence to offer their lives to God; others have brought sorrow and repentance to the foot of the Cross; but here all are equal. Work and prayer are the two

motives of their existence,—work to obtain the means of saving other souls and of gathering other orphans into the fold; prayer for those who have forgotten how to pray. In the life of Father Cestac we read of two of the Bernardines who had their cells next to each other for five years. One of them died, and the other discovered, when sprinkling holy water on the body on the day of the funeral, that the deceased was one of her very near relatives. This incident will give a slight idea of the absolute solitude in which the Bernardines live; although, on an average, there are fifty of the Order in the convent at a time.

When we had seen the refectory, with its bare tables and long formal rows of earthen pitchers, we got a peep—but only a peep—into the room where the Sisters sit and work, while a blue-clad Servant of Mary reads to them. Then we went to the cemetery, with its rows of neatly kept, sand-covered graves, bearing no name or inscription, but ornamented with a little cross of white stones embedded in the soil. Three of the Bernardines were engaged in digging a grave, and they never looked up at our approach. This was for one of the orphans who was to be buried the next day. "*Une gentille enfant*," our little guiding Sister told us, with tears in her brown eyes.

After that we walked through the green-houses, which are beautifully kept and full of flowers; for both Bayonne and Biarritz dispute the floral treasures of Anglet. Here again we saw some of the silent, shadow-like Bernardines, in their long white wrappings and heavy black shrouding veils. They were busy among the plants, and pursued their work calmly as we passed. Before we left the Bernardines' enclosure, we were shown the primitive huts in which they had lived for several years. These are made entirely of straw, and, although they may have been supportable habitations for nine months of the year, must have been terribly cold when the December blasts

swept down from the Pyrenees. Father Cestac's sister, *la Mère Vénérée*, as she is still lovingly called, who helped to build up the Order, is buried in this part of the grounds, in the midst of her adopted children. Her grave was a mass of lovely flowers.

Having said good-bye to our kind conductress, we passed out of the sunny gardens into the dark wood again, and met on our way a group of active Servants of Mary laden with baskets. They formed a pretty picture in their blue robes against the sombre green of the pines, and were evidently bound for the convent we had just left. We soon joined our vehicle, left the wood behind us, and were in the midst of cultivated fields. Here and there, on each side of the road, women were working,—some digging, others mending a wall, and two ploughing with a yoke of grave, unwieldy, cream-colored oxen. (We read in Father Cestac's life that these animals have so fallen into the ways of the place that they stop instinctively when the Angelus rings, to give their conductress time to pray.) These women, who wear blue cotton gowns and have a little white handkerchief knotted on their heads, are the penitents. They are perfectly free to come and go as they please; for they are here of their own free will, and love and respect for the good Servants of Mary are their only bonds.

We soon arrived at the orphan asylum; and this is the brightest spot in the whole place, for there are happy-faced children everywhere. This is the first, most useful, and most beautiful work of the Père,—the saving of the little ones. I never saw an assemblage of healthier or happier-looking girls, all busy at their lessons, or at some light employment. The greater number of the nuns who are with the children are young too, and just as bright and cheerful as their charges. It seems that the late Queen Victoria, when she visited the convents some years ago, during a stay at Biarritz, expressed her pleasure at this model institution, where

half the children's lives pass in beautiful gardens. We saw some tiny girls, almost babies, filling baskets with the fallen petals of the giant camellias, carefully picking out those which were withered or stained in any way, and separating the pink leaves from the white ones. These were to be scattered before the Blessed Sacrament at the procession in the evening; and the work was a reward for having been *sage* at school, our conductress told us.

Our last station was at Our Lady of Refuge, the mother house and the home of the Servants of Mary, who keep the whole of this immense establishment in running order. The nuns are very numerous here, and they are not one too many; for in this busy hive of Anglet nearly everything that is consumed or worn by the six hundred women and children who inhabit it is made on the premises. From the sewing rooms, where delicate muslins and cambrics are being embroidered, to the farthest field on the estate, the gentler sex reigns supreme.

Having knelt a moment in the pretty chapel, we were brought to the great Father Cestac's tomb (he died in 1868), with its ever-filled vases of fresh flowers. Then we visited that charming temple of cleanliness, the ironing room, which, opening into the garden, was full of light and color. Everywhere lay piles of snowy fabrics; and all around were groups of busy women, folding and crimping these gossamer materials with all the deftness which skilful French hands know how to put into anything they undertake. The bakehouse is a most business-looking establishment; and it may well be so, with so many loaves to be turned out of it every day. Last of all we saw the shoemaking room, under the shadow of a big pear tree in full bloom. Here a rosy, cheerful nun, with four assistants, was mending a shoe in a most workman-like manner. One of our party, who has athirst for knowledge, asked her if the nuns took orders from the outer world.

"No, Monsieur," was the smiling reply. "We have enough to do to make and mend for ourselves. You see we are a very large family."

And then we said adieu to the kind nuns and took our departure from Anglet.

How often, through the silent preaching of its cloisters, the Church scores a triumph! In the cities of the world to-day, much fuss is being made over the New Woman and her wonderful achievements in farming, gardening, book-binding, and many other crafts. But truly there is nothing new under the sun. For here, in this quiet French convent, women who glory in remaining true to the noblest traditions of their sex have pursued the same and other more arduous avocations of men, and pursued them successfully for the past seventy years! Long may the convents of Anglet throw out their warm rays of charity! And long may the name of the sainted Father Cestac be revered in this sunny corner of France!

The Inefficiency of "Simple Bible Teaching."

THE demand for religious equality in the elementary schools of England is productive of as abundant and as heated polemics as have arisen in connection with the burning question of an Irish (Catholic) University. Mr. D. C. Lathbury, presumably a member of the Church of England, contributes to a recent issue of the *Nineteenth Century and After* an interesting chapter in the discussion, and says "right out in print" certain things which can hardly fail to make disagreeable reading for a good many of his fellow-churchmen—and their ecclesiastical superiors. The British nation, according to Mr. Lathbury, dislikes definite ideas in religion; consequently it objects to creeds. "It prefers something to which everyone can attach a meaning of his own; consequently it welcomes Simple Bible

Teaching. It finds its ideal in a system which leaves some hundreds of thousands of teachers free to treat the most difficult book in the world as a sort of theological lucky-bag, into which everybody may dip, and expound what he thinks he has found there. It is obvious that our present ecclesiastical system is very imperfectly adapted to this state of mind. What is wanted is a religion calling itself Christian, vague in its beliefs, ornate but meaningless in its services, with a ministry open to all, and no tests for preachers. Such a religion as this would have a paramount attraction for the majority of Englishmen, and we may hereafter find equality rejected as standing in the way of this new Established Church."

From all which it would appear that, as a nation, England is nowadays practically indifferentist, believing that one religion (excepting, perhaps, the Catholic) is as good as another.

The *Nineteenth Century* writer does not incur the guilt of distorting the arguments of his opponents. He states them with conspicuous fairness, and then meets them with, to our mind, equally conspicuous ability. Witness these paragraphs:

I know quite well that to the majority of Englishmen all this talk about equality is only much ado about nothing. I recognize in many of the speeches on the other side an honest effort to treat the demand respectfully. If those who make them were perfectly frank, they would probably say something of this sort: "We should be quite ready to concede your contention if we were living in a world governed by pure theory. As things are, it seems to us quite out of place. The educational controversy has to be settled somehow. The present plan of supporting all forms of religious teaching out of the rates has proved unworkable. The Government now propose to support only one form—that of Simple Bible Teaching. This is not an unfair plan, because the only fault alleged against this teaching is that it is imperfect. If it goes only a little way, the road it travels is still one common to all forms of Christianity. Consequently no one is asked to pay for the teaching of a religion which he thinks untrue. Any demand in the direction of further denominational teaching we are ready to meet, provided that the teaching is paid for by those

who believe in it. What can be fairer than a plan which makes all pay for so much of Christianity as all accept, and leaves each denomination to pay for what it wants in addition?"

This line of argument wants only one thing to be quite convincing—a closer agreement with facts. That it is true of the majority of Englishmen I am quite willing to admit. They are undenominationalists to a man. But it takes no account of minorities, and it is to the disregard of minorities that well-nigh every religious catastrophe may be traced. I say nothing about Jews, because Jewish parents have always shown a praiseworthy recognition of the importance of religious instruction outside the elementary school; while inside that school certain negative concessions have, I believe, been always made to their scruples. Added to this, it seems easier to most of us to deal fairly by another religion than by another variety of our own religion. But when we come to Christians we are at once confronted by the Roman Catholic body. They will not hear of Simple Bible Teaching as the foundation of their religion. It seems to be generally assumed, however, that some way of satisfying them will be discovered; and I am quite of this opinion. They have in their favor two things which count for much in politics: they are all of one mind, and they know what that mind is. It is when we come to the Church of England that the difficulty arises. In her, taking her as a whole, both these advantages are absent. There are some of us, however, who on this point are quite at one with the Roman Catholics. We are utter disbelievers in Simple Bible Teaching—not only in its value when given, but in the possibility of giving it. I say this, I should like to add, of simple Bible teaching, not of Bible teaching without the qualifying adjective. All denominational teaching that is worth anything must be Bible teaching.

While the whole question possesses scarcely more than academic interest for the people of this country under present conditions, the signs of the times point, we think, to a movement, or movements, which will, within the next quarter of a century, make that interest thoroughly practical. Let us hope that when the subject does enter the domain of practical politics, it may truthfully be said of American Catholics that, in the all-important matter of religious education, "they are all of one mind, and they know what that mind is."

Notes and Remarks.

President Hall, of Clark University, is wroth with a considerable portion of the American press, and proposes a boycott at institutes of learning against the offensive newspapers. "College professors," he says, "must do something to keep themselves from being made ridiculous. The time has come when a college professor can not open his mouth without being made to look, speak and act like a fool." The papers have not been slow in making the obvious retort that the professors should begin by ceasing to make themselves ridiculous,—a retort that is pertinent rather than flippant. Personally, we are inclined to rejoice that the often extravagant and occasionally pernicious doctrines advocated by certain University men are speedily discounted by the criticism of sane journalists. We met with a case in point the other day in the *Inter-Ocean*. Professor Soares, of the University of Chicago, having, in a public lecture, deplored an alleged "tendency to-day to force children into an altogether unnatural expression of religious experience," the journal mentioned had this to say of the matter:

Thoughtful parents, anxious that their children shall grow up to be decent men and women, may well ask Professor Soares what they are to do. He says: "Teach morals, but do not teach religion!" But how shall a moral code be made really binding, and especially upon immature minds as yet unschooled by hard experience in worldly prudence, unless it be given a religious sanction?

If children are not even to be taught that there is a God, omniscient and omnipresent, by whom, or through whose laws, sin and ill-doing will assuredly bring punishment, and refraining from sin and well-doing will bring peace of mind and happiness, what does any moral code amount to against natural passions and desires but the cynical commandment of the depraved, "Thou shalt not be found out"?

The dilemma is a most serious one, and its weight is felt daily by hundreds of thousands of parents. And when we think about it, and what the rejection of the religious solution urged

may mean to the rising generation and to the future of society and the State, the counsel of Professor Soares must seem to these parents much like the command of Pharaoh to make bricks without straw.

Apropos of straw, the foregoing from a leading secular journal is one of that variety of straws which show how the wind is blowing as to the increasingly important subject of religion in the schoolroom.

French Catholics are discovering that their American friends were right in stating that the abolition of the Concordat would not prove an unmixed evil. Said Mgr. Amette, Archbishop of Paris, recently:

I feel we ought to be congratulated on the present condition of the Church in Paris. The first year of actual separation between Church and State has proved to us the first year of liberty. The past year has been exceptionally fruitful in the growth of the Church. Catholics have everywhere shown themselves exceptionally generous. Mr. Jules Rostand, member of the French Academy, has founded, with the assistance of a group of Catholics, an ecclesiastical Real Estate Association, by the assistance of which it is now possible to open up new centres of religious activity, and to place their property under the legal guardianship of a central board.

Conditions, we feel assured, will still further improve when the faithful throughout France become somewhat more accustomed to voluntary contributions to the support of their pastors. They are as yet new to that system, but with time it will doubtless work as well in France as elsewhere in the Catholic world.

The *Pilot* is moved to protest against "the intolerable mass of nonsense talked in this country about ancestors." Our Boston contemporary opines that, while questions of ancestry are all well enough in a monarchy or a country with feudal traditions, they are singularly out of place among us. "Yet," it continues, "we are surrounded by a host of people who demand from us recognition and even awe,

not for anything which they themselves have accomplished for human endeavor, or any conspicuous worth or energy, but for certain deeds well done by their grandfathers or great-grandfathers, who in their time were well rewarded. These people are seeking to load upon us a sort of perennial ancestral pension system."

The people in question are in all probability not so proud of their ancestors as of their posterity—in the sense once given to this latter term by Sir Boyle Roach. "By posterity, sir, I mean, not our ancestors, but those who come immediately after them." The truth is, of course, that passage across the Atlantic one or two or three hundred years ago did not transform peasants into lords, change red blood to blue, or make the butcher, the baker, and candlestick-maker anything else than the artisans they were on the other side. Apropos of not a few of the class mentioned by the *Pilot*, there is considerable relevancy in Pope's couplet:

What can ennoble sots or slaves or cowards?
Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards.

It is good to read, in *Rome*, that Italian Catholics seem to be waking up more and more to the necessity of having a strong organization to oppose to the baneful doctrines of Masonry, Socialism, and Anticlericalism generally. That we do not hear more of such an awakening, that it is ignored by the secular press in Italy, and in the cable dispatches to the press of other countries, our own included, is thus adequately accounted for in our well-informed contemporary:

Catholic action must of necessity—if it is carried on, that is to say, on those lines which ecclesiastical authority allows—be comparatively quiet in comparison to the noisy methods adopted by the enemies of the Church. For this reason the world at large is very apt to overlook the really excellent work, which Catholic popular societies are doing. One hears a great deal of the Anticlerical meetings of hundreds or thousands, as the case may be, because they rarely, if ever, meet without clashing with the authorities. And if the encounter ends in the wounding, or death, of one

of their number, they have obtained a "martyr," and that produces a general strike, or at least another meeting, often more noisy than the first. But the Catholic societies meet in an orderly manner, and do not try to fight the police. In fact, the authorities, knowing that they will obey, are often very strict; and if they fear an opposition meeting, have no hesitation in forbidding them to meet. Accordingly, we hear little about their meetings; and the papers are content with giving a very short notice, tucked away in a corner, without a particularly heavy headline. But, though they are not so notorious, they are very real and often attended by quite as many as those of their more noisy opponents.

The explanation explains. As a somewhat cynical official of the Associated Press remarked not long ago, "News is sin"; and the absence of riot, uproar, and slaughter is an excellent reason why Catholic societies should fail to appeal to the headlines.

Even the Anticlericals of Italy have occasional lucid intervals, when the Sovereign Pontiff impresses them as an agent of potential good. A writer in the *Gazzetta di Torino* advocates the intervention of the Holy Father as arbitrator in a labor struggle. He asserts that while fighting to the death against political Clericalism, he has the profoundest reverence for the Pope as the head of the predominant religion, who in his Encyclicals has already shown the deep interest he takes in social questions. He therefore suggests that his Holiness should now put his words into act, and mediate between the contending parties in the strike which is going on in the province of Parma. By doing this, he continues, the Pope would leave an indelible and glorious mark in the history of New Italy, and would disarm the antagonism of those most imbued with anti-religious hatred.

To which it may be pertinent to add that the upbuilders of "New Italy" would leave a still more glorious mark in its history by adopting outright the social doctrines enounced in the Holy Father's

Encyclicals. Religion aside, the economic dogmas contained therein would, if accepted, obviate the necessity of any one's intervening in strikes, by forestalling the strikes themselves.

A writer in the *Academy* discovers, in the control of French schools by Freemasons, a thoroughly adequate explanation of the atheism, scepticism, and hatred of Christianity which now so widely obtain in France:

On the 30th of March, 1904, the heads of the Lodges congratulated themselves upon their success in the schools. It is enough, they said, to mention the late works of Hervé, Aulard, and Bayet to show that the school-books now used are written in a scientific and rationalist spirit. Among the works which were thus praised by the avowed enemies of the Christian religion, the *Correspondant* refers especially to the "Manual of Civic Morals" of M. Bayet, of which more than 60,000 copies were used by children from six to thirteen years of age. "We do not think," says M. de la Guillonière, "that it would be possible to bring together in the same number of lessons more direct attacks against God and His ministers, calumnies against Catholics, inversions of historic truth, and hatred of France, and to display at the same time so much spurious science."

The generations fed upon such intellectual pabulum will display, later on, the logical results of their training—in a possible re-enactment of the Reign of Terror.

The second part of the new volume of the "Library of St. Francis de Sales," for which English readers are indebted to the late Dom Mackey, will be of special interest to the clients of "the most Christ-like of all the canonized children of the Church." The number of these clients, it is pleasant to note, is ever-increasing. Besides the still-flourishing Order of which St. Francis was the founder, there are now several other religious communities, both of men and women, who acknowledge him as spiritual father and chief patron. Among the laity of every country he has thousands of clients, and doubtless these

will be multiplied according as his writings become better known. The first part of the new book is a treatise on the Cantic of Canticles, the existence of which was unsuspected until fifteen years after the saint's death, when it was discovered, among other manuscripts, in an old disused box.

Of the second portion of the work—"The Depositions of St. Jane Frances de Chantal in the Cause of the Canonization of St. Francis de Sales,"—the Archbishop of Westminster, in the preface which he has written for the English translation, says that it

gives us the detailed and finished portrait of the saint's life; told, in her own simple and transparently truthful words, by one whom God had chosen to be the principal instrument in that which was probably the most enduring work entrusted to St. Francis de Sales—namely, the foundation of the religious institute of the Visitation. Almost day by day we are carried in the footsteps of the saint through every period of his life. We see him as he appeared in the eyes of St. Jane Frances, not in any fancy portraiture such as distance conveys to later biographers, but as he was in the sight of those who lived in close intimacy with him. It is a picture full of consolation and encouragement, destined by Divine Providence to make us understand and love the saint more than any other account of his life could do, and thereby to draw us to greater thankfulness to God for having given us an example so sweet to contemplate, and so deserving of imitation.

We had occasion, not long ago, to comment upon a stinging rebuke administered in the House of Commons to some anti-Catholic bigots by Mr. Birrell. The following item from the *Catholic Times* would seem to indicate that the said rebuke was not a solitary instance of conspicuous manliness among the ruling powers in Great Britain:

The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland shows a manly intolerance of misrepresentation affecting the country in which he represents the King. Old falsehoods with regard to the religious condition of Ireland still linger in Great Britain, and are perhaps nowhere more rife than amongst the Scottish Protestant ministers. A few days ago Lord Aberdeen, whilst attending an Induc-

tion Dinner given to a United Free Church minister at Methlick, in Aberdeenshire, found some of these caricatures of the Irish people presented in conversation and set speech. He did not hesitate to protest against them. His Excellency reminded the members of the United Free Church that it had long been the practice to deal unfairly with Irish Catholics. They had been first wronged and then misrepresented. Terrible blunders in the administration were followed by stories of the peasantry which were pure fiction. It had been stated, for instance, that Presbyterians residing amongst a large Catholic population in Ireland were subjected to hardships. Nothing could be further from the truth. Lord Aberdeen, from his own knowledge and experience, bore witness that they had not to suffer annoyance or inconvenience on account of their creed. "Live and let live" was the Catholic motto.

Bigotry, and more especially the Scotch variety of the disease, dies hard; so the United Free Church ministers are probably not all cured yet. It is gratifying, however, to learn that Lord Aberdeen, if he has "not killed the snake, has scotched it."

There is no weight in the argument that, Milton's tract, "Of True Religion," having been issued in 1673 against Charles' Declaration of Indulgence, it is altogether improbable that the poet became a Catholic the year following. We have read since January articles against the Church by one who is now a loyal convert; in fact, he submitted to the Church shortly after his last article appeared. To the evidence already furnished that Milton died a Catholic, Mgr. Barnes, writing in the *Cambridge Review*, adds the fact that Dr. William Binks, or Binckes, who was Dean of Lichfield, preached a sermon at St. Margaret's, Westminster, on Nov. 5, 1704, before the House of Commons, in the course of which he said that "a Popish judge in the late reign declared as of his own knowledge that the great champion of the [Puritan] Cause, and who is supposed to have writ himself blind in defence of it, was a Roman Catholic." Furthermore, Lord Dorset, a patron of men of letters and a friend of Milton, often told Prior, the poet, the same thing.



The Three Apples.

BY T. TAYLOR.

THREE apples on a china plate
Invitingly were laid;
As they were placed there side by side,
A pretty show they made.

One yellow as the evening sky
At sunset's golden hour,
When floods of light are everywhere,
Revealing God's great power.

The second blushed like rosy dawn,
The red with white was streaked;
The prettiest apple on the plate
Was this one, rosy-cheeked.

The third was of a russet brown,¹
In beauty was not drest;
A little dark, coarse, homely fruit,
It lay beside the rest.

"I'll take the yellow apple first,
Because it is the best."

"Why so, my son?" his father asked,
And Harry soon confessed:

"Because its skin is fair and smooth,
Its color bright as gold."

His father smiled: "Try it and see
If now the truth you've told."

"Pshaw!" Harry said as he complied;
"I'll try the rosy one;
That must be good—this one is sour."
No sooner said than done.

"It has no taste, 'tis dry as meal;
Who could have thought it so?
It's only fit for cows to eat,
To one of them 'twill go.

"And now most likely this mean fruit
Will follow that one soon."
He bit the little russet face,
And quickly changed his tune.

"Ah, father, this is worth them all,
So juicy, good, and sweet!
I thought as it lay on the plate
It was not fit to eat."

"My son, may you a lesson learn,
The moral always keep:
Remember from this time henceforth
That beauty's but skin deep."

The Squirrels' Brother.

BY GEORGE PROSPERO.

(CONTINUED.)

FINALLY the First Communion day arrived; and at eight o'clock in the morning the band of young Communicants, full of holy joy, repaired to the little church. In the afternoon they again assembled for the closing services of that great day, the memory of which would ever remain engraven in the hearts of the young participants, and in none more indelibly than in the innocent heart of Jeannot Lacombe. The consecration to the Blessed Virgin was read; then followed the renewal of baptismal vows and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, after which the children returned to their homes.

Madame Lacombe's brothers had come to be present at the ceremony, and a pleasant family gathering met in the widow's cottage. Mathieu, dressed in his Sunday clothes, felt proud of his little brother, whom he so dearly loved; proud was he likewise of his well-tilled land and smiling garden, as he listened to the praise of his relatives.

On the following morning there would be a Mass of Thanksgiving, at which all the children were to assist. The Abbé Marbot being well known for his devotion to the Scapular of Mount Carmel, no one

was surprised when, after Mass and a short exhortation, he told the little flock his desire to enroll them in the Scapular. Jeannot at once presented himself. The *curé*, before giving the Scapular, told of the precious spiritual advantages attached to the wearing of this badge of Our Lady, the promises held out to those who wore it devoutly, and especially the grace of not dying without receiving the Last Sacraments.

This ceremony closed the *fêtes* for the First Communicants, so long looked forward to by the children; and, after a few days' holiday, the villagers resumed their quiet, peaceful existence. Jeannot returned to school, where he distinguished himself by a zeal never before displayed. He seemed to have conceived a liking for work, and, unasked, aided Mathieu in his labors. Despite this change, however, his aerial haunts were not abandoned, and the highest treetops offered him the greatest and most alluring attractions, to which he devoted every free moment.

Another year rolled on in this manner, and then again came the First Communion, with the renewal for the children of the previous year,—a renewal often necessary for bringing back to the Holy Table many who have become indifferent to their religious practices, or already forgetful of them. Then, when Confirmation had been administered to the First Communicants, the Widow Lacombe deemed the time come for Jeannot to direct his thoughts to some trade. He knew enough, she argued; and would be sure to learn more, as he was very fond of reading. But Jeannot, questioned on the subject, declared he felt no particular inclination for one trade above another. He was willing to adopt whatever calling his mother wished. Edouard Labrière, hearing of Madame Lacombe's intentions, suggested that Jeannot should come to his father's, and work there until the time arrived for his military service.

Edouard Labrière was now about to enter the Franciscan novitiate, and he

recommended his former *protégé* to his mother's care. So Jeannot came, and under Madame Labrière's direction, was soon useful in many ways. Sometimes he found active employment with the coachman, again he worked with the gardener, at other moments he was employed in the house. Although at times his thoughts seemed far away, he was a faithful and conscientious worker, while his happy disposition endeared him to all with whom he came in contact. Sundays he often spent at home; and each month, with much joy, brought his earnings to his mother.

Thus time went on apace, monotonously but happily. When Jeannot Lacombe drew near his sixteenth year, Madame Labrière announced her intention of sending her servants for a holiday to the town of Mortagne, where there annually took place a kind of fair at the time of the races. Jeannot would be of the party, and his delight knew no bounds. A new life seemed infused into the usually silent boy, and from early morning till eventide the open-air feast occupied his thoughts and formed the sole subject of his conversation. This *fête* is looked forward to by all the countryside, where, except in the chateaux of the wealthy proprietors, life passes by uneventful and colorless. Even among the favored *chatelaines*, indeed, it does not lay claim to much variety, save in the shooting and hunting season.

Mortagne is a pretty town, situated near the summit of a hill. In olden times it was a well-fortified stronghold and the capital of the country known as Le Perche. It was taken by Robert II., King of France, and later on suffered much during the wars of the Ligne. Nevertheless, it is always a favorite resort for the tourist; while the old Church of Notre Dame possesses much that is of interest to all lovers of fine architecture. The extensive public gardens, surrounded by beautiful trees, are dotted with picturesque booths, wherein lie the attractions of a *fête*. And thus it is that the annual races and

amusements at Mortagne are as largely frequented as are similar entertainments in towns of greater importance.

Madame Labrière's household reached Mortagne at an early hour on the day of Jeannot's visit,—a day destined to mark a new epoch in his life. Although the feast would be in full swing only in the afternoon, Jeannot found great delight in inspecting the many and varied attractions. There were merry-go-rounds, some with wooden horses, others with fabulous beasts whose flowing manes and golden tails had a wondrous effect by gas light. The entertainments given by mountebanks were in great demand; while a flaring yellow bill gave notice that the "Belle Juanita," the "greatest beauty in the world," would charm her audience by the *danse du serpent*, which "serpentine dance" she had had the honor of performing before the Khedive.

Numerous were the *crimes du jour*—murders and like horrors—whose blood-curdling details could be witnessed, through a number of consecutive loopholes, for the trifling sum of two cents. Then there were the varied forms of "Aunt Sally," with their rows of hideous wooden dolls, and clothed in every imaginable costume. These found numerous admirers; and when a lucky shot felled the "bride" to the ground, what shrieks of wild delight hailed her fall! The theatres, too, were largely patronized; plays of every kind were offered to the public. They were well staged and well performed; for the French, as has been well said, are born actors.

Through these numerous attractions Jeannot wandered, finding new delight in each, happy to see at last an *al fresco fête* of which he had heard so much. And now he saw the little *Ecole Foraine*—the strolling player's school,—ever accompanying the strolling players in their all-year-round wanderings,—a school in which many children, instructed by devoted teachers, learn to read and write and count; the sister-work of the *Œuvre*

Foraine stepping in to complete the task by giving these erratic children of the land religious instruction and preparing them for First Communion.

These sights were a joy to Jeannot, all was so new to him, and his heart so fresh and susceptible to every impression. But words fail to describe his delight when suddenly he met two acrobats preparing the ropes for their entertainment. "They are going to walk in the air! How delightful!" cried Jeannot, as he saw the tight-rope extending; then, on seeing the height at which the rope was stretched out, he added: "I'd willingly walk across a rope at a greater height than that." He walked over to the acrobats and asked when the performance would take place. Whether amused or interested by the boy's delight, the acrobats—Escobar and Danieli—gave an animated description of their forthcoming feats. Jeannot proved so eager a listener that they took him about the grounds, explaining everything, and finally introducing him to their father, who was resting quietly in his "rolling house" under the leafy trees. In five minutes they were on the most intimate terms, chatting like old friends; but when Jeannot ventured a remark that the rope did not seem to be *very* high, the father, known as "Père Martinet," was almost offended.

"Oh, really! It is not high enough to suit you?" he said. "You would like it to touch the heavens! Now, young man, one should never talk of things one does not understand."

"I understand a lot more than you imagine," Jeannot quickly rejoined. "I've never been on ropes, but just come and see me when I'm up a tree, and swinging myself from one tree to another. You'll know then what I can do. It comes natural to me, for I've done it all my life."

"Well, who knows? Perhaps you're a born acrobat. I should like to see you," said the other. "If you come to the *fête* to-morrow, you might show me a specimen of what you can do. I have been an

acrobat myself—and proud I am to say it,—and went by the name of Escanio. *That* name on a bill always drew a crowd. Now my day is past; my sons' time has come. They must reap their share of laurels. My younger children are working hard also, and will appear before the public later on. So it is agreed you will come to-morrow?"

Jeannot explained that his stay at Mortagne was limited to one day; so on the spot Père Martinet brought him to a trapeze which served for his children's daily exercises. Though Jeannot had never before seen anything so complicated, he did not seem much embarrassed. Seizing the rings, he swung himself up with a lightness of movement that elicited from Père Martinet the exclamation: "It is really astounding."

Jeannot went through various evolutions, each more gracefully performed than the preceding one. Finally, standing on the topmost bar, he sprang toward the outstretched branch of a tree, then to a higher branch, and, when almost lost to vision, he swung from one tree to another with such celerity that before the young Martinets had recovered from their delight and astonishment, Jeannot had thus swung himself down the whole length of the public gardens, and come back again in this unusual manner of locomotion. Then he once more descended to earth, and received the wondering praise of Escobar and Danieli, who had followed the entertainment with the greatest admiration.

"Bravo!" exclaimed Père Martinet, as Jeannot stood before him. "Bravo! You are a bird, a monkey, a squirrel, all combined. How long have you been at the profession?"

"Profession!" queried Jeannot in surprise. "What profession?"

"Mine,—that of an acrobat."

The profession of an acrobat! Jeannot repeated the words, asking himself if Père Martinet were not mocking him; if his bright imagination did not cheat

the cherished longing of his heart. But a light suddenly entered his mind, and there, rose before him the radiant vision of a future made up of work, well-earned success, applause and triumphs. He, Jeannot, could become an acrobat! The thought affected him deeply. After a moment, however, he answered:

"I have never entered upon the profession. But tell me, do you really think I could become an acrobat?"

"No doubt about it," quickly rejoined Père Martinet. "Boy, your future is cut out for you as straight as can be. You seem to be a good fellow, and I invite you to come with us. We are honest folk; you will learn no evil among us. We keep to ourselves, mixing with our ever-changing neighbors only when a friendly turn is asked at our hands. Just say the word, and I'll settle everything with your family."

"Well, I think," answered Jeannot with one of his pleasant laughs, "that you had better come, in order to try to win round my mother. She is a widow, and has only my brother Mathieu and myself. She won't like to see me wing my flight away so quickly—"

"A man must work," interrupted Père Martinet, "and he had best earn his bread in whatever honest path of life his heart prompts him to tread. There's no greater misfortune than to miss one's vocation. You have full five years before you are of age for military service, and in the meantime I predict that you will win laurels for yourself. You will have become *the* sensational number, the great attraction, the *clou* of my entertainments; and," he concluded, extending his broad palm to the boy, "I'll be proud to lend you a helping hand."

Delighted at the thought of the glorious triumphs in store for him in the near future, Jeannot, moved almost to tears by the enthusiasm of Père Martinet, could not find words to express his joy and gratitude as he seized the honest man's hand.

"Thank you! How kind you are! A thousand thanks!"

"Ah, you find me kind!" laughed Père Martinet, patting Jeannot on the shoulder; "a man of the good sort, perhaps. Well, I always tell my boys and girls to try to show their fellow-creatures as much kindness as they can. On our deathbed, one of the thoughts which will afford us greatest consolation, together with that of having done our duty through life, is the remembrance of whatever good we have done for our neighbor during our earthly pilgrimage. Now, *au revoir!* Give me your mother's address, tell me how I can quickest reach her house, and when I can meet her."

Jeannot gave all the necessary information, adding that morning, noon, or evening his mother was ever to be found in her little cottage. And thus the two parted, Père Martinet promising to visit Madame Lacombe the day after the closing of the Mortagne *fête*. And so, unexpectedly, a new thread was woven into the web of Jeannot's life, bearing him along toward the unknown destiny so carefully concealed by the mysterious veil which ever enshrouds our future.

(To be continued.)

Saint Bartholomew's, London.

The church and hospital of Saint Bartholomew, West Smithfield, London, were founded long, long ago by Rahere, the jester, or minstrel, of King Henry I. of England. This Rahere, according to the old chronicler Stow, was "a pleasant-witted gentleman," and a favorite with his royal master. In the year 1120 he went to Rome, and while there was attacked by a grievous illness. He made a vow that, should he recover, he would found a hospital for the sick poor of London. The minstrel improved; and the legend says that Saint Bartholomew appeared to him in a dream, telling him where to build the hospital and church.

The spot indicated was the King's market, and close by stood the crown gallows. Rahere used his powers of persuasion well. The King gave the ground, and also a handsome contribution toward the erection of his minstrel's church. The Austin Canons took charge of the foundation, and Rahere became a member of the Order. For twenty-six generations now his hospital has given help to the poor of the great city.

A quaint ceremony, and one that had its origin in pre-Reformation days, takes place in the churchyard of Saint Bartholomew's annually. On Good Friday twenty-one aged widows of the parish are expected to attend the morning services. They are then at liberty to take each a sixpence from a heap laid on a particular gravestone. The annual interest of the fund for this purpose amounts to twelve and sixpence; and the lady who left the bequest stipulated that the widows should pray for her soul's repose. One fears the stipulation is forgotten now.

Emblems of Our Lady.

All flowers were dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, but the rose and the lily are among her particular emblems. In pictures of the Annunciation it is the general rule to find tall white lilies, either in the hand of the angel or in a vase by Our Lady's side, and they are there as emblems of her purity. When flowers are used as wreaths encircling Mary's throne, or as covering the ground beneath her feet, or when angels bring them, they are then mere accessories, and expressive of the blossoming of the world of grace and beauty, or the flowers of the Holy Spirit, which grew in her, as in a garden of grace, and are by her placed within reach of a sinful world. The custom of offering flowers to Mary still exists in all Catholic countries as expressive of her children's gratitude. She herself is the Flower of humanity.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—"The Little Office of the Blessed Virgin Mary," arranged for public recitation in sodalities by the Rev. G. E. Viger, S. S., Ellicott City, Md., appears in a second edition, revised and corrected. It comes from the Electric Press of St. Mary's Industrial School.

—Another version of Father Lemius' "Catechism of Modernism," a translation of which was brought out a few months ago by the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, New York, is issued by R. and T. Washbourne. The present brochure of 135 pages is put forward as an "authorized translation" by Father John Fitzpatrick, an Oblate of Mary Immaculate, as is the author of the original French work.

—"The Story of Lourdes," a brochure of some sixty pages, is a reprint of articles that have appeared in the *Catholic Transcript*. The author, the Rev. Walter J. Shanley, summarizes the narrative of the Apparitions and of Bernadette's subsequent life. The title is perhaps too comprehensive for the pamphlet, as the story of Lourdes during the past three decades is untouched therein; but the author's purpose, of diffusing a wider knowledge of the history of the apparitions, will doubtless be attained.

—A New York librarian is authority for the statement that aluminum leaves have been lately substituted for paper ones in some of the new books for the blind. This light and beautiful metal is said to be peculiarly adapted to such a purpose. It will wear longer, can not be torn, and the embossed printing characters can not dull through fingering, as sometimes happens with paper. It is contended for the aluminum books that they are easier to read than the paper books, and they have the further merit of being easily cleaned.

—In a slender volume of fewer than a hundred pages, "The Spectrum of Truth" (Sands & Co., B. Herder), Mr. A. B. Sharpe, M. A., and the Rev. Dr. F. Aveling have provided an admirable bird's-eye view of the characteristic attitudes assumed by the chief philosophical systems toward the great speculative questions with which philosophy is directly concerned. Ontology, cosmology, psychology, natural theology, and moral philosophy are luminously if succinctly dealt with; and the nowadays much maligned system of the Scholastics is abundantly vindicated.

—The title of Adolphe Retté's latest work is "The Reign of the Beast." It is a study of anarchy and atheism, and is intended, says the

author, to show by a lurid example the effect of the present anti-Christian teaching with which the minds of French youth are being filled. The only hope for ending the present troubles of France, he says, "is the restoration of the Holy Catholic Church, outside of which there is neither light nor truth, neither consolation nor salvation." The same author intends to write soon another work on Lourdes in reply to the well-known romance of Zola.

—One of the most interesting and permanently valuable lectures delivered before the St. Ninian's Society of the University of Glasgow during the winter session of 1907-8 was "The True Rationalism," by the Rev. M. Power, S. J. Sands & Co. have brought out the lecture in pamphlet form, and it will be found to be a thoroughly readable and vigorous plea for the groundwork of Catholic Philosophy. The false Rationalists of our day as well as the flippant denouncers of Scholasticism would be hard put to it to furnish an effective reply to Father Power's brief for the Rationalism that is sane and true.

—Of "Priest and Parson; or, Let Us be One" (The Christian Press Association), the author, the Rev. James H. Fogarty, says in his preface: "There is very little of the author's self in this little volume. . . . It is made up mostly of material furnished by the most brilliant minds." The professed object of the compilation is to emphasize the pre-eminence—among countries—of the United States; and, among churches, of the Catholic. The book's fifteen chapters constitute some three hundred and forty pages, the majority of them interesting, if not novel. Archbishop Farley as well as Bishop Feehan has given the volume his *imprimatur*.

—In the author's notes to "Barham Beach—A Poem of Regeneration," by Julia Ditto Young, we are told that the writing of the poem "was throughout an unmixed delight." Whether the perusal of the work will prove a delight, unmixed or otherwise, will depend a good deal on the taste of the reader. Mark S. Hubbell has styled Mrs. Young the legitimate successor of Owen Meredith, and middle-aged readers who remember that English writer may form some idea of this lady's poetic stature by harking back to Meredith's rhymed novel "Lucille." Younger readers will perhaps form fully as correct an idea from our personal suggestion that Mrs. Young seems to be the poetic counterpart of Marie Corelli. "Barham Beach" contains about two thousand lines in nineteen parts, no two consecutive parts

being in the same metrical form. The poem's hero, "Theodore" (as we are informed by a fly-sheet accompanying the book), was suggested by Mr. Roosevelt, when Police Commissioner of New York City. Whether or not he was delighted with the tribute we have no means of knowing; but the work is styled (on the fly-sheet just mentioned) "the President's Poem."

—From J. Fischer & Bro. we have received the Universal Papal Hymn, "Long Live the Pope," words by the Rev. Hugh T. Henry, music by the Rev. H. G. Ganss. We learn that from the original version in English, translations have been made into Latin, Greek, German, Italian, French, Spanish, Gaelic, Hungarian, Polish, Bohemian, Croatian, Lithuanian, Ruthenian, Sioux, Chippewa, etc. Each of these can be had in unison, four-part male or mixed chorus. To make the composition still more serviceable for open-air celebrations, arrangements have also been published for military band and orchestra, to be used as accompaniment to the voices or as instrumental numbers. The hymn deserves world-wide circulation.

The Latest Books. A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' price generally includes postage.

- "The Spectrum of Truth." Sharpe-Aveling. 30 cts.
 "The Church of the Fathers," "University Teaching." Cardinal Newman. 75 cts., net.
 "A Child Countess." Sophia Maude. 75 cts., net.
 "Nemesis." S. A. Turk. 60 cts., net.
 "In a Roundabout Way." Clara Mulholland. 75 cts., net.
 "Christ among Men; or, Characteristics of Jesus, as Seen in the Gospels." Abbé Stertilanges. 60 cts., net.
 "The Tale of Tintern." Rev. Edward Caswall. 30 cts.
 "A Commentary on the Present Index Legislation." Rev. Timothy Hurley, D. D. \$1.35, net.
 "Althea." D. E. Nirdlinger. 60 cts.
 "The Test of Courage." H. M. Ross. \$1.25.

"Assertio Septem Sacramentorum; or, Defence of the Seven Sacraments." Henry VIII, King of England. Re-edited, with an Introduction, by the Rev. Louis O'Donovan, S. T. L. \$2, net.

"Lois." Emily Hickey. \$1.10, net.

"The Divine Eucharist." Père Eymard. 75 cts.

"The Favorite and Favors of the Sacred Heart." Abbé Berry. 75 cts., net.

"A Missionary's Notebook." Rev. Richard Alexander. \$1.10.

"Mr. Crewe's Career." Winston Churchill. \$1.50.

"The Doctrine of Modernism and Its Refutation." J. Dodrycz, D. D. 80 cts.

"Christian Science before the Bar of Reason." Rev. L. A. Lambert, LL. D. Edited by Rev. A. S. Quinlan. \$1.

"Lord of the World." Robert Hugh Benson. \$1.50.

"A Synthetical Manual of Liturgy." Rev. Adrian Vigourel, S. S. \$1, net.

"The Law of Christian Marriage." Rev. Arthur Devine, Passionist. \$1.50, net.

"History of the Society of Jesus in North America, Colonial, and Federal." Documents, Vol. I., Part I. 1605-1838. Thomas Hughes, S. J. \$4.50, net.

"The Training of a Priest." Rev. John Talbot Smith, LL. D. \$1.62.

"Children of Light and Other Stories." M. E. Francis. 40 cts.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Joseph Novak, of the diocese of Cleveland; Rev. John S. Cullen, archdiocese of Boston; and Rev. Lawrence Faller, O. S. B.

Brother Polycarp, C. S. C.

Mother M. Austin, of the Order of the Presentation; and Sister M. Euphemia, Religious of St. Joseph.

Mr. G. B. Fay, Mr. Henry Franz, Sr., Miss Mary McMahon, Mr. Francis X. Dinsmore, Miss Catherine McCay, Mr. Jacob Doppler, Mr. Henry Nienhaus, Mr. Robert Donnelly, Mr. Edward Mooney, Miss Henrietta Laidmais, Mr. George Faessel, Mrs. E. J. Cummings, Mr. Joseph Steigerwald, Serg. M. O'Connell, U. S. A., Mr. Charles Walters, Mrs. Mary Barry, Mr. E. L. Dirr, Mr. Eugene McGillicuddy, Mr. Timothy McGillicuddy, Mrs. Margaret Greene, Mr. George Wagner, Mr. William Moulton, Miss Hannah Sullivan, and Mr. Christopher Hennemann.

Requiescant in pace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED ST LUKE, I., 48

VOL. LXVII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JULY 18, 1908.

NO. 3.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C. S. C.]

Wild Grapes.

BY EMILY HICKEY.

I WAIT to meet the Master: a white fleece
Of cloud is hanging in the evening sky;
A little paly gold lies tenderly
About the sun's calm deathbed. Happy peace
I know not, and my fellows whisper low,
"What hast thou, O thou waiting one, to show
The One who cometh? For thy life's dear lease
What hast thou paid?" And I—I do not know.
Looks He for grapes? I have brought Him forth
wild grapes;
And who shall crush from these wild grapes
of mine,
Meet for that cup of His, the royal wine?
I know not, but from my soul's depth escapes
My child-right cry to Him who all things shapes:
"The worlds are Thine, my Father, and I am
Thine!"

Dangers of the Day.

BY THE RT. REV. MONSIEUR JOHN VAUGHAN.

VIII.—THE SOVEREIGN SEDUCTION.

ONE of the great imperfections incidental to man's present state is the difficulty he experiences—
I will not say in believing, for belief is natural to man—but in *realizing* anything beyond the present material world that surrounds him. Man will not readily subject himself to any severe strain; yet, without some resolute mental effort, he will hardly succeed in breaking through the narrow barriers of time, to ponder

over and apply the lessons of eternity.

He feels, indeed, that he is a responsible being. He is conscious of many obligations pressing upon him, and claiming attention. Nor is he without apprehension of a judgment to come. But, in spite of this, he scarcely adverts to the intimate connection that exists between even his most transitory daily thoughts, words and works, and the manifold and eternal consequences that flow directly from them. In theory, he is ready to admit that Time is the seed of Eternity, and that every waking hour is affecting, for weal or for woe, his endless future. Yet, in practice, he seems scarcely to notice this; and goes about his daily avocations, and carries on his ordinary routine of business, without any anxiety as to the purity of his motives, and unharassed by any special fear lest he should, by carelessness or inattention, interfere with the plan and disturb the designs that his Sovereign Lord has so lovingly prepared expressly for him. In short, he rarely has any clear perception that he is actually, *hic et nunc*, laying the foundations and building up the walls of that eternal abode, that "house not made with hands," which he will have to inhabit for evermore.

Upon so vital and so practical a point there should be no delusions; for eternity is not only the greatest of certainties, but it lies exceedingly near—yea, at our very doors,—being separated from us by only the slenderest partition. And, that shell-like barrier once broken through, we enter into a land of which no human being

can form any adequate conception. We pass, as millions have passed before us, through the dread gates of Death, and at once we find ourselves in a totally different environment, with everything on an altered scale. We have outgrown time. Henceforth "Time itself shall be no more." * That mysterious entity that we measure by dials and clocks and revolutions of the earth, and by risings and settings of the sun; that Time which is so indissolubly bound up with our every thought and project, has melted quite away, and Eternity occupies its place. Time is found too cramped and limited to suit the requirements of an immortal spirit, now that it has escaped from its earthly bonds and grown to maturity.

We are in a new and permanent state, that can not be computed by years or centuries, and where all is fixed and changeless. Our very soul assumes a different rôle, and finds itself subject to different laws. In this life, sorrow and joy, pleasure and pain, laughter and tears, mingle and intermingle, because such things are all earthly and trivial. Not so in the land beyond the tomb. There the emotions and states of being are far too intense and penetrating to allow opposite and contending passions to share the same breast. The joys and delights of the glorified soul are such as to fill and occupy its whole being. They lie upon it and cover it as a mighty flood, allowing no little island of sorrow or pain to appear throughout all its calm and measureless expanse. If pleasure be our portion, then pleasure, in all its myriad forms, will wholly absorb us; it will penetrate to every fibre of our being, and leave no rift or crevice for pain or agony to filter through. If, on the contrary, we stand condemned, then pain will take a like possession; it will fasten upon every faculty, and rack each sense, and gnaw each limb with jarring agony, forbidding all approach of peace, all breath of happiness.

* Apoc., x, 6.

Our life here on earth is lived in the twilight,—a twilight made up of mingled beams from heaven and from hell. In eternity we shall know no twilight, but only the full brightness of a cloudless noonday, or else the utter darkness of a starless night; that is to say, either the day of supremest happiness which men call heaven, or the deep night of quenchless woe which they call hell. These are the two permanent states, and there is no other; so one of these must be ours when life at last is done. Which shall it be?

This question is interesting enough when considered in the abstract, or in its bearing upon our relatives and acquaintances, or upon the poor creature who died yesterday and whose body lies before us. But it is not till I begin to dissociate myself from the crowd, and to reflect that the choice between these two permanent states, so far as I am concerned, must be made *by me*, and made *soon*, that the consideration becomes of quite absorbing interest. That we—that is to say, that I and you, gentle reader,—must throughout eternity be either supremely happy or supremely miserable is just as certain as that we must exist at all.

But the particular point so terrifying and so wholly overwhelming is that so very, very little (at least to our apprehension) is needed to determine our fate either in the one direction or in the other. An evil need not be certain nor even probable in order to inspire fear: it is enough that it be simply possible. For instance, the bare possibility of being rejected by God and cast into quenchless fires would, did one fully realize it, paralyze one with terror. Yet, so long as life lasts, that is, and must remain, a possibility, to be faced and recognized as a solemn and dreadful truth; for no man can ever fully trust himself, or say how he may act in future and unknown circumstances.* On the contrary, to trust oneself

* Or even how he now stands. "Who can say, My heart is clean, I am pure from sin?" (Prov., xx, 9.)

is to lean on a broken reed: it is he who thinks himself secure that is especially warned to take heed lest he fall. But if a man is foolhardy enough *wilfully to live in sin*, as thousands do, then what was before nothing more than a frightful possibility becomes a real probability. Such a one lives in actual danger of damnation, and will in all likelihood be damned; for, notwithstanding exceptions, the old rule holds: "As a man lives, so shall he die."

With the lurid glare of the quenchless fires on one side of us, and the vision of endless peace on the other, we can not afford to run any needless risk; nor dare we relax our vigilance for even one brief hour. When a traveller has to wend his way along a narrow ledge, amid deep caverns and yawning gulfs and bottomless precipices, a single false step may hurl him headlong to destruction. A sudden slip, a momentary loss of self-control, a slight giddiness, may mean a fall, a crash, an agonizing death. So is it with those who tread the narrow way to heaven. One false step, resulting in grievous sin, may precipitate the soul into the bottomless pit forever. Indeed, to say that this *may* happen is less than the truth. It *has* happened; it happens still, again and again, in a myriad of cases. We ourselves may one day be examples of this truth. Nay, more: we shall be, without any doubt, unless we are resolved carefully and resolutely to keep sin far from us.

Fortunately, there is nothing on earth or in hell that can imperil our salvation except sin. All else is safe ground. Sin, and sin alone, has power to lay hold of the saintliest and to drag him down from the very threshold of heaven itself, and to fling him headlong. It is the one dreadful dragon, disputing our path and barring the entry into eternal life. Unless he be slain we can not "enter into the joy of the Lord." But here we shall be asked: Are all dangerous temptations and solicitations to sin equally to be feared and avoided? The answer is plain. Though we should fear all, yet some are

to be feared far more than others. Hence prudence would suggest that our efforts should be directed chiefly and above all to those which are most dangerous, most widespread, and which experience proves to be most frequently fatal.

When we study the great black catalogue of sin, we note one which stands out blacker and deeper than all the rest; one that seems to surpass and eclipse all others; one that can boast of more victims than any other, and that has driven more souls to hell, "the house of libertines." It is a sin which reaps a plentiful harvest wheresoever men and women are gathered together. Where other vices destroy their hundreds, this destroys its thousands. You know, dear reader, the sin to which I refer, and to which alone such words can apply; that sin which is more crafty and insidious in its approach, more blighting and desolating in its entry, and more calamitous and far-reaching in its effects, than any other; that terrible sin before which the mightiest quail and the strongest have been known to sink, and which withers up all whom it touches as do the scorching winds of the African desert. What is that sin? It is the sin from which the great Apostle St. Paul especially prayed to be delivered; the sin with which our Blessed Lord would never allow His name to be in any way connected;* that sin which God hates with a particular hatred; the only sin, indeed, which wrung from His lips an expression of regret that He had ever made man—"It repenteth Me that I have made man,"†—and which broke open the fountains of the deep, and deluged the earth with water, that rose and rose, till it stood fifteen cubits above the highest mountain peaks,‡ and left the whole earth desolate, and every city a ruin. It is the sin of impurity, of lust, of

* Of gluttony, of blasphemy, of sedition, of being possessed by a devil, and of many other things, He allowed men to accuse Him; but He would never permit any one to breathe a suspicion against His spotless purity.

† Gen., vi, 7.

‡ Ibid., vii, 20.

unchastity; in a word, sins of the flesh.

Of all grave offences, this is the most prevalent. Apostolic men, missionaries, confessors, and directors—in fact, all priests experienced in working amongst and administering to souls,—agree that it is the commonest of all serious sins with which they have to deal. St. Alphonsus, that great missionary, bishop, doctor, and saint, makes the terrifying avowal that it is his deliberate opinion that more men and women are eternally lost through sins of the flesh, not only than through any other sin taken singly, but than through all other sins put together. In one remarkable passage in his *Theology* he expresses himself even yet more strongly; for he writes: "*Non dubito asserere, ob hoc unum impudicitie vitium, aut saltem non sine eo, omnes damnari, quicumque damnantur.*" *

Even physicians, who hear of such sins only in their most aggravated forms, declare that tens of thousands, especially among the youth of the country, ruin their constitution and undermine their strength by unlawful indulgence. Moreover, it is a crime which is found everywhere, in a greater or less degree. It attacks all classes, ranks, and professions, from the king upon his throne to the beggar in his lowly hovel.† Wisdom is powerless against it, as we may learn from the example of Solomon, who was the wisest of men and yet one of the most profligate. The strongest, unless God protect him, is in its presence as weak and yielding as a babe, as we may gather from the fall of Samson. Yea, even piety and holiness itself will wither away and shrink up before its pestilential breath, as a delicate flower before the scorching tropical sun,—unless, indeed, piety and holiness be guarded by great self-restraint and a careful avoidance of the occasions. This is proved by the appalling example of that holy king and prophet, David,

"a man after God's own heart," whose soul was mortally wounded by an incautious glance at a forbidden object, which first stirred up the lustful desires of his heart, and then transformed him into an adulterer, as well as into a treacherous and most cold-blooded murderer.

The sin of impurity is a source of special danger; in the first place, because man's fallen nature is moved by an insatiable craving for sensual pleasures; in the second place, because he carries about with him all that is requisite for its indulgence; and, in the third place, because the opportunity is seldom or never wanting. It is dangerous beyond all other sins, because so slight an indiscretion and so momentary a consent suffice to render the act or thought mortal. No outward deed need be done, no passing word need be spoken; a mere thought or wish, consciously entertained and wilfully dwelt upon, is enough to wrench asunder every rivet that binds the soul to God, and to set upon it the seal of damnation. Without stirring from his seat, or uttering a syllable, or moving a muscle, a man may harbor a thought which will hold him fast in hell forever. Christ preaching on the Mount said: "It was said to them of old, Thou shalt not commit adultery. But I say to you that whosoever looketh on a woman to lust after her, hath already committed adultery with her in his heart." *

Although it is not easy to assign a satisfactory reason for it, yet all authorities seem to admit that there is a certain fascination about the temptation to impurity which can be predicated of no other. It finds within us an ally or confederate ready to enter into negotiations with it; it strikes its roots in a congenial soil; it wins over the senses and lower powers of the soul almost before the intellect itself is fully aroused and aware of any danger. It throws a spell over the poor victim, and so engages and occupies his attention that he scarcely

* Theol. Moralis. De Sexto—monitum S. Alphonsi.

† Vincuntur specie, qui non vincuntur praelio.

* St. Matt., v, 27, 28.

advert to the gravity of the evil that is threatening him. Even the very punishments to which it is leading are too dimly seen to scare him from the commission of the crime. The mere contemplation of a forbidden object seems to fascinate the rash beholder, and to keep him spellbound, as a bird is held by the serpent, whose paralyzing look so holds its victim in bondage that it will use neither feet nor wings for flight, but will draw nearer and nearer, up to the very jaws of its destroyer, till it is at last devoured.

That there is, in some sense, a stronger propension in our fallen nature toward this sin than toward any other, and a quicker response when the slightest occasion presents itself, seems clearly proved by the excessive care and watchfulness that are enjoined by all spiritual writers, and the advice, repeated under so many forms, and by so many experienced directors, to avoid the occasion. The observations of the late Dr. William G. Ward, in this connection, are particularly to the point, and deserving of consideration. On p. 389 of his "Nature and Grace" he writes:

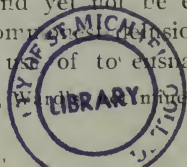
"The propension of the flesh differs in various and most important respects from all others. A very little consideration will sufficiently show this. Suppose it is a fast-day: who ever heard of the notion that the mere *sight* of meat, much more that the mere *reading* about it, is so proximate an occasion of sin as to be in itself mortal? Or (to avoid objections which may be raised against this particular instance) suppose I were a Cistercian, and meat were always unlawful to me: who, in such a case, ever heard of a notion like that above imagined? Yet, in matters of *impurity*, we all know the frightful peril involved in allowing ourselves to gaze on evil objects, or even to read about them.

"Or let me suppose the case of a Christian who was once in the habit of stealing, and by help of his thefts leading a com-

fortable and luxurious life, but who has now reformed and belongs to some strict Order. Who ever heard that the *contemplation* of wealth—the mere *looking* at fine equipages, grand appointments, and handsome houses—produces the almost inevitable effect of reviving the passion 'delectatio' in regard to the old mortal sin? Yet, in the matter of impurity, such would be the case. Nay, take that very propension which, of all, is far the nearest to the one which we are considering,—take the desire of *revenge* as it exists in an Italian or Spaniard. To a revengeful man, even when reformed, the sight of his enemy might doubtless be a great occasion of sin; but surely no one will deny that such a man may read the accounts of murders *in general*, and may enter, too, into every detail and particular of some individual murder where the parties concerned are quite unknown to him,—without so much as a passing temptation to his old sin. How totally opposite is our nature in regard to impurity! Spiritual writers universally recognize this fact. As one instance of such recognition, they will never *permit* any such detailed consideration of past sins under this head, as they *most earnestly recommend* in regard to all *other* sins of whatever kind."*

Still less will they allow any liberty to the eyes to gaze upon, or to the ears to listen to, what might arouse sinful desires. In no other sin is the connection between the occasion and the fall so close as in sins of the flesh. Any license is dangerous and liable to be fraught with the most fatal consequences. To tamper with evil occasions is like playing with fire—almost always hazardous. The temptation, even though slight at first, has a way of suddenly developing, and enveloping the unhappy victim almost without warning. To imagine, as some do, that they may approach quite close and yet not be engulfed, is one of the commonest illusions that the devil makes use of to ensnare

* The italics are all Dr.



them. Such a one is too often punished for his presumption by a terrible fall. He resembles a swimmer who should draw near some treacherous whirlpool, and essay how closely he could approach it without being drawn in. So soon as he draws nearer, he feels the force of the rushing waters becoming stronger and stronger, till at last, aroused to a sense of his position, he prepares, when too late, to quit the danger. Too late, indeed! For now his strength proves unequal to the effort, and he is borne along by the impetuous current, whirled round and round for a moment or two, and finally sucked down below.

Or we may compare such culpable imprudence to that of the moth circulating round a candle. It is attracted by the brilliancy of the flame, and urged on by a strong curiosity to approach nearer. It becomes less cautious; and, though it may escape destruction for a short time, full soon it is lapped up by the flickering tongue of fire, and perishes miserably.

In times of peace it is natural for man to overestimate his strength and to imagine himself a hero; it is only by actual experience, and under the pressure of strong temptation, that his weakness is made manifest. This is so specially true of the vice of impurity that no one but the most presumptuous and quixotic would be foolhardy enough to run any risk. In the absence of the lascivious object, one feels a strength and a sense of security which is extremely gratifying to one's self-love, but which is liable to be very rudely shaken when the hour of trial is really at hand. Experience proves that even the sturdiest and the most resolute easily deceive themselves. If they do not misjudge their own powers, they are apt greatly to underestimate the seductive force and disconcerting energy and impetuosity of their enemy, before which all their fine resolutions dissolve like mist before the sun.

(Conclusion next week.)

A Draper's Bill.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

JACK BARRY and his wife were at loggerheads already, although they had not been married a twelvemonth. And they had begun with such idyllic happiness! For Jack and Liliás, all the romance and poetry of all time had been compressed into that May when they were married, when they had gone home bride and groom to a little house hidden away in a garden full of bloom and scent, with the blackbirds and thrushes piping from dawn to dark, until the nightingales in the valley began.

They had not very much money, of course. In fact, the lack of money had kept them apart, and had made Liliás' friends frown on the engagement. Then, all of a sudden, Jack had had a rise in his office; Liliás' father had relented, and bought them this pretty cottage. And there they were, belonging absolutely to each other, whom no man should put asunder. It was more happiness than any mortal had a right to, they said to each other.

Perhaps for that reason the want of money irked after a little while. There was no more to come from Liliás' father. He had many children besides her, and he lived up to the last penny of his income. His children had always been able to entertain their friends and be entertained by them. The girls had had their pretty frocks. They had gone to theatres and dances, and such things as girls delight in. No one had ever taught them to think before spending their money.

And to be sure at first Liliás made mistakes. It was hard to get into the new ways. Jack was very patient with her, and again and again she promised to be more careful. But it was so difficult to think before asking her friends to see her pretty house and stay for dinner; and when that was done she could not put

them down to the shabby little dinner that would have done for her and Jack. It was so difficult to resist buying a pretty thing for the house or for her own personal adornment. It was always done for Jack. Little she cared how she looked in the eyes of any one but him,—or so she said to herself after Jack had refused to admire and had turned away with an air of patient endurance.

It was perfectly bewildering how the pounds slipped through her fingers. It had been the natural order of things at Holmedale to keep big fires going in every room, to have a generous table and all sorts of wines, to keep a troop of servants. And now it was so difficult to remember that things must be different. It was a trial to economize all day long. The stupidity and rudeness of the one general servant, to say nothing of her wastefulness and her breakages, were so hard to put up with. When Jack turned away with that look of endurance, Liliás said to herself hotly that he might remember that she also had things to put up with. If she had married So-and-so, and So-and-so, how different her circumstances would have been! And it was too ungracious of Jack not to recognize that the pretty blouse was bought for his delight; that that dish from the pastry cook's was one he had liked of old at Holmedale; that that easy-chair was bought specially for his comfort, and so on, and so on.

After a few months of marriage those who were interested in Jack Barry began to notice that he was looking ill. No one drew his wife's attention to it, and she was too much engrossed in finding out how many crumpled rose leaves there were in her lot to find out for herself. She had really tried, she really was trying, she said to herself, to be more careful. She was keeping an account-book, over which she got headaches and flushed cheeks and hot hands; and she was learning,—she was really learning; only Jack was too discouraging. Of late his gloom was more than he could conceal

from her. Perhaps, thought Liliás, he was finding out that he ought not to have married her at all, but his cousin, Amelia Smedley, a plain girl, who had all the virtues, and attractiveness added, despite the plainness. Jack had praised his cousin's efficiency and wisdom in the old days, and now Liliás made up a foolish grievance of jealousy against her.

She was not really jealous. Somewhere at the back of her mind she knew perfectly well that she was not jealous and had no cause to be. But Jack had said to her, after those discoveries of a new extravagance: "Why not ask Amelia Smedley's advice?" Why not, indeed? Liliás was sure that, no matter whose advice she asked, it would not be Amelia Smedley's.

She asked instead the advice of a maiden aunt of her own who had run through every penny she possessed, and was content now to sit down in a corner of Holmedale for the rest of her days. In her heart of hearts—for she was no fool—Liliás despised herself for telling her grievances to Aunt Marion. She despised herself for listening to the foolish advice. But the sympathy was sweet, for Jack had been colder and colder of late. And she had had so many scares over her accounts. She had almost washed the color from her eyes weeping over that wretched book. And Jack had never seemed to notice the traces of her tears.

Aunt Marion had found her weeping, and had folded her to a warm if foolish bosom.

"If he's not kind to you, my darling child, come home to us. How we have missed you! All I have shall be yours when I am gone," Aunt Marion sobbed over her niece's golden head.

As Aunt Marion possessed only a poodle and a few trinkets, the bequest was not likely to prove of use to any one. But Liliás was touched by her aunt's kindness. She was drawn on to tell the whole tale of her grievances.

At first she was simply shocked at Aunt Marion's suggestion that she should

leave Jack even temporarily. But the idea recurred to her as things became more difficult. The last straw was when Jack dismissed Phyllis, the soft-spoken, middle-aged woman who had been recommended to Lillas as a perfect treasure, and had made things much more easy for her in the matter of efficient service.

Jack had dismissed her at a moment's notice, had spoken sharply to Lillas about the way in which Phyllis had plundered them; finally had departed, leaving Lillas in tears, to return a little while later with the news that his mother's old cook Howell, who had served her some thirty years, was coming to take charge of their disordered affairs.

"Wasn't the mater no end of a brick to give us Howell?" he said, looking more cheerful than he had looked for a long time back. "She'll straighten us out. Leave everything to her, Lillas, for the present, till you know better. There'll be no more thieving, I promise you. And the mater won't miss her. Amelia will take care of that. I wish you'd take lessons in housekeeping from Amelia, Lillas."

It was too bad, for Lillas had really been improving of late. How could she have suspected that Phyllis was running them in debt all over the place? Jack never seemed to understand how she was trying to do what he wanted,—how she was really learning to be prudent and to deny herself.

And Howell! Howell was perfectly respectful, but she treated Lillas as though she were a person of no account. She took the entire direction of the house. Worse, Lillas had fancied once or twice that there was an accusation in Howell's cold glance as it rested on her. The woman was devoted to Jack. She knew all his fancies, all his preferences. The weekly bills shrank magically with her coming. But it was lonely in the little home, with Jack away all day, and nothing to do in the house, since the unfriendly Howell took all the doing out of her hands.

It came to her running away to Holme-

dale to the friendly, warm, plentiful house, to the comfort Aunt Marion shed upon her so lavishly. They would be all only too glad if she came back on a long visit. Jack was so unsociable these days! What was the good of Lillas' being at home in the evenings when Jack would retire into his own little den and scribble, scribble, till the small hours? It came to her spending many of her days and evenings and nights at Holmedale. While she did it she was bitterly hurt. Jack never seemed to miss her, to want her back. He had returned to the writing for the magazines which had augmented his income before his marriage; and he was late now at the office: there were some important changes being made, and he worked overtime. He had barely time to snatch his dinner, when he came home, before retiring into the little room, where he did not ask her to follow him.

She was bitterly hurt. No one wanted her here in her own little house, and they all wanted her at Holmedale. She was sulky with Jack for several days, but he barely seemed to notice it. Her comings and goings could matter little to him. Perhaps if she went away for a while, he would come to miss her. There had been a time when he could hardly bear her out of his sight; then it would be "Lillas! Lillas!" all over the little house the minute he came home. Alas that it had been so fleeting! Lillas was bitterly grieved over the change in Jack; but her grief took the outward form of ill temper, as often happens.

Then one morning at the breakfast table Jack suddenly asked her to accompany him to town.

"Could you drop me at the office," he asked, "and pick me up again about half-past five? You could lunch in town and go to see some of your friends. Perhaps you might induce Amelia to go with you to look at the shops, and fetch her back to dinner."

It was the unfortunate mention of Amelia! Lillas had softened at Jack's

invitation; at the hated name, she froze again.

"I am going to Holmedale," she said icily. "Perhaps, if you don't mind, I'll stay over Sunday, as they wish me to."

He covered his face with his hands for a second and sighed wearily. Then he answered her:

"Of course you will do exactly as you please."

He went out into the hall then, walking as though he were tired. While he put on his hat and found his gloves and stick, she asked him somewhat ostentatiously if he would order a cab from the station to fetch herself and her luggage at twelve o'clock. He answered that he would, and went out, closing the door behind him.

Lilias turned to go into her little drawing-room. As she did she encountered the gaze, more than ever unfriendly, of the old servant. Howell seemed about to speak, but the latch-key sounded in the door. Jack had come back: he had forgotten something.

He came in without speaking, and handed something to his wife,—an open envelope and the contents. The expression of his eyes as he did it, the pallor of his face, gave Lilias a shock. She felt like a guilty woman whose guilt has been discovered.

"Why, Jack—" she began, in a scared way; but he was gone.

She went into the little drawing-room and shut the door behind her, with a sense of calamity. She looked at the paper in her hand. It was a bill from Tregunter's, the drapers. She turned to the total and read it with a feeling as though she were going mad. "Fifty-four pounds, sixteen shillings, and eight pence," stared at her from the yellow slip, following a long list of feminine fripperies, household linen, and the like.

She dropped the paper and took her head between her hands, feeling as though it would burst with the whirl of her thoughts. True, she had an account at Tregunter's,—a little account; at least

she thought it was a little account. Perhaps she had gone on piling up purchases without realizing it. Fifty-four pounds, sixteen shillings, and eight pence! Had she been buying things in her sleep? Had Phyllis bought things in her name? No wonder Jack had looked at her like that. Why, they had as much chance of paying fifty-four pounds, sixteen shillings, and eight pence as they had of paying the National Debt!

She took up the yellow paper and stared at it as though it were her doom. One or two items stood out. "Silk blouse, £1, 19s., 6d." Why, she had bought a blouse at Christmas for Aunt Marion, after she had exhausted the money Jack had given her for her Christmas presents. But it had been only eight and six. She was quite sure of it. "Mink collar and muff, £11, 11s." She was sure she had never had a mink collar and muff.

She turned the bill over with the odd, numbed feeling of stupefaction and fear. "Mrs. Barry, the Lindens, in account with Tregunter & Co." Yes, that was herself, sure enough. She disengaged the first page, and looked at the next.

With an incredible relief she read the name at the top: "Mrs. Crawford, Ludlow Towers, in account with Tregunter & Co." Then back at the other page. Yes, that was her own total—£1, 18s., 4d. The stupid people had put two bills into the same envelope,—hers and that of the wealthy woman who lived up on the hill. In the first relief she could have cried with joy. And to think that Jack, poor fellow, had gone off believing *that* of her!

There was an accusing face in the doorway.

"Begging your pardon, Ma'am!" said Howell, stiffly. "I won't be a party to keeping it from you. If you don't know, you ought to know; and he ought to see a doctor at once. He's a-killing of himself with the anxiety and the worry and the overwork, Master Jack is. Took with dizzinesses in the streets he has been

many times; and him having to cross them wildernesses of streets, with as like as not one of them there nasty busses a-bearing down on him. He looked mortal bad this morning. I heard him ask you to go along with him, and you refused. I hope he comes home alive."

Lilias stared at the woman with wide eyes of horror. Her Jack in danger! And he had appealed to her and she had not answered him. How foolish, how contemptible, all those divergences, those grievances, seemed now! And he had had a shock over that abominable bill. Her thoughts ran before to all possible calamities. He had been injured, he was in hospital, he was dead! And to think that through her own wicked fault he had not told her!

She stood up unsteadily and made for the door. She was going to him. She had never done anything so tremendous as going to Jack's office, which was guarded by soldiers, and had policemen in its corridors, as well as magnificent gentlemen in livery, looking more important than the chief of the office himself. But she was going to run the gauntlet of them all, to make sure that Jack was safe, to tell him that it was a mistake about that wretched bill, to let him know that she loved him,—only him in all the world. What hope was there for her if she were too late to tell him!

She went off, in spite of Howell's efforts to detain her. At the station she discovered that she had barely enough money to pay her fare to London; and it was a long way to Jack's office after she had arrived at the London terminus. No matter: she must walk.

She did walk, in a glaring sun, in a dazed state, which made it a special providence that she was not run over. When she got to the office, Jack was out, "with Sir Michael," one of the magnificent functionaries added; and his voice had a note of awe. It was uncertain at what time Mr. Barry would be back.

In front of the office, with the wide

roadway intervening, was a space of grass and trees, with a seat or two. Lilias was glad to sit down on one of these. She felt tired; and after a time, with the strain and the want of food—she remembered now that she had eaten nothing at breakfast,—she felt faint. But she was sure she could not have eaten, if she had the food before her. She felt so castaway, so forlorn. If she were to miss Jack—her eyes were tired watching for him across the wide roadway, where so often things intercepted her view,—she had no money to get home. There was no friend anywhere near. She would have to walk. Supposing she fainted and were taken to a hospital!

The hours passed like a painful dream, beset with all the terrors possible. At last, about five o'clock, a carriage drove up to the office, and Jack got out, with a grey-haired gentleman, whom the policeman saluted. They went into the building. Dreading to lose Jack again, Lilias crossed over, and once more applied to the magnificent hall porter. He looked kindly at her as he took her to the waiting-room.

"I'll let Mr. Barry know at once, Ma'am," he said.

It seemed an eternity till Jack came. Lilias had time for a dread that the hall porter had forgotten her. But suddenly the door opened and Jack came in.

"Why, little woman!" he said, coming to her with a buoyant step. "So you came, after all!"

Luckily, they had the waiting-room to themselves.

"I came—I came—" began Lilias, unsteadily. "It was all a mistake, Jack, about the bill. It wasn't mine. And, oh, I never knew you were ill! To think I refused you! And—here's the bill. You see, it was all a mistake."

Something yellow and damp and crumpled fell to the floor. It had been in her hand all day. She leaned her head on Jack's shoulder. The room seemed going round and round.

"Never mind," said Jack, with his arm

about her. "Our ship has come in. I'm the chief's new private secretary, at a thousand a year. I had a dizziness when I was with him, and he carried me off to Sir Arthur Greatorrex. There aren't many men like the chief. I don't know what I wouldn't do for him. There's nothing the matter with me but indigestion and overwork. The chief has given me a two months' rest. We can go for a honeymoon now. Why—little girl!"

"'Tis only that I'm hungry," said Liliás, in a far-away voice. "I haven't had anything to eat since morning. I've been waiting for you all day, sitting—over there—on a seat."

"You poor little darling! You shall dine on the best London can afford. Bother that bill! You shall have as many pretty things as you want."

"But I want only you,—only you!" said Liliás.

Nazareth House.

BY E. M. WALKER.

ONE hot day last summer, I was seated in an unpretending restaurant in the very heart of the busy city of London, mopping my face, and waiting a little impatiently for my cup of coffee to cool, when my attention was attracted by the entrance of two nuns in white pointed caps, black veils and cloaks, and with rosaries dangling by their sides. With folded hands, and looking neither to right hand nor to left, they brushed past the closely ranged tables, at which clerks and typists and office boys were taking their very unsubstantial lunch, and went straight on to the long counter at the end of the big room, only to emerge a few minutes later bearing between them a heavily-laden sack. Hastily I gulped down my coffee and followed them into the street. At the door stood a covered van, in the side of which was a narrow slit for money offerings, and

above it, painted in black, were the words "Sisters of Nazareth."

"Good-morning, Sisters!"

"Good-morning!"

Then an idea came to me. "I should like to see what you do with all those scraps," I said.

"Come and see," replied the elder of the nuns, smiling. "Come any afternoon. Visitors are always welcome."

Apparently it was not difficult to get an invitation to Nazareth House.

As I climbed the long staircase that led to my office, I was still thinking of the good Sisters of Nazareth. They, too, climbed those steps periodically, on a quest more difficult than that of scraps,—knocking at door after door in the interminable corridors, modestly presenting their little black collecting book and begging for a contribution, however small, to enable them to carry on their work. Years ago it was not so difficult, for they were practically alone in the field; but now hospitals, missions, soup kitchens, Fresh Air Funds, not to speak of the Salvation Army, have all taken to this method of raising money; and if the Sisters of Nazareth chance (as they often must) to arrive last of a long procession of callers, the exasperated business man has sometimes scanty patience left,—unless, indeed, he happens to be one of their regular subscribers; and it is astonishing and consoling how many such they have, of all creeds and no creed.

I remember one morning in particular, when I had risen some half dozen times from my seat to drive away beggars of various descriptions, at length the door gave a final click and I found myself confronted by two Nazareth House Sisters.

"O Sisters!" I murmured regretfully, for I felt that it was impossible to disturb my irritated chief again.

"Never mind," they said, understanding without further explanation; and then they waited while I turned to hunt for a spare sixpence in my desk.

We had at that time an envelope

addresser working in the office,—a man who had come down in the world, a ne'er-do-weel, and, I am afraid, a bit of a scamp. He came forward now, peeping round the corner furtively at the Sisters. "Would those ladies accept fourpence, do you think?" he asked. "It's all I've got till I'm paid, but I hardly like to offer them so small a sum." Would they accept it, indeed! I hope they said a little prayer for him, for I believe it was his lunch money.

Nazareth House is in Hammersmith, a populous and poor suburb of London, lying beyond the fashionable quarter of Kensington. I did not immediately avail myself of the invitation I had received; in fact, it was after Christmas before I found myself, one spare half-holiday, skirting the high, red brick wall, and ringing the bell at the convent gate. It was promptly opened by the Sister in charge, who closed her Office book to bid me welcome, and preceded me along a wide and scrupulously clean stone corridor to a prettily furnished sitting-room, where I waited while she went in search of a nun to take me over the institution. Then began a long course; for in Nazareth House dwell some six hundred children and aged poor. It takes time to visit them thoroughly; and the Sister seemed determined that I should be thorough, while I demanded nothing better.

First of all, we looked in on the "Old Ladies," as they are called. Some were well enough to be up, and were engaged in sewing and other light occupations. Others, however, were unable to leave their beds. One was dying, and her companions and the "Ward Sister" were kneeling round her, saying the Rosary. We did not disturb them, but closed the door reverently, and passed on to the Incurable Ward. Here many of the patients were quite young,—poor girls, deformed, dumb or blind, destined to pass their lives behind the walls of Nazareth House, objects of special love and care.

There was no trace of *ennui* or bitterness on their faces; here, in this sheltered place, they scarcely realized their limitations. They would never have to battle with the great, pitiless world outside, and consequently it would never be brought home to them that they were cut off from their fellows,—a class apart.

The old men's quarters were specially interesting. One bedroom in particular haunts me still, with the windows wide open, and a passing gleam of wintry sunshine falling on the six pretty, pink-covered beds. Their owners were below in the smoke-room; but in another ward were two old fellows of some ninety years who never left their beds. "They're too feeble even to light their own pipes, so a Sister has to do it for them. Two pipes a day we allow them,—one in the morning and one in the afternoon."

On the top floor were the babies,—forty to fifty little mites of from two to seven years. They were all dressed in blue, doubtless in honor of Our Lady; yet not all alike, as in public institutions. Each little frock was of different material and made differently; each little muslin pinafore had a distinctive character of its own. Their hair was tastefully done and tied with ribbon. Pretty children, many of them, and all full of life and spirits, anxious to tell me about the wonders of the pantomime at the King's Theatre, Hammersmith, to which they had been taken the day before, through the kindness of the manager. As they grow older, the children are drafted into classes, and they stay at Nazareth House till the age of sixteen or seventeen, when places are found for them as domestic servants. There are some four hundred children in all, and their part of the house is quite separate from that of the old people; so that the aged and dying are not disturbed by their noise, nor are the children saddened by a too frequent sight of suffering or by having to keep quiet.

"Now the kitchens," I pleaded, when I found myself once more on the ground-

floor. In the midst of high dressers, at a large stove covered with kettles and pans, a Sister was making the tea; and an elderly man, with a hooked nose and an intelligent face, was preparing a tray with about half a dozen cups and saucers on it, to carry up to his special room. "You can't be hungry, Mr. Levy," said the Sister; "you've only just had your dinner." The man in question was a Jew. As it was Saturday, he had been out to his synagogue, some distance off; and on these occasions the Sisters always kept his dinner hot for him. "It would be a shame that he should have a spoiled dinner just through practising his religion," they said. For there is no distinction of creed in Nazareth House. The old people go out on Sunday to their respective places of worship, and at death are attended, if they wish, by their own ministers. In the case of the children, however, it has been found inadvisable for obvious reasons to keep non-Catholics beyond the age of twelve or fourteen.

In addition to feeding their six hundred inmates, the Sisters distribute bread and soup three times a week, during the winter months, to between eight hundred and a thousand people, for the most part men, many of whom tramp long distances for the sake of the meal. So urgent is the need that it has been found better to ask no questions; require no tickets, only, as the charity is specially intended for the unemployed, the food is distributed before noon, the ordinary dinner-hour of the London workman.

My two hours' visit passed all too quickly, and even then I had not seen all there was to see in Nazareth House. The short January day was drawing to a close, and it was time for me to go. "But I must not forget the chapel," I said. In the chapel, one or two old men were kneeling in the dusk, their eyes fixed on the Tabernacle. As I too slipped on to my knees, the Sister bent toward me. "I'll leave you here for a few minutes," she said, "while I get your tea ready." Admirable

and touching hospitality on the part of a begging community, who have built and who maintain this vast institution on the small sums they collect from door to door, and who literally feed themselves and their poor on the crumbs which fall from the tables of the more fortunate citizens of London.

Half an hour later I was shaking hands with the Reverend Mother and asking her permission to write an article. At first her cheery face clouded a little.

"Ah," she said, "you're one of them too!" And I felt almost ashamed of my fellow-journalists.

"You don't like the publicity, perhaps?" I suggested.

"Not only that," she replied; "but, somehow, press notices always bring us fresh poor instead of money. After a newspaper or magazine article, we invariably notice a greater crowd at the gate than before; and then we have more applications, and we are obliged to refuse, and it is so hard. People seem to forget that this is not like a hospital. Our old men and women don't come in here to be nursed and get well and go away. It is their home. Once here, they stay till they die."

"But if I send my article to America, Reverend Mother? People will hardly cross over from America and come crowding round your gates. By the way, have you any houses in the States?"

"None, but you need not be afraid to say that we have many good friends. Only this Christmas an American lady called and insisted on giving a present to everyone in the convent."

"How many houses have you now?" I asked.

"Twenty-nine altogether, — sixteen in England and Wales, three in Scotland, three in Ireland, one in Australia, one in New Zealand, and five in South Africa."

"Oh, yes! And it was at Kimberley that you did so much for the soldiers during the Boer War, and Queen Victoria had an interview with two of your community

and thanked them personally for it. I remember."

"Who wouldn't help the wounded and dying if he had the chance," said the Reverend Mother.

How it has prospered, this institution of the Poor Sisters of Nazareth, founded by Cardinal Wiseman (the "People's Cardinal") for the care of the poor he loved so well! After all, it has not been in existence many years, as time goes, and already there are twenty-nine houses. The rule is Augustinian. There are no lay-Sisters: all are equal, and all take part in the onerous duties, which would wear out an ordinary woman of the world in a few months. Most wonderful of all, perhaps, is the way in which these numbers of people are maintained on scraps which would otherwise be thrown away as waste,—scraps, not refuse, be it understood; for the rule is very strict on this point, and the greatest cleanliness, and even delicacy, is enjoined.

Outside, in Hammersmith Broadway, where sleet was falling, I tumbled against a blind man selling bananas by the side of the pavement. He also, probably, was a client of Nazareth House. The streets looked dreary enough; but into the general damp desolation of the winter evening, I carried with me the cheering recollection of a great organization, and of the devoted women who rose at five and worked all day in wards, school-rooms, kitchens and wash-houses,—worked gladly too, deeming nothing common or unimportant when done in the service of God's suffering poor. Above all, I remembered the expression in the eyes of the Sister whose oldest and most troublesome patient was dying: "That is our only grief here—when we lose one of them," she had said. After all, it would be no such hard lot to die a pauper in Nazareth House, surrounded by that tenderness and consideration which can not be bought,—nay, which it would be unfair to expect from any paid official, however well disposed.

With Mary and Her Child.

BY L. F. MURPHY.

OH, beautiful, beautiful story
Of Christ when a little child
In Nazareth's humble shelter,
With Joseph and Mary mild!
How the little children loved Him,
All won by His wisdom and grace,
And would stray from their homes to seek Him,
To look on His glorious Face.
Their hearts never felt such gladness
Away from His presence divine.
Ah, they were the child-adorers,
And Nazareth's home was the shrine!
And the mothers would miss their children;
But, looking over the way,
Would see them with Mary and Jesus,
And know they would not stray.
Within their hearts no shadow
Of fear or care ever fell;
When their children were playing with Jesus,
They knew that it was well.
Oh, mother-hearts that are mourning,
That miss a child to-day,
Like those Galilean mothers,
Look over the beautiful way!
Let not the shadow of sorrow
Veil the glorious view from your eyes;
Your child is with Mary and Jesus
In the joy of Paradise.
Ah! would you call it back hither
To this world so dark and wild,
Or leave it safe, happy, in heaven,
With Mary and her Child?

"O MOTHER of my Saviour!" exclaims St. Ildefonsus, "you who are blessed among all women, pure among all virgins, and Queen of all creatures, grant that I may love you as much as I am capable of loving; that I may publish your greatness to the full extent of my power; that I may honor you with all the zeal that grace and the strength of my nature enable me to bring to that work."

Exiled from Erin.

XXIX.—SOME NEW FRIENDS.

MUCH more serious was the case of the two *chauffeurs*. The gentleman who was saved was able to describe what took place when the car blew up. The drunken man was thrown up in the air, and fell down directly on the demolished car. Joe was sent sliding along the road on his back, and with such violence that his clothing was in ribbons, and blood oozed from his nostrils. The two were at once taken to the nearest hospital, which chanced to be in charge of the Sisters of Mercy.

With the ambulance came a number of reporters. It happened to be the time of a political campaign, and the Irish vote was being hotly canvassed. That same evening all the city papers had flaming headlines: "Young Irish hero! Anonymous. Daring exploit on a motor. Saves three lives. Motor in flames." It was to the benefit of both sides to amplify and embellish the story; and while poor Joe lay battered and bruised in a hospital he was the hero of the town. But no one knew his name. At the firm where he had been engaged, they called him simply "Paddy Greenhorn"; for so many used to come and go that it was considered useless labor to write down their names. To-morrow when he was to get his certificate it was, of course, a different thing. His name would then have to be put in the body of the document. But to-morrow had not as yet come, and so he was nameless.

In their gratitude, the gentleman and the two ladies bought all papers describing the incident, and put them in a scrap-book; and sometimes the younger lady, when she had read of the Irish hero, would put on his great coat which he had wrapped about her, and feel that, thus equipped, she had a certain share in his triumph. Two or three times a day the gentleman

called to know how the patient was progressing. He offered to bring in the best medical skill in the city, but was told that eminent specialists were in regular attendance. The ladies asked if they might send something in the shape of fruit or presents; clothes were to come as soon as he was able to be up. But what they particularly desired was to be telephoned for as soon as the doctors permitted the patient to speak, in order that they might thank him.

Leave came after three or four days. When the interview was over, both sides were puzzled. The visitors thought that, somehow, the face was not the face of a stranger; and Joe declared that they reminded him of somebody he had seen. "I suppose," he concluded, "it is the great shock I have received that prevents me from remembering."

The Sister in attendance accompanied the visitors downstairs, and were all chatting pleasantly. As they were parting from her, they said:

"You will be good to him, Sister, for our sakes, as well as for the sake of sweet charity."

"Good!" she said. "Why shouldn't I be good to my own cousin?"

"Your cousin!" they exclaimed in astonishment. "Pray what's his name?"

"Joe McMahon, to be sure!" she answered with a smile.

"Has he a brother?" they asked.

"Yes, he has a brother Willie, and a sister called Ellie."

Then the two ladies kissed and embraced the gentle, rosy-cheeked little nun, and went away, calling out gaily: "Oh, thank you, Sister,—thank you!"

The foreman of the firm in which Joe had been engaged was in the election. The firm felt that they never had a better advertising item than this, and supported the foreman, not for election, but for business purposes. Joe's name was therefore kept day after day in the papers, and night after night before the electors. As a retainer, they made a certain offer

to Joe, which he disclosed to the strange gentleman at his next visit.

"They say that if I will go on the same platform when I am well, they will give me the foreman's place, in case he is elected. I do not wish to accept it without consulting my relatives at home. But there is no time to reach them, and I have no one here to advise me except you, sir. I hope you will let a poor boy look to you as a friend."

The gentleman took Joe's two hands in his.

"We have been grateful to you for our lives," he said; "and have rejoiced at every word uttered in your praise. As for myself, I admire your good sense above all. My advice is: close with their offer. Such an offer is not given every day. If you don't like it, or if your relatives don't approve of it, you can give it up. But you must make one condition: that you shall not be expected to enter on your office until you have passed some weeks in the country to recruit yourself; and those weeks," he added, still holding Joe's hands, "you will spend with us."

Joe looked up into the honest face.

"All right, sir," he said, and raising the gentleman's hand to his lips, he kissed it.

It was the evening before the election. Joe, still bandaged, appeared on the platform. A storm of cheering greeted him. When the others had done speaking, he was called upon.

"I never made a speech," he said; "but I've said a prayer sometimes" (laughter); "and this is my prayer to-night: May God in heaven bless the true-hearted Irish of America!"

There was immense cheering. Next day the foreman won; and the following morning a close carriage took the gentleman, the two ladies, and Joe to the railway. They got on the cars, and Joe never knew where he was going till the train stopped and some one cried out: "Trainer Station!" Then he realized where he was, and knew his friends,

With the air and the care at the farm it did not take Joe long to recover. Everything was an object of interest to him.

"Is there any mill working around here?" he asked Mr. Trainer.

"Yes," the latter answered: "a great friend of mine has one."

"Do you think he would let me see through it, sir, and give me some information? Mr. O'Brien has an old disused mill on his place at home, with a fine stream of water running idly by; and I was thinking that if I knew something about American machinery, we might repair the mill, and make it useful for the neighbors and ourselves,—for getting our own flour."

"That is true, Joe; you are quite right. And my friend is just the person to give you the desired information."

"Indeed, sir, oftentimes when I looked at that old mill at home, I thought it a true picture of the country. Like the mill, that fair land was once full of life and industry. Somehow, everything became stagnated; now we must get outside knowledge and outside motor power to set it going again. Oh, sir, if I saw there one-fiftieth of the rush and hurry I see here, Ireland would be rich in no time. It seems to me, if I could persuade ten earnest Americans—I do not say wealthy men, but earnest men—to come into each county in Ireland, and push forward some industry, in ten years we should have a new Ireland altogether. Oh, it would be a happy, happy change!"

They went to see the mill; and Joe spent several days making inquiries, and examining the whole concern from roof to foundation. While he was thus engaged, he received a letter stating that the foreman was about to take up his official position, and that he would be required immediately. Joe left his friends; but, on their pressing invitation, agreed to pass Sunday with them whenever it was convenient for him to do so.

That evening, as they were at tea, Mr. Trainer said:

"If that young man comes here often, I'll be in Ireland before I am much older."

"But we are *all* going in the summer, father; are we not?" asked Mary. "You remember you promised Mr. O'Brien and Ellie that we'd go to see them."

"Yes, that is a settled thing," he said; "but he makes me feel like starting at once."

When Joe returned to the city, the store windows were still displaying illustrated papers containing glowing accounts of the rescue from the burning motor. His vault from the one motor to the other was a daring feat, and elicited great applause on all sides; while the contrast between the two motors—the burning one being greasy and uncared-for, whereas the other was bright and sparkling—was evidently the point that the firm desired most to emphasize.

For some weeks all went merry as a marriage bell; but the sun does not always shine, nor is the tide always at the full. Some of the hands took it ill that a "greenhorn" should be "pitchforked" over their heads; and thus a project which had been long debated by the firm came finally to an issue. They decided to send Joe as their representative to Ireland, to attend the Cork Exhibition, and in the intervals and afterward to tour through the country for the purpose of extending their business.

Mr. Trainer and his two daughters travelled in the ship that carried Joe and his specimen cars. They landed at Queenstown. It was a beautiful morning in early summer. The cuckoo called aloud in the gentle dells that ran down to the shore; the hawthorn had put on its snowy wreath; and the lovely laburnum stood, modest as a bride, arrayed in orange blossoms. The party ran by motor along the pleasant and lively road that took them by St. Patrick's into Cork; then right across through the winding streets, and at last, by the Mardyke (the famous

walk of the citizens), into the Exhibition.

"I must send a cable of my arrival," said Joe, dropping his friends; "and I'll have to write at some length to tell what kind of a place this is. That will take an hour or so. And if there be on the grounds such a thing as a water-chute, we'll be there in a short time."

It was midday; and as the Angelus rang, Joe saw, to his delight, the whole crowd uncover and recite the blessed prayer of Redemption. A tall hat went up on a head at the close; there were many tall hats there, but this one was neither too good nor yet too bad. It was just such "a partly dacent one" as Father Kearney used to wear; and the thought of the dear priest and home flashed through Joe's mind. It was Father Kearney himself, and the next instant Joe was on his knees. The priest had come, and stood like a child gazing and wondering at the parachute. At home, by his fireside, he pored over St. Thomas, Suarez, or A'Lapide, for his study; Xenophon, Virgil, Sallust, Homer, Dante, Bossuet, or Shakespeare, for his recreation; now he stood, like a young boy, enjoying the pastime.

"Where are the others, Father?" said Joe; knowing well that, though loving ever to be alone, he never came so far by himself.

"They met some tremendous swells up there; and while they were going through all their greetings, I slipped away, my boy."

"Those are Mr. Trainer and his two daughters, the dearest and kindest people you ever met, Father! You know they were such friends to Ellie and Willie."

They went to find them, and when they met Joe said:

"Father Kearney, permit me to introduce to you Mr. and the Misses Trainer, our best friends in America. And, Mr. Trainer, will you allow me to introduce you to our dearest and truest friend in Ireland—Father Kearney?"

They were all delighted to meet, and

spent a very happy day. In the evening, when the home party were leaving for their train, they expected to have their friends from America with them. But Joe explained that it would be much more convenient for them to take first a run round the Cork and Kerry seaboard. So they went first to Bandon; next they visited Kinsale, then Glendore. The party also took in Bantry, Glengariffe and its bay, the Naples of Ireland. From Glengariffe they passed to Kenmare, and around by the rockbound coast where the Irish monks prayed in cliffs overhanging the sea, which can be reached now only at the greatest peril. Then to Derrynane, where O'Connell lived his domestic life.

Then they struck Valencia island. From that to Killarney their way was along the cliffs by the seashore, and so close that it seemed

As if an infant's touch could urge

Their headlong passage down the verge.

After a stay of some days in Killarney, they went to Tralee; then, travelling by Listowel, they came upon the Shannon at Tarbert. The run here by the water's edge for twelve or fourteen miles is as straight, as level, and as smooth as a prepared track. It was coming toward evening; the slanting rays fell on the river and burnished its face like silver. Everything looked entrancing in that wonderful glamour of Irish light on an Irish river,—the opposite shores of Clare, the pretty cottages by the wayside, the bright-colored bracken on the hills, and the shadows chasing one another like variegated butterflies. But, oh, the pitiable phantom! The lonely deserted river! It was miles broad where they were; they saw miles ahead, where it opened out like a sea; and in all that glorious expanse there was scarcely a turf boat to be seen.

"There, sir," remarked Joe to Mr. Trainer, with pathos in his voice,—
"there is a type of my country!"

They left the grand old river almost without regret, and turned inland. Through

ancient and tottering Askeaton they passed, turned still more inland, and a run of three or four miles brought them to Curragh Chase, the home of the De Veres. Three or four miles more, to sweet Adare, where no direct Wyndham Quinn shall succeed either. One short spin more and they were in the arms of friends, as the dew began to fall at the milking of the kine.

Joe was like a hungry child, longing to see what changes had been made in the house, in the garden, in everything. He ran at last to a new house, a new cottage, that had been built since he left. It was a pretty design, with plenty of glass in it, and a red-tiled roof. He found Jimmy Dunne teaching the children a new dance, called "Farewell to Whiskey." They all left their dancing-master, and crowded round Joe, when he made his appearance. He announced that every one who danced well should have a ride in the motor next day. And they *did* dance!

Fruit was distributed among the children; and, as it was getting late, they were dismissed for the night. Joe ran through the cottage, and found it airy, roomy, and well-lighted.

Jimmy Dunne was about to turn the key in the door when Mr. O'Brien and the strangers and Ellie and Willie came up.

"What's that lovely cottage for?" asked Joe.

"For the first on this place that will get married," said Mr. O'Brien.

"Let me hear you say that again, please, sir," said Jimmy Dunne.

"It is for the first on this place that will get married; and the very next day after it is occupied we will begin another; and the day after *that* is occupied we will begin a third; and so on. We have all these big fields to turn into cottage homes; and they could not," he said, looking at Mr. Trainer, "be turned to better use."

"No, as I live, they could not!" said that gentleman, in a hearty tone.

"May I put this key into James Dunne's

pocket, sir?" said Jimmy Dunne, with one of his pleasant smiles. "For James Dunne is going to be off this blessed minute to Father Kearney, to talk to him about a little bit of work a certain Molly and James will be after asking him to do. And, Joe, you won't fail to stand by me that morning at the altar?"

Joe wrung his hand. "I'll drive Molly and yourself home on the motor, Jimmy; and we'll have a fine morning of it!"

"Whew!" whistled Jimmy, and he danced a step of a hornpipe on the grass with such triumph and skill that it sent a thrill of delight through all present.

Jimmy put the key in his pocket, then the good-natured fellow took off his cap to the company with simple grace, and walked away in the direction of the presbytery, singing as he went:

Oh, Molly Bawn, why leave me pining,
All lonely, waiting here for you,
While the stars above are brightly shining,
Because they've nothing else to do?

"Troth, then, that's no lie! The little stars above have nothing else to do," added Jimmy Dunne, with a wild whoop and backward glance at the others, who could not restrain their amusement at his exaggerated joy and curious antics.

"There is a wild Irishman!" said Miss Trainer.

"God bless his guileless, honest heart!" added her sister.

And Joe gave her a grateful glance, which brought a flush to her soft young cheek.

(Conclusion next week.)

GOD, in His eternal prescience, foresaw, at the same moment, the creation, the fall of man, the redemption. He likewise beheld, while creating Adam, Jesus, who was to redeem him with His precious blood; and, while creating Eve, He beheld Mary, who was to repair the transgression of the first woman. O Mary, you are truly the "Morning Star"; for you arose not only over the creation of the world, but over eternity itself!—*Mgr. Pavy.*

Our Lady in Heraldry.

HERALDRY is thought to have originated in the necessity for distinguishing, by some outward sign, amidst the confusion of battle, the principal leaders during the expeditions for the recovery of the Holy Land. But nothing is absolutely known concerning it beyond the fact that the middle of the twelfth century is the earliest period to which the bearing of the heraldic devices, properly so called, can be traced; and the commencement of the thirteenth, the time about which they became hereditary.

The name of the Blessed Virgin was closely associated with early English heraldry, and her image was displayed upon coat-of-arms, banners, or wherever it might indicate that the fortunes of its bearer were under her protection. It is quaintly told of good King Arthur, in language which we modernize: "This noble and mighty Prince King Arthur had great trust, so that he left his arms that he bore of dragons and over that another shield of crowns, and took to his arms a cross of silver in a field of vert, and on the right side an image of our Blessed Lady, her Son in her arms."

Froissart relates that at the battle of Poitiers two knights had, unknown to each other, chosen an image of Our Lady as a shield emblem, which led to a personal quarrel between them. "As these two knights returned toward their hosts, they met together, each of them bearing above on their apparel one manner of device—a blue Lady, embroidered in a sunbeam. Then the Lord Cleremont said: 'Chandos, how long have you taken on you to bear my device?'—'Nay, you bear mine,' said Chandos; 'for 'tis mine as well as yours.'—'I deny that,' replied Cleremont; 'and were it not for the truce this day between us, I should prove to you that you have no right to bear my device.'—'Then, sir,' said Chandos, 'you shall find me to-morrow

ready to prove by feat of arms that it is mine as well as yours.”

At the battle of Agincourt, the English army carried five colors into action; one of them being the banner of our Blessed Lady, this having the place of honor near the King.

Swords and breastplates were often adorned with Our Lady's image; and the sword which was bestowed upon Richard the First when he became Duke of Normandy was first hallowed by being laid upon her altar.

Before the sixteenth century, there were at least eleven foreign and two British orders of chivalry founded with our Blessed Lady as patroness.

A Christian Reader's "Credo."*

1. I believe that reading is the moral nourishment of the soul, and that doctrines make men, in accordance with the axiom known to all centuries: "Tell me what you frequent, and I'll tell you what you are."

2. I believe that the temperament of the intellect, like that of the body, is formed by the food with which it is served.

3. I believe that the strongest character must be affected by continuous reading of the same kind; constant communication will influence the most resolute.

4. I believe that a bad book is a corrupt and corrupting friend.

5. I believe that vicious literature is as noxious to the soul as is poison to the body.

6. I believe that habitual novel-reading robs character of its dignity, life of its seriousness, the heart of its purity, and the will of its strength.

7. I believe that many persons delude themselves as to reading, both their own and that which they permit to their inferiors.

8. I believe that many who permit, favor, counsel or command light, dan-

gerous, or bad reading, contract before God a terrible responsibility.

9. I believe that at the moment of death a number of horrible illusions will, to the detriment of very many souls, be exposed all too late.

10. I believe that if the souls lost through reading bad books were suddenly to appear to us, we should be astounded at their number.

11. I believe that if books could speak, they would divulge frightful secrets as to the influence they have exercised over souls.

12. I believe that a Christian should hold bad books in abhorrence; that, apart from peace of mind, he wastes his money in procuring them and his time and intelligence in reading them; furthermore, that, if he has any such books, his plain duty is to throw them into the fire.

And I believe all this in virtue of common-sense, experience, and faith.

St. Isidore asserts that to read books subversive of religion is as bad as to offer incense to the devil. Origen, who was well acquainted with the insinuating wiles of the popular enemies of Christianity, warns his readers: "Let not the brilliancy of the work deceive you, nor the beauty of the language allure." And louder still is the admonition of Tertullian: "No one can be improved by what injures him; no one enlightened by what blinds him."

The life of Eutyches is a warning and a lesson. He had been a man full of zeal, and had been a defender of the Incarnation against Nestorius; but St. Anastasius relates that from the perusal of one book of a certain Manichean, he was changed from a champion of the Church to a bitter enemy.

In the Middle Ages, Henry Bullinger was a man remarkable for his learning and his piety. At one time it was believed that he had intended to join the Carthusians, and devote his life to penance. Still, the reading of one book of Melancthon caused him to break away from the Church.

* Translated from *La Semaine Religieuse de Quebec*.

Notes and Remarks.

Although the name of the author of "Our Lady in Art" ("Little Books on Art," Methuen & Co.) does not appear in our copy of "The Catholic Who's Who," we feel almost certain that it should be included—that Mrs. Henry and Mrs. Herbert Jenner are one and the same person. Anyway, Mrs. Jenner has produced an exceedingly interesting little book; and its tender devotion to the Blessed Virgin recalls the memory of Dr. Frederick George Lee, of whom Mrs. Herbert Jenner is mentioned as the daughter. His love of Our Lady whilst still outside the visible pale of the Church would shame many of its members. It would be easy to quote from his learned volume on "The Sinless Conception of the Mother of God," or his valued contributions to *THE AVE MARIA*, many such passages as these from "Our Lady in Art," a little book that will afford pleasure and edification to every reader:

We women who have dwelt so long in our safe and honored position, cared for, worked for, tended by our fathers, husbands, and brothers, do not realize how much we owe our shelter and our happiness, and, dearer still, our freedom, to the rude images of Mary and her Child which formerly adorned almost every street corner and every European dwelling, and before which the greatest warrior thought it not shame, but honor, to bend his knee. . . .

However contemptuous the majority of English people may feel on the subject of the veneration paid to Mary, the fact remains that ever since Christianity began, Mary, the Mother of the Lord (who gave her thirty years out of the three and thirty of His life) has been an object of the deepest, tenderest love and worship. . . .

We see Art as the handmaid of Religion, depicting the life of the meekest and most favored of God's creatures, and weaving into such representations an inner meaning which applies to each one of us as the servants and children of God. Mary, from earliest Christianity, has stood as a symbol of the Church, and of the individual soul whose salvation is in her Son. In the distaste for God which is so emphatically the predominant feeling of the last three centuries, we have ceased to take much interest in heaven, but are more concerned

with earth; so pictures of Mary in heaven no longer appeal to the great majority of men. Mary, as the peasant mother, earthy, stupid, often ugly, or sickly sentimentally pretty, is seen on the walls of our exhibitions; but of Mary in heaven, crowned by her Son, I know of no modern instance worthy of notice.

That was eminently sane advice given the other day by Mr. John Mitchell, late head of the Mine Workers' Union. "Labor unions," said he, "must become more conservative, less disposed to enter lightly into quarrels, and more willing to see and hear the other side of the argument."

This advice contains, of course, nothing novel. It has been given time and time again, in the press and the pulpit and on the platform; but the workingmen of the country will deem it especially worthy of their attention in this case, because of the personality of the adviser. It is not so much the sermon as the "man behind the sermon" that will impress them. Let it be added, incidentally, that Mr. Mitchell's advice may be taken to heart and prove equally beneficial if it be addressed to capitalists, or, for that matter, to people generally. The labor unions unfortunately do not monopolize the radicalism, disputatiousness, and obstinate one-sidedness evident in economic disturbances in the United States.

A "home" (English) correspondent of the *Bombay Examiner* comments on an article in which that paper dealt with the subject of frequent and daily Communion. Among other things, he says:

In the first place, speaking from a large missionary experience, daily Communion is not confined to "the most pious who stand least in need of advancement," but is practised also by a considerable number of people struggling with besetting sins, and conquering them, too, by this very means. Secondly, the "most pious" generally stand in great need of advancement, if not in overcoming sin, at least in spiritual progress. Thirdly, *weekly* Communion is assuming vast proportions in almost every big town, in England and Scotland at least. Fourthly, *daily* Communion is now growing to such an extent that in one parish I know of, with 3400

souls, there are nearly forty daily communicants. Fifthly, the danger of daily Communion sinking into mere routine is not so serious as you seem to imagine. I do not think it well to accept the 'excuses of neurosis, brain-fag, etc., connected with the strenuousness of modern life as so great an impediment as your reviewer suggests. Sixthly, as regards personal experience being the only guide, I suggest that if people would try by personal experience how beneficial daily Communion is, they would find themselves confirmed in the practice rather than otherwise.

As our readers have probably been made aware by their respective pastors, the Holy See has definitely settled the oldtime controversy regarding the dispositions requisite for the reception of frequent and even daily Communion. Much of the literature on the subject has been rendered obsolete. In order that the faithful may lawfully communicate every day, Pius X. has declared that nothing more is exacted than is exacted for lawful weekly, monthly, or yearly Communion; that is, freedom from mortal sin and a right intention. It is of course congruous, though not obligatory, that daily communicants should also be free from fully deliberate venial sins. "As a man lives"—lives habitually, and not for a few weeks at Easter, or a few days after the First Friday—"so shall he die." A happy death means union with Our Lord in the next world, and there can be no question that the surest guarantee of such a death is frequent, even daily, union with Him in the present life.

It has probably been owing to the more sensational character and more immediate practical importance of the great political conventions, that an incident which in a duller season would have proved a godsend to the press has elicited therefrom only cursory comment. President Roosevelt's appeal to President Eliot, of Harvard, to modify a punishment meted out to offending students, and President Eliot's quite courteous but also quite emphatic refusal to allow Harvard's disciplinary laws to be abrogated or in-

terfered with by the forceful occupant of the White House, constitute in reality as notable a bit of domestic news as we have had in this country for a twelve-month. True, there was no sin involved—news, we are told, is sin,—but there was something which Talleyrand would have called "worse than a crime—a blunder"; and which a humorist of the day has crystallized in the alleged reply of Cambridge to Washington: "Dear Teddy: Don't butt in." The *Evening Post* of New York thus adequately characterizes the incident: "There has not been in our time a more useful piece of postgraduate instruction than Mr. Eliot's little lesson to Harvard's most exalted alumnus, in the fundamentals of honor."

Laying the foundation stones of public buildings with Masonic rites is recognized elsewhere—if not always in this country—as a distinct impropriety, not to say a gratuitous insult to the Catholic population of the country concerned. Henri Labouchère, of the *London Truth*, takes somewhat sharply to task Sir Frederic Hodgson, Governor of British Guiana, for allowing his Masonic proclivities to get the better of his gubernatorial sanity. It seems that Mr. Carnegie has presented Georgetown (British Guiana) with a public free library, which will have to be kept up by the ratepayers. Obviously, it was desirable that the laying of the foundation stone should be a ceremony in which all the inhabitants, without distinction of creed, could participate; but, nevertheless, the committee, of which the Governor was president, decided to have it carried out with Masonic rites,—a proceeding which it must have been known would be distasteful to the Catholic community.

After commenting on the patent injustice of such a course of action, *Truth* says:

The Catholics thereupon suggested that the laying of the stone should be undertaken by Lady Hodgson, and in that case they would not have taken any further exception to the presence of

the Freemasons, in their regalia. The Governor and his committee, however, persisted in making it a full Masonic ceremony, with the result that many influential inhabitants, Protestants as well as Catholics, showed their disapproval by refusing to attend. The facts have been placed before the Secretary for the Colonies, and I should think he will have no hesitation in administering a sharp reprimand to Sir Frederic Hodgson.

It ought to be unnecessary to inform any of our public men—from the mayor of our smallest town to the president of the Republic—that conduct similar to Sir F. Hodgson's is as censurable in the United States as it is in a British colony; and we trust that an instance of such conduct which occurred a year or two ago will never be repeated in this land of the much-vaunted "square deal."

During the recent visit of Cardinal Logue to this country, an up-to-date interviewer credited the Irish prelate with some views on colonial loyalty to the British Empire—or lack of it—which represented the interviewer's wish rather than the Cardinal's thought. Apropos of loyalty, another Prince of the Church, who is also Irish (Cardinal Moran), is thus quoted in a recent number of the *Sydney Freeman's Journal*:

He ventured to go further and say if they had some fools in Australia, those fools would not even in their dreams be guilty of disloyalty. The reason was because they had the most perfect freedom that any enlightened citizens could aspire to. Even some in the home countries could not realize or understand what Australia's interests meant. He likened the Empire to an eagle, and said his idea was that Canada and Australia were the wings of the Empire. The eagle soaring into its loftiest heights had its strength within its wings; and if they desired the eagle to soar to its loftiest height, then they must strengthen those wings; but clip its wings, and the eagle fell to the ground. So it was with the Empire. If they were true to it, they must strengthen Australia's resources, develop its strength, and make the wings of Canada and Australia as perfect as they could be made. In this respect, speaking of disloyalty, if they clipped a wing from the eagle, any one passing by might pick it up; and if

Australia was dissociated from the Empire, it would not perhaps be a friendly visit from the American fleet that would be made, but a visit from some others who would spread desolation throughout the land.

Canadian prelates are on record as being equally sincere in their adhesion to the Empire—for the excellent reason that they enjoy under the British flag that "perfect freedom" of which Cardinal Moran makes legitimate boast. One has only to compare the French people of Canada with their elder brethren in France, and contrast their religious conditions, to understand that the Union Jack is genuinely loved by our neighbors over the border.

Nothing could be more gratifying to Catholics than the increase of the true historical spirit, manifestations of which are becoming more and more frequent in the leading secular periodicals of the English-speaking world. If ignorance and prejudice die hard in some cases, perhaps it is just as well, because their rising again is thus rendered all the more unlikely. Those persons who still hold that the destruction of religious houses in England during the reign of Henry VIII. was due to popular and righteous indignation at the vicious lives of the inmates, are now assured, on the authority of capable and trustworthy non-Catholic writers, that the opinion is entirely erroneous. In a review of "The Greater Abbeys of England," by Abbot Gasquet, just published by Messrs. Chatto & Windus, we find the *Athenæum* expressing regret that in his introductory chapter the author had not found space to be even more definite in his arguments as to the baselessness of the charges of Cromwell's agents; and thus supplies the deficiency:

The policy of spoliation was due to the ingenuity of Henry VIII.'s capable and unscrupulous minister, Cromwell. To make such a scheme possible, it was necessary to blacken the character of those whom he wished to rob. Cromwell soon found men ready enough to make extraordinarily rapid visits, and to produce the

comperta of 1535-6, of an utterly reckless nature, which Dr. Jessopp [non-Catholic] has described as "the horrible inventions of the miserable men who wrote them down upon their papers; well knowing that, as in no case could the charges be supported, so, on the other hand, in no case could they be met, nor were the accused ever intended to be put upon their trial."

The real nature of these odious *comperta* should be generally recognized, and Dr. Gasquet's work to that end is valuable. . . . Striking testimony to the character of the English monasteries on the eve of their suppression is to be found in the reports of the "Mixed Commissions" of 1536, the contents of which are extant at the Public Record Office for eleven counties, and the city of Bristol. The first six of these records have been edited by Dr. Gairdner [also non-Catholic] in official volumes dealing with "Letters and Papers of the Reign of Henry VIII.," but the last six have hitherto been only privately printed. This second commission was entrusted to a body of six visitors—three official and three non-official; the latter were leading, discreet men of the particular county which was visited, but the whole six were selected by the King. They had to make full and detailed reports as to the temporal estate of the house visited, to receive information on oath from the inmates and others, and to inquire as to the moral character and number of the inmates, and how many were anxious to abandon the religious life. The characters given of the inmates by these commissioners, as Dr. Gairdner writes, "are almost uniformly good"; in several cases they are of a distinctly eulogistic character. Out of 166 religious enumerated in three different counties, only 22 persons are reported as desiring to serve as secular clergy, and only 2 are returned as suspected of incontinence.

Thus will future historians show the falsity of innumerable statements against the Church in the light of modern investigation. The work of men like those mentioned above goes to prove that the true history of the so-called Reformation is yet to be written.

One of the noblest, if not the best known, of American converts was the late Judge Robert Armitage Bakewell, of St. Louis, who passed to the reward of a fervent Christian life on the 30th ult. He was a man of remarkable ability and unspotted integrity, beloved by his

friends and highly respected by his fellow-citizens of all classes and creeds. Shortly after his reception into the Church, many years ago, he became editor of the *Shepherd of the Valley*, in which appeared an article on religious toleration that still continues to be quoted and misquoted. We hope to be able to publish, later on, a private letter which he wrote in explanation and defence of it. Present-day converts and Catholics to the manner born have little idea of what it meant to join the Church in this country half a century ago. Never were sacrifices more cheerfully borne, or the gift of Faith more highly prized, than in the case of Judge Bakewell. Peace to his soul!

A sectarian paper's reference to the Church as "our foreign Sister" leads the *Casket* to observe: "There is only one institution in all the world that is as much at home in one country as another, and that is the Roman Catholic Church. Every other religious body has a national stripe or a local color. Imagine the Church of England feeling comfortable in France! Or imagine the Greek Church feeling happy in England! The successor of the Fisherman is at home in all lands, and is loyal to all flags." In other words, the Church is catholic as well as Catholic, universal in fact as well as in name.

Among the impressively spectacular features of the recent Laval celebration at Quebec, two were particularly notable. The first was the grand procession of the Blessed Sacrament through the streets of the old city. The procession was two miles long in lines five deep, and lasted four hours and a half. The other exceptionally solemn feature was the Mass in the open air. Twenty-five bishops, one thousand priests, and one hundred thousand Catholics were in attendance. Comment on so magnificent a demonstration of faith, and religious liberty as well, would be obviously superfluous.

FOR YOUNG FOLK

The Legend of the Goldfinch.*

BY LUCIEN DONEL.



RAPHAEL'S earliest masterpieces include one known under the name of "La Madonna del Cardellino"—Our Lady of the Goldfinch. The inspiration to compose this great work of art came to him while travelling from Florence to Urbino, when, overtaken by a thunderstorm, he sought refuge in a peasant's cottage in the little village of Ostia dell Monte. Here it was that Raphael heard for the first time the beautiful legend of "Il Cardellino della Santa Madonna," so familiar to all the peasantry of the Roman States. The story made a deep impression upon the young artist, with the result of which the whole world is familiar.

In the days when the Child Jesus was leading a hidden life in His humble home at Nazareth, little St. John—afterward known as the Baptist—dwelt at Hebron with his aged parents, the high-priest Zachary and St. Elizabeth. As he daily grew in beauty and in knowledge, all were won by the boy's singular charm and his marvellous wisdom; and they said of him: "He will be a great prophet,—greater than any of the House of Jacob!" Maybe the child had some presentiment that he would one day be the herald of a new era; maybe he foresaw, in the divine light which flooded his soul, the sublime destiny which awaited him. The time for its fulfilment, however, was not yet come, for he was but nine years old.

Now, although St. John had never seen

the Holy Child, he had heard tell of that wondrous night when Jesus was born in the lowly stable at Bethlehem, and how the angels of God had proclaimed the glad news to shepherds watching their flocks hard by; and he had always felt a great love for the little Child who was said to be the Son of God. This love had grown within him till it became so strong that he yearned to go to the little city of Nazareth and behold Jesus with his own eyes.

At length the longing became so intense that he started off one morning, little knowing how far he had to travel, and reckless of the hardships he might have to endure. Bravely he trudged along, now toiling up steep, rugged paths, now traversing broad tracts of country bathed in the noonday sunshine; and then resting by the wayside, for the heat was great and his little bare feet became sore and tired; then on again, till at last, passing by Bethlehem and skirting the mountain of Sion, he entered Jerusalem.

The city was crowded with pilgrims from all parts of Palestine, who were come to celebrate the Feast of Tabernacles. John also hurried to the Temple, hoping perhaps to see Jesus there,—but he found Him not. Kneeling before the sanctuary, he was lost for a while in prayer; then, seeing no sign of Him he sought, he left the Temple by the Northern Gate, and resumed his journey.

He went straight before him, guided only by his unerring instinct, which led him across wide, desolate plains, through narrow and difficult passes, and along devious ways. He traversed various towns—Anathot, Jericho, Galgala,—all of whose names had long been familiar to him. He walked on and on a long time till at last he found himself in an immense valley. It was a beautiful,

* Translated by Imelda Chambers.

fertile country, where there were no rugged rocks nor bare steep hills: he was in the land of Canaan.

Little St. John stood a long while gazing upon the scene in admiration. There were miles of vineyards, whose grapes were such as he had never seen in Hebron; the very shrubs and trees grew here in greater magnificence than elsewhere; the air was laden with the perfumes of rare and gorgeous flowers. Intoxicated with delight at all the beauties about him, the child for a while forgot himself and his pious pilgrimage, and started running hither and thither, regardless of the track he had been following; pausing here to smell a flower, there to taste the luscious fruit of the pomegranate, then racing on again in pursuit of a beautiful butterfly.

On and on he ran till his little feet were aching and he grew tired of the chase, for he was only nine years old. Then, as though waking from a dream, suddenly he came to himself, and tears of sorrow started to his eyes as he remembered Him whom he had set out to find. But now he had lost his way, and he knew not whither to turn. Unconsciously he had wandered into a sort of meadow, with vast fields of golden corn on the one hand, and a belt of mighty cedars on the other. He searched about him for the lost track, but he had left it far behind. At length he found a narrow pathway, almost hidden with weeds and briars; and this he followed till he came to a little stream.

"Whither goest thou, little John?" a sweet voice cried to him; and, looking up into a tree whence the sound came, he saw a little bird—a kingfisher—pruning itself upon one of the lower branches.

"I am going to Nazareth in Galilee, where dwells the Holy Child. Wilt thou come with me, pretty bird, and guide me there? For I have gone astray and know not which way to turn."

"Nay, I can not go with thee. I have my nest in yonder bank. Who will finish it if I leave here? Vagabonds may

wander from their homes, careless of the pain and anxiety they cause their parents; but I have my work to do. Nay, I will not accompany thee."

The words sank into the child's heart and left him sad and thoughtful.

He continued up the stream, when once more he was aroused by a voice clear and musical: "Whither goest thou, little John?" And there, fluttering about a white blossom of fragrant perfume, he saw a beautiful humming-bird.

"To Nazareth," he replied. "Wilt thou come and show me the way, sweet bird of paradise?"

"Nay: my little ones will soon be hatched. Who would watch them if I were to go? I can not go with thee," was the answer.

And as he went on his lonely way, the same cry greeted him again and again; yet when he called upon them to help him, the birds each in turn gave him the same reply. All were too busy with their nests or their young to give heed to him.

He was very sad and sore perplexed. Yet the craving to see the Child Jesus was even now as strong within him as when he had started. Some mystical force impelled him onward; he had the intuition that Heaven would bless his efforts, and this gave him strength and courage to continue his journey.

He walked on until the sun sank below the purple hills, and the gathering darkness closed about him. He had long ago left behind him the beautiful, fertile valley of Canaan, and was now in a barren, desolate country, strewn with rocks and stones, amongst which briars and thistles ran riot; and these tore his little feet as he trudged wearily on.

Presently, in the stillness of the evening, a soft, melodious voice whispered to him: "What seekest thou, little wanderer?"

It was a goldfinch perched upon the large purple flower of a tall thistle close by. But the child made no reply. What was the use, he thought to himself? For all the birds were in league against

him. And in the anguish of his heart he cried aloud: "O God, Thy creatures are all against me! Do Thou come to my aid!" Then wearily he sank upon the ground, and was soon in a deep sleep. And the little goldfinch, watching near, received his answer; for in his sleep the child murmured the words, "Jesus . . . at Nazareth . . . in Galilee."

At once the bird flew down to the sleeping figure, and whispered softly in the boy's ear: "Little John, be not sad-hearted; for thou hast reached the end of thy journey. Behind the hill lies Nazareth, hidden from view by yonder cluster of tamarisks at the foot of the ravine. Arise with the sun, and thou shalt find thy little Master, the beautiful Child God."

Then the goldfinch flew back to the purple thistle-down. The flower seemed to open itself to receive him, and he nestled into its very heart, and was swayed to sleep by the gentle night breeze.

At early dawn St. John awoke, radiant and happy. Running to the foot of the ravine, he made his way through the cluster of tamarisk trees, and then stood spellbound. A narrow, rugged pathway wound itself through the intervening hills; and there beyond, bathed in the glory of the rising sun, stood the fair city of Nazareth.

The child, in his eagerness, was rushing onward, when a sudden recollection arrested his footsteps. Was not he, the fugitive, unworthy to appear before the Holy Child, the spotless Lamb of God, unless he purified himself by some act of penitence? Moreover, he felt that every additional pain he put upon himself for the love of his little Master would draw him nearer to the Divine Heart of Jesus. He stood still a moment in troubled thought; then an inspiration came to him, and he hurried back to the spot where he had slept that night.

There were many thistles growing there. Plucking the tallest he could find, he fashioned it into a sort of girdle,

unmindful of the pain from the sharp prickles; and, opening his little tunic, he wound the girdle close about his waist. Then the little penitent continued his journey, along the narrow pathway between the hills, and over jagged rocks, until at length he came out into the high-road.

And as he hastened on, a great joy was in his heart, and he heeded not the pain caused by his girdle of thistles. At each step, the long sharp points pierced the deeper into his tender flesh; the blood gushed forth and trickled upon the ground; and, lo! each drop as it fell turned into a tiny crimson flower of the sweetest perfume. But he did not see the miracle; his eyes were scanning the white houses of Nazareth, till they fell upon one halfway up the hillside—a little cottage wreathed in flowers,—which he knew at once was the one he sought. And there upon the threshold he beheld Jesus and His Blessed Mother, and St. Joseph near by, busy at his humble trade.

Running toward the Holy Child with eager outstretched arms, St. John cried out: "Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world!"

And Jesus answered: "This is John. He shall be great before the Lord."

The little visitor could contain his emotion no longer; and, falling into the arms of Jesus, he wept for very joy. And then he told Him of the love which filled his heart, of his solitary journey, and how he had gone astray and the birds had refused to help him, and how he had sought to purify himself from sin by doing penance.

Then said Jesus, with a wondrous, sweet smile: "Take off thy girdle, little John; for thy time of suffering is not yet come. Later on thou shalt do penance in order to show unto men the way of redemption."

But when the child loosened his tunic to withdraw the instrument of pain—O wonder!—instead of a prickly thistle branch, it was a garland of roses which he drew forth; and a breeze came and

scattered the petals of the roses, which, as they ascended high into the air, changed into myriads of birds—martins and kingfishers, swallows, nightingales, hummingbirds, and many others of all colors; and, soaring aloft, they sang songs of praise to the Holy One.

The garland was bare now but for one beautiful blossom, which was the large purple flower of the thistle. This opened itself and disclosed the kindly little goldfinch that, in the hour of need, had whispered words of comfort and of hope to the sleeping child.

The little bird raised his voice in a glad song of welcome, crying: "Hail to the new prophet! He shall be great in the House of Jacob." And hundreds of sweet voices re-echoed in the air: "He shall be great! He shall be great!"

Then St. John, kneeling before the Child God, offered Him the pretty goldfinch. Jesus held it in His divine hands, caressing it tenderly, and kissing the beautiful crimson head; then He placed it in His Mother's hands. She in turn held it captive for a moment, touched it gently with her lips; then, in her loving tenderness, she restored it its liberty.

It is said that on the day of the Crucifixion this same little bird flew to the cross of our Saviour, and for hours strove with its tiny beak to draw out the long, sharp thorns from the cruel crown which pierced the sacred head of the Crucified.

A Living Barometer.

If a convoy of sea-gulls fly seaward early in the morning, sailors know that the day will be fine and the wind fair; but if the birds keep inland, fishermen will do well to postpone their journeys, and boats to keep near the shore. The movements of sea-gulls are such unerring portents that they are relied upon, no matter what other weather indications there happen to be.

The Squirrels' Brother.

BY GEORGE PROSPERO.

(CONTINUED.)

The next day Père Martinet, set out for Jeannot's home. As he entered the quiet village, and was shown Widow Lacombe's pretty cottage, with its air of simple prosperity in the midst of the well-tilled ground, he felt a sudden qualm of conscience. Ought he to trouble that happy, peaceful home? For the first time he realized the responsibility of disturbing a happiness that seemed destined to last, and offering in its stead a renown, fame, or glory, which might or might not be achieved. He paused to reflect at the eleventh hour, and hesitated, but only for an instant. He was overruled by love for his profession, and perhaps by vanity at the thought of the honor which would redound to himself by Jeannot's success. The prospect of this brilliant future stilled all his scruples. A man, he reflected, should make the most of his talent, whatever that talent might be. Jeannot was a born acrobat, and he must persuade him to abandon the narrow circle of his present life, with its daily round of commonplace, uninteresting duties.

With quick resolution, he walked to Jeannot's home, and knocked at the door, which was opened by Widow Lacombe. She was surprised at the sudden appearance of the stranger, and the thought of some unforeseen trouble flitted across her mind. Père Martinet, however, hastened to reassure her.

"You are Madame Lacombe, are you not?" he asked. "I am the bearer of good news for your boy Jeannot."

At this name the mother's face lit up with a radiant smile.

"Ah, you know my Jeannot? He is a good boy," she observed.

"And a clever boy," said the acrobat. "He is a marvel on the tight-rope."

"O sir," exclaimed the poor mother,

"what has my Jeannot been doing on a tight-rope?"

"He has been astonishing us all," said Père Martinet, hoping that this flattering remark would please.

But he was mistaken. The widow's maternal solicitude had taken fright, and she begged her unknown visitor to explain himself and tell her how he had come to know so much about her boy. Père Martinet readily complied, stating how he had met Jeannot at Mortagne, seen him experiment on the trapeze, and concluded by asking the fond mother to let him take the boy into his own family, and fit him for the career of an acrobat, for which he had the taste and the talent in a very marked degree.

Here, then, was the unforeseen trouble whose dark shadows had alarmed her as this stranger crossed the threshold of her home. Let Jeannot, the idol of her heart, go off among strangers. Never! As soon see him dead. He would live among his own, with the help of the good God, except while he was paying his patriot's tribute of military service.* Three years away! That was cruel enough; but it could not be helped. She had allowed him to go to Madame Labrière, knowing those with whom he would associate; but let him go among total strangers—to Godless people, for all she knew! Never need the boy hope for her consent in this case.

Père Martinet let her talk on. He was beginning to realize how unreasonable such a proposal must seem to the poor widow, coming so unexpectedly to disturb her peaceful and uneventful life. But at the words "Godless people" he fired up.

"Ah, Madame, you are mistaken. We are *not* Godless people. My children have all made their First Communion; we have tried to bring them up as good Catholics and good citizens, with the sole desire of making them happy in time and in eternity. Your boy will learn no evil with

* At the time that these events took place, military service lasted three years; now it is reduced to two years.

us. We are a respectable family, loving God, and ever ready to serve a neighbor. We earn our living honestly; we do not owe a cent to any man. What more could you desire?"

Widow Lacombe was touched at the man's earnestness, and, stepping out into the garden, called in Mathieu. In a few words she told her son of the strange request the visitor had made. It would be difficult to describe Mathieu's bewilderment at the idea of Jeannot's going off in a "rolling house," travelling across the length and breadth of the fair land of France, living the "wild life" of an acrobat, instead of settling down and passing his existence as his ancestors had done.

This was all beyond the comprehension of the simple-hearted Mathieu. He looked first at his mother, then at the stranger, not daring to venture an opinion. Finally a ray of light flashed across his mind, and he said:

"Mother, in a matter of such importance as this is, don't you think we ought to seek advice from Monsieur le Curé?"

"The boy is right, Madame!" cried Père Martinet. "Monsieur le Curé is the man to know what is best. Shall we go at once and hear what he has to say?"

Mathieu had seen the Abbé Marbot going toward the presbytery a short while before, so he was sure to be at home. After some further hesitation on the part of the mother, the three set out, and walked in silence to the presbytery. The good priest was very glad to see them, and pleasantly inquired as to the object of their visit. But Madame Lacombe, in her embarrassment, could not utter a word; Mathieu feared to speak, lest he should say the wrong thing; so Père Martinet had the field to himself, and he made the most of his opportunity. His statement was simple and earnest, and he left nothing undone to gain his point.

The Abbé Marbot listened to the end; then he reflected for a few moments.

"You do not seem to like the proposal?" he said to the Widow Lacombe.

"Oh, no!" exclaimed the poor woman. "I see nothing in it but trouble and misfortune for my boy."

"Well, we must not exaggerate things," said the priest; "rather examine the matter quietly and impartially. It may be a great stroke of luck for Jeannot, after all."

Then, in presence of the three, the Abbé made a careful examination of the point at issue. He reminded the widow that Mathieu, her elder son, would soon be leaving her for one year's military service; then the higher salary promised to Jeannot by Père Martinet would be doubly needed.

"His spiritual interests," concluded the Abbé, "will run no risks. Strange as it may seem, it has often been remarked that acrobats and circus people are noted for a purity of morals not always to be met with in other professions. Besides, a vocation is a vocation; it is better not to go against it, whether religious or secular. And surely Jeannot's vocation has ever seemed to incline toward acrobatic exercises. Here, in all the country round, the boy is known as 'the squirrels' brother.'"

"The squirrels' brother!" laughed Père Martinet. "Why, he is more like a bird than anything else in God's creation!"

So the result of this momentous interview—in which a mother's love and her son's happiness were in the balance—was that Madame Lacombe gave her written consent to Jeannot's departure,

A few days later Père Martinet wrote a letter, requesting Jeannot to join his troupe with as little delay as possible. He was starting from Mortagne on a strolling tour, and wished to have the boy with him. So Madame Lacombe, not without very great reluctance, betook herself to Madame Labrière's chateau, in order to inform Jeannot of the news, and help him to get ready.

Good and devoted, she prepared all necessary articles of clothing, and the following week brought them to Jeannot,

who set out next day on the novel existence opening before him. Many were the injunctions given by Widow Lacombe, and she felt confident that Jeannot would prove faithful to the promises he made. The poor woman bore up bravely, offering the sacrifice to God. Mathieu took an affectionate leave of his brother, asking that he and his mother should be kept well informed as to Jeannot's doings.

Despite the pleasant prospect of the life awaiting him in the near future, the boy's heart was full as he bade farewell to those he so dearly loved. This was his first great separation; the real severing of a link with home; the drifting off into the unknown, which even to the most valiant heart is fraught with apprehension. It has been said that the veil which hides from us the future is known by the name of Mercy. Still, could it be ever so little withdrawn, how many sad mistakes might be avoided!

(Conclusion next week.)

The Insect that Sings.

The cicada is a lively insect which has the power of producing sound with its feet and wings. Only the males are singers, however; and a witty Greek poet, in referring to this, says that these particular insects were the happiest, because their wives were dumb. With the ancients, a cicada sitting upon a harp was the symbol of music. This observance had its origin in a pretty fable.

Once, it is said, there was a great contest in which two famous harp-players took part. All went well until one of the performers chanced to break a string, when a cicada sprang onto the unfortunate harp and sang so well and loudly that the owner of it was awarded the prize. "An insect so kind and wise shall be rewarded," the people said, "and shall sit upon a harp forever; and when he is so pictured, we will think of all sweet sounds and kind deeds."

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Joel Chandler Harris, creator of "Uncle Remus," and teller of the Br'er Rabbit and Br'er Fox stories, is dead at the age of sixty. A successful journalist and a discoverer of a new and popular vein in American fiction, the deceased writer for years enjoyed a fame that was more than national. A press dispatch from Atlanta informs us that "the obsequies of Mr. Harris were held at St. Anthony's chapel, where Father Jackson officiated." *R. I. P.*

—"The Eucharistic Heart of Jesus," made up of selections taken from the writings of Father A. Tesnière, S. S. S., is a convenient manual, combining doctrine and devotion, and is arranged as a book of meditations for the month of the Holy Eucharist. Adoration, thanksgiving, and petition enter into each day's chapter, thus making the readings suitable for use during Mass, if time does not permit a special hour of prayer. Published by the Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament, New York.

—A French writer states that the word "gazette" comes from *gazzetta*, a little coin in use at Venice around 1631. It represented the value of the newspapers then current in the City of the Sea. Theophraste Renaudot founded a weekly paper and called it the *Gazette*. It was later called the *Gazette of France*. Louis XIII. and Cardinal Richelieu were contributors to it. The name "gazette" has since become identified with newspapers, and its original application forgotten.

—Father Bearne's books are always interesting, and "Barnaby Bright," a new two-volume story, is no exception. It is an easy running narrative, about a boy and other people, and is good reading for old as well as young folk. It has an English atmosphere, and embodies much in the way of religious thought and training in England; but, as human nature is the same all over the world, the story of Barnaby, and those belonging to him, will be interesting to American readers, and especially to all who are in sympathy with those brave men who willingly made sacrifices for the sake of the Faith. Benziger Brothers.

—Sad as the night wind is "The Beckoning of the Wand," by Alice Dease (Sands & Co.; B. Herder). The author, in a series of letters, shows to the friend to whom she writes that they who see only Ireland's faults, see but the half of her. Miss Dease tells of noble heroism, of sublime faith, and of a spirituality little suspected by those who have, perhaps, little of it in themselves. There is a compelling

pathos in these stories,—a pathos that washes away in tears the pictures painted by a superficial study of the fairest and the saddest land on earth.

—A welcome addition to the American Book Co.'s Eclectic Readings series is "Japanese Folk Stories and Fairy Tales," by Mary F. Nixon-Roulet. Though some of them are lacking in the completeness which youth as a rule demands, we can not help thinking that it was wise to leave something to the imagination. The illustrations, of which there are a goodly number, have the Japanese character, and will aid the young readers to round out the stories for themselves. Mrs. Roulet evidently understands little folk. This is not the first good book which she has provided for them, either.

—The late Encyclical of the Holy Father, on frequent and even daily Communion, is of interest to all the faithful, both secular and religious; but that a special importance attaches to this pronouncement of the Vicar of Christ in the case of those consecrated to the religious life is clearly shown by the Rev. F. M. de Zulueta, S. J., in a little book entitled "The Spouse of Christ and Daily Communion." The place of the Holy Eucharist in Religious Life, How Sacraments work, and Desirable Preparation for Communion, are among the important chapters of this exposition of the decree *Sacra Tridentina Synodus* of December 20, 1905.

—"Thora, a Girl Artist," by Ymal Oswin (R. & T. Washbourne), is an engaging little story of a young woman's efforts to become an artist. Thora leaves her father, a student like herself, her practical mother, and the friend of her young years, Selwyn Compton, who does not show at parting the grief which Thora looks for, and sets out for Paris. There, under Benjamin, the young artist she learns much about art and more about life. In the course of the story hearts are broken, but mended again; and Thora, in the end, finds that Selwyn Compton is more to her even than her art. The narrative is interestingly told, and one can not read the book without feeling that it is a true story.

—An increasing number of our clergy—the younger clergy—are apparently occupying their leisure moments in writing more or less musical verse which they probably hope to see characterized by a more ambitious title. We have already noticed within the past six or eight months

several collections of verse by priests, and have not always been able conscientiously to avoid the imputation of "damning with faint praise." There is, of course, no reason why a good versifier should not, even though he lacks true poetic genius, proffer his lines to the public in the form of a book; but there is superabundant reason why he should, before doing so, take considerably more pains with the technique of his lines, with his metres and rhymes than, we think, the average young American cleric is disposed to do. In the dedicatory sonnet of "The Bells of Atchison," for instance, we have the line,

Where springs Pierian water the thirsting land
containing two anapests instead of iambs; and in the sestette of the same sonnet, we find "son" rhyming with "anon." The author, the Rev. Andrew Green, O. S. B., presumably knows that such blemishes spoil even a good sonnet for the critical reader, and 'tis to be regretted that he did not write fewer verses and do more polishing. For the rest, the volume contains many pleasant fancies, pastoral, domestic, and devotional; it is neatly printed on good paper, and tastefully bound. St. Benedict College, Atchison, Kansas.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' price generally includes postage.

- "The Eucharistic Heart of Jesus," \$1.
- "Barnaby Bright." Father Bearne. 2 vols. \$1.60.
- "The Bells of Atchison." Rev. Andrew Green, O. S. B. 75 cts.
- "The Spectrum of Truth." Sharpe-Aveling. 30 cts
- "The Church of the Fathers," "University Teaching." Cardinal Newman. 75 cts., net.
- "A Child Countess." Sophia Maude. 75 cts., net.
- "Nemesis." S. A. Turk. 60 cts., net.
- "In a Roundabout Way." Clara Mulholland. 75 cts., net.
- "Christ among Men; or, Characteristics of Jesus, as Seen in the Gospels." Abbé Stertillanges. 60 cts., net.

- "The Tale of Tintern." Rev. Edward Caswall. 30 cts.
- "A Commentary on the Present Index Legislation." Rev. Timothy Hurley, D. D. \$1.35, net.
- "Althea." D. E. Nirdlinger. 60 cts.
- "The Test of Courage." H. M. Ross. \$1.25.
- "Assertio Septem Sacramentorum; or, Defence of the Seven Sacraments." Henry VIII, King of England. Re-edited, with an Introduction, by the Rev. Louis O'Donovan, S. T. L. \$2, net.
- "Lois." Emily Hickey. \$1.10, net.
- "The Divine Eucharist." Père Eymard. 75 cts.
- "The Favorite and Favors of the Sacred Heart." Abbé Berry. 75 cts., net.
- "A Missionary's Notebook." Rev. Richard Alexander. \$1.10.
- "Mr. Crewe's Career." Winston Churchill. \$1.50.
- "The Doctrine of Modernism and Its Refutation." J. Dodycz, D. D. 80 cts.
- "Christian Science before the Bar of Reason." Rev. L. A. Lambert, LL. D. Edited by Rev. A. S. Quinlan. \$1.
- "Lord of the World." Robert Hugh Benson. \$1.50.
- "A Synthetical Manual of Liturgy." Rev. Adrian Vigourel, S. S. \$1, net.
- "The Law of Christian Marriage." Rev. Arthur Devine, Passionist. \$1.50, net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rt. Rev. A. A. Curtis, D. D., V. G. of the archdiocese of Baltimore.

Mother M. Emerentia, of the Sisters of St. Joseph.

Mr. Thomas A. Smyth, Mr. John Bessler, Mr. Peter J. Savage, Mr. Joseph Burkhard, Miss Lottie Gorman, Mrs. George Werner, Miss Ellen Ryan, Mr. Henry Jansen, Mr. Daniel Hanley, Mr. Edward Bueter, Mr. Christopher Carroll, Mrs. Margaret F. George, Miss Marion Hoban, and Mr. William Webbald.

Requiescant in pace!

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For three needy foreign missions:

Thomas F. Murphy, \$10; Catherine Woods, \$12.25.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BESSSED 6T LUKE. . . . 4R

VOL. LXVII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JULY 25, 1908.

NO. 4.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C. S. C.]

To a Priest.

BY DOM MICHAEL BARRETT, O. S. B.

HOW blest the hour, when on thy sacring day,
'Mid prayer and holy rite,
The fragrant unction dew'd thy hands for aye
With priestly might!

Then power to thee, O favored one! was given
Daily to climb the Rood
And pluck therefrom the Body, for us riven,
As daily food;

To give their God to men, making them strong
'Gainst ever-biding stress;
To lift Him high above the adoring throng,
His own to bless;

To whiten as the snow the erring soul
In scarlet hue bedyed;
For, at thy word, life-giving waters roll
In cleansing tide!

For such dread gifts, O Priest! from day to day
Pour forth thanksgiving meet;
Waiting the call their golden fruits to lay
At Jesus' feet!

"The Dream of Gerontius."—A Psychological Study.

BY ALEXANDER WHYTE, D. D.

THE very title of Newman's great drama—for a drama the Dream is, and a great one—raises a question in psychology. Why is the poem called a "dream"? In line 179 Gerontius himself says: "I had a dream." It is just conceivable that Newman did not place a title at the head of his poem,

and that the editor ("The Gerontius" first appeared in a magazine), casting about for a suitable title, seized upon these words and cried "Eureka!" For editors are known to do such things. If this be so, the most that one can say is that it was a happy hit. But the guess—it is no more—is scarce within the range of probability. The true reason and warrant for the title must be sought elsewhere. In his critical introduction to the poem, Maurice Francis Egan says on the subject: "Why Cardinal Newman should have presented the experience of a soul after death as a 'dream' we can imagine, from his habitual caution in dealing with subjects of importance. He has the boldness of neither Dante nor Milton, and he will not present the poetical experience of a man at such a vitally sacred moment as an actual fact; he is too reverential for that, and he calls it a dream." In a note at page 67 the same writer has: "Gerontius dreams that he is dying." This is a plausible explanation.

Still, the word that stands on the title-page of Newman's poetical masterpiece suggests a deeper meaning. Gerontius is a type, and his experience typical of that of the ordinary Christian who passes out of this world in the grace of God. True, the experience is poetical in its setting, in its form and imagery, but by no means fanciful; for Newman keeps, far more faithfully than Milton, more faithfully than Dante himself, within the lines of revealed truth. True again, the experience is not presented as an actual fact: the poet does but aim to

set before us a mental picture of the passage of a soul into that "undiscovered country from whose bourn no traveller returns." But the experience is not the less real for being that of a type rather than of an individual; and the picture is not the less true for being drawn from the living faith and collective consciousness of God's people, instead of being drawn, as a painter would say, from the life.

And now let me quote once again the prince of dramatists:

To die, to sleep;
To sleep! perchance to dream. Ay, there's the rub!
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause.

Here the possibility of dreams in the world beyond is distinctly recognized. What Hamlet, however, speculated upon and feared, Gerontius knew and felt. What the one "would bear the whips and scorns of time" rather than go out to meet, the other, fortified by the last rites and prayers of Holy Church, faces calmly, going forth upon his journey in the name of the Omnipotent Father, who created him; in the name of Jesus Christ our Lord, Son of the living God, who bled for him; in the name of the Holy Spirit, who had been poured out on him; in the name of all the angels and all the saints of God, to find a place of peace and a dwelling in Holy Sion.

I went to sleep, and now I am refreshed. This is the awakening of the soul in the world beyond. Gerontius has closed his eyes forever to the sights of earth, and his ears to its din and noise; he awakes where all is still, where he hears "no more the busy beat of time"; and, as another poet has it, "where beyond these voices there is peace." He went to sleep when he lost consciousness; he awoke when he recovered it. He was still in the body what time he fell asleep; what time he awoke he was out of the body, and "with extremest speed . . . hurrying to the just and holy Judge." But in

the interval between falling asleep and awaking, he had a dream. 'Twas when
some one softly said,
"He's gone!" And then a sigh went round the room.

This dream was the sub-conscious state of the soul at the very instant of its passage from time into eternity. It is called a dream in contrast to the vivid consciousness of the moment that went before it and the moment of awakening that came after it. And here it will be helpful to consider what sleep is, and what that magic phenomenon of mind which we call a dream.

As distinguished from the dream-state, sleep is a total suspension of consciousness, all the faculties of the soul being at rest. If this total suspension of consciousness is brought on by violence, as by a blow, it is not sleep, but stupor; if it is brought on by such means as opiates, the sleep is artificial, not natural. Nature's own opiate is physical weariness; for

Weariness

Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth
Finds the down pillow hard.

'Tis weariness that brings that "gentle sleep" which comes "with wings of healing," whereof the poet sings:

O sleep! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole!
To Mary Queen the praise be given!
She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven
That slid into my soul.

Midway between the sleeping and the waking state is the dream-state; or, topographically, between the Land of the Wide-Awake and the Land of Nod lies Dreamland. As the same Coleridge has it:

And so his senses gradually wrapt
In a half sleep, he dreams of better worlds;
And dreaming hears thee still, O singing lark,
That singest like an angel in the clouds!

And what are dreams? Another poet shall tell us:

Dreams are but interludes, which Fancy makes;
When monarch Reason sleeps, this mimic wakes.
Forsooth!

All the world's a play,
And all the men and women merely players.

And on the world-stage, "monarch Reason," as Dryden grandly calls the loftiest faculty of man, is the chief actor. He has his "exits and his entrances" like other actors; and oftentimes, between the acts, mimic Fancy leaps upon the stage and plays her weird and fitful part. It is the dream. When all the senses of the body are steeped in forgetfulness, and Reason has for the time left his throne, Fancy, capricious Fancy, alone of all the faculties, is awake and astir.

And now let us take up again the thread of our inquiry where we dropped it. Gerontius slept the sleep that, on this side eternity,

knows not breaking,

Morn of toil nor night of waking.

I say "on this side eternity"; for, as you will have observed, he awakes with a sense of "strange refreshment," on the other side, in the spirit-world. And it is upon his awaking there, paradoxical to say, that his "dream" really begins. The dream that, at the moment of awaking, he says he had, is but a memory—an echo from the time-world that he has left forever behind. And how, you will ask, can the conscious state of the disembodied spirit be called a dream? By analogy—not by metaphor merely, but by strict and true analogy—as we speak of the mind's intuition of truth as vision, which it is in a far higher and truer sense than the act of the organic faculty to which the term vision is first applied. The ordinary dream occurs, as we have seen, in the half-sleep of the body,—that is, when the bodily senses are wrapped in slumber and fancy lies awake. The spirit-dream occurs in the half-sleep of the disembodied soul, when all the bodily senses, including the fancy or imagination, are in abeyance, as being without their organs, and the faculty of reason or intellect is awake indeed, but bereft of the Uncreated Light in the splendor of whose presence all that is dark or unreal flits away. Thus the fancy, when the light of reason is for the time being shut off, is the subject of the

ordinary dream; and reason itself, in the spirit-land, while yet the light of God's countenance is withheld from it, is the subject of the Dream of Gerontius. Until the fulness of that light shines into the soul, it is still in the dreamland of disembodied spirits, the middle or intermediate state between earth and heaven, the anteroom or outer court of "the house of many mansions." And so the Angel comforts Gerontius with the whispered assurance of a final and glorious awakening from his dream-state:

Farewell, but not forever, brother dear!

Be brave and patient on thy bed of sorrow.
Swiftly shall pass thy night of trial here,

And I will come and wake thee on the morrow.

Let us now, with psychology for our guide, and with divine revelation shedding its light before us, follow, as we can, the course of the Dream. When one awakens from sleep, without opening one's eyes, and lies perfectly still, one's first consciousness is of one's own feelings, for the mind is driven back upon itself; then, on opening one's eyes, one is conscious of the things that are about one. So it is with the soul on first awakening in the dreamland of the middle state. The first feeling of Gerontius is "an inexpressive lightness," the feeling of a soul freed from the cément of clay that encased it and weighed it down; a feeling that can not be put into words or pictured in imagination, but may be likened to the feeling of the captive bird that flies its cage and soars into its native heaven. The next thing that strikes the liberated spirit is the stillness. "How still it is!" Every sound of earth has died away. Breathing, pulsation there is none; for life is pulseless and breathless there. Time, too, with its "busy beat," is no more; for time is the measure of motion in space; and for the spirit, space is as if it were not. This stillness, this silence soothing and sweet though it is, yet "pours a solitariness into the very essence" of the newly disembodied spirit, which would fain break through it, but can

not, and perforce begins to feed upon itself, having naught else to feed upon.

Suppose that on waking from sleep, you could not open your eyes, nor stir a limb, nor use any of your senses, and that the very power of calling up images of things before the mind were paralyzed within you. You would no doubt, if you could, cry out as does now Gerontius, "Am I alive or dead?" Every faculty of the soul that is tied to a bodily organ, everyone of the senses, both external and internal—sight, hearing, smell, taste, touch, imagination, sensuous memory itself—is, in the disembodied soul, utterly incapable of exercising its proper iact for lack of the appropriate organ. The faculty itself of seeing, of hearing, of feeling, of imagining, is still rooted in the soul, but the needful apparatus is wanting. If to the painter the brush, and to the sculptor the chisel, is a *sine qua non*, an indispensable condition of his expressing his ideal on canvas or carving it in stone, much more is the organ of sight essential to the sense of sight for painting within itself pictures of objects; and the brain, or some part of it, to the imagination for copying or combining them.

Gerontius' first impression is that he is still in the body. He feels sure he could move every part of him, did he but will it. The impression has its parallel in human experience here below. One of the problems of psychology is how to account for the fact that a man who has lost a limb by amputation has "a sort of confidence that clings to him" that the lost limb holds its place as heretofore. He will tell you that he still feels a pain in that limb. It is a striking instance of the force of habit. The reference of the pain to the limb has become habitual, and so continues, just as the hand instinctively feels in the pocket for a watch which is no longer there. So with Gerontius. He feels that he has still about him everyone of his sense-faculties, though he is unable to use them. And

as he has always referred, and rightly, the faculty of seeing, for instance, to the eye, and as he is conscious of having the faculty, by the very fact that he is conscious of being the same Gerontius who once saw, he thinks he could use it at will, and that the organ of sight still remains. On making trial, however, he finds that he can not move a hand or foot, nor press his lips together, nor wink an eye. Yet he is not satisfied that hands and feet and lips and eyes are his no longer, and in this is logical; for the being unable to move or even see one's hand, for example, is no proof that the hand has ceased to be, as witness the case of one who is both blind and paralyzed. All this the author sets forth luminously, after his wont, where he makes the Angel tell the Soul:

Nor hast thou now extension, with its parts
Correlative,—long habit cozens thee,—
Nor power to move thyself, nor limbs to move.
Hast thou not heard of those who, after loss
Of hand or foot, still cried that they had pains
In hand or foot, as though they had it still?
So is it now with thee, who hast not lost
Thy hand or foot, but all which made up man.

"Long habit cozens thee." This, let me remark by the way, is the true solution of the problem spoken of above; not that offered by some psychologists, who say that the sensation of pain is first felt in the brain and thence projected to the hurt extremity, and so continues to be projected after the hurt limb or member has been lost. The fact is, as consciousness attests, that the sensation is felt both in the hurt extremity and in the brain. But "felt" has not the same psychological value in the two instances. In the one, it denotes the sensation proper, which has for its object the physical thing that we call pain; in the other it denotes the discriminate perception of that sensation as something distinct, say, from hunger, thirst, sound, color, and so forth; and has for its object the physical state known as the feeling of pain. First the hand or foot—or, speaking strictly, the organic sense in hand or foot—feels the pain; and

then the *sensus communis*, or common sensuous consciousness, which has its seat in the brain, feels the feeling of pain. But this is a digression.

One thing Gerontius knows—not knowing how he knows,—that the universe is quitting him, or he is quitting it. The knowledge is perhaps borne in upon him by the stillness and the void. A person may have a somewhat similar experience when two trains are at a railway station, and one moves away; only in this case one can make out from one's surroundings which of the trains is in motion; and Gerontius, having no visible surroundings, can not make out whether it is he or the universe that is moving. Neither can he make out whether he is going forward toward the infinite or backward toward the infinitesimal. In either case, he is traversing infinity—or rather, if the word may be allowed, indefinity,—whether by multiplying measurements of space or by subdivision of matter without end. For space, in the abstract, is subdivisible to infinity; and to a spirit everything is in the abstract.

Hitherto our Dreamer has been alone with his Dream. Nor has he been able to say for certain whether he is alive or dead, awake or asleep. He has sought to come in contact with something—at least some part of what he knew as his former self,—and has sought in vain. But now the Dream takes on a new phase. Something happens which changes the whole current of it; which turns it from subjective to objective; which makes the Dreamer feel his Dream is true, albeit enigmatical. He becomes conscious that he is in the grasp of some subtle being such as he now knows himself to be. But the word “grasp” has lost its old meaning for him, or rather has not for him the meaning that it has for us. If you think of the force or energy of the hand that holds and upholds, without the hand itself of flesh in and through which the force exerts itself, you will form some idea of what it is to be in the grasp of a spirit. But at this turn in the course of

the Dream it may be well for us to pause and get our bearings.

A proposition of Rosmini, condemned by the Holy Office, runs: “In the natural order of things, the disembodied soul is as if it were not. As it can not reflect upon itself, and has no consciousness of itself, its state may be likened to perpetual darkness and unending sleep.” The truth is that the soul, severed from the body, even in the order of nature retains the power of self-consciousness. It has lost indeed the power of sentient perception on parting with the body and its organs, but has still the purely spiritual faculties of understanding and volition; and, with the understanding, such knowledge as has been stored in the intellect by thought and study during the present life. But it is one thing to have knowledge as a permanent possession, and another thing to use it; just as it is one thing to have a farm and another thing to till it, one thing to be able to see an object and another thing to see it.

The knowledge that we have as a permanent possession is not actual, but habitual; it lies dormant in the mind until something stirs it up and calls it into life. That something, while the soul is in the body, is an image of some sensible object that finds its way in, here and now, through some avenue of sense, or comes forth from the storehouse of memory. We can not think of anything during this life, not even of what we have already thought of, and by dint of thinking wrought into the substance of the mind, without the help of the imagination, without the sensible images that it is ever weaving for us. Hence it is that all our thinking, even our deepest and highest and most spiritual thought, is, and needs must be as long as we are on our pilgrimage through this world, in terms of sensible things. We can not think of anything, no matter what, unless we have some sensible image or symbol to represent it to the mind.

What, then, takes the place of this

sensible sign when the soul is severed from the body? In the spirit-land there are no objects of sense, nor senses to see such objects, nor imagination to picture them. But the mind, which itself is spiritual, by the very fact of being spiritual, has power to adapt itself to its new and spiritual environment. It turns to kindred spirits, other disembodied souls, angels, and to God Himself, the Great Spirit, even as the blind man in the Gospel turned sightless orbs to "the Light that enlighteneth every man that cometh into this world." Not that the soul as yet sees God face to face, for our Gerontius bears still some stains of earth upon him; but that God, either Himself immediately or through some created spirit, does that for it which it no longer can do for itself. This way of awakening the knowledge dormant in the soul, or of gaining new and higher knowledge is preternatural or supernatural, as the case may be; but so is now the state of the soul.

In the present life the mind can itself acquire new ideas and call up again the old ones: or some other mind may do this for it; may, by word or sign, convey the new or recall the old. In the world beyond, the mind is wholly dependent, in thinking of anything other than itself, upon some other mind, human, angelic, or divine. It has "by right no converse with aught else beside" itself. It thus gets new ideas by being taught, and rethinks old ideas under the awakening and stimulating influence that is brought to bear upon it. But whereas here one mind can influence another only by means of some sensible sign, in the world of spirits mind influences mind immediately, and spirit speaks to spirit without the medium of word or symbol. The word of the spirit is its thought; and the utterance of it, its conveyance to the mind, not through a medium, but directly. The powerlessness of the separated soul, when left to itself, to think of aught save itself and its own states, is seen in

the fruitless effort of Gerontius to break through the silence that enwraps him on every side, while the stimulating influence of the angelic spirit manifests itself in the train of thought which is set in motion by the "heart-subduing melody" that is felt rather than heard. The whole of the Soul's soliloquy, beginning,

It is a member of that family
Of wondrous beings,

is knowledge evoked from the depths of the Soul's own consciousness, not knowledge now for the first time acquired.

Roused out of his helplessness by the inspiration of the Angel's words, to play, not now the man, but the disembodied spirit, Gerontius begins to think more clearly, to compare his former with his present state, and at length knows for sure that he is out of the body. He even feels emboldered to accost his Attendant Spirit. It might appear at the first blush that the author, in attributing to the Soul the power of asking questions, is using a poetic license. The soul may well seem incapable of putting questions; and, besides, it is a law of the spirit-world that the higher spirit acts upon and influences the lower, not conversely. But the questions are not of the Socratic type; and if they are bodied forth in words, the words are for our sakes, who else had never known of them. The form of words does but indicate, after a human fashion, the wistful look of inquiry that the dumb Soul turns upon his Guardian Spirit. "What lets me now from going to my Lord?" is the mute query that the Angel resolves in the silent but eloquent speech of the spirit-land, where thought answers thought, and things

Are measured by the living thought alone.

Here is the Angel's answer, in itself enigmatical, but explained by what goes before:

It is thy very energy of thought
That keeps thee from thy God.

For Gerontius, being now "standard of his own chronology," and not yet freed from the illusions of the time-world, nor

properly adjusted to his eternal environment, measures duration by the intensity of his own thoughts, and marvels at the length of a journey that is but begun. Therefore the needful lesson:

Divide a moment as men measure time,
Into its million-million-millionth part,
Yet even less than that the interval
Since thou didst leave the body, and the priest
Cried "*Subvenite!*" and they fell to prayer;
Nay, scarcely yet have they begun to pray.

And now Soul and Angel are close upon the judgment court, and a fierce hubbub breaks upon the sense,—the sullen howl of the demons who assemble there. It is interesting to note the calm confidence and courage of Gerontius now as contrasted with the terror that filled the mansion of his soul when the evil spirit, in guise of hideous vulture, tainted the hallowed air of the chamber where he lay a-dying. We pause for a moment to admire the vivid force and beauty of the figure under which the Angel describes these fellow-spirits fallen from their high estate, and come to a passage that holds a theological as well as a psychological interest. Gerontius is puzzled to understand how beings that he now knows to be as impotent as caged tigers have yet on earth "repute for wondrous power and skill," and the Angel makes answer:

In thy trial state
Thou hadst a traitor nestling close at home,
Connatural, who with the powers of hell
Was leagued, and of thy senses kept the keys,
And to that deadliest foe unlocked thy heart.
And therefore is it, in respect to man,
Those fallen ones show so majestic.

The "traitor nestling close at home, connatural," can be no other than what theologians call *fomes peccati*—concupiscence, the proneness to sin, particularly the proneness to sensuality, inherent in our fallen nature. This traitor holds the keys of the senses, closes them to God and His ambassadors, opens them to the allurements of the world and the seductions of Satan, who, entering, leads the heart captive. Thus does that deadliest foe win his repute for power and skill, and exalt his throne above the stars of God in the

sides of the north, and pose as the prince of this world.

But when some child of grace, angel or saint, Pure and upright in his integrity Of nature, meets the demons on their raid, They scud away as cowards from the fight. "The prince of this world cometh," says Christ, "and in Me hath nothing."

Yet another thing puzzles Gerontius. He knows, knows that he knows, seems to hear and taste and touch, and yet he sees not,—has

not a glimmer of that princely sense Which binds ideas in one, and makes them live. Apart from sight, our consciousness of hearing, tasting, and even touching, is somewhat vague, and of a more or less subjective character. The sense of sight excels in the vividness with which it presents its object as an extra-mental phenomenon. Hence Gerontius still labors under the illusion that he is able to hear and taste and touch, though he is clearly conscious that he does not see. This illusion the Angel proceeds to dispel.

Nor touch nor taste nor hearing hast thou now; Thou livest in a world of signs and types, The presentations of most holy truths, Living and strong, which now encompass thee. What, then, are those signs and types? Not sensible, of course, but spiritual; and, being spiritual, no other than the angels and the blessed souls, living and strong, who see the face of God, and are to kindred spirits, who see not as yet His face, signs of His truth and types of His beauty. And that darkness which shrouds the Soul,—what is it but the privation of the beatific light that shines from the face of God? This, in a far higher sense than poet ever dreamt of, is

The light that never was on sea or land, the privation of which makes purgatory, in some sort, part of the place of "outer darkness where there is weeping and gnashing of teeth."

The Dream, in its psychological aspect, has now been dealt with, and, I venture to hope, in some measure elucidated. Other difficulties, if any there are in the course of it from this point on to the close, are

theological, and need not be discussed here. There is nothing in the poem but is in fullest harmony with the teachings of theology. But the garb in which the Queen of Sciences appears upon the stage is, of course, dramatic; and the appeal, as befits a drama, is to the eye, the ear, the imagination, rather than to the intellect. The literary and artistic merits of the piece it is not mine to point out or commend. One discerns the hand of the master craftsman in every line. The unseen world is set before us as in a panorama, where shifting lights and shades take the place of colors, and new-born spirit-forms are wrapped around in dreams as if in swaddling clothes, and sainted souls hover "above in the mid-glory." The very pavement is made up of life in that house not made with hands. The effect of movement is got by rhythmic sounds, now swift and airy as the flight of a bird, now slow and solemn; now sharp and shrill, now low and strangely sweet. The presence of holy angels is revealed and symbolized by melting harmonies, that of fallen ones by jangling dissonances. The Dream is highest mystic lore set to music,—a music not of earth but of heaven, played by angel hands on the great Organ of Eternity.

"The Dream of Gerontius," writes an ardent Presbyterian admirer of its illustrious author, "was the true copestone for Newman to cut and to lay on the literary and religious work of his whole life. Had Dante himself composed 'The Dream of Gerontius' as his elegy on the death of some beloved friend, it would have been universally received as altogether worthy of his superb genius, and it would have been a jewel altogether worthy of his peerless crown. There is nothing of its kind, outside of the *Purgatorio* and the *Paradiso*, at all equal to 'The Gerontius' for solemnizing, ennobling and sanctifying power. It is a poem that every man should have by heart who has it before him to die." *

* Newman: "An Appreciation."

Exiled from Erin.

XXX.—JOY BELLS AND HAPPINESS.

THE next evening, as they walked about the garden, Mary Trainer asked: "Is Jimmy Dunne really going to get married, Joe, or is it only a joke? Anna and I were talking about it last night," she added, in order to explain her doubts. "One can never be sure whether he's joking or in earnest. But it appears that is the way with all men in Ireland."

"Thanks, Miss Trainer!" replied Joe, bowing and smiling.

"Well, now, isn't it so, Mr. O'Brien?" appealed both sisters at once to their host, who had joined them.

Ellie, at the other end of the garden, called them in her direction; and they were in time to catch Willie, who was absorbed in watching the setting sun.

"He has something to do to-morrow," said Ellie, "and he's studying the heavens to see if it will be a fine day."

"I was wondering," he stammered shamefacedly, "could the children be got into a cinematograph to-morrow. You see, city children have thousands of ways of being taught, whereas country children have very few."

"As the dew is falling," observed Mr. O'Brien, "we had better adjourn the discussion to the house."

"But won't you escort us to the wedding?" queried the ladies of Joe, as they strolled along.

"Well, for the earlier part of the day I shall be solemnly engaged, ladies; but my beloved sister will chaperone you then. For the rest of the day I'll be free, and at your service. We'll have a grand day. But Ellie will be talking about cookery and pastry, and the rest, I know; and she'll want you to help her. But which will it be, a fine, *flahool** wedding or a mane-spirited one? Jimmy will do what I tell him."

* Plentiful.

Had he talked in modern or ancient Greek they could not have been more at sea; but when it was explained, they cried:

"Oh, a fine, *flahool* one!"

Seeing that they tried to imitate him, Joe exclaimed:

"Ye'll do!"

"It is joyous to live in Ireland," they answered, laughing.

"Yes," said Ellie, "it is joyous for all who are simple in their desires, like yourselves, and who are kind to the poor. It is truly written indeed: 'Blessed are the clean of heart, for they shall see God,'—that is, be happy even in this life."

"Oh, I would like to live with your dear people always!" said the younger sister.

"Well, I'd like to see them once in a while on a visit," said the elder; "but the Stars and Stripes for me, and the land of the West!"

Mr. Trainer was a warm-hearted, impulsive man, and he asked:

"Any other place around here, Willie, where a man might do what Mr. O'Brien has done; or, at any rate, where a man might try to do his best?"

"There is one estate that I fear must go into the market soon. It is even a more suitable place than this. Oh, all the places that can be had up and down through the country! It looks like a Providence that so much land should be turning up, to tempt us to American business habits and 'go' at the very time that Ireland needs them. It is not capital we want, though that comes in handy; but Irish-American men with experience and energy. It was the will of God that Ireland should send her thousands and tens of thousands when America stood in need of colonization; perhaps it is His will that America should, in another way, now repay the debt."

"If that place comes into the market will you buy it for me, Willie, and put everything straight, as has been done here?"

"There is nothing under the sun I would not do for you, Mr. Trainer; but,

you see, we are only beginning here, and I may be wanting."

"If the place comes into the market," said Mr. O'Brien, "we'll buy it for you, Mr. Trainer; and Willie will put everything to rights. I should not be afraid to take ten places, if I only had ten Father Kearneys to pick out the work-people and children I was to have about me, and tell me whom I might trust."

They looked for Joe. He had stolen into the house, and, going upstairs quietly to his room, found "mom" smoothing down the pillows of his bed.

"Ah, poor mom!" he said,—"poor, dear mom!" putting his arms about her. "Look, mom!" He opened his trunk, and laid, piece by piece, on the coverlet of the bed the clothes he wore the day of the motor event. It was only then that Mrs. McMahon fully realized the risk he had run.

"But look, mom!" and he laid over them a "swallow-tailed" coat of finest fabric, and a caroline hat that shone like a mirror. The poor woman fell into a chair, and tears of joy (for old memories were knocking at her heart) came rolling down her cheeks.

Joe dropped on his knees, and, looking up in her face, said:

"Oh, God has been good to us, mom!"

The door opened, and in walked Miss Mary Trainer.

"I beg a thousand pardons!" she said. "I thought it was Ellie's room."

"Come in, please!" Joe cried. "It is only mom and I."

She was wearing the overcoat Joe had wrapped around her. She showed where it had been burned in the accident.

"Till our dying day we can never forget his goodness, Mrs. McMahon."

"When I heard it, I thanked God that he had been able to do some little thing for all of you, who had been so kind to Ellie when she was desolate; and to Willie when he went looking for her."

"My dear Mrs. McMahon," said the girl, "I do not think you could possibly

understand how rejoiced we were when we learned the name of our rescuer."

"Neither can you understand, mom, the delight of your son," said Joe, "nor the kindness with which they treated him, nor all that he learned of goodness and industry from the Trainer family at their ideal American country home."

"You put far too high a value on whatever little gratitude we have shown you," said Miss Trainer. "Remember, you saved our lives. I have always wanted to ask you something," she continued. "How did you learn that the sweet little nun was your cousin?"

"She joined the Mercy nuns in Ireland, of course," Joe replied. "After she had made her novitiate she was sent to America, but we never knew just where. When I was taken to the hospital I was put under her care, and she recognized me, not so much by my name as by the resemblance to my father."

"If Ellie had only known she was in New York, how much sorrow she might have been spared!" said Miss Trainer.

"Yes; but if she had been spared those sorrowful days," replied Mrs. McMahon, "she might never have met her kind friends the Trainers, nor her good husband, nor ever have been able to do all the good for her people that she is now doing. I feel, Miss Trainer, as though God wanted my brave little Ellie for this special purpose,—to keep and fulfil His intentions; and it was needful that at first she should taste bitterly of the cup of sorrow and disappointment."

"I think you are right," said Miss Trainer, stooping to imprint a kiss on the soft, though wrinkled, cheek.

When she had gone, Mrs. McMahon said:

"Isn't she a darling creature, Joe?"

"She is that, mom," was the reply; then, with something that was between a smile and a sigh, he added: "If I dared, mom,—I'd—well, you know."

"And why wouldn't you dare, Joe?" asked the mother, who thought the girl not born who was too good for her son.

"Oh, she is different—somehow! I am only a poor, rustic Irish lad, not at all like the young fellows she knows."

"How old would you take her to be?"

"Maybe twenty."

"Yes; and you are not much older. Youth should mate with youth. Take courage. I feel that she looks upon you with something more than gratitude. It's true, you may be different from some of the young men she knows; but she does not seem to have been in a hurry to marry, does she, Joe?"

"No, mom, she does not."

"And she must have had chances?"

"Surely."

"If she were only a Catholic, Joe!"

"Why, she is, mother! Both the girls are Catholics; their mother was one. It is only Mr. Trainer who is not."

"Well, if my prayers are of any avail, they will make him one before he dies. Don't be discouraged, dear, but pray. Willie tells me you won't live in Ireland?"

"No, mom. I love Ireland, but America is the place for me. I'll always be coming and going, however. What is it to cross the ocean on a swift steamer and ride in a motor car all over the country these days? Nothing, mom,—nothing. And if I thought—if I could hope—you know what I have in my heart, mom?"

"I do, my boy,—I do. You are more like an American now, after your short time over there, than Willie would be in ten years. You've found your place, Joe; you'll improve every day, and in a year or two you might ask the hand of any girl—"

"Short of a princess?" laughed Joe, pinching her cheek; but her words had given him hope and courage.

Jimmy Dunne's wedding took place in the evening, and it was a typical Irish festival of its kind. The couple were married at a Nuptial Mass, in the morning, when both received Holy Communion. Molly was a dear, dimpled little creature, who seemed rather frightened at being

the object of so much curiosity and attention from strangers. But later, when everybody, including good Father Kearney, sat down to a substantial breakfast, she thanked all very prettily for the many useful gifts which had been showered upon her.

There were healths to the bride and groom and to Mr. O'Brien and the priest, all drunk in delicious milk—and tea for those who wished it; such tea, moreover, as most of them had never before sipped or dreamed of.

When the feast was over, Joe invited the bride and groom, with the best man and bridesmaid, to a drive about the country in his auto. The party entered the vehicle with some trepidation, but enjoyed the drive immensely once they were started. They had refreshments at a roadside inn, and twilight was falling when they returned.

"Now, boys," said Jimmy Dunne to the assemblage of his friends who were gathered at Molly's late residence, "do you all get ready for the 'hauling-home.'"

And so they joined hands, and, dragging each other, ran as hard as they could. When they came to the door, a fairy with a golden key let them in; and every room had the loveliest furniture, and white snowy cloths, and all kinds of fruit; and they sat down and had the happiest tea in Jimmy's new home that ever was. And when they were going away Jimmy cried: "Three cheers for Mr. O'Brien and Mr. Trainer, and every mother's son that lends a hand to poor old Ireland!" And their hearty cheers made the welkin ring.

Next day, which was Saturday, Mr. O'Brien and Mr. Trainer and Joe went to see the old mill. It was now a *new* mill, overhauled and renovated from top to bottom. That very day Joe ordered new machinery for it. They next went to the large barn. Five women stood by five woolen *sheels*, and an elderly woman was teaching them. In a corner was James Casey at the loom, showing two disabled boys how to weave. Passing

out in the garden, they found five little people busy picking fruit, to be sent by the afternoon train to the metropolis.

Joe put his motor in order, and, seating Jimmy Dunne beside him to learn, drove Mr. Trainer and his daughters to see the laborers' plots. On Monday morning they set off on their tour all round Ireland. Combining business with pleasure, Joe and his car soon made a fine record for speed, safety, and customers.

While Joe was absent, Mr. O'Brien and Willie set to work at once to secure the place Mr. Trainer had been looking for; and before the latter returned from his Irish tour, he was declared owner. The two saw well what advantage to themselves it would be to have beside them a place that would give object-lessons in temperance and thrift.

Mr. O'Brien insisted that he himself should pay half the cost-price; and when it was agreed upon he said:

"I give my share to Willie."

"Oh, that is too much!" rejoined Willie. "I can't take it."

"But you will *have* to take it. Who can make better use of it? And, as you are the one who will take care of it, you should by right have real interest in it. I insist upon your accepting it, Willie. We'll have the papers made out at once."

"And I hand my share to my daughters," said Mr. Trainer. "The profits will be theirs, and I know their interests will be safe in Willie's hands."

Here Joe made his appearance.

"And isn't there anything for me?" he asked playfully, seating himself close to his mother.

"Haven't they given you anything, my poor boy?" answered Mrs. McMahon, in the same strain. "Well, I will give you something, and there will be papers made out for that, too. Gold and silver I have not, but what I have I give you—the home, with the few felds about it, and my blessing."

"The Cottage in the Wood!" cried Joe. "Hurrah for mom! Hurrah for mom!"

"You can come to it when I am gone, as a quiet spot where you can find rest from your hard labors in America. You must come there every year, Joe, with your wife."

"By what you are all saying about my turning into an American and so on, maybe she'd be too grand for it,—eh, Miss May?" said Joe, with a twinkle in his eye as he glanced at Mary Trainer.

Shamed by the quick, dark blush that overspread her cheek at his glance and the significant words that accompanied it, and feeling that the crimson had betrayed her, the sweet, sensitive young girl quietly left the room. But Joe, raised to the highest pinnacle of hope and joy by what had occurred, looked cheerfully and with the greatest composure at the laughing group about him.

Father Kearney, turning to him with a broad and gratified smile, asked:

"Another wedding, Joe?"

"I hope so, Father," answered Joe, with the confidence of a king.

(The End.)

Through the Cross to the Light.

BY MARION MUIR.

CAST aside thy weak complaining,

Idle tears for pleasures waning;

Thou art not the first whom sadness

Hurried to the brink of madness.

Every heart must bear its burden,—

Great the labor, great the guerdon.

Lift thy cross, O wounded spirit!

Pray thy God for strength to bear it

Through the desert's drear temptation,

Through the Garden's desolation;

Follow Him who died forsaken,

That a world to life might waken.

Though thy place may be but lowly,

And thy feet must travel slowly;

Though thy heart may often sicken

When the cares and dangers thicken,

Not one tear will fall unguarded,

Not a prayer be unrewarded.

Dangers of the Day.

BY THE RT. REV. MONSIEUR JOHN VAUGHAN.

VIII.—THE SOVEREIGN SEDUCTION.

(CONTINUED.)

WHAT is stronger or harder, what is more stubborn and unbending, than highly tempered steel? With that, men break through rocks and excavate mountains; yet its strength disappears and turns to weakness when it is confronted with the fire. Thrust a bar of the most rigid steel into the blazing heat of a furnace. Will it still remain rigid? No! See! It is all undone. It bends and yields like softest wax, and drops away in liquid weakness before so fierce a heat.

So it is with the soul of man wilfully exposing himself to the fires of impurity. God will, no doubt, protect His faithful children amid even the fiercest flames, as He protected the three children in the Babylonian furnace, "seven times heated"; but this He will do on only one condition: if, like Sidrach, Misach, and Abdenago, they are thrust in by the hands of others (or by unforeseen or unavoidable circumstances); not if it be through any wilful imprudence or curiosity of their own. Deliberately to court the danger is to invite a fall.

We must never forget that to be exposed to temptations which are not of our own choosing, and which are sprung upon us unexpectedly and against our will, is one thing; while wilfully to go into the danger ourselves, without sufficient cause, is quite another. In the first case, we may reckon with absolute certainty upon God to rescue us if we are faithful to grace; but in the second case we can have no such grounds for confidence: quite the contrary; for we are expressly warned that "to love the danger is to perish in it."* Other vices we may face boldly and fight; in this vice our only safety is in flight. "*Nemo mortalium juxta viperam securos somnos capit*," observes St. Jerome.

* Eccclus., iii, 27.

This is an important warning, which a sad and long experience proves to be much needed; though, unfortunately, but little heeded.

Another circumstance which renders temptations to this ignominious and shameful vice so peculiarly distressing is the fact that they may arise from such a great variety of sources,—from pictures, statuary, papers and books, songs, plays, representations, and many other things, as well as from persons. They may enter through the eyes and the ears and the other senses. The gruesome hours of the night are as favorable to the tempter as the gladsome hours of the day; and, strange to say, though youth is the special period of the disorders which we have been considering, mature age and even senility are by no means entirely free from them.

But of all sources of danger the chief is a bad and corrupt companion. When once it has been our misfortune to make such an acquaintance, then there is nothing to be done but get rid of him, and at any cost. However pleasant, useful, and even necessary such a person (I can not call him a *friend*) may be; however closely bound up with our present happiness, and however dear and indispensable, we must steel our hearts, and resolutely determine to break through the ties that bind us to him. He may appear to be as necessary to us as our right arm or our right eye. It matters not: the command has gone forth: "If thy right eye scandalize thee, pluck it out and cast it from thee.... If thy right hand scandalize thee, cut it off, and cast it from thee." And why? Because we must be prepared to make any sacrifice rather than jeopardize our eternal salvation; or, in the words of the inspired writer, because "it is better for thee that one of thy members should perish than that thy whole body should be cast into hell."*

That this advice is unquestionably sound, and that our undoubted duty is to follow it, is clear; for it emanates from no

less an authority than the Holy Spirit of God. But, alas! even the soundest advice is difficult enough to put in practice if, as in the present instance, it does not fall in with our inclinations. But what renders the counsel of the Holy Spirit so particularly hard to men and women of the world is just the very attitude taken up by the world itself. If all were agreed and united in condemning lust and impurity, even in thought; if there were a strong and pronounced public opinion denouncing all that savors of sensuality, our struggle with corrupt nature would be enormously strengthened and assisted. We should then find ourselves in the midst of a strong stream, flowing in the right direction. Its rapid current would support us, and bear us along, almost in spite of ourselves, and our victories would be all but already assured. But, unhappily, this is not the case; nay, the whole current is against us, and we are compelled to offer it a stout resistance at every step. The world does not judge as God does. It measures the gravity of crimes by quite other standards. It jests lightly about acts of impurity, and treats as pardonable weaknesses and mere peccadilloes and indiscretions what God Himself condemns as the worst of crimes and as a species of idolatry. "No fornicator nor unclean covetous person, which is a *servant of idols*, hath any inheritance in the kingdom of Christ and of God."*

The fact is, the world is seated in darkness, and knows nothing of the enormity of any sin that is not an offence against itself; least of all does it understand sins of the flesh. It finds a thousand excuses for them, and dismisses the worst excesses as acts of mere human frailty. It does more: it would persuade us that virginal purity is not merely difficult, but unattainable, and beyond the reach of human nature. It exonerates even the worst offenders, and calmly assures us that men who fall have fallen, not because they are wicked, but because they are

* St. Matt., v, 29, 30.

* Ephes., v, 5.

weak; not because they are disobedient and rebellious, but because they could not have done otherwise; and that we must excuse them, because "no man is bound to what is impossible."

This infamous doctrine is put forward and emphasized again and again with the most lamentable results. It is one of the worst lies that has ever issued from the Father of Lies, since it leads to two terrible consequences. In the first place, it robs the sinner of all sense of guilt; for no one can be held responsible for what he really can not help; and in the second place, it leads him to discouragement and despair. For what is the use of fighting against an invincible foe? Why attempt to resist the irresistible? Why struggle and strive and labor when disaster and defeat can be the only possible issue? Once the premise is admitted, the consequences must be admitted too, since they logically follow. But the premise itself is absolutely false.

It is true, of course, that *unassisted* nature is powerless before so insidious a foe. It is true that man, when left to himself, is weak and wavering and easily overcome—a mere reed bending before the hurricane,—and so destitute of all moral courage that he must fall miserably. Theologians not only tell us that we can not overcome, but they go so far as to declare that we can not, *of ourselves*, engage in battle or offer any resistance to our adversaries.*

Then is the world's view correct, after all? Is our case really so desperate? And is God asking us to do what He knows surpasses our capabilities? No. The answer to this apparent difficulty is simple enough. If God says, "Without Me you can do nothing," He is careful to remind us, at the same time, that "with Him we can do all things." The fact is, we are never alone, never abandoned by God.

* In hoc agone cum laboramus, Deum habemus adiutorem; si enim nos Ipse non adjuvat, non dico vincere, sed non pugnare poterimus.—S. Aug.: *Serm. clvi.*

He puts Himself at our service; He is ever ready to come to our succor; and, so far from its being true that we are at the mercy of the tempter, we are absolutely invulnerable and certain of victory if only we have recourse to God by prayer, and correspond with the grace He gives us.

There is nothing so clearly laid down in the Holy Scriptures as this most consoling truth: "Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved." * "He hath regard to the prayer of the humble, and He hath not despised their petition." † "Who," asks Ecclesiasticus (iii, 12), "hath called upon Him and been despised by Him? For God is compassionate and merciful, and a protector to all who seek Him in truth." "I will call upon the Lord," said holy David, "and I shall be saved from my enemies. . . . The cords of hell compassed me, the snares of death prevented me. In my distress, I will call upon the Lord, and He will hear my voice." ‡ The most violent and fierce temptations may easily be overcome by the grace derived from God in prayer. Though they approach us with all the seductiveness and cunning attributed to the asp and the basilisk, or with all the fury and rage of the lion and the dragon, it matters not; for in either case we have the explicit promise of victory. "Thou shalt walk upon the asp and the basilisk, and thou shalt trample under foot the lion and the dragon. . . . He shall cry to Me, and I will hear him; I am with him in tribulation. I will deliver him and I will glorify him." §

The danger of these temptations is admittedly great; yes, exceedingly great. But, then, the danger arises solely from our own turpitude and cowardice. Provided we honestly *wish* to conquer, and are willing to make use of the means of victory, we have nothing whatever to fear; for if God be with us, who shall be against us? Indeed we may cry out,

* Rom., x, 13.

† Ps. ci, 18.

‡ II. Kings, xxii, 6, 7.

§ Ps. xc, 13-15.

as confidently as David himself: "Though I should walk in the midst of the shadow of death, I will fear no evils; for Thou O Lord, art with me." *

If history is full of examples of the fall of the strong who trusted in their own strength, it is no less full of examples of the triumph of the weak who trusted in God alone. Who can read, for instance, the stirring accounts of such mere children, as St. Cecilia and St. Agnes in modern chronicles, or of the chaste Susanna† and the unconquerable Joseph,‡ as told in the Holy Scriptures, without realizing the supernatural power of divine grace, and the consequent security of such as put their trust in God? Nor is it necessary to hark back to olden days. What experienced priest is there, now living, who has not again and again met with cases, among his own flock, that have made him pause and marvel at the power of God's protecting care,—cases of young and passionate natures, who have found themselves amid such dangerous surroundings, and in such equivocal positions, that, humanly speaking, they *must* have fallen, yet who have stood firm and unbending before the storm!

The miracle of the three children in the fiery furnace, seven times heated, has been, and is being, re-enacted in every age and in every country of the Christian world, though in these latter instances the flames have been the flames of concupiscence; the furnace, the furnace of worldly temptations. We have ourselves met, in great factory towns and in the congested districts of the metropolis, pure and unsullied souls, who have retained their innocence and purity, notwithstanding exceptionally trying and difficult surroundings, in a way calculated to fill the believer with inexpressible wonder and delight, and which, if known, would stagger and puzz'e any scoffer who denies the possibility of Christian virtue.

The simple fact is, none but those who have witnessed and experienced it can so

much as suspect the irresistible efficacy of earnest, humble prayer, the marvellous power of the sacraments worthily received, and the graces that flow from the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass devoutly and frequently heard. Some may make light of such divinely constituted means of perseverance; but he who deliberately doubts on such a point has already, in a sense, lost his faith. For are we not bound to believe that God is infinitely good in Himself; that He loves the creatures He has made; that He can not help loving them and wishing them well; that their fall—if they do fall—must be, not for want of His help, but in spite of it? Does not the Church teach that He loves us incomparably more than it is possible to imagine or conceive,—yea, that His love is so excessive and so measureless that He gave up His own Son and delivered Him to death, even to the ignominious death of the cross, that we might not perish everlastingly?

Then no matter what may be our natural weakness on the one hand, or the violence of temptation on the other, how can we doubt? To speak as worldlings speak is an outrage against God, and deserving of the severest censure. In putting forward their mischievous theories in excuse of sensuality and immorality, they do but prove that they know nothing of the tenderness and the loving solicitude of their 'Father who is in heaven.'

"It is not the will of your Father who is in heaven that one of these little ones should perish."* "I will not leave thee, neither will I forsake thee."† "Can a woman forget her infant, so as not to have pity on the son of her womb? And if she should forget, yet will I not forget thee."‡ "He that toucheth you toucheth the apple of My eye."§ Do not these and a hundred other texts contain more than a promise of protection to all who are in tribulation? Not a hair of our heads shall be touched, not a stain or blemish shall disfigure the

* St. Matt., xviii, 14.

† Heb., xiii, 5.

‡ Is., xlix, 15.

§ Zach., ii, 8.

* Ps. xxii, 4. † Dan., xiii. ‡ Gen., xxxix.

beauty of our souls, so long as we invoke the aid of the King of battles, and are prepared to co-operate with His comforting grace, which is measured out according to the violence of the temptation and to the greatness of our need. After all, there is only one thing wholly and utterly impossible to God, and that is that He should abandon a soul that puts its trust in Him, and prove unfaithful to His promises. "*In Te, Domine, speravi, non confundar in æternum.*"

Miss Angelina.

BY I. HAMILTON MELICK.

THE rippling waters of the St. Lawrence gleamed brightly in the sunshine of a June morning some years ago, before the Chateau Frontenac was built; though the Dufferin Terrace then, as now, overlooked the lower town and that of its opposite neighbor, Levis, and offered so fine a view of the beautiful river that not to admire it would have been to proclaim the onlooker as one dead to the beauties of Nature. Cartier's words, *Ka bec!* ("How beautiful!") have been since his day re-echoed a thousand times by lovers of the sublime—and of Quebec.

To Miss Angelina Tavernier the scene had all the monotony of fifty years; yet, in the freshness of its spring beauty, it made her, too, feel young again, and filled her with that appreciation of life which such beauty inspires.

After her walk up the steep hill to the Terrace, she was glad to find a seat where she could look out on the river; for it was still too early in the day for the usual crowd to be there, and, with the exception of one or two laborers, Miss Angelina found herself practically alone. She had dressed herself with unusual care that morning, putting on her very best gown (a faded brown silk); and a little bonnet of the same material and color was perched daintily on the white hair which, in spite

of all she could do, would wave and dance in the breeze, and resist every attempt to make it lie straight and smooth in a manner befitting the age of its owner. Miss Angelina was said to be a very girlish old woman, and there was a certain truth in the remark; for her simple, childlike heart was reflected in her face and manner, as in her dealing with others. Young and old found in her the true sympathy and tenderness that ever sought to heal and not to wound.

Dr. Brown, when he met her on his daily rounds, would bow most deferentially, then stop to say, "Good-morning, Miss Angelina! Why, bless me, you seem to grow younger every day!" And it was something to see her blush and hear her reply, "O Doctor, you know I am over sixty!" though more than half pleased at the compliment. They had been boy and girl together, so the little bantering was quite understood. There were those who said, however, that the old Doctor had remained a bachelor because of this same little lady, all whose youth had been given to the care of an aged father who would not part with her. From her early childhood she had been called "Miss Angelina"—few knew her as "Miss Tavernier,"—and no other name would have sounded so sweetly in her ears, or suited her so well.

She sat for a long time on the Terrace, with a troubled expression on her usually calm face. That morning she had just made the last of her nine "First Fridays" in honor of the Sacred Heart; and, returning from Mass, had found awaiting her two letters, both of which caused her much anxiety. One, indeed, was not wholly unexpected, and had been the chief intention in the novena she had just ended. This letter was to the effect that a foreclosure of the mortgage on her little cottage would take place if within a month she had not paid the interest which, through no fault of her own, had fallen greatly in arrears. No wonder the poor soul felt troubled, for actual poverty

stared her in the face. And then, to make matters worse, a second letter informed her of the arrival that day of a niece whom she had never seen, and who, she had reason to think, possessed little or no means of her own.

What could be done? There was no way of letting her niece know in time of the state of affairs. Her thoughts flew back to the days when she was not so entirely alone in the world,—to the days when she was the loved and petted daughter of wealthy parents, and the fond sister of two sturdy brothers. Father, mother, brothers, were all dead. Wealth, too, had gone. She would soon be an old woman, and before many more years had passed away would also be at rest. She sighed and gazed sadly out over the beautiful river. Her favorite brother, Hugh, had settled in California, and at his death left a widow, and a little girl scarcely more than an infant. Miss Angelina had written asking them to come to her; but the reply plainly showed that her sister-in-law desired no help from her husband's relatives; and, as she soon made a second marriage, the correspondence gradually ceased.

The letter received this morning was the first Miss Tavernier had had for many years. It was from her orphan niece, and merely said that her mother, who had recently died, had expressed a wish that she should seek her aunt as soon as possible. The date of the letter made it evident that she could be expected in Quebec that very day. A few lines written by her sister-in-law were inclosed; they expressed the hope that her child might find in her aunt the friend she needed in her loneliness and *poverty*. It was this last word that so perplexed Miss Angelina, for she had always thought her brother and his family to be fairly well off. "I could have helped them years ago, and she refused. Now she asks the aid I am unable to give because of my own poverty." To the gentle soul of this little woman hard and bitter thoughts were alien. She

did not encourage them now. "After all, she is welcome to what I have, poor child, and the good God will surely provide."

Here the town-clock on the Parliament buildings reminded her that it was almost noon; so she hastened home to her little cottage in the Rue Ste. Ursule, where Marie, her faithful maid, was anxiously looking out for her, with a telegram. It only confirmed the news of her niece's arrival: that the train was due at half-past one; and by the time Miss Angelina had eaten her very simple dinner, she had but a few minutes in which to go down Palace Street to the depot of the Canadian Pacific. The train was late, however, and she had half an hour's anxious wait before it arrived.

When most of the passengers had been met and taken their departure, she half timidly went forward in search of her niece, and came face to face with a young girl, who appeared to be looking out for some one. A very stately maiden indeed, with large grey eyes and a mass of hair that framed a not very attractive face. Miss Angelina's heart sank. How she hoped this girl would prove no relative of hers! The young lady was claimed by a fashionably dressed woman, evidently her mother, and the two departed in a carriage that had been waiting for them outside.

Miss Angelina felt relieved, but where was her niece? She was on the point of going home when a laughing voice was heard behind her. "Just wait a moment! I think this is my aunt." And before she could turn to look at the speaker, she was taken possession of by a mischievous-looking girl of nineteen. "I am sure you must be Aunt Angelina. I am Chrissie, all the way from California, as they say." There was something very winsome about this little creature, with her sweet voice and laughing eyes, and Miss Tavernier took her to her heart at once.

"I am very glad to see you, Christina," she began; but she was interrupted.

"O auntie, don't call me anything but Chrissie! Christina is so awfully formal; it reminds me of mother when I had been naughty. But here are the luggage and the cab."

They soon reached Rose Cottage, where Marie welcomed them at the door. Chrissie was charmed with all she had seen on her way; and as for Quebec, it held much that was novel to her youthful eyes. Her aunt shared in her enthusiasm, and put aside, for a time at least, the worry she had at heart. Marie, wholly devoted to her mistress, was glad to see a young lady whom only to look at was to love, and to serve a pleasure, and felt sure better days had dawned for Rose Cottage.

After a short rest, Chrissie came down to tea looking very sweet and dainty in her simple robe of white *crêpe de chène*, with its black ribbons, but unwittingly causing her aunt a pang as to its probable cost. "How will the child accustom herself to my simple life!" she wondered. But she said nothing, though the half-sigh did not escape Chrissie's notice.

"Auntie has something to worry her. What can it be?"

They were soon, however, chatting over the incidents in the journey, and Chrissie told her aunt how she had known her by the photograph she had given her father years ago, and which she had now in her possession. Then the conversation drifted into religious matters, and she said:

"You know, auntie, I am not a Catholic,—at least I have not been brought up as one, and it was only a short time before mother's death that I knew I had been baptized, as a baby, by a priest. Poor mother was always a Protestant, but when she was dying she regretted having kept this fact from me, and toward the last said: 'Go to your Aunt Angelina, child, when I am gone; she would have taken you years ago, but I refused the help she offered then. When you are alone in the world, she will surely be a friend to you.' And so, auntie, as soon as I could do so I came; and I mean

to stay with you always if you will have me. You will tell me about the faith I have never known."

"Your father wrote to me, dear, that you had been baptized and that he wished you to be a Catholic; but your mother would not let you come to me, and of course I could do nothing but pray; and this, you may be sure, dear, I have done all these years. And," added her aunt, "gladly will I help you, dear one, in the way you wish; though I fear you will find it dull with an old woman, and one who is unable to offer you any of the luxury to which you have been accustomed."

"We were very rich once, auntie," Chrissie rejoined; "but it seems a very long while go. My stepfather speculated rashly, and for months before mother died we had many privations to bear; and when my good fortune came she was too ill to be told. But are you very poor, auntie?" the girl questioned naively.

"Yes, dear, *very*," was Miss Angelina's reply.

But, to her surprise, Chrissie threw herself on her knees before her, and, half-laughing, half-crying, exclaimed:

"Oh, I am so glad! I am so glad!"

"*Glad!*" Miss Angelina said in consternation.

"Not glad because you are poor, but because I am rich." And, less incoherently: "You know, auntie, papa had many shares in a silver mine in Denver, Colorado, and these have lately proved very valuable. I did not know this until after mother's death, and was rather sorry to learn that I am once more a rich woman; for I had looked forward to earning my own living. But now that I have some one to share it with me, I am truly glad. So now, dear auntie, your money cares are gone forever."

The novena had not been made in vain, and Miss Angelina thanked God, who had so mercifully come to her aid. The Sacred Heart had given her more than she had asked; for had It not

bestowed upon her the love and care of this generous girl, and given to her lonely life an interest that hitherto it had not known?

Angelina's life, more than her words, prepared the way for her niece's reception into the Church. It was impossible to live with such a woman and not be convinced that her charity and self-sacrifice had for its source the divine charity of the Sacred Heart; and that, like her Master, she lived only for others. Chrissie saw and understood. She had already been baptized, and the day on which she made her First Communion was among the happiest days in her aunt's life.

Miss Angelina did not live many years after her niece's conversion. Her death, like her life, was a holy one; and the happiness of that death was increased, no doubt, by the secret Christina confided to her,—“the secret of the King.”

In the old Ursuline Convent at Quebec Sister Marie Angelina of the Sacred Heart still lives. Her name in religion describes the devotion of her life. God had given much to her, and she rejoiced to give to Him her all. In her cloister home she has a happiness of which the world knows little. She does not forget, however, that devoted soul to whom, under God, she owes it all, and who is still spoken of by those who knew her as “Miss Angelina.”

“LET no one be astonished,” says St. Thomas of Villanova, “that the Evangelists who record, with so many details, what relates to St. John the Baptist and St. Mary Magdalen, speak so little of Mary. It is sufficient that they say she is ‘Mother of Jesus’; for that distinguished quality embraces the most glorious attributes, and embraces them all.” “Jesus Christ is God; Mary, His Mother, is Mother of God; in this is comprised a dignity of an order superior to every other, and coming immediately after that of God,” says Albertus Magnus.

Theological Truckling.

A FRESH instance of theological truckling to the “spirit of the age” is thus noted in the London *Academy*:

Last Sunday a certain Anglican cleric, preaching on behalf of the Church of England Temperance Society, chose his text from the story of the Pool of Bethesda, where an angel troubled the waters; and, before going on to his assumption that all the poor sick folk were brought to their sad condition by their sins, he favored his congregation with a very pretty *obiter dictum* to the effect that the Pool doubtless possessed “intermittent mineral properties,” due to the bubbling up of a spring. Here, then, is an instance of what may be called Spiritual Homœopathy. The preacher had no doubt noted the prevalence of a certain malady called Modernism, and was resolved to cure any incipient cases amongst his hearers by the exhibition of his famous “Mineral Properties” globule. *Similia similibus curantur*; our cleric felt sure, we may assume, that any “Modernist” present would make a rapid recovery after this dose of the angel translated into *mag. sulph.*

After that preliminary bit of “admirable fooling,” the London weekly proceeds with this equally admirable bit of common-sense:

On any other hypothesis the preacher's remark would be hard indeed to justify. The careful and honest and scholarly investigation of the Bible, conducted by scholars for scholars with all reverence and reserve and precaution, is, without doubt, an admirable duty. The scholars and theologians to whom such duty belongs are aware of the infinite incapacity of the human intelligence; of the propensity to fallacy which lurks in our ratiocinative faculties; of the immense danger of leaping to conclusions from faulty premises, or from no premises at all. They will remember the case of the “Higher Critic” who decided that writing was unknown in the time of Abraham,—a few months before the discovery of a great store of documents written at a date prior to the Patriarchal period. They will remember, too, how the Higher Criticism has had to yield position after position as to the genuineness and authenticity of the books of the New Testament; they will even be taught by physical science that all sorts of events which would have been pronounced “impossible” a hundred years ago, are now things of common knowledge. The Stigmata, which once “proved” the chroniclers of the life

of St. Francis of Assisi to be peculiarly impudent, and foolish and superstitious liars, are now the subject of medical investigation in the hospitals. The "dwarfs" for which Herodotus was derided were giving shows in the London music-halls quite recently. Such considerations might be multiplied indefinitely.

Above all, our theologians will remember the great consideration that, the Christian religion being confessedly a "supernatural" religion, there is no antecedent improbability in the mention of the "supernatural" in its records. And, to conclude, they will beware of an error which medical men as a rule have the sense (and the kindness) to avoid; they will not disturb the minds and hearts of the layfolk by all kinds of premature and uncertain disclosures of highly dubious "results." The quack doctor may announce his "Powders to Cure Cancer," but the honorable physician is more cautious. He works and watches and experiments and waits—and the public are not asked into his laboratory or his dissecting room.

This last sentence may pertinently be recommended, we think, to the unduly strenuous historical critics within the Church, who, not content with discussing the possible, or even probable, legendary nature of certain traditional facts or occurrences, dogmatically assert that they are mere myths, and proclaim their opinion from the housetops,—not as opinion, but as established truth.

The Christian Language.

GREAT as the Christian element is in all European tongues, perhaps when the Spaniards call Castilian *Cristiano* (the Christian language), they are not making an altogether unfounded boast. *En un Jesús* is the Castilian equivalent for the German *augenblick*, the Italian *momento*. The phrase has an element which is utterly wanting in the "in a jiffy" or "half a moment" of our own argot. How touching is the Spanish colloquial phrase meaning "to assist a dying person": *decir los Jesúses*,—"to repeat the Jesuses"! There is a verb *Jesúsear*, "frequently to repeat the name of Jesus." The Spanish word for a beggar is *pardiosero*, one who asks aid *por Dios*,—for God's sake.

Notes and Remarks.

The most interesting and perhaps the most important feature of the recent Convention of the Catholic Educational Association in Cincinnati was the discussion of a paper read by the Rev. Dr. Shields, of the Catholic University of America, on "The Method of Teaching Religion." His views were ably defended by the Rev. Dr. Pace, a fellow professor of psychology; but combated with no less ability, and, if we are correctly informed, with much greater success, by the Rev. Peter Yorke, of the archdiocese of San Francisco. It is announced that the Rev. Dr. Shields is preparing a new catechism based on the theories formulated in his paper; he is now in a position to judge of the likelihood of its meeting with anything like general favor. There seems to be a growing conviction that improvement in the teaching of religion is not to be effected by the multiplication of textbooks,—a conviction which we hope will very soon become very strong and very general.

Another highly important paper,—on religious vocations—read at the Convention, was by the Rev. Bernard O'Reilly, of St. Mary's Institute, Dayton, Ohio. It was listened to with closest attention and praised by everyone present. We are much pleased to learn that a copy of this valuable paper is to be sent to every parish priest in the United States. Zealous bishops were heard to express the hope that Father O'Reilly's words, so zealous, timely and well-weighed, might be echoed from every Catholic pulpit in the land.

One of the resolutions adopted at the fifth annual Convention of the Catholic Educational Association may be quoted here, as an indication of the spirit which seems to animate all its members, whether lay or clerical, secular or religious. That such a spirit may be communicated to the Catholic body generally is something

to be heartily desired and fervently prayed for:

Resolved, That we make every effort, not only to strengthen our present splendid parish school system, but also to equip in as perfect a manner as possible, to maintain in all vigor, and to multiply wherever necessary, our academies, high schools, colleges and universities, which are coming to be more and more recognized as the only ordinary safeguards of faith for a period of life most in need of such aid; the only protection of that lofty citizenship which the Church has ever cherished; and the only effective means by which the tides of Modernism and infidelity, now threatening both country and Church, can be stayed.

The forthcoming sports in Rome, some of which are to take place in the Vatican Gardens, give timeliness to Father C. C. Martindale's contribution to the current *Month*, "Catholics and Athleticism in Italy." Here is an interesting excerpt dealing with the programme at the *Ricreatorio* in Florence:

Nightly, from 6.30 to 7.30, when First Communion is being prepared for, Catechism is explained for the candidates (some fifty made their First Communion last May); then there are gymnastics, drill, or music practice. We had the privilege of seeing all these performances. Two or three young men, themselves sons of prosperous members of the commercial classes, helped in the Swedish drill. The strictly military part was carried out by a smart young sergeant of the 4th Infantry stationed in Florence, who cycles over from his barracks to give his services. It is this splendid lay co-operation which makes the *Ricreatorio* so wide in its scope for good. As for the band, we will only say that it is very large indeed, and played Verdi's most tempestuous productions in the vaulted vestibule; and that the very efficient master broke first his *baton*, then his desk, in the course of the evening's practice. Stunned, we assisted at the brief night prayers, and returned home about 9.30, accompanied by half a dozen small boys, whose paternal care of us during the evening would certainly not have been displayed toward a foreigner by the same number of young English waifs and strays.

At this distance it looks as if the *Ricreatorio* plan of combining the study of religion with innocent and health-developing games may result in giving to

Italy a future generation of practical and able-bodied Catholics, of whom the Church in that country is likely to be, within the next quarter of a century, sorely in need.

In a recent reference to Sir Charles Santley, we mentioned as worthy of note his continuing to sing at the age of seventy-four. Sir Charles, however, has rivals. M. Pigeon, a member of the St. Polycarp Church choir at Soulanges, Quebec, is eighty-seven, has been singing for the past sixty-two or sixty-three years, and gives no indication of soon retiring. Over in France, there is M. Narcisse Rigault, a member of the Senlis cathedral choir. He is ninety-two years of age, and has been a singer since his twentieth year. The dean of Catholic choir-singers, however, if length of service be the criterion, would seem to be M. Léon Carré, of Quincy-Sévy, France. M. Carré is only eighty-six; but, as he began singing as a choir-boy at the age of eight, and, graduating into the regular choir, has continued his service ever since, it is doubtful that his record has been surpassed in the last century. This hale old vocalist is a gardener, and probably his life in the open air accounts for his excellent health, as well as for the fact that his fine voice is still clear and free from the slightest tremor.

About a dozen years ago, the late Dr. Keeley, of Gold Cure fame, published a work, "The Non-Hereditary of Inebriety," which provoked energetic dissent from very many medical critics and reviewers. We are reminded of the work by the citation, in the London *Catholic Times*, of an extract from a new book on "Heredity," by Arthur J. Thompson, M. A. "It is necessary," says this author, "to recognize that what may be inherited is not the result of alcoholism, but rather the disposition which led the parent to become alcoholic,—*e. g.*, lack of control power. This is clearly illustrated in cases where the parent did not acquire the alcoholic

habit until after he had ceased having children. Thus a great authority observes: 'It was not the craving for alcohol that was inherited, but a general psychopathic constitution in which the alcoholic stimulus is an undue stimulus, and the mental control deficient' (T. S. Clouston). It is not to be expected that the particular modifications which the parent acquired through abuse of alcohol will be transmitted as such to his offspring. There is no secure evidence of this. The father may acquire cirrhosis of the liver, the child may be epileptic. There seems to be no authentic instance of anything like transmission of cirrhosis of the liver from a drunken father to his son. That a drunken son may also acquire cirrhosis proves nothing."

In so far as the theory of heredity affords the weak-willed a pretext for yielding to an appetite which resolute action of their own can effectively control, it is to be deprecated. Notwithstanding the handicap which affects the children of degenerate or dissipated parents, it is certain that free-will is the attribute of every rational being; and that, in the last analysis, men and women lose themselves in this world and are lost in the next, not by their parents but by themselves.

The living links with the Manning and Newman of the middle-nineteenth century are becoming fewer and fewer, and a notable one passed away recently in the person of the Rt. Rev. Alfred A. Curtis, formerly Bishop of Wilmington, and of late years Vicar-General of the archdiocese of Baltimore. Born in Maryland, of Protestant parents, in 1831, the late prelate studied for the Protestant Episcopal ministry, took orders, and served for several years in its ranks as pastor. A visit to England and intercourse with Archbishop Manning and Dr. Newman led to his conversion and subsequent ordination as a priest. As Bishop of Wilmington, secretary to Cardinal Gibbons, and Vicar-

General of Baltimore, he did most effective work; and throughout his whole career, says one who knew him, "he was always the same kind, benignant, reserved, unobtrusive man, shunning popularity and ostentation." A scholar of distinction, Bishop Curtis was altogether free from the besetting sin of scholarship—intellectual pride; and while his will was strong and resolute, its force manifested itself rather in severity toward himself than in any harshness shown to others. A saintly prelate and a kindly man, may his soul rest in peace!

A British Colonial Governor of a stamp refreshingly dissimilar to that of Sir Frederic Hodgson, of British Guiana, is Sir Harry Rawson, of New South Wales. On the occasion of the recent cornerstone laying for an Anglican church, he is reported as saying:

In laying these foundation-stones I always speak to the people about liberty of conscience. You must all understand that you have been born with that liberty in Australia. It was fought for by your forefathers, and you inherited it. That liberty of conscience is the right to worship your God in any manner you consider proper. In taking that liberty, you are bound to recognize and give that liberty to others who believe in worshipping our God in a different manner. When I first came out here, and in the first year or two of my governorship, I found sectarian strife was being urged on by both sides. There is no greater scourge to a country. In every place where I have laid a foundation-stone for a church or rectory—it does not matter what sect I have done it for—I have tried to give this note of warning.

And an excellent warning it is. Not all the world has yet outlived the idea that liberty of conscience is a privilege of some, not the right of all.

It is more than sixty years since Richard Chenevix Trench, later to become Archbishop of Dublin, published "Notes on the Miracles of Our Lord." A new edition of the work at the present time is so far opportune that it may help to stem the current of rationalistic opinion which,

outside the Church, threatens to sweep away all belief in the miraculous as opposed to reason. From the notable introduction written for the book by Dr. A. Smythe Palmer, we subjoin this interesting quotation:

Miracles are of the very essence of Christianity. No one who reads the Bible with a candid and impartial mind can be of another opinion. As Dr. Salmon expresses it, "a non-miraculous Christianity is as much a contradiction in terms as a quadrangular circle; when you have taken away the supernatural, what is left behind is not Christianity." The school of thought of which Matthew Arnold in England and Harnack in Germany are the representatives would have us believe that miracles are an element of weakness and not of strength in the Gospel history, and that it would have far greater claims on our allegiance if this hypothetically intrusive element could be got rid of. But it is interwoven into the very web and woof of the fabric, and can not be eliminated without doing violence to it. In a history intrinsically miraculous, miracles are not incongruous or out of place. Nor is there anything repugnant to reason in the doctrine of miracles, if only the transcendence of the Deity be intelligently held as the legitimate and needful correlative to His immanence in the world of nature. God is not in any sense so in bondage to the cosmos which he has created that He can not at any moment assert His aloofness and manifest the independence of His action by a sovereign exercise of His power, so as to produce new effects by introducing a new cause. . . . He does not merge Himself in the phenomena of nature, nor ever abdicate His regal function as Controller of the universe.

Persons who are conversant with present-day tendencies among so-called Christian denominations will agree that such doctrine as the foregoing is fully as necessary to-day as in the time of the Anglican Archbishop Trench.

In connection with the recent opening at Scranton, Pa., of a Home for the Aged, Mr. Martin Maloney, to whose princely generosity the Home owes its existence, had this to say of the institution's scope and character:

I want to see in this institution a home where the poor old fellow, even if he hasn't been so very good, and is "down on his luck," may find

a refuge. I don't so much worry about the very good old men and women, the extremely saintly ones: there are always enough kind hearts to take care of them; but I'd like to help the other fellow, the "cantankerous" old man or old woman,—the ones who need it most.

The Little Sisters of the Poor, who are in charge of the new Home, could probably inform Mr. Maloney, out of the abundance of their experience, that "cantankerousness," occasional if not habitual, is very far from being an unknown trait of even the "very good old men and women"; and that the "extremely saintly ones" are also extremely rare. The kindly viewpoint of the old people's friend and benefactor will, nevertheless, be very generally appreciated.

Once in a while one has the gratification of meeting with denunciation of anti-Catholic literature in the secular press. The experience is all the more pleasant for its unexpectedness. The *Times of Burma* is a stranger to us; however, we hope there is no inconsistency in its attack on the *Rangoon Gazette* for publishing, as an actual occurrence, a penny dreadful story by one Sir William Magnay, the title of which need not be given here. It will not probably please or encourage Sir William to read this very frank criticism, the severity of which seems to have been entirely deserved:

In respect of this precious lucubration, we have no hesitation in characterizing Sir Wm. Magnay, *Bart*, as a monumental and despicable liar. Tuft-hunters will publish any rubbish, provided it is written by a titled personage. Therefore we see this contemptible libel on Roman Catholic ecclesiastics and cloisters figuring in a paper from which better form and more discretion might be expected. Presumably the *Rangoon Gazette* does not number Roman Catholics among its readers, otherwise it would not go out of its way to libel the institutions which they hold in reverence.

"Tramps Round the Mountains of the Moon and Through the Back Gate of the Congo State" is a recently published book by the Rev. T. Broadwood Johnson, M. A.,

F. R. G. G., who in the very beginning thinks fit to make the following statement:

In addition there are the Roman Catholic missions, in whose ranks are many devoted workers. With their looser standards and more mechanical methods, they appeal more readily to some, but do not lead their converts on to much independence of thought; and their adherents comprise few of the influential.

This insult to one of the most devoted bands of missionaries in the world is thus briefly, though quite adequately, rebuked by a writer in the *London Academy*: "The statement is narrow and uncharitable. Moreover, it is untrue."

Sir Robert Hart in one of his essays, "From the Land of Sinim," expressed the conviction that the general and immediate advance of civilization in China could be effected only by the conversion of the Empire to Christianity. More recent travellers declare that this consummation is likely to be realized during the present century—that Christianity is rapidly displacing Confucianism, the official cult of China. The statistics in support of this contention are very striking. The number of the converts to the Church in the Empire, according to one of our missionaries stationed there, is 1,014,266, while the applicants for baptism at the beginning of last year attained the enormous figure of 1,120,560.

It is extremely probable that the anti-clerical, or rather anti-religious, statesmen of France are inclined to believe that their alliance with Socialist leaders for the purpose of triumphing over the Church has been purchased at too dear a price; and that, from the viewpoint of national existence, to say nothing of national glory, the last state of the Republic is worse than the first. Says the writer of "Foreign Affairs" in the *Fortnightly Review*:

Looking back on the past eight years, during which the Socialists have been a predominant influence in the State, the French are suddenly made aware that, while many useful reforms have been accomplished, the discipline of their

Army has relaxed, their Navy has visibly deteriorated, their finances have been placed in yet further jeopardy, the possibility of a general strike has come very near a reality, the withdrawal of French capital and its investment in foreign securities has startlingly increased, an extremely formidable and reckless power has been organized in their midst and threatens to tyrannize over the life and labor of the country, and a propaganda has sprung up which is warring to the knife against the very idea of nationhood. It is as the opponent of the creed that has produced these results that M. Clemenceau sees before him a new and unlooked-for lease of power.

The author of the foregoing apparently ignores any influence that the religious question in France may have exerted on the conditions specified, and implicitly exonerates M. Clemenceau from any responsibility in connection therewith. Yet it seems abundantly clear that M. Clemenceau himself, through his war on religion, his laicization or dechristianization of the schools, his expulsion of those best friends of the poor and the afflicted, the Sisters, has done incomparably more to foster Socialism and its attendant evils than have M. Jaures and his followers. It is easy prophecy that France will never recover her normal tranquillity and former prestige till M. Clemenceau's present lease of power comes to a decisive and permanent end.

An experience which the late Francis Thompson once had with a swallow is rather forcibly suggestive of that formerly much-quoted lyric of Longfellow's, "The Arrow and the Song":

I shot an arrow into the air;
It fell to earth I knew not where.

Catching, one day in the early autumn, a swallow that nested in his garden, the English poet fastened to its wing a piece of oiled paper with the words, "Swallow, little swallow, I wonder where you pass the winter!" The next spring the swallow returned to its nest at the usual time. Attached to its foot was another piece of oiled paper with the inscription: "Florence, at the house of Casteddorf. Cordial greetings to the friend in the North."

Notable New Books.

An American Student in France. By the Abbé Felix Klein. A. C. McClurg & Co.

The genial French Abbé could not write an uninteresting book; and, for an author's translation, his new work is remarkable, even from the viewpoint of style; this notwithstanding an evident effort to introduce supposedly typical phrases,—“I reckon,” for an example.

The American student visiting France for the first time gives an account of places he sees, the people he meets; and these recitals he makes personal by a naïve expression of the emotions aroused. Paris and its beautiful and historic environs, Quercy and the mountains of Auvergne, Lyons and Fourvière are among the places of interest visited,—each of which furnishes much that is delightful in the way of ecclesiastical and secular architecture and art; and there are some learned chapters bearing on race-spirit.

Naturally, the traveller from America takes part in numerous politico-religious discussions, for the questions involved are of the very air of France at present; and no doubt the light thus thrown on conditions will to many constitute the chief value of the book. The Abbé Klein gives his imaginary student an air of reality from the beginning; as, for instance, when, recording his impressions of the Hôtel des Invalides, he says: “This dome is covered with gold, but no one could tell me its cost.” Is it possible that any one spoke of the cost of any of America's buildings when the Abbé visited us?

We like “An American Student in France”; but—and perhaps it is because of our egotistic desire to read others' impressions of us—we prefer “In the Land of the Strenuous Life.”

The Throne of the Fisherman; the Root, the Bond, and the Crown of Christendom. By Thomas W. Allies, K. C. S. G. New Edition. Burns & Oates; Benziger Brothers.

This volume is the fifth of the series published under the general title “The Formation of Christendom,”—the first treating of the Christian Faith and the Individual; the second, of the Christian Faith and Society; the third, of the Christian Faith and Philosophy; the fourth, of the Christian Faith as seen in Church and State.

Here the author studies the divine origin of the Papal power founded on the very words of Our Lord and maintained by His Providence, as manifested throughout the eighteen centuries of Christianity (ch. i); the progressive development of its application and organization, under

this guidance, from St. Peter to St. Sylvester, as manifested by the authority of the Bishop of Rome over councils and bishops (ch. ii, iii); the official recognition of this power under Constantine and his successors in the union of Church and State (ch. iv, v, vi); the principles of this union as realized under Theodosius (ch. vii, viii); the flowering of Patristic literature during this period (ch. ix, x); and, finally, the full development of this supreme pontifical authority in Leo the Great, who realizes the Primacy as the Church's centre of gravity and life; who saves, through it, the Church from dependence on temporal power, heresy, and division, and civilization from barbarism; and who, by his intellectual vigor and energetic will, maintains the principles of authority received from Christ and His Apostles, and transmits them incorrupted to his successors to be carried out through all centuries (ch. xi).

As the reader can see from this brief outline, the present volume is more than a mere narration of successive facts: it is, above all, an exposition of the elements which have constituted Christianity, and of the principles which have directed its organization; the diverse facts being both the result and the expression of this work. It presents to us, therefore, a philosophy of history rather than mere history, and it is precisely this point of view which gives to the book its true meaning and real value.

We regret that, in this new edition, the editor has not appended, by way of footnotes, an up-to-date bibliography, and some references to the best modern works on the different points treated. The solutions would not indeed have been changed thereby; they would rather appear reinforced and additionally luminous.

To the student of history and to the theologian, this book, besides awakening fruitful reflections, will afford a special help to understand the immutable principles and follow the progressive development of the organization of the Church.

A Martyr of Our Own Day. The Life and Letters of Just de Bretenières, Martyred in Corea, March 8, 1866. Adapted from the French by the Rev. John J. Dunn. Society for the Propagation of the Faith, Archdiocese of New York.

It was a happy thought to adapt into English the biography of this young French missionary (he was beheaded when only thirty-two years of age), whose life and death offer so inspiring an example to the seminarian and priest of our own day. Born in a family of high position and great wealth, he could have assuredly attained to worldly fame in his native country; yet he lived a life of poverty and self-sacrifice,

and left all who were dear to him to become, what he always wished to be, a missionary and a martyr. He realized in a high degree the qualities which every priest or seminarian must possess if he is to be in any sense the ambassador of Christ.

Some, perhaps, will find that this book is not addressed directly to the American seminarian or priest, since it gives the career of one who devoted himself to foreign missions. Such a thought would be, to our mind, a grave error. Has not Catholic America to take her part in the conversion of barbarous nations? And must we not realize that the development of the spirit and love of foreign missions will be the very spark which will enkindle and vivify the fire of the missionary spirit at home?

The letters of the martyr, the journal of his parents, and the testimony of his companions, are the chief documents used in this biography. They put us in close contact with the intimate life of the young seminarian and missionary. Some fine engravings accompany the text.

This book is adapted from the French. Should not the name of the original author—Mgr. d'Hulst, we believe—have been given?

Cords of Adam. By the Rev. Thomas J. Gerrard. Longmans, Green & Co.

The title of this excellent volume of devotional essays is borrowed from the Prophet Osee, "I will draw them with the cords of Adam, with the bonds of love"; and it is admirably descriptive of the distinguishing characteristic of the book's contents. Father Gerrard aims "to show the essentially fair and beautiful aspect of the Gospel, even in those points where it seems to contradict the religious spirit; to justify the ways of God to men in a number of questions where men think they see the need of justification." The surpassing love and superabounding mercy of God is the keynote of each of the forty-six papers, of varying length, which make up the book's three hundred pages, and constitutes about the only bond of union among them, as no attempt is made at ordered sequence in the themes successively discussed.

While the devotional nature of the various essays is apparent throughout, a number of them have also a distinct apologetic value. And the author brings to his apologetic treatment a freshness and individuality that will forcibly appeal to many a reader who has worried over the complex problem of evil. Of the text, "For many are called, but few are chosen," for instance, we read: "It is written that the devil can quote Scripture. And I find it difficult to resist the impression that he must have had something to do with giving this text its usual interpretation." Then follows a vigorous

protest against the text's being quoted as a statement of the relative numbers of the lost and the saved.

On the same subject in another essay, Father Gerrard writes: "God has seen fit to keep the relative numbers of the lost and the saved as a secret for Himself. But He has also seen fit to reveal to us what our reason also dictates—namely, that He is kind and good beyond all human conception."

An admirable volume for occasional reading.

The Catholic School System in the United States. By the Rev. James A. Burns, C. S. C. Benziger Brothers.

Teachers, and all others interested in matters educational, will welcome Father Burns' history of the great Catholic system of education in this country. Much of the material of this new publication appeared in the *Catholic University Bulletin* during 1906-07; but to have the data gathered between covers, thus unifying the wealth of information, doubles the value of the work for the interested reader.

The period covered in this initial volume of a series (soon to be completed, we hope) is from the earliest schools in Mexico—1629—to conditions presented in the United States in 1840; and even a glance at the statistics offered gives evidence of the magnitude of the compiler's task, as well as of his satisfactory performance of it.

The introduction to the historical chapters is well worth reading; for it shows the principles underlying the system of Catholic education, and the relation between the Church and the schools,—all of which must be understood before one can hope fully to understand the philosophy of education in general, or that of any system in particular.

The Story of Blessed Thomas More. By a Nun of Tyburn Convent. Benziger Brothers.

The St. Nicholas Series, edited by Dom Bede Camm, O. S. B., is recommended to all who seek edifying as well as interesting books for family or school libraries. The latest addition to this series is "The Story of Blessed Thomas More," the wise counsellor and statesman, the patron of learning, the model father, and the loyal adherent to the Church. This sketch outlines his childhood, his student life, his manhood, his literary work, his career as Chancellor of England, his trial, and his martyrdom. Every chapter holds a special interest, and one hardly knows whether to grieve or to exult over the death of one so noble and so true. To read biographies of this kind, interesting in themselves and fittingly presented, must spur on the youth of to-day toward worthy ideals.

FOR YOUNG FOLK

UNDER THE MANE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

The Squirrels' Brother.

BY GEORGE PROSPERO.

(CONCLUSION.)



JEANNOT reached his destination in safety, and was received with open arms by Mère Martinet. She wished him to know that, although far from his home and his real mother, he should not look upon himself as an orphan. He should be as one of her own family, and she would ever treat him with true maternal tenderness and care.

Jeannot, from the first, endeared himself to everybody; all were charmed with his pleasant, genial manners. And, though his dexterity far exceeded that of his companions, no word of envy was ever heard, no feeling of jealousy ever aroused, when success followed his efforts. His triumphs were a joy to all.

We can not follow Jeannot in all his travels. After many brilliant performances in different parts of France, Père Martinet decided to give an entertainment at the Belgian capital. There, as elsewhere, he reaped a rich harvest. "Juano"—as his name now appeared on the bills—could draw an immense crowd anywhere.

Five years had passed away; and now, at the height of his success, Jeannot was reminded that the time was approaching for him to enter upon his military service. Unpleasant as the interruption certainly was, no murmur of discontent escaped his lips. He thought it only right that he should learn the arts of war, and be able to defend his country in the hour of need. With true patriotism, he deemed it an honor to serve under the standard of France; and he rejoiced to

think that the Tricolor ever keeps watch, like a faithful sentinel, beside the Blessed Sacrament in the Basilica of the Sacred Heart at Montmartre. He cherished the hope that, were the standard of France ever to be led against the enemy, the Sacred Heart, touched by the reverencing supplications offered at the Throne of Grace, would send fresh victories to her arms.

Père Martinet had decided to give a grand entertainment in the Gardens of the Tuileries, for the benefit of the victims of an inundation in the south of France. Jeannot was to take the leading part, and perform feats of skill and daring that would bring undying glory to himself as well as to his accomplished master. It would be his last public appearance until after his return from the army, so nothing was left undone to make it a great success.

As the eventful day drew near, the gay capital was all a whirl of excitement. Reporters were very busy interviewing the distinguished young acrobat, and all were charmed by his frank, joyous nature. It was a delight to hear him extolling his profession in general, and in particular the marvellous feat he intended to perform at the Tuileries.

"Do not encourage him too much, gentlemen," interposed Père Martinet, who had come to love the boy as if he were his own son. "The feat to which he refers is madness,—it is pure folly. Come and look at the trapeze and rope. You will see that it is madness."

And in reality, greedy as these men were for some thrilling narrative to enliven their newspapers, when they beheld the height from which Jeannot meant to dive (for in this *plongeon* lay his contemplated triumph), a cold shiver passed through their usually impassive souls, and they

reiterated Père Martinet's exclamation:

"It is folly, madness, to dream of such a wild, breakneck descent from a height of ninety feet, even with netting as a precaution."

Jeannot, however, disclaimed all idea of such folly, and said he had no misgivings whatever. So the journalists departed, charmed with the boy's daring and enthusiasm. Next morning the papers contained glowing accounts of the thrilling feat that was to take place in the evening, and the city was astir with excitement and expectation.

But could the enthusiastic people have followed Jeannot's movements that bright May day, they would have seen him quietly wending his way to the church of St. Roch, where he passed a long time in prayer before the Tabernacle. Then, passing over to Our Lady's shrine, he said the Rosary, which had been his favorite devotion since the time of his First Communion.

On leaving the church, he noticed in the vestibule a tablet containing the names of the preachers for the month of May. Imagine his delight to see among the number the name of Père Abel, of the Order of St. Francis, who was no other than his boyhood's friend and protector, Edouard Labrière, now a famous preacher. He resolved at once to go to see him the next day, and tell him of his past and of his hopes for the future.

A little later Jeannot was seated in a tent in the Tuileries Gardens, writing a long, loving letter to his mother. He had always kept her informed of his whereabouts from day to day, and now he dwelt with delight on his contemplated visit to Père Abel on the morrow.

While he was thus engaged, Père Martinet came up to him, laid his hand on his shoulder, and said with great tenderness:

"Jeannot, my Jeannot, you are running a great risk. Again I beg of you to desist. It is madness, absolute madness!"

Jeannot only smiled, his eyes beaming

with a light that seemed not of earth. He remained unshaken in his resolution; and, in order to turn Père Martinet's thoughts to more pleasant things, took him to see the bills of the evening's *fête*, where the name of "Juano" had the place of honor.

"Ah, Père Martinet, how is that?"

It was now the elder man's turn to smile. His thoughts went back to days when his own name could bring a crowd anywhere. The shadows hovering on his brow disappeared somewhat when the memory of his old triumphs rushed upon him. No doubt, he reflected, Jeannot felt as he did in those far-off years, when earth's highest joys seemed attained on beholding his own name, in flaming red or brightest yellow, posted up in some of the leading cities of the Continent.

Jeannot dined early with Père Martinet and his wife. The younger members of the family were in breathless anxiety about the coming feat; there was unusual silence, almost sadness. Then Jeannot went to vest himself in his blue fleshings, and a few minutes later appeared all radiant with delight; after which the master accompanied him to the Gardens of the Tuileries.

The two strolled about the beautiful grounds till finally the lengthening shadows interrupted their pleasant gossip, reminding them that the moment for the entertainment was at hand. When they reached the trapeze, which had been splendidly fitted up for the occasion, a large crowd had already assembled, and all were eager and expectant.

At a given signal, Escobar and Danieli opened the *fête* by some skilful exercises on the trapeze. Then the two younger Martinets went through various acrobatic manœuvres, offering fair promise of doing honor to their father in later years. Finally "Juano's" turn came. Already a great favorite with the public, his appearance was greeted with loud cheers of admiration and applause. He smiled, kissing his hands in such a peculiar, gracious manner that it seemed like a

friendly salute to each one present; then, seizing the rope, he swung himself up to the topmost bar. The spectators could find no way to express their feelings as the audacious boy, lighter than a bird, more agile than a squirrel, stood aloft and looked down upon them. "Juano" went through many astounding exercises, to the slow, regular cadence of the orchestra; delighting all, amazing all, though many were thrilled with horror at the danger to which he exposed himself.

At last came the moment for the *plongeon*. The music now swelled out, filling the soft evening air with the notes of a familiar waltz. Jeannot was standing on high, about to take the momentous leap that was to be the crowning point of his fortune. One last graceful salute to the crowd, and he took the final plunge. The movement, the fall, was so rapid, so appalling, that when the net was seen to receive its light burden, a feeling of relief took possession of the bystanders. Then, as the music again burst forth in gayer strains, frantic cheers rose from the thousands present, each and all calling for "Juano." Only those nearest the net knew he had fallen never again to rise.

The meshes of the netting had opened as the acrobat fell with such terrific impetus, his head passing through, his forehead touching the earth. By what miracle the boy was not killed instantly will ever remain God's secret. He still breathed; and as if Death, while striking its victim with an inexorable hand, refused to disfigure the body which had ever preserved such moral purity, only a faint streak of blood trickled over his forehead. A doctor from among the spectators rushed to give assistance; but he saw at once that the young acrobat was beyond all human aid. On unloosening his tights to aid respiration, the Scapular of Mount Carmel was found resting upon his breast.

Père Martinet and his sons with difficulty made their way through the crowd, and now stood beside the dying boy. Kneeling down, the old man took Jeannot's hand

in his, and called wildly through his tears: "Jeannot! Jeannot, my dear child! Oh, Jeannot, speak to us!" He continued to chafe the hands, which grew colder each minute; while Escobar and Danieli were speechless with grief, and silently brushed away their tears.

Suddenly, to the amazement of all, Jeannot feebly opened his eyes and pronounced a word—the last he was to utter on earth: "The priest!" "He asks for a priest!" cried Père Martinet. Then this Parisian crowd—usually so sceptic, indifferent, irreligious,—each and every one present would have sped to bring a priest to the dying acrobat. "It is the Month of Mary!" exclaimed a lady. "If some one would run quickly to the Madeleine or St. Roch! The evening ceremony is not yet over. All the priests are sure to be at the church."

Swift as an arrow, several men sped to St. Roch, it being the nearer of the two churches. As they ran, they saw coming toward them an imposing young religious wearing the habit of St. Francis; and, rushing up to him, they explained all. The priest turned to one of the men and said: "You must go at once to St. Roch and bring a priest to administer Extreme Unction. Meantime I will give the acrobat only absolution."

The scene of the accident was soon reached; and the crowd, drawing aside, permitted the priest to stand beside the dying boy. Scarcely had he looked on the pallid face when he drew back horror-stricken; and, falling on his knees, cried out: "Jeannot! O my poor boy, what has happened to you?" Père Martinet came forward, and in a broken voice said: "You are the Père Abel?" The other answered: "Yes, Jeannot Lacombe's old friend." Then, rising, he extended his right hand over Jeannot's fair head: "*Ego te absolvo!*"

At that moment an Abbé, accompanied by an acolyte, was seen approaching. And, while there the *fête* continued in full swing, here Christ's representative

administered the last rites of Holy Church to the boy whose soul was about to wing its flight to the presence of its Creator. In truth it was a scene fraught with the realization of the nothingness of life. How vain and void our earthly pilgrimage unless our steps are ever directed toward eternity! Here, on one side, the glitter and tinsel and light music that make up a frivolous entertainment; on the other side, a precious human life, sacrificed for the amusement of the public, was ebbing rapidly away.

Jeannot seemed scarcely to breathe. Hardly had the Abbé finished the solemn rites when the doctor, laying his hand on the boy's heart for a few seconds, said: "All is over!" Jeannot was at rest; his earthly wanderings were past; and at their close Our Lady of Mount Carmel had, once again, been faithful to her consoling promise.

Needless to dwell on the despairing grief of the Martinet family. Père Abel did all in his power to comfort them. It was decided that the young Franciscan should write to Jeannot's mother and prepare her for the dreadful news,—announcing at first that there had been an accident, and gradually breaking the fatal truth. Long and bitterly she mourned for her boy, her Benjamin, the idol of her heart. But there was a ray of heavenly comfort in the thought of his innocent life and of his unwavering devotion to our Blessed Mother.

So dearly loved was the boy in his native village that his death was an occasion of public mourning. And when, a few days later, his remains were laid in the quiet little cemetery, many of the great ones of the earth—often destined to go "unwept, unmourned," to the tomb—might have envied the unfeigned sorrow, the heartfelt tears, of all who accompanied the peasant boy to his last resting-place.

A monument, in the shape of a beautiful cross, was soon erected over that peaceful mound of earth; and, owing to Mathieu's loving care, the grave ere long was a

smiling garden of delicate violets, typical of the simplicity and innocence of the one sleeping beneath. Each day the bereaved mother could be seen kneeling there, her head buried in her hands; and when, after long and earnest prayer, she raised her tear-dimmed eyes to the cross, she never failed to find a balm for her bleeding heart in the inscription, chosen by the Abbé Marbot himself: "His soul pleased God; therefore He hastened to bring him out of the midst of iniquities."

The Age of Trees.

Some trees attain an age that makes the allotted years of man seem few. Brazilian cocoanut palms live from six hundred to seven hundred years, and the date-palm wears its crown of several centuries without growing infirm. Oak and olive trees share this longevity, as do the yews and the famous redwoods of California. Not far from where this magazine is published is the remnant of an oak tree that might have been seen by Columbus if he had come up St. Joseph's River; and the antiquarians of the region could take you to many trees where, hidden under the earth at their base, are carved crosses made by the hands of the early missionaries in order to "blaze the way" for their companions.

A Wonder of Ireland.

One of the most wonderful echoes known is that heard from the Eagle's Nest, in the lake region of Ireland. The rock known as "Eagle's Nest" is the most prominent peak among the many that surround the Killarney Lakes, its top being 1250 feet above the surface of the water. The best spot at which to hear the echo is about 100 feet to the west of the promontory, the sound from that point being very startling; the slightest whisper is repeated so many times that science has failed to record the number.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—It is pleasant to learn that the last literary work of Joel Chandler Harris (Uncle Remus), who became a Catholic shortly before his lamented death, was a defence of the Christian religion. It was the unchangeableness of the Church, where all is change, that led the beloved author to examine her claims on his allegiance.

—"The Sanctity of Medicine," a discourse delivered at the Annual Meeting of the Massachusetts Medical Society, by Thomas F. Harrington, M. D., has been published in pamphlet form. It reveals a thoroughly sane idea of the scope of medical science, and, incidentally, of true religion as well.

—A new edition of Dom Gasquet's valuable work, "The Old English Bible and Other Essays," is a welcome announcement. This book was first published in 1897 and has been out of print for some time. It is issued as a companion volume to "The Last Abbot of Glastonbury and Other Essays," by the same author.

—From H. L. Kilner & Co. we have received the ninth enlarged and revised edition of "Spiritual Flowerets," by Father L. B. Palladino, S. J. The flowerets are brief paragraphs in honor of the Blessed Mother of God, practical spiritual directions for all Children of Mary. The little book contains three of these to a page, and the pages number 240.

—Another prominent Catholic, M. Thureau-Dangin, an historian of note, succeeds the late M. Bossier as Perpetual Secretary of the French Academy. He is now finishing his great work on the Catholic revival in England in the nineteenth century, of which three volumes have appeared. His "History of the Monarchy of July" won him the Gobert Prize and opened to him the doors of the Académie in 1893.

—We have received a trilogy of interesting volumes by the Rev. Andrew Joseph Ambauen, Ph. D.: "The Floral Apostles," "Forget-Me-Nots," and "The People's Friend." The first mentioned is a new edition (M. H. Wiltzius & Co.) of a work to which some years ago we gave well-merited praise. It contains such lessons of the flowers to thinking man as have appealed to the wisest men of all ages, and is enriched with many appropriate poetic selections. "Forget-Me-Nots" is a series of short readings on some of the principal duties of Christian in general and on some of the different states of life in particular. There is in the readings a note of practicality which will commend them to well-disciplined minds in every

condition of life. Practicality is still more the distinguishing characteristic of "The People's Friend," which is "a practical health alphabet," or a compilation of hints on how to preserve one's physical, mental, and moral health. The keynote of this volume is found in this citation from W. Hall:

Take care of your health; you have no right to neglect it, and thus become a burden to yourself, and perhaps to others. Let your food be simple, never eat too much, take exercise enough, be systematic in all things; if unwell, starve yourself till you are well again, and you may throw care to the winds, and physic to the dogs.

The second and third of the books are published by Morrison & Hadden, Dodgeville, Wisconsin, and are tastefully printed and bound, although less elaborately so than "The Floral Apostles."

—Messrs. Pustet & Co. have issued a new and revised edition of "Golden Rules," by the Rev. Michael Müller, C. SS. R. As very many of our readers are aware, these rules are intended for the direction of religious communities, seminaries, colleges, schools, families, etc. It is superfluous to add that the book is a treasure-house of admirable counsels, the reverend author having in the course of his compilation followed the advice of the Wise Man: "Seek out the wisdom of all the ancients." The result is a collection of such sound maxims and practical instructions as can not but prove eminently useful to those for whom it is specifically designed, while the general reader will discover in its pages abundant interest and edification.

—One of the Macmillan Co.'s latest publications is "Stories New and Old, American and English," selected and furnished with introductions by Mr. Hamilton Wright Mabie. By way of general introduction he gives an illuminative essay on the short-story, which he characterizes as probably the oldest literary form, while at the same time it has been the latest in history to receive exact definition of its purpose and scope, as well as the full unfolding of its artistic and dramatic resources. Some idea of the varying length of the tale technically called a short-story may be gained from the statement that one of the ten that are printed in this selection, Owen Wister's "The Game and the Nation," contains about 17,000 words, seventy-five pages of the book. The English authors represented are Dickens ("Dr. Marigold's Prescriptions"), Dr. John Brown ("Rab and His Friends"), Mr. J. Henry Shorthouse ("The Marquis Jeanne Hyacinth St. Palaye), and Robert Louis Stevenson ("Will o' the Mill"). Of other-day Americans

we have William Austin, Hawthorne, and Poe; while Thomas Bailey Aldrich and James Lane Allen do duty with Mr. Wister as representatives of our more modern *littérateurs*. Mr. Mabie's specific introductions to the individual stories are replete with the sympathetic criticism and literary charm which his readers have learned to look for in his studies or sketches. On the whole, the volume justifies the characterization given to it by the publishers, a collection of "typical American and English Tales."

—"Pentecost Preaching" is the title of a new volume of sermons by the Rev. Arthur Devine, Passionist. The twenty-five instructive discourses which it contains are on the Gospels of the Sundays after Pentecost, and are uniformly excellent in the selection of themes, vivid presentation of doctrinal truths, and orderly arrangement of parts. Father Devine has adopted the admirable plan—which ought to be generally followed in sermon books—of prefixing to each discourse a one-page synopsis thereof. Such a summarized statement of the sermon's contents is exactly what is wanted by the majority of pastors who consult such books in the preparation of their Sunday instruction; and the absence of the synopsis occasionally connotes a corresponding want of any logical method or sequence in the printed sermon. The publisher (Mr. Thomas Baker) has given the book exceptionally good printing and binding, though its typographical beauty is marred by the inclusion of the publisher's catalogue.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' price generally includes postage.

"Pentecost Preaching." Rev. Arthur Devine, S. J. \$1.50, net.

"Stories New and Old, American and English." Mr. Hamilton Wright Mabie. \$1.50.

"A Martyr of Our Own Day." From the French by the Rev. John J. Dunn. \$1, net.

"Cords of Adam." Rev. T. J. Gerrard. S. J. \$1.50.

"The Catholic School System in the United States." Rev. James A. Burns, C. S. C. \$1.25, net.

"The Story of Blessed Thomas More." A Nun of Tyburn Convent. 80 cts., net.

"An American Student in France." Abbé Felix Klein. \$2.50.

"The Eucharistic Heart of Jesus." \$1.

"Barnaby Bright." Father Bearne. 2 vols. \$1.60.

"The Bells of Atchison." Rev. Andrew Greeve. O. S. B. 75 cts.

"The Spectrum of Truth." Sharpe-Aveling. 30 cts.

"The Church of the Fathers," "University Teaching." Cardinal Newman. 75 cts., net.

"A Child Countess." Sophia Maude. 75 cts., net.

"Nemesis." S. A. Turk. 60 cts., net.

"In a Roundabout Way." Clara Mulholland. 75 cts., net.

"Christ among Men; or, Characteristics of Jesus as Seen in the Gospels." Abbé Stertillanges. 60 cts., net.

"The Tale of Tintern." Rev. Edward Caswall. 30 cts.

"A Commentary on the Present Index Legislation." Rev. Timothy Hurley, D. D. \$1.35, net.

"Althea." D. E. Nirdlinger. 60 cts.

"The Test of Courage." H. M. Ross. \$1.25.

"Assertio Septem Sacramentorum; or, Defence of the Seven Sacraments." Henry VIII, King of England. Re-edited, with an Introduction, by the Rev. Louis O'Donovan, S. T. L. \$2, net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Very Rev. Patrick Smyth, of the diocese of Davenport; and Rev. Patrick Shea, diocese of Cleveland.

Sister M. Emerentiana (Diamond), of the Sisters of the Holy Cross; and Sister Augustine, Sisters of Charity of Nazareth.

Dr. J. F. Christal, Mr. John Hall, Miss Catherine Kane, Mr. Henry Diekemper, Mrs. P. J. Johnson, Mrs. Bridget Shea, Mr. Frederick Gerst, Miss Bessie Kelly, Mr. William Meyer, Mr. F. E. Morris, Mr. Andrew Weber, and Mrs. Mary Ward.

Requiescant in pace!

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For three needy foreign missions:

A. G. S., \$15; Mrs. M. F. R., \$10; Mrs. Mary R., \$1; A. T. L., \$5.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED ST LUKE. . . 48

VOL. LXVII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, AUGUST 1, 1908.

NO. 5.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C. S. C.]

The Astronomer.

BY EDWARD WILBUR MASON.

HE watched the circling of the orbs in space;
He saw at eve upon the sky afar,
Orion, mighty lover of the chase,
Bring down his quarry of the falling star.

He saw the Pleiades among the spheres,
Seeking their jewelled sister all in vain;
And Andromeda, pale with pearly tears,
Bound to the darkness with a starry chain.

He watched the stars and knew their host august;
While, all unnoticed, souls of fire and light
Around him rose impassioned from the dust,
And gave their lives of beauty to the night.

An Austrian Shrine.

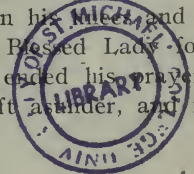
BY ELLIS SCHREIBER.

MARIA-ZELL, the national shrine of Austria, distant about eighty-six miles from Vienna, and some seventy-four miles from the town of Gratz, is one of the most noteworthy, if not one of the most widely-known, of European places of pilgrimage. Like many other ancient shrines of Our Lady, it had a very humble origin. At the time of the foundation of the Benedictine monastery of St. Lambert, amid the grand and picturesque scenery of the Styrian Alps, the evangelization and civilization of the original Slav population were in a great measure already accom-

plished. Yet, although in the fertile valleys which formed part of the property given to the convent, the process of amalgamation with the German immigrants continued to progress favorably, in the wild, inaccessible mountain regions the sons of the soil held their own, and sturdily resisted the rule of the new lords.

In the year 1157, for the purpose of carrying on the Christianization of the shepherds and other uncultured peasants who inhabited the outlying, scantily-populated districts that nominally were subject to him, Abbot Otto, with the consent and sanction of Pope Adrian IV., sent out five of his monks, each in a different direction. One of these missionaries was a priest of great sanctity; history does not record his name, but we know that he was of German nationality, and well prepared to encounter the hardships, toil, poverty and solitude which must inevitably be his portion. The only treasure he carried with him, besides a few necessities, was an image, carved in lime wood, of the Mother of God holding the Divine Child in her arms. This he prized very highly.

The legend relates that, journeying through the primeval forest, he lost his way, and when night fell found himself confronted by a high, bare rock, which rendered farther progress impossible. Wearied with his journey, and disheartened at being unable to discover any outlet, he cast himself on his knees and prayed fervently to our Blessed Lady for help. Scarcely had he ended his prayer when the rock was cleft asunder, and from it



issued a bright light, shining around him. In this miraculous event the pious monk recognized the finger of God; he saw in it a plain intimation that in that place he was to abide. In a sheltered spot he lay down to rest; and on the morrow, on a gentle declivity overlooking a fair valley in the vicinity of the rock, he set about erecting a house, or rather cabin of wood, one half of which was to serve as his dwelling; the other was to be a chapel, in which, on a pedestal formed out of the stump of a tree, he placed his cherished statue of Christ's Mother.

Such was the foundation, the first beginning, of the now far-famed and much-frequented sanctuary of Maria-Zell—*Benedicta Virgo Cellensis*,—where the identical statue carried thither by the monk still receives the homage of the faithful, and is the channel of countless graces and favors to devout pilgrims.

Abbot Otto had chosen his missionaries well. The monk of whom we are speaking fulfilled his duties with no ordinary zeal and fervor. By the piety of his life he won the esteem of the ignorant but simple and incorrupted inhabitants of the forest; and also attracted many Christians who lived at a distance beyond the sphere of his activity, but were desirous to hear the word of God from his lips, and to worship in the rustic chapel of Mary of the Cell. How long he carried on his ministry is not known; it was, however, blessed with such success that the concourse of those who sought instruction and help at the feet of Blessed Mary rapidly increased.

About the year 1280 a visitor of great importance arrived at Maria-Zell, in the person of the Margrave Heinrich of Moravia, with Agnes, his spouse. Both these princely personages had for a long time suffered from a lingering malady, a species of decline, for which the physicians of the day could find no remedy. Many pious prayers had they offered to Our Lady and St. Wenzel for the recovery of their health. One night the Margrave

dreamed that he saw standing beside him a man of lofty stature and noble mien, who announced to him his restoration to health; and, after describing minutely the shrine of Maria-Zell, said: "Thither thou must go, and at the feet of that image of the Mother of God render thanks for the recovery of thy health; for it is her gift." The Margrave awoke, and to his joy found that both he and the Margravine Agnes were perfectly well. Doubting not that Mary was the giver of the boon, and St. Wenzel her messenger, he at once obeyed the injunction given him. With a great retinue of nobles and followers, he repaired to the spot indicated, where, with deep devotion and tears of gratitude, he and his wife gave thanks to our Blessed Lady. As a thank-offering, the Margrave caused a church of stone to be built, to replace the lowly wooden cell.

Nearly a century later, another pilgrim of high rank appeared at Maria-Zell—Ludwig I., King of Hungary, who was accompanied by a band of warriors. Since 1363 that monarch had been involved in war with the Turks; and at the time of which we speak, Sultan Murad was advancing with an army of 80,000 men against the Servians, to whose assistance Ludwig could bring only a contingent of 10,000. The main army of the Turks was still at some distance when a division, by a forced march, surprised the Serbs by night, and put them all to death.

Now, the King of Hungary had a profound devotion to our Blessed Lady; in all his campaigns he took with him a small picture from his private oratory, and set it up in his tent. On the night of the battle, or rather of the massacre of his allies, he awoke with a start, and found that the picture had fallen and lay with its face on the ground. A secret intuition told him that this was a warning of imminent danger. He roused his soldiers, and, inspiring them with his own heroic confidence in Heaven, he cut his way through the enemy with scarcely any loss. In thanksgiving for the protection

thus vouchsafed to him and his men, a pilgrimage was made to Maria-Zell; and there he built a magnificent church, the nave and fine Gothic steeple of which are still standing. In the treasury of the church, the sword, spurs and regal mantle of this monarch are preserved; he also there offered the picture to which he owed his rescue; it is still to be seen on the altar of the treasure-room.

Troublous times ensued for Maria-Zell; for in the period of lawlessness, when might took the place of right, the roads were infested with brigands who attacked and robbed the pilgrims. Many of the highwaymen were knights, whose castles stood by the wayside, and who considered it their privilege to waylay travellers. Nor did an imperial decree, imposing a severe penalty on these freebooters, produce the desired effect. The frequent invasions of the Turks in the sixteenth century also rendered travelling in that part of Austria almost impossible. But no sooner was tranquillity restored than the influx of pilgrims again became so great that the church proved too small for the worshippers. Kings and emperors and many members of the royal house of Habsburg, visited the shrine and enriched it with valuable gifts.

About the middle of the seventeenth century an energetic abbot, of Italian birth, laid the foundation-stone of the present spacious edifice. He was assisted with a large sum of money by Ferdinand III., Emperor of Austria. The church was finished in the year 1699, and solemnly consecrated.

In the following century the sanctuary was more frequented than it had ever been before, or has ever been since. The concourse of pilgrims from every quarter of the Austrian Empire on occasion of the sixth centenary, celebrated in 1757, was so great that the priests were not sufficient to minister to the people, nor could the church contain the crowds that flocked to it. In that year of Jubilee as many as 373,000 pilgrims approached the sacra-

ments; and a chronicler of the time records that in Rogation week and at Pentecost thousands had to hear Mass and receive Holy Communion in the precincts, there being no room for them within the sacred edifice. It was on this occasion that the Empress Maria Teresa, who with her children often visited Maria-Zell, and offered many proofs of devotion to the Blessed Mother of God, presented the costly and beautiful silver railing which surrounds the altar. The discovery of extensive mines of ore in the vicinity some years earlier, and the establishment by order of the abbot, to whom the land belonged, of a large iron foundry at Maria-Zell, though it had no immediate connection with religion, served to give the locality greater prominence, to promote the prosperity of the district, and facilitate the means of approach for pilgrims.

The reign of Joseph II., Maria Teresa's successor on the throne, was a period of sad calamity for the Church in Austria. With a stroke of his despotic pen, the seven hundred conventual institutions in his dominions were suppressed, monks and nuns secularized, churches and convents demolished, all public processions and pilgrimages prohibited, the sacred vessels and ecclesiastical treasures allowed to fall into the hands of brokers and Jews. The motive of these cruel enactments was not the enrichment of the imperial exchequer; the Emperor was deluded into believing that he was acting for the welfare of the State and the people. He saw too late his fatal mistake, and died, it is said, of a broken heart.

The monastery of St. Lambert, the richest in the land, did not escape the general fate, though it did not belong to the contemplative Orders condemned by the spirit of the age as objectless and useless. On the contrary, the interior discipline was excellent, and the exterior work of teaching and preaching, the care of thirty-one parishes, was zealously performed. The order for its suppression was a severe blow for Maria-Zell, as the

pious monks had for centuries been the faithful guardians of the miraculous image. Nor was the suspense and apprehension felt concerning the fate of the Chapel of Grace itself unfounded; for some imperial officials, who regarded that ancient and renowned place of pilgrimage as a hotbed of superstition, represented to the Emperor that the chapel containing the venerated image was constructed of wood; and as lighted tapers were constantly fixed on the balustrade, and left burning, there was continual fear that a conflagration might ensue. But Joseph II., either from a suspicion as to the truth of this statement, or from a pious reluctance to destroy the time-honored place dear to the heart of his ancestors who had offered prayers and gifts there, hesitated before signing the order for the removal of the statue and the demolition of the church.

The Emperor himself resolved to inspect the inflammatory nature of the structure in question, and accordingly one night made his appearance unexpectedly in the little town. Early the next morning he repaired to the church and asked for the superior, who, together with the burgo-master, hastened to pay homage to the royal visitor. Without revealing the real object of his coming, Joseph II. expressed his desire to see the chapel. He went all round it, tapping the walls here and there with his stick, to the great annoyance of the superior, who thought this behavior incompatible with the sanctity of the place. Had the visitor been of less high rank, a stop would soon have been put to his action.

When the Emperor had made the round of the chapel, he turned to the superior and said, with the air of one who has made a discovery: "These walls are built of stone."—"Certainly! No one ever said they were made of pasteboard," was the prompt and somewhat curt reply of the good monk, who had no suspicion of the false representations made to the Emperor. He was therefore not a little surprised

when the latter, not over-pleased at the cutting rejoinder, placed a document in his hands, saying: "Read that, and see how I have been deceived."

The superior's irritation quickly abated; and the Emperor, on his part, became more affable. He went all over the church, and was conducted into the treasure-room, where many beautiful and precious objects of gold and silver were to be seen. A silver statue of a saint holding an axe (probably the instrument of his martyrdom) attracted the Emperor's notice, and, pointing to it he inquired: "What is that for?"—"It is to strike off the hand that attempts to take anything away from here," the superior answered. The point of this bold reply was not lost on the Emperor. He was not offended, however. "I shall take nothing away," he said as he departed.

Thus the storm which threatened to overwhelm Maria-Zell was by God's mercy averted, and the concourse of pilgrims to the shrine continued. Thither came many royal and notable personages, among them the unfortunate Louis XVI. of France and Marie Antoinette, with nobles of high rank from all neighboring countries.

In 1796, the Emperor Francis II. granted permission for the solemn annual procession from Vienna, which had been prohibited for fourteen years, to take place as before, to the great joy of his Viennese subjects. He also rescinded the decree of his predecessor which ordered all images of the saints to be stripped of the ornaments and robes wherewith the piety of the faithful had decked them; thus the miraculous statue of Maria-Zell was once more adorned in the time-honored manner.

It may be well to give here a description of the image that has made a remote spot in Styria so noteworthy. It is not more than two feet in height. Although the wood of which it is made is by no means hard and durable, after 750 years it shows no sign of decay. It represents the Mother of God seated on a low-backed

chair, with the Divine Child on her knee. The right arm of the Mother enfolds the Child, whose little hand holds an apple, while His grave, gentle face is turned toward the spectator. With her right hand His Mother offers Him a pear. Her dress is white, with a gold pattern; the mantle wrapped round her is blue; a white linen cloth covers her head and rests upon her shoulders. A peculiarity which strikes the beholder is that Mary's thoughtful gaze is directed over the Child's head into the distance, as if the attention of both had been suddenly arrested. The age of the statue is not known, but there is no doubt that it is the identical one which the priest who was commissioned to evangelize that district brought with him; and most probably it was the work of one of the monks of St. Lambert, many of whom were accomplished artists. The statue known as the *Maria-Hofer* statue, which stands on a high pillar in the church, is the work of an abbot of the fifteenth century.

At first the venerated statue of the Mother and Child was exposed on the altar in its original simplicity; but before long the loving devotion of the faithful hung around each figure costly robes of rich material, elaborately embroidered with gold. This almost universal custom of decorating miraculous images, and completely disguising their form, appears to be very ancient. In all the oldest prints of *Maria-Zell* the statue is thus clothed and crowned. It now stands in a marble chapel in the centre of the church, in the shape of half a hexagon; the altar is on the very same spot where once stood the rough pedestal whereon the missionary placed his treasured image. A splendid baldachin is raised above and behind the statue; from it proceed golden rays, with cherubs at intervals. Below the figure are two gold hearts richly set with jewels.

The year 1802 was a happy year for *Maria-Zell*; for it was marked by the revival, by imperial decree, of the mon-

astery of St. Lambert. The Emperor Francis I. frequently visited *Maria-Zell*, and bestowed on it many proofs of his interest and good-will.

But this favorite spot had yet to pass through many vicissitudes. In 1805, when the French invaded Austria, the imperial forces engaged the enemy in the immediate vicinity of *Maria-Zell*, and were obliged to yield to the superiority of numbers. The victorious French overran the district, and for three successive days they marched through *Maria-Zell*, being quartered there at night, sometimes as many as ninety men in one house. The troops looted every house, small or great, wherein they lodged, laying hands on everything they could confiscate, and destroying what they could not take. Fortunately, all valuables had been previously removed from the church, and the miraculous image concealed in a place of safety. Scarcely had the inhabitants of *Zell* recovered from the misery caused by this invasion when a second incursion of the enemy took place, and the treasures of the church had to be conveyed to a town in Hungary, where they remained for ten months.

On three former occasions—in 1566, 1798 and 1800—*Maria-Zell* had been the scene of a conflagration; but never did it suffer to such an extent as in 1827, on the night following upon the Feast of All Saints. All peaceful citizens had retired to rest, when at midnight a violent hurricane arose, uprooting trees and shaking houses. To this was added an outbreak of fire. Fanned by the fury of the wind, the flames spread with great rapidity, and all the inhabitants had to leave their dwellings. The booths in front of the church, which contained inflammable articles—such as tapers, wax images, etc.,—burned fiercely, and the church itself was soon on fire. The towers fell with a crash; the bells were melted; the clergy were compelled to hasten out of the chapter house, leaving the ecclesiastical archives and a valuable library to be the

prey of the flames. The rescue of the venerated statue was nothing short of miraculous. Burning logs falling through an aperture above the Chapel of Grace, ignited the screen behind and around the wonder-working image, yet the image itself was untouched by the flames. One of the monks, crossing the burning floor, bore it safely out of the building, and carried it to a little chapel at some distance among the mountains, where it remained until the church was rebuilt.

So wholesale was the destruction of the town that a collection was made throughout the country, with the Emperor's sanction, to repair the ravages of the flames. So liberal was the response made to the appeal, that all the citizens who were reduced to destitution were relieved, and in the course of three years all the public buildings were rebuilt. A separate fund was raised for the restoration of the church where so many pious pilgrims had received graces, and Maria-Zell rose again as a phoenix from its ashes.

Since then it has regained its earlier celebrity, which never waned, either at the period of the Protestant Reformation or in the unbelieving days of the French Revolution. The average annual number of pilgrims who repair thither is estimated at 80,000; they include individuals of every nationality and all ranks, from the lowliest peasant to the highest dignitary. It may interest the reader to hear that the amiable and charitable Austrian Empress who was assassinated in Switzerland a few years ago, went to Maria-Zell immediately after her marriage, and left her bridal robe there as a gift.

We will not enter upon an enumeration of the beautiful and costly offerings arranged in systematic order in the treasury of the church; they amount to over 3500, and were exhibited at the Jubilee celebrated with great magnificence last year, on the occasion of the seven hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the foundation of the shrine. As an offering from the nation, twelve beautiful windows

were then presented to the church; and our Holy Father added another plenary indulgence to those already granted by his predecessors in the See of Peter to the faithful who visit this time-honored sanctuary. Not content with this and other proofs of his interest and favor, Pius X. has bestowed on Maria-Zell the distinction of raising the collegiate church, as well as the Marian shrine, to the dignity of a basilica; he has also ordained that on September 8 of the present year—the year of his own Pontifical Jubilee—the Papal Nuncio in Vienna shall, as his representative and by his authority, place on the head of the statue a splendid crown of gold, his own gift, in testimony of his reverence for this the most ancient and renowned place of pilgrimage in Austria.

It is to be hoped that this act of homage and veneration for the miraculous image of Blessed Mary, the Patroness of Styria, when Germans, Slavs, Hungarians, and Bohemians meet at the feet of her who is the Mother—the element, the merciful, the sweet Mother—of them all, may be instrumental in suppressing existing racial animosities and prejudices, and uniting all in affectionate loyalty and devotion to the Holy See.

THE name of Mary signifies "illuminated," or "illuminating Star of the Sea," "Mistress" or "Queen," "Sea of Bitterness"; and under all these significations it is exactly appropriate to the Blessed Virgin. Is she not, indeed, the Morning Star of the Sun of justice and truth, whose divine rays she spreads over the whole earth? Does she not appear to our eyes in moments of danger as a Star of safety which guides and comforts us, restoring us to confidence in God? Is she not Queen of heaven and earth, exalted above every pure creature? And, lastly, do we not behold her tried by affliction, during her mortal career, so severely that she is called Mother of Sorrows?

Phileas Fox, Attorney.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

I.

IT was in the year of grace 18—, when the nineteenth century was well on the way to its close, that a new sign was placed upon a recently-varnished door of an office not many paces from Wall Street. And to the elevator boy, and the few others who gave it even cursory attention as they rushed in and out of the busy hives that constituted the score or more of offices in that building, it read: "Phileas Fox, Attorney and Counsellor at Law."

Within waited at a desk, which was saved from being too obviously new only by the fact that it had been purchased at second-hand, sat the very gentleman whose visiting card bore a similar appellation. The room which had thus been consecrated to the law was small, and it contained, besides the desk, an office chair occupied by the barrister himself, and two or three others, still vacant, upon which it was hoped that future clients would sit. There were also a certain number of pigeonholes that argued methodical arrangement of documents, which were merely prospective. Other shelves were occupied by a certain number of ponderous tomes, that had been purchased on the instalment plan, to give an air of solidity to the premises. There was a broad window, provided for the warm weather with a green shade, now pulled up high, giving a view out over the roofs and chimney-pots, down into the crowded thoroughfares, and vouchsafing in the dim distance a glimpse of the Bay of Manhattan.

Mr. Fox arose from the office chair from time to time, on various pretexts, or no pretext at all, that he might feed his self-complacency by reading and rereading that very conspicuous sign: "Phileas Fox, Attorney." That was his first day of waiting behind the sign; and he trusted

that by the morrow the clients would begin to come in, for his was a sanguine nature. That could be seen by a single glance at the bright blue of the eye, redeeming a countenance sandy in coloring, and, alas! unmistakably plain, discounted also by the red hair which he considered a grievance, especially when it was taken in connection with his cognomen. The two together constituted an unfortunate suggestion.

How slowly the hours passed for the young practitioner, who had no other resource, having examined the morning papers, than to make those exits and entries already noted, and to steal a glance from time to time at the office stationery, which likewise bore that style and title which gave him so much satisfaction, with a more detailed account of his various and altogether prospective avocations—conveyancing, notarial work, procuring of licenses, and so forth!

Even the deepest-seated complacency, which at twenty-five is usually in a flourishing condition, grows weary at last of ringing the changes upon one's own name and titles; and the monotony began to weigh particularly upon this champion of more than one athletic sport. In very weariness, Phileas took down from a shelf one of the folios that lent it respectability; and, turning over the pages idly, beheld recorded there a number of celebrated cases, most of which were now buried in the oblivion of these volumes. Some of them bore quaint old names, belonging to a period when New York was a colony; and they breathed an atmosphere of romance, despite the dry-as-dust terms in which the various documents were expressed. One of these cases caught his eye, and he noted its special peculiarity—that, off and on, it had been on the calendar of the State of New York for nearly half a century.

This was the case of *Martha Ann Spooner vs. John Vorst*. Attracted by the names and its long legal standing, Phileas plunged deep into those mysteries,

being informed by those present that the party of the first part had, on the 18th day of the year of Our Lord 18—, sold and conveyed to the party of the second part the land and building and all its appurtenances, upon the southeast corner of Monroe and Rutgers Streets,—a property concerning which there had been previous litigation. That simple conveyance likewise gave rise in the course of years to successive lawsuits, all of which were set down in the pages of that folio for the guidance of future wanderers through the mazes of the law.

Phileas Fox found himself curiously fascinated by the narrative, and resolved to study the case in all its bearings during such intervals of leisure as he might have. It took hold of his imagination, of which commodity he possessed a fund that might have made him a novelist or a poet, had it not been for his legal capabilities. Those capabilities—the power to seize upon facts, to sift evidence, and to make deductions—had been early pronounced upon by competent judges, and had caused his maternal uncle, himself in the law, to pay for his professional education, and to make him a small yearly allowance pending his initiation into the art of making money.

Phileas set all his faculties to work upon that theoretical case, in so far as he had yet studied it, and actually persuaded himself that Martha Ann Spooner was his client. Instinctively, he had chosen that party of the first part who, in point of sex at least, was the weaker of the two. He did not clearly discover, in so far as he had read the documents, if Martha Ann Spooner was still in the land of the living; for, it seemed, the suit had been divided and subdivided amongst other parties to the contest, till the original opponents appeared to have been crowded out. Phileas picked up a sheet of paper and began to scribble thereupon his notes and impressions.

Luncheon made a break in the monotony of that long day. He ensconced himself

at a table in one of those crowded restaurants in the down-town districts which attract a human swarm between the hours of twelve and two, and was waited upon by an exceedingly alert and over-officious waiter, who called out the names of the various dishes as if they had been the names of personal acquaintances, and conveyed them from the kitchen upon a large tray, and with a celerity nothing less than appalling, considering the crowded condition of the apartment.

Attorney Fox, returning to his office, which he now seemed to have inhabited for a prolonged time, also returned to the consideration of the intricate case. He felt a positive longing, as an epicure might for some dainty food, to have all the papers before him—and a goodly pile they must be by this time,—so that he might compare one with another, connoting and arranging them. Even that absorbing exercise of his faculties, however, began to pall upon him, and he was not sorry when that first long day had worn to its close. Not a single incident had disturbed its flawless monotony,—not even so much as a knock at the door.

Phileas arose at last from that office chair, replaced the folio upon the shelf, with a mark at the place of *Spooner vs. Vorst*, and locked the drawers of the desk, though they were practically empty. He retired into a corner of the room, concealed by a curtain, where there was a marble basin and two taps, overhung by a small mirror. In the latter he took a careful survey of his collar and tie, with a rueful glance at his red hair that seemed to glow with peculiar vividness in the light of the setting sun. He hung up his office coat and adjusted his upper garment of neat tweed; and, thus equipped for departure, he paused a moment and looked out over the roofs. There was a delicious bit of sky visible—blue, enlivened near the horizon with a deep band of orange, merging presently into gold; while the waters of the Bay caught the radiance

and held it upon their shining surface.

Phileas, sitting upon the broad sill, looked down into the crowded streets, fairly teeming at that hour with myriad life; for the offices, factories and stores had given forth their quota of humanity, that had been set free by the ear-piercing screech of the whistles. It was a relief, Phileas thought, to let his gaze wander amongst the steeples and the chimneys, idealized—as what is not?—by the descending rays of the western sun.

“O New York, thou modern Babylon,” cried Phileas, apostrophizing, half jest, whole earnest, the mighty metropolis that lay surging at his feet, “what a multitude of saints and sinners—the latter predominating—dost thou contain within thy huge caravans!”

A breeze came up from the Bay while he was thus soliloquizing and fanned his cheeks, and stirred his ruddy hair, so that he was compelled to put it in order again by a few swift strokes of the brush. His spirits rose while he thus gazed and thus philosophized.

“But,” he went on, using the same inflated language, in the serio-comic vein which had often predominated at class recitals and other festive occasions at the college, “thou hast a thousand possibilities for a man who is young, strong, with excellent digestion and a clear brain—also a conscience; though I am not so intimately convinced that the latter is a very serviceable commodity. But I shall chalk it down, at any rate; it shall have to be taken into the calculation. Surely, O great city, amongst all those atoms of humanity that tread thy streets, and crowd thy street cars to repletion, and eat in thy eating-houses, and buy and sell in thy market-places, some shall be found whose entangled affairs may require to be straightened out by Phileas Fox, Attorney!”

Concluding these reflections with a flourish, he took up from the desk a bundle of papers—his own scribblings

in the case of *Spooner vs. Vorst*,—which had quite a respectable appearance under his arm. They were partly designed to impress the elevator boy, who was talkative, as well as such passengers for the ground-floor as might be coming out of their offices. Phileas locked his door with exaggerated care.

As he proceeded toward the descending machine, which was but one of many kept constantly in motion, he met several of his fellow-tenants in that huge building, with a few of whom he had a nodding acquaintance. He saw various pairs of eyes travelling to the bundle under his arm, and he almost persuaded himself that he had secured a first and very lucrative client, being, moreover, associated with a certain celebrated case which had stirred legal New York within the last half century. He strove to compose his features to that grave preoccupation which he believed to be the proper professional aspect, until at the corner of the next street he was disabused of that idea. For there he perceived a shining light of the profession convulsing a learned confrère with what was evidently a good story. A stout and rubicund personage, the eminent counsel shook from head to foot in the enjoyment of his joke, striking his stick vigorously upon the ground to emphasize that enjoyment.

“To think of what that man has already achieved,” thought Phileas to himself, “and he is still in the prime of life! But I shall achieve something too, with the blessing of God. And I hope I shall begin to-morrow morning.”

A few blocks farther on, he encountered a former classmate.

“Halloa, Fox!” cried that personage, glancing at the packet of papers which Phileas held. “Deep in the law already? I hope it’s a paying case.”

“It’s a case that has paid out many thousands,” replied Phileas, truthfully but ambiguously. And so saying he proceeded upon his way.

Forgiveness.

(*A Rondelet.*)

BY LIONEL BYRRA.

FORGIVE and forget:

Lest a curse you implore when "Our Father"
you say,

Forgive and forget;

Only so may you hope God will cancel the debt
Of the multiplied sins you commit day by day.
To the throne of His mercy there's no other way;

Forgive and forget.

A Heritage from the Past.

BY IRENE HERNAMAN.

I.

FROM a sky of purest blue the sun shone with extraordinary warmth on the little tea party gathered on the sheltered south terrace of Abbots, the Charringtons' old Sussex home. It was a radiant afternoon.

Frances Layborn and her husband had just arrived from London. There were, besides, Mary Craven, Lady Charrington's sister; young Philips, a budding artist; and the elderly chaplain.

"Ah, this is nice!" exclaimed Frances Layborn, leaning back luxuriously in her deep wicker chair. "London was indulging in a fog when we left, and here are you in sunshine!"

"Dear Abbots!" said Lady Charrington. "I love it. I should like to spend the rest of my days here."

"What a prospect!" cried Mary Craven. "I should be bored to death; these lonely fields and woods would shrivel me up."

"Dear old Mary!" said Lady Charrington, with a smile. "She always longs for human beings; while to me, man alone is vile,—boggling present company's pardon!" she added, with a bow.

"Well, we were wondering whether it would not be kinder for us to depart," said the artist.

"Not yet," returned their hostess, gaily. "Come! It is getting chilly here; I am going to have a look at the sunset. Do you feel inclined for a stroll, Frances?"

"Delighted!" she answered, rising as she spoke; and the two women, accompanied by young Philips, sauntered off.

A short walk through the wood brought them to the crest of a low hill, from whence the undulating fields and tracts of blue-grey woodland stretched in curving lines to the foot of the violet downs; the sun had just disappeared, and over the shaggy brow of Chauctonbury, darkly purple in its clear afterglow, peered the first star.

Lady Charrington threw back her head and drew in a deep breath.

"I love them," she cried, "my beloved downs! They never change, and the wisdom of our ancestors lies hidden in their depths."

"Were they so much cleverer in the old days?" queried Harold Philips, sceptically. "I always think our Saxon forefathers must have been extraordinarily stupid."

"But think of the days of civil war, when the enemy overran the country, and the women had to entertain, with smiling faces, the foes who were hunting down the sick man who lay hidden away upstairs. That required a ready wit and calm pluck. And then, when peace was declared, and the man who had killed your husband settled down on the neighboring property!"

"But it was done in honest warfare," remarked Frances.

"I know; but would that make any difference to the wife? The man would always be her husband's assassin; that is where Christian charity would come in,—the charity which suffers long, not an empty word as it is nowadays."

"Is that you, Agnes?" cried a cheery voice; and Lord Charrington pushed his way through the undergrowth. "How do you do, Mrs. Layborn! Pleasant journey, I hope?"

"Very, thank you!" replied Frances, shaking hands. "We are enjoying the

sunset. It seems so quiet and peaceful here after the noise of town."

They strolled back together, and as they neared the house Lord Charrington dropped behind with his wife; Frances and Harold Layborn went on in front.

"I am rather worried about Clarkson," he began; "the men are beginning to get restless, and I am sure it is his doing."

"What do they want?" inquired Lady Charrington.

"Oh, the same old story! An increase of wages. Those men all think we are millionaires."

"But we can not afford it," she said firmly. "You know, Cyril, we have cut down expenses as close as we can. I am sure Clarkson has as good wages as other head stewards on the other estates."

"Baker gives more."

"Baker runs a large firm in the city, and can afford it."

"Well, I wish I could know what to do for the best. I sometimes feel I should like to hand the place over to Archibald, and retire to a small cottage and live as plain 'Mr. Smith.'"

"O Cyril, how can you?" cried his wife, reproachfully. "Think of others living there!" And Lady Charrington stretched out her hand to the clear-cut line of the Elizabethan courtyard which lay dimly visible in the twilight. "Could you think of Archibald and his motor companions and other noisy friends running all over the place; or *that*, desecrated and abandoned?" And she pointed to the tiny chapel, across whose exquisite Saxon doorway the moon was now casting its first pale rays.

"You are right, Agnes," replied Lord Charrington. "I am afraid I am a coward: I shirk my responsibilities. *You* should have been master here."

Lord Charrington was an impoverished landowner; his father's debts had eaten into a large portion of the fair lands of Abbots. The younger of the two sons, Archibald, inherited his father's extravagant tastes; but the elder son was a

quiet, peace-loving man; and both he and his wife asked nothing better than to lead a country life caring for the few tenants and the two or three small families who had settled under the shadow of the old house. They were universally beloved, with the one exception of Clarkson, the head steward; many a time had Lord Charrington decided to dismiss him, and then he had relented. The man was elderly, and it would be difficult for him to find fresh employment; but he was an ardent Socialist, and had sown the seeds of discontent among the younger gamekeepers and gardeners, who were only too ready to listen to a clever speaker.

"Do you know that man is addressing a monster meeting at Clayburn?" said Lady Charrington that same evening, just as they were about to go down to dinner.

"Who told you so?" asked Lord Charrington, sharply.

"Parkins [the under-footman] told me."

"I forbade him ever to speak again in public after the row at Faymouth. Well, this time he shall go."

II.

"Is your husband in, Mrs. Clarkson?"

Lord Charrington stood on the doorstep of the pretty lodge cottage. The small, sickly-faced woman looked scared.

"He has only just gone to bed, my Lord," she said; and the baby in her arms set up a wail.

"Well, I am going in to the village," said Lord Charrington, "and I shall be back in half an hour; so please tell him."

The woman dropped a frightened curtsy and the baby gave a howl; Lord Charrington heaved a sigh and strode out of the gate into the golden sunlight of the chestnut avenue. On his return, he was ushered into a tiny parlor, whose stuffy air reeked of smoke. Clarkson sat crouched over a smoky fire; he rose as Lord Charrington entered, and stood awkwardly staring at him from under his heavy brows.

Lord Charrington, with characteristic

directness, went straight to the point.

"You were speaking at Clayburn last night," he said. "I think you remember that I requested you to abstain from lecturing at public meetings while you were in my employ."

Clarkson growled out something, and his black eyes flashed angrily.

"You evidently do not wish to comply with my demand," added Lord Charrington; "so I must ask you kindly to seek work elsewhere."

"Do you mean that you dismiss me?" The question sounded like a threat.

"I do; I can not have a man on my estate who disobeys my orders."

"You'll be sorry!" muttered the man between his teeth.

"In a week's time," continued Lord Charrington, ignoring the undertone, "you must go; I will give you a month's wages and a recommendation."

Clarkson made no reply, and Lord Charrington paused.

"Look here!" he said suddenly. "Won't you give it up? Believe me, it's not worth it."

The man turned sharply round.

"I won't!" he roared, and in his voice was all the concentrated hatred and savage determination of generations of unruly ancestors.

A slightly heightened color was all that betrayed Lord Charrington's anger; he gave the man one look and passed out of the room.

Near the house he met his wife.

"What is the matter, Cyril?" she asked, her quick eyes detecting the signs of storm on his usually calm face.

"Only that brute, Clarkson," he replied. "I shall be thankful when he is gone; it is quite uncanny the way he looks at one."

"It is this terrible Socialism," she said sadly. "It is the devil's modern tool, and he seems to be working his will with it. Was the man very abusive when you gave him notice?"

"He didn't say much, except when I offered to help him and begged him to

give the thing up; and then he suddenly roared out: 'I won't!' So much for human gratitude!"

Lady Charrington shook her head sadly.

"He has always seemed only half civilized," she said; then, with an effort to change the conversation, she added: "You know we are dining out to-night, at the Craighs."

A shade of annoyance crossed Lord Charrington's face.

"Never mind, dear," she said; "the change will do you good."

The Charringtons returned early from the dinner party. Lord Charrington's depression seemed to have communicated itself to the other guests, and everyone was glad to avail himself of the excuse of a long way to go home.

"Two of the under-gamekeepers have given notice," said Lord Charrington, as he and his wife lingered in his study after the departure of their visitors to bed; "and your protégé, young Banks."

"O Cyril, what a nuisance!" she cried.

"It's what I expected," he answered, with a shrug of his shoulders. "But don't you stay up for me, Agnes. I am going to have a smoke."

"Well, I shan't sleep till you come; so don't stay long," she replied.

The study was situated in the older portion of the house, and communicated with the central hall by a long passage shut off by a thick oak door. From the western wall of the room another door opened on to a small quadrangle, across which lay the chapel; on the northern wall a secret staircase led up to a tiny room on the upper floor.

For nearly an hour Lord Charrington sat absorbed in thought, now and again sighing to himself; then he rose and opened the western door. The quadrangle was flooded with yellow moonlight, while at his feet stretched the clear-cut shadow of the Saxon doorway. He paused for a second, gazing on the wide lawns away to the south, and then slowly crossed the pavement of the chapel. Within, all

was dark save the red lamp which burned before the Tabernacle. With the sure step of one who knows every inch of the ground, Lord Charrington went up to one of the two *prie-dieux* which stood side by side close to the sanctuary doors; and there, as often before, he prayed—that, if it were the will of God, he might be permitted to throw off the burden of his responsibilities, with which he in his humility thought himself so unfitted to cope. It was the old struggle enacted so many times since, at his father's death, he had come into the inheritance.

While he was kneeling there, some one cautiously pushed open the door and stood on the threshold, gazing at the kneeling figure, just discernible amid the shadows of the arches. Lord Charrington heard nothing, and after a few moments the individual softly withdrew. The clock pealed midnight; still he did not move. It struck the half hour, and then he arose and slowly passed out of the chapel. The moon had gone down and a chill air was whistling dolefully through the yew trees. Lord Charrington drew his coat closer round him and quickened his steps. As he opened his study door, he found to his surprise the room was in darkness; but at the same moment the electric lamp suddenly sprang into light, and he saw to his astonishment that a man was standing in the middle of the room; a cap was drawn down tight over his eyes: one hand moved restlessly in the pocket of his great coat.

"Who are you?" demanded Lord Charrington, sternly.

For answer the man pushed back the cap. It was Clarkson.

"It's all right!" he said. "I have been waiting for you all this time, but here we are at last. I told you I'd be even with you." And, drawing his hand out of his pocket, he suddenly fired a revolver straight at Lord Charrington.

Agnes was lying sleepless on her bed when the report of the shot rang through the house. She quickly sprang up, slipped

on her dressing-gown, and in an agony of apprehension fled downstairs. Doors were opening everywhere; but fear lent wings to her feet, and by the time Mary and the butler had reached the study, she was already on her knees clasping the dying body of her husband.

"Father Rooth!—where is he?" she cried piteously.

"Here I am!" said a quiet voice.

But it was too late: life was already extinct; and, with one swift glance at the grey face, the priest began the wonderful old Latin prayers for the passing of a soul, accompanied by the low sobbing of the servants. Lady Charrington knelt motionless; and it was not till Father Rooth made her rise that they noticed her pale blue gown was stained with blood.

"My child, you must leave us!" said the priest, gently.

"Come to my room, darling!" cried Mary, between her tears; and she drew her sister's arm into hers.

For an instant Lady Charrington hesitated, and then the instinct of obedience prevailed.

"You will see to everything," she whispered to the chaplain.

And then, with one look of passionate longing at the body of her husband, she allowed herself to be led away.

There was little doubt in any one's mind as to who was the perpetrator of the crime. Mrs. Clarkson declared that her husband had not been near the lodge since the previous day. "He's innocent, sir!" she cried vehemently to Father Rooth and Mr. Laybourn, who went in the early morning to visit her.

At midday Archibald and two detectives arrived. Lady Charrington immediately sent for her brother-in-law.

"I—I am awfully cut up, Agnes!" he said, as he came into her boudoir.

"Thank you!" she said simply.

"We shall do all we can to find the man," he continued. "I have brought down two first-rate fellows, and they will soon run him to earth."

"It is about that I wish to speak to you," she said, raising herself on her couch. "Archie, will you let it rest?"

"I don't understand what you mean," he answered. "Of course we are going to do everything we can for you."

"It is not that," she explained. "I want you—" her voice faltered, she paused, and began again with an effort. "I want you, if you will, not to look for the man: send the detectives away."

"Send the detectives away!" Archibald looked as if a thunderbolt had struck him; he stared speechless at the white, strained face which gazed so pleadingly at him.

"Yes," she answered. "I don't want another life taken."

"You don't? By—" and he stamped his foot—"I do, then!"

At the noise Mary came running in.

"What's the matter?" she asked, looking from Archibald's flushed face to Lady Charrington, who lay back with closed eyes among her cushions.

"Nothing," said Archibald, shortly; and he strode off to the door. "Take care of your sister," he added in a stage-whisper. "I think the shock has unhinged her mind."

"Unhinged her mind!" exclaimed Mary, indignantly; but he was already half down the corridor.

"The brute! He shan't worry you!" she cried, throwing herself on her knees beside her sister.

"Hush, Mary!" murmured Lady Charrington. "He can not help it."

III.

A week had elapsed since the murder of Lord Charrington, and for the first time Lady Charrington went for a stroll with Mary on the terrace. In these few days summer seemed to have disappeared as if chased away by the dread appearance of the silent tragedy. The chestnut trees hung with bare, outstretched arms among the shadows of the sombre cypresses. They had turned the corner for the third time when Lady Charrington said, suddenly:

"Mary, I want to go into the chapel. Will you leave me?"

"Of course, dear," answered her sister.

"Alone?" persisted Lady Charrington.

"If you wish," replied Mary; but she lingered on the threshold, unwilling to leave the frail figure. "You won't catch cold?" she pleaded. "And don't kneel too long: you are not fit for it."

"I feel ever so much better," replied Lady Charrington, with a sad smile. "You need not be afraid."

Ah, she knew well where he lay, though she had been too ill to attend the funeral! A rubbed mark on the pavement facing the high altar showed where the vaulting stone had been displaced; and over it, with some difficulty (for she was very weak), she moved her *prie-dieu*. As she knelt there, it seemed to her as if her husband was beside her, joining in her tremulous acts of faith and love before the Tabernacle. A sudden movement in the church made her look round, thinking Mary had returned; but there was no one. Again she heard something; it seemed to come from the direction of the organ gallery, and at the same moment a man emerged slowly and cautiously from the dark archway. It was Clarkson! She gripped the corner of the stool as he advanced toward her.

"My Lady," he said, "I am hunted into a corner; I am desperate."

He spoke thickly, and she noticed the deadly pallor of his face.

"What do you want?" she asked coldly.

"How can you dare to come here?"

"Because," he said, half defiantly, "you are a Catholic,—because you believe in that!" And he stretched out his hand to the great ebony crucifix against the wall. "I must escape," he continued; "but every part of the garden is watched. I have been here since that day—no one would think of looking in the gallery,—and nothing to eat except the scraps my wife could bring me every two days."

"I can do nothing for you," said Lady Charrington. "I have no power."

"Yes, you have," he replied, calmly. "You can lend me a suit of clothes—these would be recognized,—and a razor. There is a glass by the organ."

"A suit of clothes! *His?*" The very audacity of the demand stunned her.

"Will you?" he persisted, impatiently. "You believe in forgiveness; your God forgives."

It was a brutal appeal; a shudder shook her frame as, with a moan, she sank on her knees before the great crucifix.

A moment passed. It seemed an hour to the man who never took his eyes off the kneeling figure. He was breathing heavily.

At last Lady Charrington rose, but she was trembling so violently that she would have fallen had not Clarkson sprung forward to support her. The touch of his arms acted like a restorative; she drew herself together.

"Don't touch me!" she commanded.

The man laughed low.

"Ah," he muttered, "so much for your religion! I never did believe in it. Cant, like all the rest!"

She looked at him. It was only a second; but in it all the power of pure, honorable womanhood seemed to rise up in violent contrast to this travesty of noble manhood.

Clarkson was forced to lower his eyes.

"You shall have what you want to-night," she said; "and may God have mercy on you!"

The man heard the soft swish of her skirts as she passed him, followed by the click of the latch on the old door; and then he slowly looked up and heaved a deep breath. He was fast recovering his self-possession.

"She won't do it!" he said, as he made his way back to his hiding-place. "No woman could, and yet—" he glanced nervously at the white-veiled Tabernacle as he crept past the sanctuary. *There* was a Power behind his comprehension; he feared and hated it, as he feared and hated the gaunt crucifix.

No one was in the hall as Lady Charrington painfully crawled up the long

staircase. In her room she found Mary.

"What a long while you have been," Agnes! she said, reproachfully. "You should not stay praying so long, dear. Why, your hands are like ice! Come to the fire and warm them."

She dragged her sister onto the couch, which was drawn close to the bright fire. Lady Charrington sank down exhausted.

"Don't let any one come in, Mary!" she whispered. "Tell Archibald I am too tired to come down to lunch."

All the afternoon Mary remained with her sister. At tea Father Rooth was present, but neither of them was at all surprised at what they imagined was merely a return of the old weakness. When dinner time came Lady Charrington with difficulty persuaded Mary to leave her alone.

"I would rather be alone," she said,— "really I would. Tell Sparkes I will have my dinner at half-past eight. I prefer to wait a little, and then perhaps I shall sleep sooner."

Mary demurred.

"Well," she said finally, "then I can come in before you have finished and see how much you have eaten."

"But you mustn't leave Archibald!" cried Lady Charrington.

"Oh, I will be quite considerate of him," replied Mary.

Lady Charrington waited till she heard the last footsteps go down the stairs; five minutes more and they would have gone in to dinner. Ah, how her heart beat! Would she ever have sufficient strength? She poured out a dose of sal volatile. It was five minutes past eight; she must begin; there was no time to be lost.

With faltering step she walked into the dressing room; she had not been in there since the evening of the dinner party. Ah, how familiar! The tears rushed into her eyes and blinded her. With an effort she opened the chest of drawers, then a sudden fierce stab at her heart made her collapse onto a chair.

"Cyril!" she moaned. "Can you see

me, dear one,—can you understand?"

At last she rose with difficulty and drew out a dark suit.

"I must be quick!" she said; and with what haste she could she collected the things, and went along the passage till she reached the tiny room from whence opened the secret staircase into the study. It was dark, but she knew her way, and was soon down, and unlocking, with trembling fingers, the door into the quadrangle; she hurried across to the chapel, which, according to old custom, always remained open. At first sight, the building seemed deserted. Lady Charrington placed her bundle on a seat, made her genuflection, and was about to go away, when a footstep on the gallery stairs arrested her. She hesitated, irresolute whether to remain or depart, and at the same moment Clarkson appeared.

She pointed to the parcel.

"I have brought it," she said; "and now go away far from here."

The man stared in open-mouthed astonishment.

"You have brought the things!" he gasped.

"Of course," she replied coldly. "I gave you my word that I would."

"You are a good woman!" he cried, impulsively. "I tell you"—and he shifted his feet,—"I tell you," he repeated, "that I wish I had not done it! And I mean what I say."

Lady Charrington darted a swift look at him and then lowered her eyes. Her lips moved, but no sound was audible: human strength could do no more; his words suddenly recalled to her the awful, overwhelming consciousness of her loss. She turned, and with tottering steps made her way out of the church, and across the long stretch of cold, shadowy quadrangle. She was afraid to return by the steep secret staircase, as her legs threatened each moment to give way under her; and one of the maids found her on the grand stairs clinging to the balustrade and gasping for breath.

"Hush!" said Lady Charrington. "Give me your arm and help me up to my room."

Ah, how long the flight of stairs seemed! But at last she was back, and lay panting and gasping on her sofa. The terrified maid poured out some wine, but Lady Charrington pushed it away.

"It would choke me," she said. "I shall be better in a moment."

The girl hung irresolute.

"Shall I call Miss Mary?" she asked.

Lady Charrington shook her head decidedly.

"Tell Father Rooth to come to me after dinner," she said; "and you may leave me."

At that moment Mary came in, followed by the dinner tray. Lady Charrington made an effort to eat something, but there was no deceiving Mary's quick eyes.

"I wish you would go back to your dinner, dear," said her sister.

"I have finished," replied Mary; "I left Archibald and Father Rooth over their wine and coffee. You are naughty, Agnes. You have eaten nothing."

"I can not manage it," said Lady Charrington, laying down her knife and fork. "I have tried my best," she added simply.

A knock came at the door: it was Father Rooth.

"Tell him to come in, Mary," said Lady Charrington. "And will you leave us together for a while?"

Mary slipped away.

"I have something I want to tell you, Father," said Lady Charrington, as Father Rooth took the vacant seat beside her. And in as few words as possible, with several pauses for breath, she told her story.

"Have I done right?" she asked, as she came to the end.

"The world would say you had withstood the course of justice," replied the priest, slowly.

"It was for Cyril's sake," murmured Lady Charrington. "Will God accept it for him?"

"I do not feel any doubt that He will," said the priest, with a bright smile. "God bless you for what you have done!"

Lady Charrington sank back on her cushion.

"I am so glad!" she added, with a sigh of relief.

And the priest murmured: "May his soul rest in peace!"

On a Sunday Morning.

BY NORA TYNAN O'MAHONY.

GENTLY subdued, the radiance of the sunlight of a summer Sunday morning shone through the long, narrow windows of the church attached to an Irish novitiate. Behind the high rood-screen of cunningly-carved oak which divides the sacred edifice almost in two were ranged in their places, along with their guardian priests, a number of young novices, looking so angelic and pure and beautiful in their creamy white robes that there lacked only the nimbus to make of each of them an Aloysius Gonzaga or a Stanislaus Kostka.

Outside this barrier, from above which the pathetic figure of the crucified Saviour looked sorrowfully down, there knelt a congregation, consisting mostly of poor country people: agricultural laborers, old men and young boys, farmers down from the hills,—all these on one side; on the other, tired-looking mothers, fresh-faced young *cailins*, and innocent-eyed little maidens arrayed in all the glory of their new cotton summer frocks.

In the very first of the foremost row of seats on the right hand (whose occupants, because of their local standing, or for some other reason, usually prefer to ignore the old, unwritten law as to the strict separation of the sexes) there knelt to-day two strangers. One was an old man—a lovely and very lovable-looking old man,—with beautiful silvered hair, a kind, rosy face, and blue eyes that, as he

turned to look about him, seemed filled with an almost boyish eagerness and joy.

Yet he was very old, and in his face were certain pitiful lines,—traces of the long, never-ending fight with Fate and the elements which is the lot of every Irishman who seeks to wrest a living from the land. But through it all there shone an indomitable spirit and good-humor, an unquenchable glow of hope and faith and love, with, to-day, an added light of expectation, as of some long-looked-for reward, the crowning of some splendid achievement.

He was dressed in a new suit of good Irish homespun, warmly-grey, with a hint of the heather in its texture; about his neck, below the spotless white collar, was knotted loosely an Irish poplin tie of quite wedding-like gaiety in its soft, lavender hue; and, though its wearer would probably never have guessed it, the whole harmonious color-scheme, of homespun and poplin, as well as the silvered hair and rosy cheeks and dim blue eyes of their wearer, seemed artistically quite perfect and complete.

Beside him knelt a woman, evidently his wife, who interested me far less deeply. She, poor thing, looked dull and tired, as one who had travelled a long distance,—which I afterward learned was true of both of them. Though some years younger than her husband, she lacked altogether his brisk, eager air of joyful expectancy, even yawning now and again, as she let a lacklustre eye wander aimlessly over the heads of the people about her. As the Mass began, the old man watched intently every movement of the priests and novices within the screen, listening with a rapt attention to the rise and fall of the full young voices in the solemn Gregorian chant, and turning from time to time with a new glow in his rugged old face to the woman beside him as something occurred that appeared to hold for him a special interest.

Then, just as the Gospel came to an end, a gentle-faced young priest, newly

ordained, ascended the pulpit and gave out a text. This was only his second sermon. I had heard the first; and, together with many others better qualified to judge, had admired its fine diction and phrasing, its wide erudition and deep, beautiful thought, as well as the total absence of nervousness and self-consciousness displayed in its delivery. To-day—perhaps it was only that one's first estimate disposed one to be critical—he seemed, though the words flowed on as musically and rhythmically as ever, just a little less thoroughly composed, a little less master of himself and his sacred theme.

Doubtless it was not altogether easy to devote his whole heart and mind to the words of his text with that rosy old face, on which he hardly dared to allow his glance to dwell, lifted up toward his with such looks of love and pride; those dim old eyes—dim more than ever now with a mist of tears—watching without one moment's interruption, as it were, each word as it flowed from his boy's lips. And when at last the final word was spoken, and the young priest, in his picturesque black and white habit, turned away and descended the pulpit steps, the old man in the topmost seat forgot just for one second, in this crowning hour of his life, the Mass and everything about him. And surely it was out of a wondrously proud and grateful heart that he murmured aloud, in the kindly Gaelic of his native glen, "*Mait au bucaill!*" ("Good lad!"), then turned to the woman beside him with all his soul in his face.

Perhaps these two understood each other perfectly; for apparently he at least did not find any lack of sympathy in her quiet, unemotional gaze. It was only afterward, when the sacred ceremonies had come to an end, leaving him free at last to hurry off and rejoin his son, that I learned the meaning of what had puzzled and even disappointed me. My old man was, of course, the young priest's father; the woman, on the other hand, was merely his boy's stepmother.

Religious Toleration as Viewed by the Late Judge Bakewell.

IT is a gratification to present to our readers the following letter of the late Judge Bakewell, of St. Louis, Mo. It refers to an article from his pen on the subject of religious toleration, which at the time of publication was discussed all over the United States, rousing the bitterest hostility among Protestants, and subjecting the writer to the most severe criticism on the part of Catholics who had yet to learn that the best way of defending the truth is to state it as forcefully as possible, regardless of the prejudice of opponents or the supineness of friends. Though published many years ago, the article is still occasionally quoted in anti-Catholic publications as proof positive of how intolerant the Church would be, should her power ever become dominant in the United States.

Judge Bakewell's letter is of manifold interest. It shows what a mighty change has been wrought among us within a few decades; how vastly controversial methods have improved; and how, generally speaking, the disposition to believe nothing good of Catholics has given place to a desire to learn our point of view and not to condemn us unheard. Doubtless if Judge Bakewell had foreseen the storm his words would raise, he would have expressed himself more guardedly; but he wrote as an honest polemic always does, fearing more to minimize the truth than to wound the susceptibilities of his readers:

I have not patience to go into that old *Shepherd of the Valley* article. It is now added to what Dr. Newman calls the "great Protestant tradition," and it is hopeless to attempt to set it right. I wrote nothing but what I now approve, after twenty-five years, when I am in my fiftieth year. You would endorse every word of the article, I am sure. Of course I never said that the Catholic Church would put heretics to death. A word or a sentence has been injected here and there into the paragraph quoted, so as to preserve the form and change the sense. I

see it sometime in a shape more shocking than the extract you sent me, which is bad enough though. But it is useless to attempt to contradict it; and the article, as really published, would be very unpalatable to Protestants, anyhow. Truth is intolerant of error, necessarily; and universal toleration is the fruit of the most deadly of all errors, the indifference to truth.

My conscience is clear about the old *Shepherd*. When I edited it, I was in the first fervor of conversion; I wished to be perfectly frank, honest, outspoken, and not to yield one jot where principle was involved, or to attempt any disingenuous explanations. I thought, and still think, that great harm had been done by a contrary course in popular controversy, and that the way to reach Americans was to be perfectly frank. I do not think I was imprudent. I know I never wrote a line to make a sensation. . . .

Being in a high judicial position, I can not in decency, if I would, get into newspaper controversy. And I am sure it would do no good. I should have, in honesty, to begin by publishing the real editorial as it actually appeared; and Protestants would, perhaps, in the excited state of public opinion, consider that almost as bad as the forgeries. Theoretically, Catholics are intolerant; practically, they are the most tolerant of men. It is too rich, that the descendants and spiritual children of Cromwell and Knox and Calvin should talk of persecution to the brethren of Francis of Sales and Fénelon, of Lord Baltimore and Pius IX. The wolf said the lamb was disturbing the stream. An Irishman must laugh in a peculiar way when he hears the accusation of *persecution* brought against Catholics by the descendants of English Protestants.

I consider the truth about persecution to be this. A people will always adopt measures of repression to prevent insolent public attacks upon those truths which that people earnestly accepts. This is quite independent of the right or wrong of the matter. The temporal laws are made, not by the Church, but by the people. Because, even in a despotism, the laws represent the prevailing sentiment of the mass of the people; and if there are no such repressive laws, the mob will act. If a man should publicly, upon our Court House steps, insult Jesus Christ, or even blaspheme His most holy Mother in a matter attacking her immaculate, perpetual and adorable purity, I should believe and *hope* he would be stoned. Why? Because the belief, in an indistinct way, that our Divine Lord was what He claimed to be—God made man to redeem us poor sinners,—has not yet quite faded out amongst us as a people. So, as we have Sunday laws, in some States it is yet a penal offence

in the statute books to blaspheme Christ. Yet this is persecution. A people will always protect by law those truths in which it believes; the more restrained becomes the area of received truth, as *veritates diminutæ sunt inter filios hominum*, the greater license of speech and writing there will be.

A man may ridicule the Mass where people do not know what Mass is; he dare not do so on the market-place in Cork. Does that prove that the Corkonians are cruel, intolerant, etc.? Not at all. It would be equally unsafe, I dare say, to blaspheme the "pious and immortal memory" of William III. in Belfast, or to insult Queen Victoria at Balmoral. Where people believe and love, they are intolerant; when those feelings are gone, they are tolerant, because indifferent. As men are constituted, it can not be otherwise. Therefore I said: "If Catholics ever attain an immense numerical majority in the United States, religious liberty, as at present understood, is at an end. So say our enemies. So say we. But in what sense do we say it?" And then I go on to show that there is nothing to be scared about in all that. We are tolerant in America—properly so, necessarily so,—because we don't agree. When we agree, we shall be less tolerant, but much more happy. God is not tolerant; you and I are not tolerant.

If a man were to insult the memory of my dear mother (who died twenty years ago, with the crucifix at her lips, God rest her soul!), I should not be tolerant of that, because I believe in her and love her. If I found a domestic in my family teaching my children anything against Faith, I should be intolerant of that. On the same principle, were I absolute ruler of a large community united in the Catholic Faith, I should not allow the public teaching of heresy. Henry V., the most noble of the English kings since the Conquest, was extremely intolerant,—the severest in heresy of any English king. Do I blame him for it? God forbid! I honor him from my soul.

These, my dear sir, are my sentiments. I believe they are also yours. In a commercial age and people, it doesn't do to talk in this way; for toleration is the life of shopkeeping. In a few years, you and I will "behold the King in His beauty; we shall see the land which is very far off," as the Scripture says. Many things will then make me hold down my eyes and not dare to lift them to the face of my King and my Judge; but I am not afraid that He will blame me for my writing in the *Shepherd of the Valley*, or call me to account for my *intolerance*.

I have written to you with a running pen, not stopping to weigh my words. I have heard of you before, and of your good works, and I write as a Catholic to a Catholic. . . .

This noble letter is, itself, the most fragrant wreath that could be laid on the grave of Judge Bakewell, so lately gone to his reward. His strong faith, tender piety, and single-heartedness are revealed in every line of it. "They were giants in those days." Whatever may be said of the former generation of Catholics to the manner born, it does seem as though converts to the Church were possessed of a spirit of zeal and self-sacrifice which those of the present day seldom possess in the same measure. Is it because it cost more to embrace the Faith then than now, or that instruction was formerly more thorough and probation more prolonged?

We have omitted two sentences of Judge Bakewell's letter, in which he mentions the names of some prominent Catholics, clerical and lay, who had made in print "unkind allusions" to his article. In one case he was denied the privilege of a reply! The letter, we should have stated, is dated February 5, 1876, and is addressed to Mr. William J. Onahan, of Chicago.

The Reign of Canon Law.

WHILE it is altogether probable that the great majority of our readers possess somewhat hazy rather than exact notions as to the import of this country's transference from the jurisdiction of the Congregation de Propaganda Fide to the common law of the Church, all, no doubt, hail the change as an advance in our ecclesiastical status. The transference in question is only one item in what our authoritative contemporary, *Rome*, does not hesitate to call the most colossal reform of the Roman Curia ever attempted by any Roman Pontiff. In its issue of July 11, *Rome* gives a translation of the Constitution *Sapienti Consilio*, embodying the reforms effected in the Roman Congregations.

As instanced by our contemporary, the salient characteristics of the new legislation

are: The clear division of the work assigned to the different organisms—Congregations, Tribunals and Offices; the separation of legislative and disciplinary matter, which is left to the Congregations, from purely contentious matter, which is handed over to the tribunals of the Rota and the Segnatura; the rigid organization of these tribunals as courts of first instance and of appeal; the right granted to all to plead their own cases before the tribunals without the intervention of procurators, lawyers or agents of any kind, and the provision of legal assistance gratuitously to those who are unable to pay for it, with a reduction all around in legal fees and the complete condonation of them to the poor; the transference of a large part of the world, especially the English-speaking world, from Propaganda to the different Congregations, with the consequent application to them of the common law of the Church; the suppression of some Congregations and the greatly enhanced importance of the Consistorial Congregation, which is for the future to be charged with the election of bishops throughout the whole world, except in missionary countries under the jurisdiction of Propaganda; the creation of a new and exceedingly important Congregation for the discipline of the sacraments; the reorganization of the Secretariate of State, which now takes on additional importance.

From the document *Sapienti Consilio* itself we quote the following: "To this Constitution are added Special Laws, and Rules both general and special, by which the discipline and the method of treating affairs in the Congregations, Tribunals, and Offices are regulated; which laws and rules we order to be scrupulously observed by all." Taken together, the three documents—the Constitution, Special Laws, and Rules—form a splendid prologue to the new Code of Canon Law which is to come into operation in about two years and a half from the present time. From *Rome's* extended commentary on the quasi-revolutionary changes in the activities of

the Roman Curia, we reproduce several extracts as being of interest to our lay as well as clerical readers:

Vast as are the changes introduced for English-speaking countries by their transference under the common law of the Church, it is still possible to exaggerate them. For instance, it has been suggested that one of its consequences will be that rectors of missions become now *ipso facto* canonical parish priests, with all the rights and privileges attaching to that status. That is not so; but it is beyond question that the Constitution *Sapienti Consilio* makes a change in this sense, if not inevitable, at least both logical and probable; although it is unlikely that any innovation will be introduced until the publication of the Code of Pius X., which will contain some entirely new provisions on the subject. The bishops of English-speaking countries will for the future have to transact their business not through Propaganda but through the several Congregations, according to its nature. But the change will not be troublesome for them, as their agents in Rome will see to the proper application of the matters entrusted to them; while there will be a distinct gain in the celerity and accuracy which will mark the new methods. . . .

In many respects, the most striking part of the reform consists in the re-establishment of the Court of the Rota and of the Segnatura. In other days the former of these tribunals served as a court of first instance, and of appeal in all cases both civil and ecclesiastical brought before the Roman Curia. For the future it will be composed of ten prelates to be known as Auditors, each of whom will be assisted by a priest known as Adjutor. The Auditors must all be Doctors of Theology and of Canon Law, and they cease to hold office on reaching the age of seventy-five. Their president, *primus inter pares*, is known as Dean of the Rota, and is always the oldest of them in order of appointment. They will try all cases submitted to them, in groups of three, five, seven judges, or even of the entire body; and special laws are laid down to prevent the same judges being engaged in the same case in first instance and appeal.

For the future, members of the clergy or laity who wish to appeal against a decision of their diocesan court will come before the Rota, where they may plead their cause either personally or through an ecclesiastical lawyer. If they are not satisfied with the first decision of the Rota, they may appeal again to the same court and the case will be tried by different Auditors. . . . All cases submitted to the Rota will be judged with scrupulous adherence to the law of the

Church, and the grounds on which each sentence is based will be set forth with the sentence—under pain of nullity. This is certainly a vast improvement on the present system, in which the bare decision is given and a person never knows the grounds of it. . . .

With regard to the date of the publication and promulgation of the new Code of Pius X., it is still impossible to speak with any certainty; but we have some grounds for believing that this great event in the history of the Church will take place in about two years and a half from now. An idea of the magnitude of some of the changes which will be introduced by it into the legislation of the Church may be gleaned from those already effected in the Decree *Ne Temere* regarding matrimony, and in the Constitution *Sapienti Consilio* reforming the Roman Curia; for both these documents really form part of the new Code. If we are rightly informed (and we think we are), a very serious modification will be made in the admittance of clerics to the priesthood. At present priests are ordained at the age of twenty-four, and by dispensation at the age of twenty-two and a half; whereas, after the promulgation of the Code, the age will be thirty-one; and subdeacons and deacons will be employed for some years in their own special ministry before receiving power to offer the Holy Sacrifice.

A little reflection on the scope of this latest work of the Sovereign Pontiff irresistibly recalls, by contrast, the supercilious estimate formed of Pius X. only a few years ago when he was elected to the Chair of Peter. The oracular publicists and editorial wiseacres of the international press condescendingly admitted his natural good qualities,—he was a kindly, simple parish priest; but of intellectual power, administrative force, daring initiative, or resolute defiance of mighty opponents, he was obviously considered destitute. Alas for the premature prophets! Pius has fought and worsted the French Government, restored Gregorian Chant to its oldtime honorable rank, opened the treasure of Holy Communion to all the faithful as freely as 'twas opened in the days of the early Christians, crushed the Modernists with consummate ability, and has now instituted in the mode of ecclesiastical government a reform that will mark his pontificate as an epoch-making one in the general history of the Church.

Notes and Remarks.

It has often been said that Christianity is a divine seed which no human power can ever wholly uproot, and it is curious to observe the revival of faith in places where it would appear to have been forever destroyed. So complete was the seeming triumph of the Reformers in Elsinore, Denmark, that it was only last June that a Catholic bishop revisited the place to administer Confirmation. As late as twelve years ago there was only one family attached to the Old Faith in all Elsinore, and of course no church. In 1904 conditions had improved to such an extent that a priest of the Congregation of the Mission and some Sisters of Charity were induced to settle there. A chapel was built and a little school opened. Then conversions began—a few every year. Some Protestant parents hastened to send their children to the Sisters' school; and, strange as the statement may seem, far from opposing, favored their being instructed in the Catholic Faith.

On the occasion of the bishop's visit the little chapel was filled to overflowing,—in the morning when Confirmation was administered, and in the evening for a procession of the Blessed Sacrament, the first held at Elsinore since the days of Luther. Reverence was mingled with the curiosity of his disciples as they looked on, and at the solemn moment of Benediction not a few were seen to drop on their knees. Most of them had come only to witness a novel scene, but many remained to pray. Let us hope that their prayers were heard, and that fresh blessings now rest on the little nation so long separated from the Church.

In an opportune letter to the *Catholic Times*, of London, the Rev. Father Huggins makes a suggestion which is pertinent in more places than the reverend gentleman probably had in mind. "He

Lancashire and Yorkshire and in Ireland who are now making, or are about to make, engagements for service during the season on the coast of Great Britain, in hotels, boarding-houses, restaurants, and tobacco shops, to insist upon signed agreements giving them permission to attend Sunday Mass. It may be safely assumed that a priest of Father Huggins' experience does not without good reason consider such a contract necessary. Very often our Catholic girls in those situations are surrounded by temptations. It is remarkable and highly creditable to them that so many avoid all snares and pitfalls. Their religion is the great safeguard; and it is therefore of the utmost importance that they should have reasonable facilities for practising it, and in particular for hearing Mass on Sundays. If it is but too true that in some cases there have been sad and painful lapses, it is because the religious practices, owing at first to inconvenience or the absence of facilities, have not been kept up."

As we have said, the suggestion is a pertinent one in many a place—in all places, indeed, where Catholic girls go out to service, domestic or business. While the truly wise among non-Catholic employers of Catholic servants are aware that it is for their own advantage to give these servants ample facilities for attending to their religious duties, there are doubtless many who are more shortsighted, and who accordingly require to be bound by contract not to interfere with the Sunday Mass, at least.

The sudden death of the Rev. William Burns, chaplain of Nazareth House, London, just after preaching an earnest sermon on the Blessed Eucharist, and while the Elevation Bell was ringing, recalls the story of a convert family whose devotion to the Faith was remarkable. The father, a native of Scotland, was the founder of the well-known publishing house of Burns & Oates. So great was his love of the Church and zeal for its progress

that after his conversion he refused to issue any but Catholic books, of which at that time there was crying need. Mr. Burns' five daughters entered religion; and after his death, in 1871, his wife also went into a convent. His son William had already become a priest, and was exercising the ministry in Spanish Place, London,—the nearest church, as it happened, to the great publishing house founded by the head of the family. At the Requiem Mass sung at Nazareth House for Father Burns on the day following his lamented death, four surviving sisters were present. *R. I. P.*

In view of the wondrous spread of the Faith throughout China, Catholics of other lands should feel deeply interested in its people and the progress they are making, in their manners and customs, and especially in the missions that have been established among them. Many utterly erroneous ideas are prevalent regarding China and the Chinese, owing to the unscrupulosity of travellers and the lively imagination of missionaries, who in their zeal often attribute to the nation at large faults and blemishes which might more accurately be described as belonging to a small minority of the people. Our own regard for the Chinese has been much enhanced by the perusal of some recent books on China, among which is a learned work on the geography of the Empire, by a Catholic missionary, published (in English) at Shanghai. It is the gift of a young Chinese friend, who reads and writes our language with wondrous ease, though he has never set foot outside of his country.

All who know China are aware that the birth of a daughter is regarded in the family as less fortunate than that of a son; but infanticide in the case of female infants is far less common than foreigners have been led to believe, being largely confined to poverty-stricken districts, where as yet Christianity has obtained little foothold. Neither is the opium habit so general or

so injurious as it is commonly said to be. The amount of brain and muscular work done every day in China is sufficient guarantee of this. The drug is much used as a medicine, but to no such extent as alcohol is used among us.

The attitude of the Chinese Government with regard to foreign relations is perfectly consistent. They have steadily held that they do not want us, nor the goods which we bring; and they have publicly proclaimed that they would much rather be without us. Finding themselves unable to bar the way to the admission of the "Outer Barbarians," they have held, and still hold, that if the latter must come, they must submit to the regulations laid down for their conduct by the Chinese authorities. As to foreign merchandise, they have no need of it, since they produce in the country everything that is necessary to their existence.

The opposition to Christianity in China is largely due to the notion that the abrogation of Confucianism, the official cult, would be the loss of the nation's individual existence. Anti-foreign riots will doubtless continue until "Outer Barbarians" of all classes are convinced that the Chinese have rights which they are justified in maintaining, and that commercial integrity is only one of many good qualities of which they are possessed.

In congratulating the venerable Bishop McQuaid on the fortieth anniversary of his elevation to the episcopate, and imparting to him the Apostolic Blessing, Pope Pius expressed the hope that the diocese of Rochester may long continue to enjoy the presence, and to profit by the work, of so worthy a ruler. Although prevented by illness from participating in the celebration of the joyous occasion, it is gratifying to learn that the Nestor of the American hierarchy has rallied again and bids fair to realize the Holy Father's fond expectations. It will be a sad day indeed for the Church in this country

when tolling bells announce the passing of one so venerated and beloved. May that day be still far distant! There is supreme satisfaction in knowing that the finishing touches have already been given to Bishop McQuaid's greatest life work—the creation of an ecclesiastical seminary, so admirably planned, so perfectly equipped, and so wisely and lovingly provided for, that it must serve as a model for any important institution of its kind that may ever be founded in America.

Down in Argentina, there is to be erected a monument to the Revolution of 1810. It is to adorn the Plaza Victoria in Buenos Aires; and our vigorous contemporary of that thriving city, the *Southern Cross*, has something to say of one of the plaster studies proffered in competition by different sculptors. The study contains an allegorical group of male and female figures in the "artistic nude." The *Cross*, apparently, is not bothered by the certainty of its being ridiculed as a Philistine for objecting to the proposed work of art. After stating that the group, no matter how great its technical perfection, will be an outrage on public decency, and, instead of being to the youthful mind a source of patriotic inspiration, will, on the contrary, be immodestly suggestive, it continues thus forcibly:

Upon national grounds, it has no claim whatever to the popular admiration. There is nothing national in its symbolism. It may be Grecian or Roman, but it is not Argentine. The architectural setting of the group is not suggestive of anything national. As for the naked figures, in what sense can they be said to be appropriately symbolical of the simple, strenuous, clean-minded heroes and heroines of 1810-25? What authority on art will have the hardihood to state to us that such statuary reflects the manly strength of purpose, the heroic constancy and the abnegation of the leaders of the Revolution? The women who sold their jewelry to buy arms deserve more respect from posterity. The women who embroidered the flag of the Andes never meant it to wave over glorified indecency. The generals who

recited the Rosary amidst their troops, and placed their armies under the protection of the "Mother most Chaste," should not be wronged in their graves by sculpture copied from the brothels of Pompei. The clerics who, to their undying honor, gave to the Revolution the service of their learning and influence, were men of piety, and it is not by impious art that their work is to receive the homage of freemen. The patricians who staked life and fortune on the issue of the Revolution were men of Christian decorum and knightly purity of mind, to whom lewdness was as foreign as cowardice. The troops who suffered and bled, and who, in their rags and misery, carried the cause for which they fought to victory, were not as the brothers of Adonis. They were uncouth perhaps, gnarled, weather-beaten, war-worn, grizzled, haggard; but brave and enduring. It is not by the prostitution of art that such virtues as theirs are to be commemorated.

All of which impresses us as being admirably apropos. There is a vast deal of nonsense spoken and written nowal days about the uplifting influence of the "human form divine." One need not deny that to the cultured artist, or art critic, the nude is unobjectionable; but it is tolerably safe to affirm that to nine-tenths, if not ninety-nine hundredths, of the general public, it is, as the *Cross* says of the specific group in Buenos Aires, "immodestly suggestive." The dictum that "to the pure all things are pure" is too frequently overstrained,—is often quoted to justify unspeakable nastiness.

As a pendant to Mr. Birrell's tribute to Catholic founders of English educational institutions, recently quoted in these columns, this extract from Macaulay's speech in the debate on Peel's Maynooth Bill (1845) may prove of interest:

It is, I must say, with a peculiarly bad grace that one of the members for the University [Cambridge] to which I have the honor to belong, a gentleman who never thought himself bound to say a word or to give a vote against the grant of £9000, now vehemently opposes the grant of £26,000 as exorbitant. When I consider how munificently the colleges of Cambridge and Oxford are endowed, and with what pomp religion and learning are there surrounded; when I call to mind the long streets of palaces,

the towers and oriels, the venerable cloisters, the trim gardens, the organs, the altar-pieces, the solemn light of the stained windows, the libraries, the museums, the galleries of painting and sculpture,—when I call to mind also the physical comforts which are provided both for instructors and for pupils; . . . and when I remember from whom all this splendor and plenty is derived; when I remember what was the faith of Edward III. and of Henry VI., of Margaret of Anjou and Margaret of Richmond, of William of Wykeham and William of Waynesfleet, of Archbishop Chicheley and Cardinal Wolsey; when I remember what we have taken from the Roman Catholics—King's College, New College, Christ Church, my own Trinity; and when I look at the miserable "Dotheboys Hall" which we have given them in exchange, I feel, I must own, less proud than I could wish of being a Protestant and a Cambridge man.

It is to be sincerely regretted that the great body of non-Catholic English public men are destitute of that fine sense of the congruous and the just which was thus manifested sixty years ago by Macaulay, and the other day by Mr. Birrell. Its presence would considerably simplify the solution of Catholic educational problems in England, and in Ireland as well.

The tercentenary of the founding of Quebec has elicited abundant literature, not only concerning Champlain, but about a number of his forerunners in Canada. Of one of these earlier explorers, Jacques Cartier, V. R. Markham writes in the *Nineteenth Century*:

Religion was no matter of State obligation or superstitious observance in this Breton sailor, but the active principle of his life. Moved with infinite compassion for these poor people, he fell on his knees and prayed devoutly for their welfare, before reading aloud to them certain portions of Scripture. For the first time the great and mysterious words of the opening chapter of St. John's Gospel were heard on Canadian soil, and Cartier in his simple way went on to expound the Passion of the Saviour to the silent and attentive natives. "It was a happy augury for the fair city of future years," writes Mr. Dawson in "The St. Lawrence Basin," "that the opening words of St. John's Gospel and the recital of the Passion of Our Lord inaugurated its appearance on the field of his-

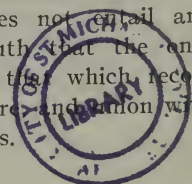
tory. Might it perchance be that some charm lingered on the slopes of Mount Royal and spread up the diverging streams of the great valley? For in all that land persecution has never reared its hateful head, and there are no arrears of religious violence and bloodshed in its history to be atoned for."

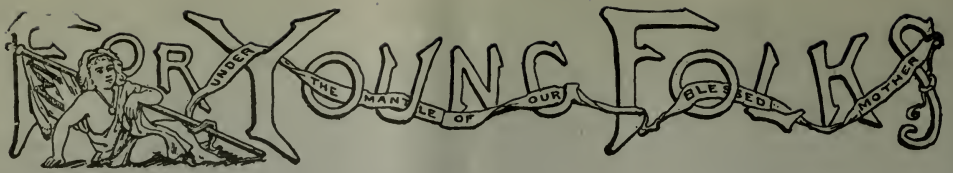
Instead of religious violence and bloodshed, there have been, as the recent Laval celebration made evident, remarkable religious growth and the genuine prosperity safe to bless any people who recognize in theory and practice that "the earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof."

Apropos of the Anglican claim that the Church of England is a true branch of the Holy, Catholic, and Apostolic Church, the *Bombay Examiner* remarks:

It is therefore well to be clear on this point. The Anglican missionary body in India, taken in their generality, display toward the Catholic missionary body a certain friendliness which is gratifying; and as a rule they abstain also from attacks on Catholic doctrines, which is still more gratifying. It is quite natural that, out of regard for this courtesy on their part, we should make a suitable return of courtesy. This courtesy on our part *might* on occasion take even the form of sedulously avoiding anything like interference with Anglicans who happen to come in our way, etc. But if this be the case, at least there must be no misunderstanding about the motives at the back of it. Such abstinence must never be allowed to rest, or even seem to rest, on the tacit recognition of the Anglican Church as a branch of the Church Catholic; and, in fact, the more such a theory is put forward, the more urgently does it become our duty to oppose it, whenever our opposition has the least likelihood of having good effect.

The point is well taken. The worst possible service Catholics can render to their Anglican friends is to condone their attitude of separation from Rome. Controversy in season and out of season is doubtless inadvisable, but the finest Christian courtesy does not entail any minimizing of the truth, that the only genuine Catholicity is that which recognizes Rome as its centre and communion with Rome as its credentials.





An Old Lady.

BY E. BECK.

MISS ANTHROPY is a lady, somewhat grim
and somewhat gray,
Who goes roaming through the cities and the
highways day by day;
Often in the country valleys and the woodlands
she is seen,
Quite unmindful of the beauty of their hues of
gold and green.
Birds may sing their best and sweetest, not a
smile her features wear;
Stern her look is, though the sunbeams filter
through the balmy air;
And the laughter of the children in the streets
or lonely ways
Brings no smile upon her thin lips and no joyance
to her gaze.
Few, indeed, are those that greet her, and un-
happy are the few;
Not a merit, not a virtue in poor mortals can
she view;
But her eyes are keen for foibles; each one's faults
she finds with ease,
And the badness, not the goodness, of all folk
full quickly sees.
She has wandered through all nations of the
lands both new and old,
Hated by the weak and timid, laughed at by
the brave and bold;
Former generations knew her, grim, unsmiling,
hard and gray,
Just as we at present meet her roaming by us
day by day.
Whosoe'er sees this old beldam would do well
to turn aside;
Should one listen to her croaking, sorrows meet
one in full tide;
Who to Miss Anthropy listens ne'er again may
hope to find
Pleasure in their lives, or peace of heart, or
rest in soul or mind.

Ernest of Felsenburg.*

BY J. F. FRANKFORT.

I.

IN the beginning of the eighteenth century there lived in an old castle, on the borders of a forest, Count Frederick and Countess Adelaide of Felsenburg. They had only one child, a beautiful little boy, named Ernest, whom they tenderly loved; but before the child could utter the name of "father," the Count was obliged to join the army, war having been declared against an oldtime enemy. The Countess remained at home in the castle, intending to devote herself entirely to the care of her son.

One evening the Countess was sitting with the infant in her arms in her room. Margaret, the nurse, stood near, holding playfully to the child some freshly gathered flowers; and as he stretched out his hands and laughed, the mother rejoiced in the happiness of her baby boy.

In the midst of their enjoyment there entered the servant who had accompanied the Count, bringing the sad news that his master was severely wounded, and begged to see his wife once more before his death, which he believed to be fast approaching. The Countess turned deadly pale, and could scarcely hold the child with her trembling hands. When the messenger saw the effect of his news, he tried to express a hope that his master might yet recover, but at the same time he could not conceal that she must lose no time if she wished to see him again alive.

The Countess resolved to set out immediately; and, kissing her child with bitter

* Adapted from the German.

tears, she said: "Ah, you know not why your mother weeps! Poor child! you lose your father before you have learned to know him. How it grieves me that I can not take you with me to the camp!—O Margaret," she cried, turning to the girl, "it is in your charge that I leave all that is dearest to me here! I entreat you to take every possible care of the child. Never leave him alone for a moment, not even when he sleeps. Watch him as carefully as if I were present; carry him every morning into the garden; sing to him, talk to him, and show him flowers and other beautiful things. Never let him take in his hand anything with which he might hurt himself; and, above all things, never show any anger or impatience at his childish helplessness."

Margaret promised all. The Countess kissed and blessed the child, and, with a silent, fervent prayer, placed it in the girl's arms. Then, entering the carriage, she set out upon her journey amid the tears and lamentations of the household.

II.

Margaret was a poor orphan girl, and had been chosen by the Countess as nurse for little Ernest on account of her pious disposition and cheerful, lively manners. For some time she obeyed implicitly all the Countess' commands, and not an hour passed in which her mistress' words were not present to her mind; for she loved the noble lady as her greatest benefactress.

One day Margaret was sitting at work by the cradle of the sleeping child. She had ornamented with roses the basket-work over his head, so that when he opened his eyes they might rest upon something beautiful. A white gauze protected the child that he might not be disturbed by the buzzing flies; and more lovely and blooming than the flowers were the rosy cheeks of the little sleeper, seen through the delicate, transparent covering.

In the course of the afternoon there came some wandering musicians before

the castle door and began to play; then all the people of the castle went into a lower room and called them in, that they might spend an hour or two in the enjoyment of music and dancing. Margaret was very fond of music; but, mindful of the words of the Countess, she remained sitting by the cradle of the sleeping child. Suddenly the door opened, and George, the under-gardener, came into the room.

"O Margaret," he cried, "do come down! You can not think how we are enjoying ourselves. I never in my life heard such beautiful music. One of the musicians has a dulcimer, which he strikes as if he would beat it in pieces; a little boy plays the triangle, and a young man blows the post-horn. Do come at once."

Margaret said she dare not leave the child alone for an instant.

"Don't be so silly," said the thoughtless lad. "Don't pretend to be better than the rest of us. Besides, the child is asleep, and you can not help him to sleep. Come now, and don't make such a fuss about it. You can be back again in a quarter of an hour."

Margaret allowed herself to be persuaded, and went down; but she could feel no pleasure; a great fear came upon her. She tried to make her escape, but the others prevented her. When at last she got away and hastened back to the cradle of her beloved charge, who shall describe her horror at finding the little bed empty, and the child nowhere to be seen!

After the first shock she consoled herself with the hope that George, or some one of the servants of the castle, must have taken the babe away in jest and laid him in another bed, to frighten her. She hastened from room to room, but nowhere could she see anything of the child. A terrible fear took possession of her, and she hastened below and said to the dancers: "The young Count is not in his bed. Who has taken him away to frighten me?" Nobody knew anything about it, for no one had been near

the room. All left off dancing, and the musicians went away without waiting for their money. Every place was carefully searched; and soon it appeared that, besides the child, many valuable things were also missing, so that they could come to no other conclusion than that the child had been stolen.

The former pleasure was now changed to weeping and lamenting; if they had mourned for the death of the child, their grief could not have been greater. Poor Margaret was distracted, and in the first moment of her despair she would have rushed out and thrown herself into the river if she had not been held back.

"Oh," she cried in her bitter grief, "who could have thought that such a slight disobedience would be followed by such a dreadful misfortune!"

III.

While all the household were assembled in Ernest's room, weeping and lamenting; while Margaret, with wildly despairing looks and dishevelled hair, was crouching on the ground beside the empty cradle; while the roses which had adorned it lay scattered and trodden under foot, the door opened and the Countess entered the room.

The wound of the Count had not been so dangerous as was at first supposed. As soon as he was pronounced out of danger, the Countess, at his persuasion, set out on her journey home. She had that moment arrived, and hastened from the carriage to the room where she hoped to embrace the darling of her heart.

The entrance of the Countess caused a general consternation. Margaret cried aloud: "O God be merciful to me and to her!" The empty bed, the tearful faces, filled the Countess with dismay; but no one dared to answer her questions. A thousand dreadful fears darted through her mind, and she trembled for the life of her child; but what words shall describe her anguish as she at last half heard, half guessed, the truth!

"O God," she cried, "what a dreadful burden hast Thou laid upon me! Ah, my child, my child, my dearest child! O my husband, my beloved husband, this news will pierce thy heart more deeply than the swords of the enemy! O my darling Ernest, where art thou now? How terrible the thought that thou hast perhaps fallen into the hands of wicked men, and wilt learn their evil ways! Ah, rather would I have wept over thy grave! Then thou wouldst have been a beautiful angel near the throne of God, and I should have had the hope of seeing thee again. But, alas! this consolation is denied me. Ah, what will become of thee among such men! O God," she went on, falling upon her knees, and looking up to heaven with clasped hands and streaming eyes,—*"O God, our only consolation in all misery, my child is indeed torn from my arms, but from Thy care he can never be taken! I know not where he may be; but Thine eye sees all. Thou hearest the cry of the young ravens; oh, hear the voice of my child! To me and to my husband give grace to bear this trial patiently. Although human wickedness has robbed us of our darling, yet it is Thy will: Thou hast so ordained it. To Thee will I offer my child, with a trusting, though bleeding, heart. I know well that even this sorrow may, under Thy guidance, be turned into a blessing."*

Poor Margaret fell sobbing at the feet of the Countess, and imploring her pardon.

"Ah," she said, wringing her hands in an agony of grief, "I would willingly shed the last drop of my blood to save the child. Oh, let me die! My fault deserves nothing less than death."

The Countess forgave her, saying: "Your present grief is punishment enough; no harm shall happen to you. But you now see how necessary my commands were, and to what great misery disobedience, thoughtlessness, and love of pleasure may lead. All our happiness in this world is at an end, like the roses which lie faded and scattered on the ground."

When the Countess had somewhat recovered from the first shock, and had learned that the child had been stolen only a few hours, she sent out her people in all directions in search of him. As one messenger after another returned from the search, Margaret went to meet him, and her tears broke out afresh as soon as she saw his despairing look. At length, when the last came back without having discovered any trace of the child, Margaret's grief was sad to see. Gradually she became more quiet, but went about pale and dejected, like a shadow of her former self. At last she disappeared from the castle.

IV.

We must now return to the lost child. An old gipsy woman had some time before obtained admission to the castle under the pretext of telling fortunes, and while there had made herself acquainted with all the ways of the household. By an arrangement with the musicians, they kept the servants amused in a lower room with the noisy music, while she entered the garden through a little door in the wall, and hastened to the child's room and carried him off, together with all the valuables that she could collect, and fled into a neighboring wood.

Here she hid herself with the child in a thicket until it was dark, when she left her hiding-place and carried the child farther through secret, unfrequented paths. She had provided herself with food for the journey, and wandered on for many miles until she reached the mountain. There she came to a deep cavern. The entrance was so overgrown with bushes that it would have been almost impossible for any one not in the secret to have discovered it. After creeping for some time through stones, thorns and brambles, the gipsy came to an iron door, of which she had the key. She opened the door, and, through a long passage, at last reached the cavern itself.

This cavern was the abode of robbers, and here they hid themselves and their

stolen treasures, consisting of valuable clothes, gold, silver, and jewelry. The robbers, a number of rough-bearded men, were sitting drinking and smoking when the gipsy entered with the child. They were very pleased when they heard that the boy was the son of the Count of Felsenburg, and praised the gipsy for her successful theft. They had long wished to get into their power the child of some nobleman.

"You have done well, old mother," said the captain of the band. "Now we are quite safe. If one of us should be taken prisoner, we who are left have only to threaten to kill the boy if our comrade is not set free."

He then ordered the gipsy, who cooked for the robbers, to take particular care of the child's health, as his life was so valuable to them.

In this gloomy cavern the poor child lived for some time, until all remembrance of his infancy had quite faded away. He knew nothing of the sun, the moon, or any of the beautiful works of God; for no ray of daylight ever penetrated into this gloomy abode. A lamp which burned day and night hung from the ceiling, and threw a dull glare upon the rocky walls. There was, however, no want of food; the robbers brought bread and meat, vegetables and wine in abundance. A large cask of water stood in a corner of the cave; but as the water had to be fetched from a distance, the gipsy was obliged to be sparing with it, and ordered the boy to be very careful in turning the tap.

The old woman let the child want for nothing; he was plentifully provided with everything necessary for his comfort, but she was quite incapable of giving him any instruction. He could neither read nor write, and never heard from these bad men a word of the good God who had made him. Only one among them, a young man named William, the son of honest people, who had taken to his wicked way of life from his love of

gambling, showed kindness to the child. He often brought him playthings to amuse him—little carved wooden figures of a sheepfold with sheep and shepherd and shepherd's dog; a garden with different sorts of trees covered with red and yellow fruit; a mirror, and other toys. Once he brought him a flute, and taught him to play little airs upon it; another time he brought him a group of painted flowers, and taught him to cut flowers out of paper, and paint them with various colors. But the most precious of Ernest's treasures was a little picture of his mother, which the gipsy had brought away from the castle. It was beautifully painted and set in gold, and surrounded with diamonds.

William often looked at this picture, and thought sadly of his own mother.

"Poor child," he would say to himself, "how cruel it was to tear you away from such a mother! How gladly would I take you back to her if I could!"

This young man often talked with the child, and told him many things which aroused his intelligence; but he never dared to speak of God or eternity, for the robbers carefully avoided all that might disturb their conscience.

(To be continued.)

Under Water.

Although man is intended to live upon the earth, many earn a living by staying for a short period under the water. They go to the bottom of the sea in diving bells, or nearer its surface for pearls or sponges or coral. The Greek sponge fishers and Arabic divers have acquired a wonderful facility, not only of staying under water, but of seeing objects while there. They have even learned to control the consumption of the air supplied to their lungs, and have become almost as well able to inhabit water as the animals for which it is a natural abode. A pearl fisher, for instance, can remain under water for two and a half minutes,—half

as long as a hippopotamus, that is what is called "amphibious." In a tank, a diver has remained below for four minutes at a time. When the water is very cold, however, the animals have the advantage, as the most hardy diver is conquered at once by a low temperature which an amphibious animal would not mind in the least.

The Twine Splicer.

The famous Henry Clay was noted for always trying to learn to do in the best manner whatever task he undertook. When he was about fourteen he was employed as clerk in a grocery store, and was reprovèd by the storekeeper for being too lavish with the twine which he tied about the parcels of goods. Thereupon he saved every bit of twine, however short, and tied the pieces together. But the customers complained that they did not like so many knots, and again the employer reprovèd his young clerk. "There must be a way out of this," said Henry to himself: "I must save twine and yet not have the parcels look untidy." So he consulted a sailor, who taught him to make such neat, smooth knots that they could hardly be noticed. When the storekeeper discovered Henry's new accomplishment, he set him to work splicing twine in all his odd moments, with the result that the young fellow's enthusiasm abated, and he sought a new field for his talents, which, as everyone knows, were for oratory and statesmanship.

"Is there one word that contains all the vowels?" one man asked of another.

"Unquestionably," was the reply, "if you don't call *w* a vowel."

There are several words in the English language in which *a*, *e*, *i*, *o*, and *u* occur in regular order. "Abstemious" and "facetious" are two of them. In "abstemiously" and "facetiously" we also include *y*.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—"All about Salads," by Mrs. Lewis Clarke Lucas, is published by the Catholic Library Association, New York, and should be a boon to those who know the importance of the salad course and yet who are at a loss to present a variety of tempting concoctions in this line. "Salad Accompaniments" and a chapter on "Sandwiches" complete a handy little book for housewives.

—Our English exchanges announce the death of Mr. Charles J. Dunphy, a well-known Catholic journalist, for many years the dramatic and art critic of the *London Morning Post*. He was the author of several books, including a collection of poems. His early association with the press brought him into contact with Thackeray, Dickens, Disraeli, Gladstone, and other English celebrities. *R. I. P.*

—Educational Brief, No. 23, issued by the Superintendent of Parish Schools, Philadelphia, is a reprint, from the *American Ecclesiastical Review*, of Dr. James J. Walsh's excellent paper, "Priests as Pioneers of Discovery in Electricity." The interesting pamphlet disposes of the contention often made that clergymen, accepting so many truths on faith, can not be original discoverers or investigators in science. "The very opposite," says Dr. Walsh, "proves to be the case; for, in proportion to their numbers, more of them devoted themselves to asking questions of Nature than did any other class of educated people of the time."

—The *Casket* notes a compliment paid to the American Catholic press by Mr. S. H. Horgan, in an address to the Alumni Sodality of St. Francis Xavier's College, New York. Speaking of the post-graduate course of newspaper reading which so many are taking, Mr. Horgan told his hearers "it is refreshing to turn from the daily newspaper drivel to the scholarly editorials and good literature of the growing Catholic press; and this is the post-graduate course which he recommended that none of his hearers should neglect." Of which it may be said that—*exceptis excipiendis*—the compliment is deserved; and the *Casket* is not affected by the qualifying clause.

—For the first time in its history of three hundred years, Trinity College, Dublin, has conferred an honorary degree on a Catholic priest and monk—the Rt. Rev. Edmund Cuthbert Butler, O. S. B., Abbot of Downside College. From the *Freeman's Journal* of that city we learn that the distinguished scholar and educationist is already an M. A. of London and Cambridge

Universities. He has done exceptionally good work as editor of the "Historia Lausiaca" of Palladius for the Cambridge "Texts and Studies" Series of Biblical and Patristic Literature, and is among contributors to the "Catholic Encyclopedia." Abbot Butler is the son of Edward Butler, M. A., first Professor of Mathematics in the Catholic University, Dublin, and nephew of Sir Francis Cruise, M. D., K. S. G.

—There is considerable salutary disillusionment as to the degree of credence to be placed in newspaper interviews, and even in signed statements therein, awaiting the reader of Mr. William Salisbury's "Career of a Journalist." Every newspaper office, declares this writer, is a school of cynicism; and, according to the *Dial*, "his pages breathe, throughout, a spirit of cynical contempt for his former calling, and for himself for having engaged in it. Signed statements, he tells us, were the rage with Mr. Hearst's newspapers, on one of which he was for a short time employed as reporter; and more than one such statement he freely acknowledges himself to have fabricated, the ostensible author seeing it for the first time in print, with his own name under it! These statements, it is further explained, owed their inspiration to no higher source than a city directory, a near-by resort where certain liquids were sold, and a vivid and fertile imagination." There are, of course, journals above such outraged conduct, but they are not so numerous as perhaps the unsophisticated man on the street is inclined to believe.

—"The New Matrimonial Legislation," by the Rev. Charles J. Cronin, D. D., Vice-Rector of the English College, Rome (R. & T. Washbourne, Benziger Brothers), is an admirable commentary on the decree of the Sacred Congregation of the Council, *Ne Temere*, on Betrothal and Marriage. The work, a handsome volume of some three hundred and fifty pages, differs from Father Devine's "The Law of Christian Marriage," recently noticed in these columns, in that it is concerned exclusively with the decree *Ne Temere*, the discussion of which occupies only two of Father Devine's twenty-four chapters. The commentary is full, lucid, and strengthened with an abundance of authoritative testimony. The whole subject is admittedly a difficult one to master,—intricate and involved; and even the fairly capable theologian is apt to discover cases in which the "wheels within wheels" inspire him with an ardent desire to consult a work dealing somewhat exhaustively with every phase of the principles underlying

the concrete muddle that taxes his patience. Dr. Cronin's volume will prove an excellent book for consultation, and may be cordially recommended as a quasi-necessary addition to the present-day pastor's working library.

—Macmillan & Co. have brought out, in a well-printed volume of 145 pp., the Rev. Mr. Lloyd's "The Wheat among the Tares; or, Studies of Buddhism in Japan." The learned author, who is a lecturer in the Imperial University, Tokyo, styles his book a collection of essays and lectures, giving an unsystematic exposition of certain missionary problems in the Far East, with a plea for more systematic research. To the student of comparative religions, the book will prove of uncommon interest. Mr. Lloyd holds that "the more light is thrown upon the vast stores of Buddhistic literature in China and the East, the more clearly will come out into indisputable certainty the historic truth of the great facts upon which is based our common Christian and Catholic creed, so that we may hope for a secondary result in the drawing closer together of the disunited forces of Christianity."

The Latest Books. A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' price generally includes postage.

"All about Salads." Mrs. Lewis Clarke Lucas. 75 cts.

"The New Matrimonial Legislation." Rev. Charles J. Cronin, D. D. \$1.90, net.

"Pentecost Preaching." Rev. Arthur Devine, C. P. \$1.50, net.

"Stories New and Old, American and English." Hamilton Wright Mabie. \$1.50.

"A Martyr of Our Own Day." From the French by the Rev. John J. Dunn. \$1, net.

"Cords of Adam." Rev. T. J. Gerrard. \$1.50.

"The Catholic School System in the United States." Rev. James A. Burns, C. S. C. \$1.25, net.

"The Story of Blessed Thomas More." A Nun of Tyburn Convent. 80 cts., net.

"The Eucharistic Heart of Jesus." \$1.

"An American Student in France." Abbé Felix Klein. \$2.50.

"Barnaby Bright." Father Bearne. 2 vols. \$1.60.

"The Bells of Atchison." Rev. Andrew Green, O. S. B. 75 cts.

"The Spectrum of Truth." Sharpe-Aveling. 30 cts.

"The Church of the Fathers," "University Teaching." Cardinal Newman. 75 cts., net. each.

"A Child Countess." Sophia Maude. 75 cts., net.

"Nemesis." S. A. Turk. 60 cts., net.

"In a Roundabout Way." Clara Mulholland. 75 cts., net.

"Christ among Men; or, Characteristics of Jesus, as Seen in the Gospels." Abbé Stertillanges. 60 cts., net.

"The Tale of Tintern." Rev. Edward Caswall. 30 cts.

"A Commentary on the Present Index Legislation." Rev. Timothy Hurley, D. D. \$1.35, net.

"Althea." D. E. Nirdlinger. 60 cts.

"The Test of Courage." H. M. Ross. \$1.25.

"Assertio Septem Sacramentorum; or, Defence of the Seven Sacraments." Henry VIII. King of England. Re-edited, with an Introduction, by the Rev. Louis O'Donovan, S. T. L. \$2, net.

"Lois." Emily Hickey. \$1.10, net.

"The Divine Eucharist." Père Eymard. 75 cts.

"The Favorite and Favors of the Sacred Heart." Abbé Berry. 75 cts., net.

"A Missionary's Notebook." Rev. Richard Alexander. \$1.10.

"Mr. Crewe's Career." Winston Churchill. \$1.50.

"The Doctrine of Modernism and Its Refutation." J. Dodrycz, D. D. 80 cts.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Albert Nodler, of the diocese of Davenport; Rev. Peter Kearney, diocese of Brooklyn; Rev. Jerome Feys, diocese of Covington; Rt. Rev. Monsignor McSweeney, diocese of Portland; Rev. Denis O'Sullivan, S. J.; Rev. Edmund Vaughan, and Rev. Augustine Seibert, C. SS. R. Mr. Andrew Webber, Mrs. Isabel Treadwell, Mrs. Mary Lynch, Mr. James Morris, Mrs. Anna Thompson, Mr. Richard Johnston, Mrs. Rosalie Baum, and Mr. William Freeburn.

Requiescant in pace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED ST. LUKE 48

VOL. LXVII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, AUGUST 8, 1908.

NO. 6.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C. S. C.]

God's Thought of You.

IF 'mid the cares of busy day
To God you lift your heart,
You'll find that in His loving thought
Your humble life hath part.

If in the sunshine of your joy
You turn your thoughts above,
His gentle gaze will meet your own,
Illumed with matchless love.

If when in grief you think of Him,
You'll find Him ever near,
With tender, loving thought of you,
Your stricken life to cheer.

If when the shades of dark distrust
Hide Hope's bright star from view,
Be sure that if you think of God,
He's thinking then of you.

The Martyred Ursulines of Valenciennes.

BY THE COMTESSE DE COURSON.

PROBABLY very few among the readers of THE AVE MARIA are personally acquainted with the old Flemish town of Valenciennes, situated in the Département du Nord, close to the Belgian frontier; and for this reason rather a debatable land, where for many years the French, Spanish, and Austrian forces measured their strength. At the present day, when France is being slowly but surely unchristianized by the crafty policy of a Freethinking government, the inhabitants of these northern

provinces retain a strong foundation of religious faith, the heritage, possibly, of their Spanish conquerors.

Though the famous Duke of Alba's methods of government made him deservedly unpopular in the Low Countries, the people of Flanders and Artois appear to have kept a favorable recollection of their Spanish rulers. The quaintly-worded *Registres de Catholicité* (parochial annals kept by the parish priests) inform us that in the eyes of these simple folk the Spaniards personified loyalty to the Church in opposition to the Huguenots, who were powerful in the neighboring districts of Boulonnais and Ponthieu. In 1677 Valenciennes was taken by Louis XIV., and became a French possession; and forty years later the Low Countries by the treaty of Utrecht, passed from the hands of Spain to those of Austria.

If ever the inhabitants of Valenciennes were tempted to regret their Spanish masters, it must have been at the end of the eighteenth century, during the years of bloodshed called the Reign of Terror. The eleven Ursuline runs, whose tragic story we are about to tell our readers, perished because the vicissitudes of war, after having borne them safely across the frontier, unfortunately brought them back under French rule, at a moment when the country was governed by ferocious "Jacobins," in whose eyes the practice of religion was a crime to be punished by death.

Like their sisters, the Carmelites of Compiègne, the Ursulines of Valenciennes died for the Faith; and their "Cause,"

to use a technical expression, has been lately brought to the notice of the ecclesiastical tribunals appointed for the purpose. These humble teachers of the children of the poor proved themselves, in the day of danger, self-possessed and courageous; and when condemned to die on the scaffold, they displayed the joyous heroism that was a characteristic trait in all the religious women martyred under the Reign of Terror. The executioner at Orange impatiently exclaimed that the thirty-two nuns who perished by the guillotine in July, 1794, died "laughing." So the guards who accompanied the Ursulines of Valenciennes to the fatal *place* reproached them with being "so gay." The Lord, we know, loves a cheerful giver; and these eleven women who smilingly went forward to meet a hideous death had surely attained a rare degree of Christian perfection. Their heroism was no passing enthusiasm, but the outcome of a long and steady course of religious self-sacrifice.

When, in 1653, Marie and Charlotte d'Oultreman, two noble ladies of Valenciennes, decided to found a convent of Ursuline nuns in their native city, they applied for the necessary permission to the King of Spain, their sovereign. Philip IV. readily gave his consent to a project that harmonized with his own views, and the magistrates of the city were no less favorable to the new foundation. The inhabitants of Valenciennes were, a contemporary writer tells us, not "free from suspicion of heresy"; this was enough to make the Spanish officials encourage a teaching Order, whose members were devoted to the training of poor children.

There was at that time in the neighboring town of Mons a flourishing community of Ursuline nuns, and from this monastery came the religious who were the foundation-stones of the new convent. They arrived on April 10, 1654; and for a fortnight were the guests of their friends, the Demoiselles d'Oultreman, in whose house Mass was celebrated for

their greater convenience. Two or three times, say the old archives, they went out *en carrosse* to visit the eleven churches of Valenciennes; and on the 26th of the same month, the arrangement of their new home being completed, they were, with much solemnity, conveyed to their monastery, which was situated in the Rue Cardon. A Jesuit, Father d'Oultreman, brother of the foundresses, preached on the occasion; and one of the two remained kneeling in the chapel the whole day, praying "with much consolation."

From the day when, in 1655, they took possession of the convent in the Rue Cardon to the evil hour in 1794 when they were driven from their cloistered home, the history of the Ursulines is uneventful enough. Here and there, we learn from contemporary writers, they fulfilled their duties as teachers to the children of the poor with exemplary zeal and devotedness. Father Paul de Barry, S. J., writing in 1656, praises their spirit of prayer and the care with which they trained their little pupils to habits of devotion. An Archbishop of Cambrai, Mgr. de Bryas, draws attention to their "great regularity," to their "peaceful and tranquil spirit." The parents of the pupils, he adds, were much pleased because their children were "very well taught." In fine, they seem to have silently and humbly fulfilled their self-imposed task to the best of their ability; and, unconsciously, through these long years of quiet labor, they were fitting themselves for the heroic sacrifice that was to crown their lives.

When the Revolution broke out, the community was in a prosperous condition. Valenciennes had been taken by Louis XIV. in 1677, and by the treaty of Nimègue it had definitely become a French possession; in consequence its inhabitants were naturally influenced by the excitement that prevailed in France in 1789, when the États Généraux inaugurated what was supposed by over-sanguine spirits to be an era of liberty and progress,

a golden age of universal brotherhood. The Ursulines were absorbed in their daily work, and removed, both by their social status and by their religious vocation, from the circles where the questions of the day were discussed; and they probably realized that a change had come over the country only when, in 1790, they were informed that the *Assemblée Nationale*, in whose hands the government was vested, had decided to abolish religious Orders throughout the kingdom.

That same year they elected a new superioress,—one who in the designs of Providence was to guide her community through many difficulties and dangers to a glorious death. Marie Clotilde Paillot was a native of Bavay, a small town near Valenciennes. She belonged to a good *bourgeois* family long established in the country. She was fifty-one in 1790, and had entered the convent at the age of seventeen. She was an exemplary religious, whose chief characteristic seems to have been extreme gentleness and tenderness. It was generally said that she won all hearts by her sweet and captivating manners. To these gifts, that made her universally popular, she united a clear sense of duty and sufficient firmness to carry out at whatever cost what seemed to her to be right. We shall see in the course of this paper that Mother Clotilde Paillot, whose tears flowed fast at the thought of the cruel death of her daughters, proved herself a "valiant woman" when her own turn came; her natural sensitiveness never clashed with her steady courage.

In November, 1790, the Ursulines, in common with all religious women throughout France, were informed that they might, if they choose to do so, return to the world. In the high-flown language so dear to the lawgivers of the day, they were told that their fetters were broken, and that for them a new era of liberty and enjoyment had dawned. To these grandiloquent phrases the nuns replied by stating that their firm wish was to

remain in their convent. Mother Clotilde gave the example. The official paper from which we borrow these details states that "she protested that her desire was to end her days in the state and in the house where she had elected to live." The other nuns, young and old, on being separately questioned by the government delegates, replied in the same spirit, almost in the same words; not one of them would admit even for a moment the possibility of leaving her community. Having thus clearly expressed their wishes, they resumed their laborious task, which so far the authorities had not interrupted; and, absorbed in their daily duties, during two years they quietly waited for what the future might bring.

In August, 1792, new decrees were issued by the impious government, and the Ursulines were forbidden to teach; moreover, they were commanded to leave their convent, which was seized by the "Nation." The expulsion of the community was to take place before the 1st of October. Consequently, a decision had to be promptly taken, and arrangements were made for the removal of the religious to a place of safety.

Like their martyred Sisters, the Carmelites of Compiègne, the Ursulines of Valenciennes were firmly resolved to remain faithful to their holy vocation; and, naturally enough, their thoughts turned to the house of their Order at Mons, where, more than a hundred years before, Mademoiselle d'Oultreman had brought the foundresses of the Valenciennes convent. Under the sceptical Emperor Joseph II., the religious houses of the Low Countries had experienced very harsh treatment, much resembling that inflicted upon them by the *Assemblée Nationale*. But at the Emperor's death the reins of government had passed into the hands of his sister, the Archduchess Maria Christina, who inherited the religious spirit and political talents of her illustrious mother, the Empress-Queen Maria Teresa. Under her just and gentle

sway, religious communities once more enjoyed peace and liberty, and thus the Ursulines of Mons were able to receive their persecuted French Sisters.

It was a difficult matter to organize the departure of these women, whom their cloistered life had unfitted to battle with the material difficulties of the world. The town of Valenciennes and the surrounding country were in an unsettled condition. War had broken out between France and Austria; and, what with the disturbances within the frontier and the battles without, even the short journey from Valenciennes to Mons became a hazardous undertaking.

It was accomplished, however, in September, 1792, with the assistance of a young novice, Angélique Lepoint, who was a native of Hensies, a village over the borders of Belgium. At her request, her friends and relations lent the community their country carts; into these were piled the scanty bits of furniture which the nuns were allowed to carry away. Each one, we are told, had permission to take with her a bed, a chair, a water pitcher, and a cross. Twenty-six religious, who were in a condition to endure the rough journey, also got into the carts; the others, who were too old or infirm to face the move, remained at Valenciennes; their superioress having provided, as far as lay in her power, for their safety and comfort.

Thus, sadly enough, the Ursulines left the convent home that was endeared to them by the memories of more than a hundred years,—the chapel, whose *boiseries* and pictures were now put up for sale; the quiet cloisters; the burial-place where lay their first mothers, a spot around which hung many edifying traditions and legends.

To add to the anxiety of this melancholy journey, the Ursulines left Valenciennes without having received an answer from their Sisters at Mons, although they had sent thither a trusted messenger, who was to represent their desolate con-

dition and appeal to the charity of the Belgian nuns. Fortunately, at a village on the road, called Angre, came a welcome message from Mons, where the travellers arrived toward evening on the following day, September 17. The superioress of the Belgian convent had, we are told, stipulated that she would receive only twelve or fourteen fugitives; but when her eyes fell on the twenty-six forlorn and weary women who stopped at her gate, her kind heart melted and she made room for all.

Happily, one of the Mons nuns, Angèle Honorez, kept a diary of the events that took place at the convent day by day, and the arrival of the travellers from France is duly mentioned by this most faithful annalist. She tells us how they first repaired to the chapel to thank God for bringing them to this safe haven, and the two communities sang a *Te Deum*. The strangers were conducted to the refectory; but, says Mother Honorez, "most of them were not in a condition to eat, and only drank some tea." Then the Belgian nuns promptly and kindly arranged for their visitors' comfort. A dormitory was improvised, mattresses were laid on the floor, extra benches were placed in the nuns' choir, and at the end of a few days the two communities had settled down as happily as though they had always lived together. The French nuns continued to be governed by their own superioress, Mother Clotilde; but they gladly helped their Belgian hostesses in their work in the schools; "each one," says our annalist, "was given an occupation suited to her capacity."

Although perfect peace and a close and affectionate companionship made the interior of the Ursuline monastery a paradise, it was impossible that the echoes of the war which was raging on the frontier should not disturb the reposeful atmosphere, in which the exiles from France forgot their past anxieties. At the beginning of November, only six weeks after their arrival, the Austrian and French

armies met outside Mons; and on the 6th there was a battle, the result of which was watched by hundreds of spectators who had gathered on the ramparts of the city. Within their convent, the nuns listened to the roar of the cannon "that made our walls tremble," says Mother Honorez; and with terror they heard, toward evening that the French Republicans had beaten the imperial troops. The next day, November 7, the French General Dumouriez entered the city. The bells rang; and the inhabitants, from fear rather than from sympathy, consented to decorate their houses. At heart they dreaded the presence of an army that was well known for its insubordination and brutality; and the Ursulines, together with the other religious communities, wondered anxiously, says our annalist, "what would become of the priests and nuns." Dumouriez's chief object was to collect funds to carry on the war, and the wealthy Belgian cities were ruthlessly taxed and pillaged.

On the 23d of January the delegates of the Republican government visited the Ursulines and laid violent hands upon the nuns' books, papers, and money. An attempt had been made to conceal and save the church plate, but it failed; and the precious candlesticks, chalices, remonstrances and reliquaries were carried away. "We never saw them again," pathetically adds Angèle Honorez. Scandalous scenes that jarred upon the devout Flemish people took place in the churches. The soldiers donned the priestly vestments; and once they organized a mock procession, in which a Jacobin carried the remonstrance.

(To be continued.)

As a rule, the possession of wealth tends as much to diminish as to increase real luxuries. A servant is a luxury, if he saves one from mere drudgery; but quite otherwise if his employment deprives the master of healthful exercise or pleasant adventure.—*H. C. Merwin.*

Phileas Fox, Attorney.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

II.

FACH succeeding day at the office was for Phileas Fox, in almost every particular, a replica of the first. The novelty of gazing at the bill-heads and the sign had worn off; and the folios began to lose much of their interest, without apparent possibility of their accumulated learning being practically applied. Only two resources remained by which the tedium of those leaden-winged hours might be relieved. The first was the case of *Spooner vs. Vorst*, which still exercised its primal charm upon the young lawyer's faculties, haunting him with an actual obsession; and the other was an expedient which occurred to his mind, and which was suggested by the example of various notable personages, in fiction at least. This was the practice of those gifts of forensic eloquence which he was supposed to possess,—gifts that had been stimulated by the delivery of somewhat flord addresses at the commencements and on other public occasions at the University. He therefore constituted the vacant office chairs his audience, with a final court of appeal in the pigeonholed shelves, whereon stood the folios in regular order. He began a moving address in the case of *Spooner vs. Vorst*, which he carried to a successful conclusion, melting himself almost to tears, though the chairs and the shelves alike showed themselves proof against emotion, as is too often the case with judge and jury.

He had scarcely reached the peroration when the office door opened. This was an unprecedented event, which brought the orator's eloquence to an untimely close. His attention was directed instead to a thin and cadaverous individual, who had insinuated himself between the open door and the jamb. He stood there, with his

hat crammed down upon his head, his alpaca coat shining in the morning sunshine; and while Phileas, reddening to the roots of his hair, strove to stammer out an inquiry as to the other's business, the man came slowly forward and shut the door.

"You was so busy hearing yourself talk," he said, "that you didn't hear my knock, although it was loud enough too."

As he said these words he continued to regard the young barrister with a scrutiny so intent that he seemed to be taking a physical and mental inventory of him; after which he spoke again, slowly, as if weighing every syllable:

"I tell you what, young feller, you'd better go ahead in that style. You've got the gift of the gab all right enough; and it seems to me that I can make that gift useful to myself and profitable to you."

Phileas felt his heart bound within him, and his spirits rose proportionately. A client at last, and one who had heard him—though that circumstance had been embarrassing at first—just when he had risen to forensic heights, and had been warmed by the twofold heat of virtue and righteous indignation!

He drew a chair for his first patron at a decorous proximity to himself, and took his own place at the desk, in an attitude of grave attention. While he sat thus he returned the visitor's scrutiny, observing that the face of the man before him was as of one prematurely old, though the actual age of his prospective client could not have been more than thirty; and Phileas drew thence certain other deductions that did not tend to optimism. A pause of several moments ensued, during which the stranger continued to regard the figure at the desk with close attention, and, as Phileas perceived, allowed his glance to rest significantly upon the ruddy hair. He broke the silence rather irrelevantly.

"You've got a tidy little spot here," he said, letting his eyes stray to the shelves, the chairs, and to the broad window,

where the green shade but partially obscured the sunbeams that were playing obtrusively over the floor; "and I reckon that it costs a neat sum."

Phileas briefly assented.

"Got any customers yet for your wares?" the stranger inquired.

"I have been occupying the premises for only a week," the lawyer responded stiffly, repressing an inclination to display another of those arts wherein he had attained some distinction at the University, and knock the questioner down.

"Which means to say," pursued the visitor, with exasperating slowness, "that you ain't got any custom yet."

The irascible temperament of which the red hair was a visible symbol was becoming dangerously irritated by this catechising, coupled with something in the other's appearance that Phileas found repellent.

"I must say, sir," he observed, striving to maintain his calmly judicial tone, "that if your object in coming here was to put questions concerning my private affairs—"

But the visitor interrupted.

"Hold on thar!" he cried. "I'm coming to the object of my visit all right enough, Mr. Fox,—oh, yes, indeed, Mr. Fox!"

The repetition of the name seemed to afford the newcomer a very solid satisfaction, and he chuckled and leaned back in his chair, surveying the practitioner once more with his ferret-like eyes.

"Those sentiments you was airing when I opened the door," he went on, with a look that was intended to be humorous, "has a sartain monetary value. I suppose that's why most young fellers indulge in them, especially at the start. They take a jury, sometimes a judge; it's only the opposing counsel that they don't take, nary a nickel."

During this bit of criticism, which was peculiarly distasteful to a young man's sensitive vanity, as well as to some other and higher feeling that was deeply ingrained in the young lawyer's nature,

Phileas colored with vexation, and moved uneasily in his chair.

"I would be obliged," he said at last, looking at his watch, "if you would proceed to business."

"What's your hurry?" inquired the stranger, jocosely. "Got a big case waiting for you? Due at the courts?"

"I am due at my luncheon in twenty minutes," answered Phileas, curtly.

The visitor shook his head.

"Let me tell you, young feller, that patience is very necessary in the profession that you've took up, and I'd advise you to practise the same. But since you are in such a hurry, I may as well spit out the 'biz' at once."

Phileas could scarcely conceal his disgust at the brutal vulgarity of the other, but he kept his eyes fixed upon the desk and waited. The stranger leaned forward impressively, and laid a hand on the lawyer's arm.

"Look here, Mr. Fox," he said, speaking in a low and cautious tone. "There's money in what I'm going to propose, Mr. Fox, if only you'll give me your help in chasing a goose."

This singular client was so amused at his own witticism that he chuckled and laughed till the tears ran down his thin cheeks, while the lawyer's face remained ominously grave. The visitor, in fact, had studied to little advantage those characteristics of which the bright blue eye, the manly and candid bearing were the outward tokens. Despite the warm and generous sentiments which he had overheard on opening the door, he was persuaded of two things: first, that all those factors mentioned above would be valuable assets in the game which he was playing; and, second, that every one of these things could be bought.

His manner suddenly changed from the lightly facetious tone he had adopted in introducing himself. The laugh died from his face and the chuckle from his throat. His beady eyes became keen as those of a beagle upon the scent; his

thin lips, sharp and decisive; his whole aspect, that of one who might prove, in any given circumstances, shrewd, merciless, unscrupulous.

He began by stating the really exorbitant fee which he was prepared to pay, being of opinion that the dazzle of gold was the best means of obscuring the moral sense. The sum mentioned caused the lawyer's heart to beat, though it scarcely seemed possible that such an amount could really come into his possession. The stranger readily noted the effect which his communication had produced, and he went on, in guarded but perfectly clear and concise language, to explain the end he had in view, and his need of the attorney's services.

Phileas listened in growing amazement while the other's explanation revealed to the white-souled young man, fresh from the high ideals and religious atmosphere of his Alma Mater, a degree of iniquity, a depth of the lowest chicanery, such as he could never have imagined. When he had begun fully to realize what his visitor really meant, and in what he was asking his co-operation, Phileas suddenly sprang from his chair and threw open his office door. Before his would-be client could guess at his intention, the lawyer had seized him by the collar, jerked him upright upon the floor, and hurried him out of the apartment and down the broad corridor to the elevator. The miserable wretch was as nothing in the grasp of one who had so often prevailed in the arena of athletics. So burning was Phileas' indignation that, had a stairway intervened, the rascal would have been in danger of being summarily thrown down. As it was, the attorney brought his swift career to a sudden stop at the wire door of the elevator. That machine was in process of ascent; and Phileas remembered just in time his professional dignity, which must necessarily be maintained. He gave his visitor a parting shake, and deposited him in a heap upon the ground.

The latter raised himself slowly, and,

fixing upon the young attorney a glance which contained the venom of half a dozen asps, hissed out: "You'll pay for this, Mr. Fox,—Mr. Fox!"

The double mention of the name was uttered so as to convey a personal insult; and perhaps it was as well for the speaker that the elevator, arriving just then, prevented any further action on the part of the distinguished athlete. He, with a parting scowl at the miscreant, returned to his office, the door of which he closed with no gentle hand. Rushing over to the window, he threw up the sash to the highest, as if to purify the atmosphere. The wholesome sunshine, the bright sky above, the pure air which he inhaled in deep draughts, seemed needed to restore his equilibrium.

That the wretch should have dared to come into his office with his vile schemes and base proposals seemed to his inexperience an intolerable affront—he who had so high an idea of the dignity of the law, and who had resolved to uphold its highest traditions, and to take for his exemplars those who had been its incorruptible pillars. He wondered, helplessly, if there were indeed men even of average education and decent upbringing who would lend themselves to schemes so nefarious solely for the sake of gain. None know better than he the necessity for that commodity vulgarly described as filthy lucre. The need thereof was staring him daily in the face; and yet he was glad to feel that not for all the money in the world would he part with one jot of his manhood, his integrity, or his sense of moral fitness. Boyish as he was, reckless almost as he had been at college, the leader in many sports, too often in mischievous pranks, he was wholesome in every fibre of his nature, transparently honest, and firm as a rock in his convictions.

He reflected gloomily, as he seated himself once more at his desk, that this was not a very propitious opening to a

career upon which so many hopes had been based. He felt intimately convinced that he owed this insulting visit, and the astounding proposition which had been made to him during its progress, in a large measure to the unhappy coincidence of the color of his hair, with his all too suggestive surname. The very tone in which his late visitor had pronounced that name still sounded in his ears and rankled deep in his heart.

As his temper cooled down, however, he began to take himself to task for its violent manifestation. It would have been much better, he thought, to refuse the proposal with firmness and dignity, ordering the creature out of his office of course, but retaining control of his anger, righteous though it had been. By no means should he have laid hands on his objectionable client. Nevertheless, he chuckled to himself as he remembered the shaking he had given the miscreant, and felt only sorry that he had not added a kick to his other attentions. Thus inconsistently did he conclude his self-accusation.

Not the slightest feeling of regret found place in his emotions for the money he might have earned, though the amount mentioned would have saved him for many a day from pressing monetary difficulties, and set his feet securely upon the thorny path he had elected to tread. The whole incident left an unpleasant impression upon his mind, and the spectre of Discouragement showed a disposition to fasten its fangs upon a temperament prone at times to its influence; for they who are the most sanguine upon the one hand are the most easily cast down upon the other.

Little took place for several days to raise the hopes that had been thus cruelly cast down, until that memorable Friday afternoon when there occurred an event destined not only to have an effect upon his professional and financial prospects, but to influence his whole life.

Our Lady's Rain.

BY ARTHUR BARRY.

WITH soft insistence falls the summer rain
 From leaden skies all narrowed in their sweep;
 The thirsty soil the welcome draught drinks deep,
 New lustre sparkles on the ripening grain,
 The roadside shrubs and grasses, cleansed from stain
 Of powdered dust, seem newly waked from sleep;
 Adown the hills slight streamlets course and leap,
 And mimic lakes are forming on the plain.
 More countless, Mother, than the raindrops are
 The myriad graces thou hast won for me:
 Alas, that still my soul more ingrate far
 Than sun-baked, arid soil of earth should be!
 Yet spurn me not, sweet Mother of my Lord!
 Henceforth my will with thine shall e'er accord.

Fact, Fiction, and Fancy.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

III.—THE SIMPLE STORY OF NORTON I.,
 EMPEROR OF THE UNITED STATES AND
 PROTECTOR OF MEXICO.

GONE forever are all the charms of primeval San Francisco. They sprang spontaneously from a virgin soil that has lost its savor; but memories of the halcyon days shall live in deathless annals when the last of the pioneers has followed in the footprints of the Padres, and his body been laid to rest in the bosom of a land as beautiful and romantic as any the eye ever gazed upon.

It is like a fresh grave now, that bewildering and blighted city; cover it deep as we may with the flowers of Hope and Faith and Charity—those immortelles that never fade, but outlast the memory of man,—yet we of the olden time can not forget the past, nor cease from brooding fondly over the form and features that have been obliterated and

shortly will have vanished from the minds of most of us; even from the memory of those who, though native and to the manner born, never really knew the City by the Sea, whose history was unique, and whose peculiar individuality was to the day of its doom quite without a parallel.

Down here, in Old Monterey, my heart reverts to the days of my youth, now half a century gone; and in spirit I revisit many of the scenes so familiar to my childhood. It is not without emotion that I recall some of those visions of the past, and I fully realize that under no conditions save the very ones that then existed—perhaps they were exceptional in every case—could such things be.

They were not so wonderful then: they seemed quite natural; yet well I know, or seem to know, that they would be quite out of place, and even out of the question nowadays. The world is too much with us. We no longer have time for trifling. We could even nurse a childish fiction then and take a simple pleasure in it,—one that to-day would be intolerable, not to say impossible. Who now would give a second thought to the vagaries of so gentle a dreamer as the late Emperor Norton—as he delighted to style himself,—once the most amiable and interesting of all the eccentricities of this eccentric Pacific Coast? Let me turn to an old note-book and copy a few pages for you. All that I shall have to say is fact.

There is a decayed gentleman of sixty odd summers,—odd enough they were, to be sure, and summers, since California is known as Summer Land. For more than thirty years he has perambulated the streets of San Francisco as if wrapped in a kind of dream. With the calm and watchful eye of a man of destiny, he has seen the city spread from one hill to another, ploughing its way through sand and chaparral, on its resistless march to the sea.

There is not on the Coast a more

familiar figure; every man, woman and child knows him the moment he comes within visual range. His variegated wardrobe which, like the century plant, renews its youth infrequently, fades from bright green to invisible green, and from invisible green to dingy brown, but the wearer thereof is unchanged and unchanging. The lighter trousers of forgotten white have taken on that nameless tint that is part and parcel of the relentless summer of the Western slope. Dust and drought may not dwell together, even on the linen of royalty, without robbing it of its freshness; and the inexorable laws of nature relax not, as is too evident, though in the august presence of the Emperor of the United States and the Protector of Mexico. There is not a public place of amusement in the city, a mass-meeting of any importance or of any party, or a house of worship of any creed, but has thrown wide its doors and given welcome to the Emperor.

He is seemingly omnipresent. His heavy frame, clad in such vestiges as remain to him of the royal robes—their keeper is an ill keeper;—his ponderous shoulders, bowed with the awful responsibilities of a government that is the peacemaker of the world; his wilted epaulets unravelling their tarnished threads of gold; the collar that has subsided into folds and is worn carelessly like a scarf, or something of that sort; the venerable beaver, with a tuft of Shanghai plumes waving smartly over the weather-side of it; the colossal cane thrust under the right arm, while he balances the clanking sabre that dangles listlessly upon his left flank,—who has not seen this picture laid in upon every conceivable background, and grown so used to it that its absence has become a matter of remark?

His Majesty is ruler of the seas also, or of its tributaries; though in the earlier years of his peaceful reign he once found it necessary to issue this proclamation:

"We, Norton I., *Dei gratia* Emperor of the United States and Protector of

Mexico, having been refused a passage by the Steam Navigation Company to proceed to Sacramento city, do hereby command the revenue cutter *Shubrick* to blockade the Sacramento River and bring them to terms.

[Seal]

"NORTON I.

"SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 8, 1866."

It is smoother sailing now. The great monopolies make silent concessions to the edicts of his Majesty.

But why Emperor, and whence and wherefore? Norton I., with a condescension which is, perhaps, uncommon among potentates in general, speaks freely with the interviewer. An audience may be had of him at the shortest possible notice and in any convenient locality. The grand court of the Palace Hotel and the taproom of the corner grocery are alike to him. The vicissitudes of sixty years have torn from him all prejudices in favor of formality. Yet he is as courteous as he is affable,—an illustrious example that his royal cousins might follow without endangering their prospects in the world to come.

The biography—or rather the autobiography—of any important personage, barring that of Jean Jacques Rousseau, is apt to lapse into generalities. The intermittent fever of truth is counteracted in a measure by chilling modesty, coupled with the suspicion that the autobiographer has gone a little too far. Norton I. is no exception to the rule.

I had an appointment with him. I was to meet him on a certain day at a certain hour in his private apartment. His last word to me was: "Do not forget the hour, and be there on the moment—*sharp!*" We had met in the court of the Palace Hotel, and were walking together down Montgomery Street, where he attracted so much attention that I was covered with confusion, and gladly made my escape at the earliest opportunity. I was on time, and now turn again to my note-book for definite details.

There is a tenement in Commercial

Street, between Montgomery and Kearney Streets. Over the door there is a transparency that announces by gaslight the interesting fact that rooms may be had within for twenty-five and fifty cents per night. From the street one ascends a sagging staircase to the first floor; one also stumbles on the drugget that covers the staircase, for both are worn hollow in the centre. At the top of the stairs is a chamber out of which several rooms are entered. A narrow passage leads to the doors of other rooms. There is a sink in this main room, and a sofa against the wall,—an antique frame veneered with mahogany, but not recently, having in its lap a few ridges of springs separating shallow valleys of horsehair. The place is patched with fragments of threadbare carpet and defaced oilcloth, and it smells of the fall of "'48 or the spring of '50."

The Emperor's private apartment would not accommodate an empress, were he so blessed. Let us take an inventory. There is a narrow couch of the severest simplicity, such as Napoleon the Great affected; one chair, constructed of some bilious-looking wood,—of the kind that finds its way into too many homely homes; a small table covered with a newspaper, littered with public and private documents surrounding the remains of an untidy tin candlestick, and a candle top-heavy with tallow stalactites; a pitcher and hand basin on a stand in a corner; the scanty wardrobe swinging from ten-penny nails driven fast in the wall; a few woodcut portraits of the heads of royal houses pasted upon the four sides of the room; a caked Brussels carpet upon the floor, the once gaudy pattern of which was stamped out in the flush times on Commercial Street; and a bluebottle fly with a trombone attachment buzzing like mad in the hermetically sealed window. This is all, but it is enough, and more than enough of its kind.

The Emperor receives a friend—shall I say a subject?—in this unpretentious apartment with as much dignity and

grace as if it were a throne room. Some brief apologies for the single chair—but these not too profuse,—and, seating himself upon his bed facing me, he recounts the story of his life from year to year.

It must be confessed that the mystery of his paternity is not quite clearly solved. It would seem, according to his statement, that to this hour France and England are contending for the honor of his birth. He does not himself remember that important event with any degree of distinctness. He therefore hesitates to proclaim his parentage without making an appeal to a witness—an eye-witness, as it were,—who is now his companion in exile. This witness, once a member of the Horse Guards, is satisfied that Norton I. is the son of his Majesty George IV., and Queen Caroline; or, if he is not, he most certainly should have been. The Horse Guard, perhaps the sole survivor of the "King's Own," who had the extreme honor of being present in Buckingham Palace at the hour of the infant's birth, fears that some dissembling "Buttercup" inserted a finger in the royal pie and created confusion that antedated *H. M. S. Pinafore*. At all events, as the predestined Emperor of the United States found himself anon at the Cape of Good Hope, where his youth and adolescence were passed under the shadow of the Ostrich, the royal changeling is a living proof that affairs were considerably mixed in those days, and, it may be added, still are so.

In 1849—on the 5th of November, please to remember,—Norton I. arrived in San Francisco, having voyaged thither from the Cape of Good Hope, *via* Rio Janeiro and Cape Horn and Valparaiso. For some time he occupied himself among ordinary mortals in the ordinary way. Business is business. It redounds to the credit of the illustrious exile that he was known in business circles as a man of unimpeachable integrity. But reverses came,—possibly providential reverses; for once out of business, as indeed royalty

should be—that is, out of other people's business—in the winter of 1852-53, he was, by an Act of Legislature, declared Emperor of California. I could not refrain, when I heard this revelation from the Emperor's own lips, from asking if that Act declared him Emperor of California alone, or of the whole Pacific Coast. "That was about the idea," replied his Majesty; and added sadly: "But the Act was suppressed because I would not give up the national cause." I groped vainly for a moment, seeking to get at the root of this "national cause."

Again he spoke, apparently swayed by emotions of the profoundest regret. "There," said he,—"there is where I made a great mistake. The President addressed me fraternally, and said: 'The strength of your powers and the wisdom of your judgment alone can save the rebellious State of South Carolina.'" My head began to swim. As matters of history these startling facts are all too little known. Probably the same malignant star that has persistently thrown a shadow before the feet of Norton I. will so blind the eyes of future historians that these facts will never be recorded.

The Emperor smiled calmly at my confusion. "This letter from the President establishes the legality of my claims." He handed me a document, enriched with colossal seals, evidently the work of some wag; and continued in a low voice: "I became Emperor of the United States. Suffering Mexico appealed to me, and not in vain; for I have become protector of that weak sister republic. Why am I denied universal recognition? I would abolish a State Constitution and establish a national one instead. I would do away with periodical elections to office, from the President down, because there is a vast waste of time and money in this tomfoolery; and, in order to make good their losses, it becomes necessary for every one to steal all he can lay his hands on."

Whatever wisdom or unwisdom came forth from the mouth of this gentle and

well-bred man was delivered with a quiet earnestness that compelled attention, and not once had it entered my mind to laugh at his harmless hallucinations. The Emperor hinted vaguely at thousands of leagues of land—the Crown lands, I suppose—that are to come into his possession as soon as he ascends the throne in the flesh,—he is already there in the spirit; and added that all Europe was sending her dogs to fight over this marrowbone; but, through the aid of the fairies or the kind influence of the ladies he has been saved from the clutches of these secret foes.

The Orientals believe that the simple and the insane have been touched by the finger of God: the very body of "God's fool" is looked upon as something almost sacred. I have seen a crazed dervish swim out to our dahabieh on the Nile, and be received with frantic joy by the members of our crew—Egyptians and Nubians,—who embraced him reverently, and kissed his hands and feet, and shared with him what little they possessed. He was sorely in need of a garment when he boarded our deck.

It is said that the insane do not suffer; or, at least, they are unconscious of suffering,—which probably amounts to the same thing. But who is to prove it? Emperor Norton was certainly not an unhappy man. There were periods when his mind was in a state of confusion worse confounded, but all seemed clear enough to him. He had no sense of humor. Even the ridiculous he accepted with gravity. He told me that twenty thousand dollars had been secretly distributed among the restaurant keepers of San Francisco in the hope of cutting off the rightful heir—to what?—in the bloom of his maturity. This did not in the least disconcert him. Better men had been slain for less money, and he bore a charmed life.

He assured me that Napoleon III. recognized his claim to royalty, and, upon receiving a proclamation filled

with fraternal congratulations, brought the *Alabama* and *Kearsarge* together in French waters, and there was a spectacular passage at arms in honor of the occasion. France and England, fearing the imperial government of the United States and Mexico, surrendered Mason and Slidell. "The avarice of these corruption fellows," said he, "alone kept General Grant from calling upon me, after his return from his tour of the globe and his recovery from the séances of the great Tycoon."

His picture, taken in full regalia, was on sale at stationers and photographers, and he believed that twenty or thirty million copies had been called for. He gave me one which he had autographed for me, and gave it as if he had conferred upon me some order of knighthood. He believed the coin of Norton I. was current in the United States and Mexico. His lonely hours were cheered by such friendly messages as these, written on monogram paper and carefully preserved in a large scrapbook much the worse for wear:

How are you now, old man? And what is the news?

VICTORIA R.

Do you consider that I am doing the correct thing?

GAMBETTA.

Cheese it, Cully! The rope's broke.

BISMARCK.

He seemed absolutely unconscious of the absurdity of the silly pranks played by people who could have been possessed of but little heart and perhaps no conscience. On the other hand, there were willing subjects who provided for him, and continued to honor his scrip so long as it was his pleasure to issue it. If his theories were chaotic, it can not be said of him that he did not advocate peace toward men of good-will. Often he felt called upon to reprove the potentates of the Far East and the heads of various governments. But his rule was gentleness itself; and when he died, his funeral swelled to a public pageant, and business was suspended where it passed along the way.

Doubtless the pens of fake royalty would not have skipped so nimbly over

promiscuous pages of monogram paper had the Emperor been less amiable than he was; it is equally probable that had Norton I. not been possessed of the instincts of the gentleman—which even his claim to royalty could not deaden,—he would have found ruder treatment at the hands of a community likely to look upon a crowned head as a drug in the market.

Wee Hannah.

BY CLARA MULHOLLAND.

I SETTLED myself in a cosy corner of Mrs. Divine's big, low-ceilinged, stone-floored kitchen—thinking what a delightful retreat it was, with its oak rafters, black with age and smoke; its wide, open hearth, and bright turf fire,—from the storm of rain and wind that had driven me in so suddenly from my pleasant perambulations over the hills and rocks round Port-na-Clagh.

My hostess smiled as I entered. She was knitting a pair of strong wool socks for one of her many sons, now absent, digging in the fields, looking after the cattle and sheep upon the mountain side, or out in open boats upon the tempestuous waters, that dashed against the rocks round Hornhead.

"And now, Mrs. Divine," I asked presently, "who is Wee Hannah?"

A pair of intelligent brown eyes looked at me quickly; the steel needles flew more rapidly through the wool.

"Sure you've seen her often. She's as regular as the day up yonder near Marble Hill."

"Oh, I've seen her as you say—regular as the day." And I smiled at the picture before my mind, of the thickset, sturdy little old woman, her black hair neatly banded under her white cap, her shawl of many bright colors, short skirts, snowy apron, and strong boots. "But who is she? What is her history,—for she has a history, I'm sure?"

"The crathur!"—the words, so sweetly spoken, seemed like a caress. "Poor Wee Hannah! Indeed, aye, true for you: she has a history, and a sad one."

"She looks happy and comfortable."

"She's just both, thanks be to God!" The brown eyes looked misty; the voice was soft, and full of love and fervor. "But she wasn't always so. Wee Hannah has seen a lot of trouble. She's older than she looks, and remembers the time of the famine. Though but a wee thing then, she suffered sorely. But the patience of God was in her, and she's come through it sweet and good, as we see her. It's the like of her bring a blessing on the country; and it'll be a sad day for us all—big and little, young and old—when God takes Hannah to Himself. We'll all mourn her loss—every one of us."

"Did she always live here?"

"Well, she did and she didn't,—that's to say, the best part of her early days Hannah was a wanderer. But she belongs to Ballymore beyant. Her father was but a laboring man; and he and his wife—as good a crathur as ever saw the light—lived in a tiny house back there among the hills. They both worked hard, and just managed to scrape along, paying their way honest, and keeping the hunger from the door. Hannah was their only child; and sure, as I've heard tell—for all this was before I was born,—they had her idolized. Well, when Wee Hannah was two, her mother,—God rest her!—died. We can't in any way dispute the will of the Almighty, but 'twas a cruel, hard trial for both husband and daughter when that good soul was taken from them. But sure soon, manlike, Mick, lonesome and broken-hearted as he was, consoled himself, and married a girl from Derry, nearly twenty years younger than himself.

"Between the new wife and Hannah there was no love lost, as the saying is; and when the twelfth child, a sickly, red-headed wee boy, was born, 'tis said the stepmother rose up one day and turned the poor girleen out. And indeed sure we

mustn't be hard on the crathur; for with twelve children and a husband, as well as herself to feed and clothe on a few shillings a week, and a patch of potatoes scarce bigger than that wee yard beyant, she was druv to it. Be that as it may—it's not for us to judge her, and I never heard the exact truth,—when Hannah was gone twelve year old, she took to the road."

"Twelve children in ten years, Mrs. Divine!"

"Common enough in this part of the world. And the big families, when all's said and done, are the best. They generally come out of things well. However, Mick's wife had twins twice. Och, sure it's small wonder that Hannah, the crathur, had to go off and fend for herself."

"Small wonder, indeed. But how did a little thing like that manage to live, Mrs. Divine?"

"Sure she lived" (smiling) "just like a bird on the twig: here to-day, and gone to-morrow; never starving, or in want of a bed, such as it was; but often enough footsore and weary; sleeping comfortable in a byre, with the breath of the cows to warm her; or on a lump of hay, maybe, in a neighbor's stable.

"A real vagrant. Did she beg from door to door, then?"

"Wirra, no! Sure, she didn't need to do that. Everyone for miles round knew Hannah, and was only too-pleased, even in those days, to pop a few eggs, some potatoes, a little meal, and often, I'm told, a plump young fowl, into the snow-white bag the girleen carried fastened across her back. These she'd sell in the towns she went to. Then she'd go messages,—trudge into Dunfanaghy, and maybe, with lifts in carts and on cars, to Carrigart and Letterkenny, and buy anything the women round here wanted in the way of dress and boots and things. Nobody minded trusting money to poor Hannah. And she was so clean,—och, indeed she was just terrible clean! And sure that same led to her giving up the

road for a while and going into service.

"How do you do it, Hannah?" people would ask, seeing herself so fresh and neat, and the things she wore, though poor and often in holes, white as the driven snow. 'Wash as we will, the clothes won't come to that color.' Then Hannah would laugh, and her black eyes would sparkle. 'Water's cheap and plentiful all round,' she'd cry gaily. 'And with that soft and beautiful as it comes out of heaven, with plenty of elbow friction, and the fresh air and sun, you'll get any bit of a rag white and lovely.' But they only shook their heads. They hadn't Hannah's strength or courage, they told themselves; and added—to soothe their worried conscience a bit—they hadn't Hannah's hours of spare time.

"So the talk went round; and one fine day a doctor's wife in Dunfanaghy, being left on a sudden without a girl to look after her two children, saw Hannah on the shore; and, liking her looks, engaged her to come to her, for a few pounds, as nurse. This was a great rise for Hannah. The children grew to love her; she got the best of everything, and was happy as the day is long. But then the Lord afflicted the poor soul with a breaking out all over her face. It was ugly, and frightened the doctor's wife; she didn't want her in the house. It was no harm, the doctor said; just coming from her blood at the sudden change from poor living and an outdoor life to plenty of food and meat, and being shut up the best part of the day in the house. But the mistress was firm: she'd done with Hannah. 'Sure it's the will of God,' the girl would say, when we sympathized with her. 'Twas too comfortable. The hard life suits me best. His holy will be done.' And away she went, cheerful and resigned as ever."

"And soon got well, I'm sure?" I asked. "The doctor's wife was a foolish woman."

"Aye, indeed she was; for, as you say, Hannah soon got well. She prayed hard, and her face became again fresh and

sweet as a baby's. Yes, Hannah's a great one to pray. She half lives, I'm thinking, amongst the saints, talking to one, telling the other the wants and needs of her friends; and sure her devotion to the Sacred Heart of our dear Lord is just beautiful. Her faith in God's goodness and mercy is deep and true." Mrs. Divine raised her apron and quickly dried the tears that were rolling slowly down her cheeks. "In hours of sorrow—when there's a death in the family, a sick child or poor husband to nurse—it's then the neighbors feel that. For Hannah's a real angel of charity, and where there's trouble or the pinch of poverty she's always to be found, bright and loving and helpful, with no thought of herself; not even asking for thanks, just dropping in when she's wanted, and then away with her when things are doing well again."

"I don't wonder you all love her," I remarked; "and that, now she's old, you have made such a nice little home for her. 'Tis good to entertain an angel even unawares; but when you have, and know you have, a saint near you, it's only right to keep her if you can."

"Indeed it couldn't have been done only for the kindness of Mrs. Lester beyant at Marble Hill. She took a fancy to Wee Hannah—oh, a great fancy!—and told her husband it wasn't right to have that dear old woman trudging the roads, or doing a bit of scrubbing or sweeping for a few pence a day; that she'd like to see her settled and happy in a wee home of her own. He laughed; but, being a good, kind man, took her words to heart, and never rested till he bought a piece of land, and built that pretty cottage for Hannah, up on the side of the hill."

"And furnished it?"

"No." (Mrs. Divine smiled.) "We all had a hand in that same. Mrs. Lester gave the bed and bedding; I gave her two chairs; my Molly papered the wall—leastway the gable end, for she hadn't quite enough to do the whole room; but it's bright and looks fresh and clean.

Then every boy and girl for miles round brought something,—one a cup and saucer, another a kettle and a pot, another a spoon, a knife and fork, a jug and basin, and a picture for her walls."

"And the horseshoe mirror?"

"For good luck!" she laughed. "Indeed Mrs. Lester gave that, and the two nice statues on her little altar, and the candlesticks for each side."

"How charming!" I cried. "Hannah is a lucky woman."

"Only what she deserves. Och, and it's she that is grateful, the crathur,—grateful to God and to the good people who helped her. Mrs. Lester gives her four shillings a week and a load of turf once a month. So, thank God, she's comfortable and well provided for!"

"With plenty of time to take the air and say her prayers," I observed, with a smile. "Does Hannah pray as much in prosperity as she did in time of hardship and poverty, Mrs. Divine?"

"To be sure she does. Hannah's not the sort to turn her back on the Almighty when He gives her a taste of worldly comfort. For right well she knows all that it is worth. Hannah's eyes are on Heaven, and she prays more than ever. If there's a mission or a station anywhere at all near, Hannah's off, the cottage is shut up, and she on her knees or listening to sermons the best part of the day."

"And she still goes amongst her neighbors, helps those in sorrow, rejoices with those who are happy and well-to-do?"

"Aye!" Mrs. Divine laughed. "Sure Hannah's everywhere, and everywhere a welcome guest. Her heart is still young; and, though she's now too old to dance, she's at every house where there's a bit of fun. She claps her hands, beating time to the music; and when the shout comes at the turn in the reel or jig, Hannah's voice is the loudest and sweetest; and the very sight of her makes everyone glad."

"The young colleens need not be jealous," I said gaily; "for, in spite of her power, Hannah is not beautiful."

Mrs. Divine threw up her head and gave me a withering glance.

"Sure that depends on what your notions of beauty may be," she cried. "To my mind, the true, holy, bright look that shines in Hannah's old and wrinkled face, and the feeling of goodness she gives, is more really beautiful than the rosiest cheeks and the bluest of blue eyes. Their beauty passes: Hannah's will last, in God's sight, forever."

For a moment we sat silent; then Mrs. Divine rose and put away her knitting.

"The boys will soon be in," she said cheerily.

"The storm has blown over," I replied, pushing back my chair. "I will stroll across the hill and have a chat with Hannah."

"Corot the Good." *

SITUATED in a remote corner of Paris, the Rue Vandrezannes, in the vicinity of the Amulard Fountain, is the Nursery of Saint Marcel. This quarter is known as the Maison Blanche, and is regarded as one of the poorest in the environs of the city.

For many years there had been urgent need of a day nursery in this neighborhood. The mothers who were obliged to work were accustomed to entrust their children to the care of old women, who kept the helpless little ones huddled together in miserable, unclean rooms called *garderies*. The wretched condition of these children was the cause of much pain and regret to the Sisters of Saint Vincent de Paul, who had long been established in the Rue Vandrezannes. At length one of their number, whose duties brought her in contact with the people in the locality, formed the project of opening a day nursery there. But how to begin such a work?

It was evident that in so poor a quarter she could not rely upon local resources:

* Adapted from the French by K. T. C.

she must secure means elsewhere. Accordingly, this courageous religious asked and obtained from her superiors permission to solicit contributions throughout the city of Paris. She was aware that she would meet many obstacles, that she would ask aid many times only to be refused, and would frequently be dismissed with scorn and contempt. But, for the love of God and His poor, she felt she could endure every hardship and affront.

At the time when the Sister began to solicit contributions for her worthy undertaking, Jean Baptist Corot, the illustrious landscape painter, was in the flower of his fame, at the most brilliant period of his glory. His pictures ornamented the grand salons, and many had been sold for large sums.

Corot painted the seasons, the hour, and the moment. As we gaze upon his paintings, we almost breathe the very atmosphere. The trees appear to bend to the soft wind, the streams to ripple, the dew-laden grass to wave. He paints the lake, the hillside, and the setting sun; and all are enveloped in a mysterious transparent veil of perfect unity. He was, indeed, the poet-painter of Nature.

Corot was known, however, not only for his great success as a landscape painter: his friends said of him that there was never a more charming personality than his. His countenance was noble and thoughtful, his disposition happy, his heart inaccessible to anger or to envy. He had a kind word for all; and when he spoke, the pleasant tone of his voice and the kindly light of his eyes gave unmistakable testimony to his goodness and his simplicity. His generosity equalled his talent. If he made money easily, he knew how to dispense it generously. In his studio, his head slightly inclined to view the effect of some touch of his marvellous brush, his face revealed a man with soul as peaceful and pure as the thoughts which he portrayed in his pictures. Everyone called him the "Good Corot."

On one occasion, the Sister of Charity

whom we have mentioned was told of a wealthy and liberal family from whom she might obtain substantial assistance. Her heart full of happiness and hope, she set out in quest of this family who resided in Faubourg Paradis-Poissonnière. She traversed the streets of Paris until she reached their far-distant abode, knocked repeatedly at the door, but received no response. Saddened with disappointment, she was preparing to leave when she was startled by a peal of thunder, immediately followed by a heavy downfall of rain. She could not venture out in such a storm; for, without the protection of an umbrella, her *cornette* would soon become indeed a fantastic headgear. While contemplating the awkwardness of her situation, her attention was attracted by voices in an adjoining apartment. Thinking to find the much-desired family, she hastened to make inquiries at the half-open door. To her surprise, a venerable gentleman greeted her. He wore a blouse of blue linen; in his hand he held a palette and brush.

He was no less astonished than the Sister; but he quickly recovered his usual dignified calm and said to her: "What is it that you desire, Madam?" Reassured by the elegance and gentleness of his manner, the Sister stated the object of her visit to No. 54 Rue Paradis, and her disappointment. M. Corot—for he it was,—putting aside his palette and brush, said: "I pray you, come in, my good Sister. The storm is furious. Stay till the rain ceases." She entered without hesitation, and found herself in a large hall communicating with two rooms not less spacious. Beautiful landscapes adorned the walls. For a time she thought she was in a museum, and concluded that the gentleman was a distinguished artist. M. Corot, with his accustomed good-humor, engaged her in conversation, and requested that she explain the project she held so dear to her heart. At the conclusion of her narrative, he cordially congratulated her, and wished her success in all she proposed to accomplish.

The storm having ceased, the Sister thanked her host for his hospitality, and prepared to depart on another mission of charity. "My good Sister," said M. Corot, "when I answered your knock at my door, I did not expect an angel's visit. I was awaiting the arrival of a friend. Our meeting, though, is most providential. You have related many heart-rending incidents of the misery existing in your neighborhood. Permit me to unite in this praiseworthy undertaking." So saying, he put into the hand of the astonished and happy Sister a bank-note. Then he added: "Such a work can not be accomplished without money. When you are in need, my good Sister, either for your dear orphan children or for your helpless poor, call on Corot. My studio is, as a rule, open only to my artist friends; but I shall give orders to my servants to admit you, and I shall be always most happy to receive you."

With these consoling and encouraging words, he bade Godspeed to the daughter of Saint Vincent de Paul, who in the depths of her grateful soul exclaimed: "God be praised! This proves to me that God's smile is on the Nursery of Saint Marcel. This bank-note, which has so providentially come to me, shall be its foundation-stone. How good is M. Corot! Holy Mother, protect him and pay him our debt of gratitude!"

Two months had passed since the interview of M. Corot and the Sister of Charity. Though often in her prayers she had remembered her amiable benefactor, she had not returned to ask further assistance. There must have been, indeed, pressing need of relieving some great misery before she would have ventured to have recourse again to his bounty. The need and the misery, however, eventually occurred. An old man of the Maison Blanche had seen his wife, his daughter and his son-in-law die. He was the sole support of his grandchild, a little girl of eight years. Yet another affliction befell him: he became paralyzed.

His misfortune deeply affected his neighbors, and, without reckoning the full extent of the responsibility, they took upon themselves the care and support of the old man and his young charge. The landlord, though a man of only moderate means, gave them a place to live in; and the proprietors of the small stores in the vicinity supplied them with provisions. The old man, however, daily became more and more helpless, and the kindly disposed neighbors found the burden heavier than they could bear.

At last the unhappy condition of these people was made known to the Sister. She recalled the words of the great artist: "When you are in need, my good Sister, either for your dear orphan children or for your helpless poor, call on Corot." She hesitated no longer; she would visit him and ascertain whether his invitation was merely one of politeness, and perhaps already forgotten, or whether it was from the heart and still remembered.

Arrived at the studio in the Rue Paradis, she was graciously received by Clement, the servant, who insisted on her entering immediately, as M. Corot had ordered him to admit at all times the wearer of the white cornette. At the door stood old Adèle, a good, faithful woman, who during many years had served M. Corot's mother, and who was now devoting her remaining days to the service of the son. Adèle conducted her visitor to M. Corot, who sat at his easel. When he saw the Sister, he instantly rose to greet her, and, turning to a gathering of his friends who were present, said: "Gentlemen, I owe the good fortune of my acquaintance with this daughter of St. Vincent to a severe thunderstorm. To-day I am sure she has come on a mission of charity."

The Sister then told M. Corot the sad story of the old man and his grandchild. Without speaking, the artist took from his purse two hundred francs, which he gave her. When she wished to thank him, he stopped her, saying: "Why thank me, my good Sister? I should be very

unhappy if I did not assist these poor people. It is I who should thank you for the opportunity afforded me."

Some days after, the Sister of Charity returned to announce to M. Corot that the old man had entered a home for the aged poor; that the little girl had been received in an asylum, where she was happy; and that the landlord and storekeepers had been paid. M. Corot did not dissemble his emotion. He was happy at the thought that through his aid the poor and afflicted had been comforted. To the Sister he gave a considerable sum of money, saying: "This time it is for the little ones of the Nursery."

Such munificence inspired so great a confidence and reliance in M. Corot that the Sister had recourse to him in all financial difficulties. So, very often she journeyed to the Rue Paradis, when the bills of the contractors or merchants were due. She always received the same cordial welcome. If a stranger happened to be present in his studio, M. Corot hastened to join her in the vestibule; and, without waiting to hear her request, he would give her one or more bank-notes. In making the gift he was wont to place his finger on his lips, to indicate that he did not wish her to speak of it or even to thank him.

Shortly after the Nursery was opened, a young wife and mother, through the dissipation and neglect of her husband, was reduced to the utmost destitution. She had to depend upon her own efforts for the support of herself and her children, and at times she found it difficult to provide the necessaries of life. Yielding to despair, she finally determined to end her existence and that of her helpless little ones. One night she went to the banks of the Seine to find a secluded and suitable spot where she could execute her design. The next evening she took her innocent children and directed their steps to the river. Her road lay through the Rue Vandrezannes.

Suddenly her attention was attracted

by a house from which a young woman with a baby in her arms was coming. Over the door she read in large letters this inscription, "Nursery of Saint Marcel." At the same time a Sister of Charity ascended the steps of the house. She saw the nun stop and address the young woman. From some words of the conversation which she overheard, a ray of hope came to her despondent soul. "Is it possible," the disconsolate mother thought, "that this is a house of refuge?" Summoning courage, she approached and ventured to make inquiries of the Sister, who gladly answered her questions. She was told that if she were in need of assistance she might return the following day; that employment would be secured for her, and proper care given to her children.

For the purpose of meeting the current expenses of the institution, the Sister conceived the idea of establishing an annual lottery. Thus it often happened when she came to the Rue Paradis she carried with her many small articles which she had collected for the raffle. One day M. Corot said to her: "My good Sister, the contributions which you procure in this neighborhood are, indeed, numerous. You will be greatly fatigued if you undertake to carry them to the Rue Vandrezannes. I intend to give you a place in my studio, where you may put the various articles, and we shall call it your 'Mont de Piété.'"

Under the pretext of looking over her newly acquired gifts, he would ask her if all went well, usually accompanying the question with money. Once, when the Sister had described a particularly sad case, M. Corot added a second offering, which she hesitated to accept. "Take it, I beg of you," he said. "My heart would be as empty as a shell if I did not assist in relieving such distress and misery. Moreover, you can not refuse when you know how much good you can accomplish with it."

Another time, in order that he might more easily overcome her reluctance to

accept his many generous gifts, he said; "My dear friend, it is altogether for my own interest. You should know that my work is more beautiful when I have given you money. You see that my brush reflects the joy I feel when I have been able to relieve the sufferings of the poor." Appealing to some friends who were present, he asked: "Is not what I say quite true?" On such occasions the compassionate artist manifested deep feeling, and very often a sigh would escape him as he learned of some new misfortune.

When the Sister told him that his generosity had made it possible for some one to place himself right before God and man, Corot would exclaim: "Ah, that is good! To place a man in the path of honor, is it not to give him the greatest of all treasures?"

Many charming incidents are related of this Sister of Saint Vincent de Paul and her Mont de Piété. Among the articles of which she had come into possession, M. Corot discovered some small coffee-cups, probably worth twenty-five centimes each. "The good Sister has come opportunely," said he to his friends. "A cup of coffee is just what we need. Here are the cups, but we can not use them unless we purchase them. I have no doubt the good Sister will consent to sell them. How much, then, for the cups?" So saying, he offered her one hundred francs, adding with kindly humor: "We shall be obliged to you, Sister, if, on your way out you ask Clement to make us some coffee."

Among other treasures that found their way into the Mont de Piété was a large field-glass. When M. Corot saw it, he exclaimed: "Surely, gentlemen, our good Sister is a holy sorceress! She seems to divine the very articles most useful to us."

"It is a gift for our lottery," the Sister explained; "and the lady who donated it said it was worth perhaps thirty francs."

"Thirty francs is not enough for it, Sister," remarked an artist, who eagerly

examined the instrument. "You could easily obtain twice that amount."

"Better than that, sir," replied M. Corot. "The Sister has said thirty francs, but I think another zero should be added." Taking three hundred francs from his purse, he gave them to her saying: "I thank you sincerely. You have saved me the trouble of going out to buy a field-glass."

M. Corot was never more content than when he gave pleasure and happiness to others. His charities and kindly deeds were without limit. Very often his generosity was unknown to any but the recipients of his gifts. To poor, struggling artists, to the sick and unfortunate, he ministered with utmost kindness, delicacy, and affection. The servants of his household, and all others depending upon him, were objects of his special care and solicitude. Nor was his interest entirely of a material nature. He often said to them: "My dear children, to-day is Sunday: you should go to church, but I must go and work for the unfortunate."

The Sister of Charity once heard him speak thus, and took occasion to intimate to her illustrious friend that it would be more edifying were he to unite precept with example. M. Corot was astonished, believing that in his case charity replaced all other obligations. Later he referred to her remark, saying: "You believe that I do not possess a thoroughly Christian spirit because I do not go to church to pray; yet I never retire to rest without reading a chapter of 'The Imitation of Christ.' I enjoy the beauties of life and Nature, but these words ever recur to my mind: 'To-day man is, and to-morrow he is gone.'"

The Angel of Grace, however, had accomplished her work in this soul, and came one day to bear away its fruit. M. Corot was taken seriously ill. His pious friend, the Sister of Charity, with sentiments of thankfulness and veneration, came to visit him. He manifested great joy. "To-day," said he, "I am

happy. I have received the holy sacrament of the Eucharist. What courage and strength it has given me! Ah, how good it is to have God with us!" Then, gazing upon a bunch of sweet violets which she had brought him, he continued: "How can I thank you, my friend and Sister? You have brought light and peace into my life by giving me the opportunity to help the unfortunate. Pray that God may soon take my soul to Himself."

A few hours after this interview, on the 22d of February, 1875, the "Good Corot" had ceased to live. He had gone to a better and lovelier world, to enjoy forever the recompense of his inexhaustible charity.

A Foolish Fallacy.

WE quoted, some weeks ago, the opinion of Judge Taft on the utility of ceremonies. Mr. Arthur Machen contributes to the *Academy* an interesting paper on the same subject. These extracts, which will commend themselves to our readers generally, seem especially noteworthy, coming from a non-Catholic, and published in such a journal as the one edited by Lord Douglas:

The apprehension commended to us in Holy Writ is not that of the Logical Process so much as that of little children,—that is, an apprehension which, in the first place simple and sensuous, leads the soul to heights which no toil of the understanding can ever reach, which no words of the understanding can ever perfectly express. The ritual and the ceremonial of the Church are alike a great picture,—a picture in which not only color is employed, but also the magic of tone, and the gleaming of gold, and the symbol of fire, and the symbol of odor,—most spiritual and mysterious of all. And into this picture there enters, too, something of the antique dance; there enters something of the drama in its ancient and nobler sense; and the intellect is, as it were, the chorus, commenting upon the work visibly and sensibly displayed and exhibited.

There was surely never a more foolish fallacy than this of Protestantism—that the Kingdom of Heaven is a series of logical propositions addressed to a purely Logical Being, or a series

of moral exhortations addressed to a purely Moral Being. The Kingdom of Heaven is rather the *mysterium magnum*; and the "great mystery" must be sought by mystic paths, to which logic is but a subsidiary guide. As a matter of fact, censers are imperfect and syllogisms are imperfect; our business is to make the best use we can of one and the other. Let us always remember, however, that the corruption of our understanding is by far more deeply rooted, more poisonous, and more misleading than that of the beautiful and sensuous images of the visible world. Indeed, the latter are, perhaps, not so much envenomed as veiled; we are not able to behold their full splendor, to seize their full significance, more from the imperfection of our own eyes than from any doom that has fallen on natural things.

One sees, then, by the way, something of the true nature of that cataclysm that is called the Fall. For many reasons, some plain and some obscure, ethics, which are in reality the A B C of that greatest of all arts, religion, have been substituted in many minds for religion itself; the gate to the palace has become the end of the journey. By consequence, we think of the Fall mainly or entirely as a fall from the negative moral virtues. It was much more than this: it was the loss of delight, of the highest bliss; and it is the business of religion properly so called to be, as it were, an enchantment, restoring these things, opening anew the gates of paradise. It has been the error of Protestantism so to distort, so to destroy (one might almost say) this truth that the word "religion" has become to many millions of people the word of supreme boredom; and the religious man is often supposed to be the man from whom every grace, every joy, all sense of beauty and delight have been successfully abstracted by a long and painful process. Dante knew that the "accidious," the gloomy, the melancholy, the bored, are punished in hell with most grievous torments; but Dante lived in utter ignorance of the "Protestant religion" and the modern spirit.

If the writer of the foregoing ever enters the Church—perhaps we should say *when* he enters—he will find in the fulness of our magnificent ritual an inexhaustible theme for his effective pen. Even at present he seems to realize the *raison d'être* of Catholic ritual,—to understand that, as the body as well as the soul comes from God, we owe to Him not only the service of the mind and the love of the heart, but the worship of bodily limb, the devotion of bodily sense; that, as it

is through the bodily senses we reach the mind and heart of man, the Church appeals through the senses to the souls of her children; that, in fine, as "the earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof," it is congruous that we offer earth's gifts—stone and marble and precious wood and flowers and incense—as earth's tribute to its Maker.

"What do we Catholics," asks Father Procter, O. P., "see and hear in our Catholic rites? What are the thoughts, what the spirit which enter into our Catholic minds and hearts? We see and hear, and we wish to give evidence of, and expression to, the interior spirit of faith and hope and love. With the bowing of the head, we bow the mind before the eternal truth; it is an outward sign of an interior act of faith. With the bending of the knee, we bend our will before Him who was, who is, and who is to come; it is the external evidence of the worship of mind and heart. With the prostration of the body we prostrate our souls; it is the manifestation of our adoring love of the all-holy, almighty God. In the wafting of the censer and the rising of the incense, we blend our prayers with the Eastern perfume, asking that with the incense the prayer may ascend, only higher, even to the Eternal Throne.

"Our national poet

Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

A Catholic church is a 'sermon in stone.' Catholic ceremonial is a 'book.' The candles, the flowers, the music, the vestments, the gifts of nature; the gold, the silver, the marble, the precious stones,—all these are 'tongues' which speak to God for us; they are as messengers bearing our thoughts, our will, our words to His presence. They are heard in heaven, even if misunderstood by some on earth. Their language is the language of faith, of hope, of love. So there is 'good in everything,'—good in rites and ceremonies, good in the use of ritual; for it is the external worship of God."

Notes and Remarks.

Considering how large is the number of recent converts to the Church from the ranks of the Protestant Episcopalians in the United States, the likelihood of a great increase in the near future, and the prominence of some of the converts already received, a correspondent of the *Sacred Heart Review* complains that the Catholic press has taken comparatively little notice of so important a movement. "There has been nothing of the kind to equal it since the time of the secession, from Anglicanism to the Church, of the American adherents of the Oxford Movement of fifty years ago, which brought us that noble band of faithful men, afterward distinguished priests in the Catholic Church of America—Fathers Walworth, Deshon, Hewitt, Everett, Baker, Haskins, Wadhams (Bishop of Ogdensburg), Preston (Vicar-General of the archdiocese of New York); Monsignor Doane, son of a former Episcopalian bishop of New Jersey and brother of the present Protestant bishop of Albany."

These were merely the precursors of a much larger and not less noble band, including layfolk, whose zeal for the spread of the Faith in many cases was at least as ardent and self-sacrificing, if not so fruitful, as that of those who were privileged to join the priesthood. The conversion of whole families often resulted from the instruction given, the prayers offered, and above all the example afforded, by these holy men and women, of many of whom most of the present generation of American Catholics have never so much as heard the names.

The correspondent whom we have quoted states that since the beginning of the present year "sixteen ministers and four seminarians" of the Protestant Episcopal Society, and "about twenty members of St. Elizabeth's Church, Philadelphia," have embraced the Catholic Faith. We think the files of the best of

our papers would show that these figures are below the mark; and several Catholic journals have already informed us of the conversion of the former Mother Superior and two or more of the Sisters of St. Mary, which, we believe, is the most flourishing of all the sisterhoods of the Protestant Episcopal Society in this country. It is hard to keep track of converts anywhere nowadays.

It is a mistake to suppose that the immediate cause of so many secessions from the ranks of the Protestant Episcopalians was the Open Pulpit Canon, of which so much has been written. It was the occasion, not the cause. The discussion of the action of the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Society at Richmond raised questions which had probably never before been seriously considered by those who are now happily within the Fold. To their thorough understanding of difficulties which have perplexed the minds of a host of non-Catholics of all denominations, rather than to disaffection on account of the offensive canon, will be attributable the conversions sure to follow soon on those already chronicled.

While the attendants at the Eucharistic Convention held last week at Notre Dame were to be numbered by scores rather than hundreds, this drawback, connoting insufficient notice rather than lack of zeal among the members of the Priests' Eucharistic League, served but to emphasize the other features of what proved to be a thoroughly edifying and fruitful sacerdotal assembly. The Most Rev. Archbishop Moeller and the Right Rev. Bishops Aldering, Maes, Garrigan, Canevin, Lillis, and Koudelka, all testified to the pleasure they derived from the perfection of the organization, the excellence of the papers read, the impressive solemnity of the different functions in the beautiful church of the Sacred

Heart, the simple effectiveness of the Gregorian chant, and, more particularly, the magnificently soul-stirring pomp and picturesqueness of the Convention's finale—the public procession of the Blessed Sacrament. The picture of the long lines of prelates, priests, Brothers, and Sisters, moving reverently along the illuminated grounds, lined with clustering throngs of the faithful, to the inspiring strains of Eucharistic hymn and canticle, was one which will linger long in the memory as an incentive to deeper and more loving worship of Emmanuel—God with us in the Eucharist.

An incident narrated at one of the Convention's sessions by a city priest merits reproduction as an object lesson in practical piety. Called to his door one evening at six o'clock, he was requested by a young man and woman, brother and sister, to give them Holy Communion. They had intended receiving at an early Mass, had overslept the hour, were obliged to hurry to their work in a factory, and had gone without breakfast, dinner, and supper in order not to miss their regular Communion. That the incident is not unique we have since learned from the experience of other priests; that it is eminently edifying none of our readers will feel disposed to deny.

It would seem that we are witnessing the passing—in Ireland at least, and we should judge in Canada as well—of Orangeism; that is, of the oldtime belligerent and vituperative Orangeism, the cardinal doctrine of which used to be a wholly cordial and oft-reiterated anathematism of the Roman Pontiff—and his spiritual subjects. Says the *Dublin Freeman's Journal*, apropos of the recent anniversary of the Battle of the Boyne:

Compared with a few years ago, the Orangeman is an altogether different fellow. True, he has still certain quaint ideas about himself. He still believes that he is the bulwark of the British Empire. He still believes that he is

constantly checkmating Jesuits in disguise. And coupled with these beliefs is the honest conviction which he strenuously holds to-day, as he did even while he was making cock-shots of isolated Papists, that he seeks no quarrel with any man, but only to save benighted rebels from the tyranny of Romish superstition. Despite cherished articles of faith like these, he has, however, begun to learn, and there is no knowing to what stages of common-sense and tolerance his education may lead. One thing he has learned is that he has been made a cat's-paw by English politicians and by Irish landlords, who did not care a cent about the Orangemen, but knew how valuable they might be made as indirect rent collectors. . . .

The speeches of this Twelfth have been utterly unlike the old style. There is not the same fierce ring of domination in them. It has been a good thing for the Orangeman to lose some of his ascendancy. It has been essentially a good thing for Ireland. With the passing away of the genuine orthodox Orange bigot, we, who do not live alongside him, will lose some of our accustomed relaxation. It has been an annual treat to read his Twelfth of July orations. No deliberate humorist has ever furnished such fun as the serious Orange orator. But we must put up with the loss. We should not have enjoyed the sport as much if we had had to live next door to him in Belfast or Derry. The people of Falls Road and Carrick Hill did not see much fun in the falling of a shower of iron bolts, which was often the direct result of one of those speeches that we South of the Boyne used to read with a chuckle. We are, therefore, pleased that the Orangeman is beginning to acquire sense, and to bring himself up-to-date, and to be independent of landlords, interested pulpit firebrands, and self-seeking politicians.

So far as Canada is concerned, we believe that in the rural districts of some provinces of the Dominion, King Billy still rides his white horse on the "glorious Twelfth"; but there is a notable lack of fervor in such sporadic denunciation of Catholicism as may still survive. All of which is very well.

There are some things, after all, which even the newsiest of newspapers sometimes fail to chronicle. It is impossible to find out everything that is going on in the world, and not all things are grist for the press mill. It will be pleasant news

to our readers to hear that, at the request of Brother Joseph Dutton, the devoted friend of the lepers at Molokai, seconded by the Governor of the Hawaiian Islands and other officials there, the great American fleet, on its way from San Francisco to Honolulu, passed near the mournful spot immortalized by the heroic self-sacrifice of Father Dámien, in order to afford the lepers the pleasure of seeing Uncle Sam's famous war-ships. It was like leaving a highway to go down a side lane; but the Secretary of the Navy, the commanders of the ships—all concerned—were happy to comply with the request. And so it happened that on the 16th ult. the entire fleet came close to Kalawao, making for the lepers a holiday, the memory of which will be cherished as long as the lazaretto endures.

The new biography of Herbert Spencer, while doing full justice to his great qualities, makes no attempt to minimize his defects, the most striking of which was his disregard of authority. He prided himself on not having read his predecessors on philosophy and metaphysics, though all his conclusions seem to have been based on observations and experiments of others. Dr. Duncan tells us that Spencer had an abundant share of self-confidence. "The possible failure of any of his inventions was seldom taken into account." But Dr. Duncan does not hesitate to express the opinion that "more reading and less thinking—more observation and experiment, and less speculation—would have shaken his confidence in some of his conclusions." Spencer has been credited with extraordinary powers of analysis and synthesis, and is often referred to as "the greatest generalizer the world has ever known." It would perhaps be more exact to call him the greatest speculator.

Dr. Duncan's personal reminiscences of Spencer are interesting. Though slow to form a friendship, he was a constant

friend when it was formed. He was not fond of animals, but had a great hatred of cruelty. Withal, animated by an immense pride, he cared nothing for honors. He approved of the extension of the franchise to women as an ultimate, but not as an immediate, measure. In spite of his self-confidence, "he thought he would be an easy dupe at a spiritualistic séance"! A great man and a strange man was Herbert Spencer. Perhaps he would have been a better man, in the opinion of his fellows, had he not suffered from ill health most of his life.

A new field of the Salesian Fathers' labors is about being opened in Hawthorne, New York. A college and seminary will be established there for the education of young Italian-Americans destined for the priesthood, who will work among their fellow-countrymen in the United States. The donor of the college is Mr. John J. McGrane, a Knight of St. Gregory and a member of the Board of Governors of the Catholic Church Extension Society of the United States of America. The foundation is under the auspices of the Society, on the "designated gift" plan, and with the intention of thus making a striking beginning of the Society's work for Catholic immigrants. When the McGrane Pilgrimage reaches Rome, a formal presentation of the college will be made to his Holy Father as a recognition of his Sacerdotal Jubilee in the name of Church Extension, which Society will foster this college as one of its great works of charity. It is easy to believe that few Jubilee gifts will afford Pius X. more genuine gratification than this one, so full of promise for a beneficent future.

The question continues to be under discussion in academic circles as to whether history is an art or a science. Earnest and persevering efforts have been made to render it a science; but, as was said in an admirable eulogy of Maitland, it

somehow persists in remaining an art. Those who hold this view will be interested to know that it is shared by so able a man as Lord Morley. The following short extract from his recently-published "Miscellanies" is apropos of Prof. Bury's dictum, that "history is a science, no more and no less":

Perhaps some of Prof. Bury's more youthful listeners, with the presumption of their years, may have asked themselves whether the historian is to present all the facts of his period or his subject; if not, whether he will not be forced to select; if he must select, then how can he do it,—how can he group, how can he fix the relations of facts to one another, how weigh their comparative importance, without some sort of guiding principle, conception, or preconception? In short, he will find himself outside of "the province of facts" before he knows where he is; and this is what actually happens to some of the most eminent members of the school. . . . Talk of history being a science as loudly as ever we like, the writer of it will continue to approach his chests of archives with the bunch of keys in his hand.

The *Athenæum*, from whose able review of Lord Morley's book we quote this passage, remarks on it:

There is, indeed, no topic on which more pernicious cant has been talked than that of impartiality in history. What we want is honesty, not lack of temperament or opinions—in other words, mindlessness—in an historian. Purely impartial history is meaningless. It can be nothing but bare annals, and the conception of scientific history has reduced too much excellent work to this level.

The restoration of a cross—a beautiful relic of pre-Reformation days—in the parish churchyard at Folkstone, England, is significant of the changed attitude of the English people regarding veneration of the Blessed Virgin. The relic now bears this inscription, with dates:

At this cross, in ages past, according to an old charter preserved among the muniments of the town, the mayor was annually elected on the Feast of the Nativity of Our Lady.

The Anglican curate of Folkstone is among the most recent of English converts.

FOR YOUNG FOLKS

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

Ernest of Felsenburg.

BY J. F. FRANKFORT.

V.



LITTLE Ernest, as he grew older, became very curious to know where the men went to; and often begged them to take him with them; but they answered him roughly or put him off with promises. Once they had all gone on an expedition, leaving behind the old gipsy woman, who was a dull companion for a lively boy; she would sit for hours mending old linen without uttering a word, until she fell fast asleep.

On this day, when she had been sound asleep for some time, the boy took courage, lit a taper, and went into the dark passage through which the robbers had gone out, until he came to the iron door; but, finding it locked, he turned sorrowfully back. In the passage through which he had come there were several narrower openings, in which one might wander about for hours underground. He turned down the first of these passages; and, after walking for some time, until his taper was nearly burned out, he thought he saw in the distance a bright light. Full of curiosity, he pressed on toward the light, which seemed to grow larger and larger. He went boldly forward, like the Grecian hero in the cave of foxes, until he came to an opening in the rock, through which the morning light was shining, and then with one leap he was in the open air.

It would be difficult to find words to describe the impression produced upon the delighted boy by this first sight of God's beautiful earth, upon his escape from his dark underground abode. It was a bright

summer morning; the sun was just rising, and a soft glow hovered over the wood and mountain. The ground was everywhere covered with grass and flowers, and the birds were singing their morning songs of praise. Below, in the valley, the green tops of the mountains were reflected in the clear waters of a peaceful lake.

At all these new and wonderful sights the boy was beside himself with joy; he seemed like a person awakened from a deep sleep. For some time he could find no words to express his delight. At last he exclaimed: "Where am I? How big and beautiful everything is!" And then he looked first at the great oaks, then at the lake, then at a flowering rosebush.

And now the sun began to appear above the tops of the hills. The child looked at it with wondering eyes, and thought that it was a fire, and that the clouds were beginning to burn, until at last it rose, round and bright, over the hills.

"What can that wonderful light be!" said the boy, looking at it until, dazzled by the increasing brightness, he was obliged to turn his eyes away. Then he went a little farther, but scarcely ventured to walk about for fear of treading upon the flowers which seemed scattered everywhere. All at once he saw a lamb lying under a bush.

"Oh, a lamb! a lamb!" he cried joyfully, running up to it and touching it. The lamb got up and began to bleat. The child started back, frightened. "What is that?" he cried. "It lives, it can move, it has a voice! Mine were quite dumb, and never moved at all. What a wonderful thing! Who can have made it alive?"

He then wished to talk to the lamb, and asked it all sorts of questions, and was at last quite angry that it would only answer with its "bleat, bleat!"

Presently a shepherd boy, who had

missed the lamb from his flock, came to look after it. The child was frightened at the first sight of the youth, but took courage when he spoke kindly to him.

"Tell me," Ernest said to the youth, pointing with outstretched arms to the earth and sky, "does this large cave belong to you, and may I stay here with you and your lambs?"

The youth did not understand the child at first, and thought that he must be mad. He asked him where he had come from; and when the child told how he had crept from under the ground, and talked about the old woman and bearded men, the youth, seizing him by the hand, hastened away as if he thought the robbers were already after them.

VI.

In the mountain there lived a venerable hermit, more than eighty years of age, who was known by the name of Father Menrad, and was renowned far and wide for his wisdom and piety. To him the youth determined to take the child. The hermitage, which was not far off, was on the side of the mountain near the lake, and stood in the midst of a garden full of fruits and vegetables. Behind the cottage was a vineyard, and a cornfield stretched along by the lake. Upon an overhanging rock there stood a chapel, and a flight of steps cut out of the rock led up to it.

When the boys reached the hermitage and opened the garden gate, the old man was sitting upon a wooden bench under an apple tree; a large book, from which he was reading, lay on a table before him. His hair and beard were as white as snow, but his cheeks were fresh and ruddy.

He received the boys kindly, and listened to the story of the young shepherd. After questioning Ernest, he concluded that he belonged to noble parents, from whom he must have been stolen.

"Leave the child with me," he said to the youth, "and say nothing about him to any one. I hope we may be able to find his parents. Here he is quite safe from the robbers, for they avoid my hut; they

know that I have nothing worth stealing, and they despise the only treasures that I could give them—good advice and friendly warnings." Then, turning to the boy, he said: "You are heartily welcome, my child. I will be your father, and will take care of you until I can give you back to your own parents. From this time call me only 'father.'"

The old man then set some bread and milk before his guests, and when the young shepherd had eaten and drunk he took his staff and prepared to leave. The child was very unwilling to part with him; he cried and held him by the hand. But when he promised to come back soon, and gave him the lamb, the child was contented, and was delighted with the present, which in his eyes was of great value.

When the youth had gone, the old man placed the child on the bench beside him, that he might question him more closely.

"My dear child," he said, "do you know nothing of your father and mother?"

"Oh, yes!" replied Ernest. "I have a beautiful mother here in my pocket."

He took out the little picture, and, never having seen it before by daylight, was delighted at its beauty and the glitter of the diamonds that surrounded it.

"How bright everything here is!" he said. "But tell me," he added, pointing to the sun, "who has lit that gold lamp up there, which makes everything so bright? I can not even look at it. The lamp in our cavern was quite dull and gloomy. And how is it that it gets up higher and higher? When I first saw it, it was just behind the trees, and now it is so high that I could not reach it if I climbed up the highest tree. And what is it that holds it up? I can not see any string. And who can get up to give it fresh oil?"

Father Menrad told him that the bright light was called the sun, and that it had been burning many, many years before Ernest was born, and never needed a single drop of oil.

"I can not at all understand that," said Ernest. "But what beautiful flowers

you have!" he continued. "They are all painted red and yellow and blue. And who can have cut out all these leaves? And what can they be made of? Not paper, nor silk either. Did you make all these flowers? What a long time it must have taken, and what fine scissors and sharp eyes you must have! I can make flowers, but not like these."

Menrad told him that no one had made the flowers, but that they grew of themselves out of the ground. This Ernest could not at first believe; then the old man showed him the seed-vessel of a poppy, and, shaking the round, tiny seeds into his hand, told him that from such seeds came a number of large scarlet flowers after the seeds had been laid in the ground.

The boy looked at the old man to see if he were in earnest.

"Can those large flowers come out of these little seeds?" he asked. "They must be more difficult to make than a gold watch."

"Yes, indeed!" said Father Menrad.

"But," asked the child, "who can have made the seed? I should think it would be easier to make all the flowers than to make one such little seed."

VII.

While they were talking the sun had gradually become hotter and hotter.

"What a heat that lamp gives!" said the boy. "It is so far off, and yet it makes us so warm; it is a wonderful light."

Father Menrad took the child under the apple tree which sheltered the bench and the table.

"It is cool and pleasant here," said Ernest, looking at the tree. "This tree is like a green shade, which shelters us from the heat as well as the light. How large it is, and what a lot of leaves it has!"

After a while the old man went into the hut and prepared a meal for the child and for himself—some bread and apples and a melon. Ernest enjoyed the fruit very much, and said to the old man:

"But how do you get all these nice things? Do *you* go out to rob houses, too?"

Father Menrad smiled, and then explained how wonderfully everything grew.

"See," said he, "these apples came from this tree, and the tree grew from a little seed like this," showing him an apple-pip. "And the bread, too, came from seeds like this," he continued, showing the boy an ear of corn. "And so it is with everything that grows—the grass under our feet, the rosebushes, the wheat, the vine which covers the side of the hut, the large oak and fir trees upon the mountain, and the soft moss here round the trunk of the apple tree; they all grow, or at least might grow, from such little seeds."

All this was very wonderful to the boy, and he was as much astonished at the words of the old hermit as he had at first been by the wonderful sights which surrounded him.

By this time the sun was declining, and the flower-beds lay in shade. Some of Menrad's favorite flowers were drooping with the heat; and, although he hoped it might rain soon, he thought it best to water them. So, taking his water-can, he led the boy to a spring which flowed plentifully from a moss-covered rock.

"What a quantity of water!" Ernest cried. "And all running out of a stone! Every moment I think it must leave off, but it still flows as fast as ever. Who has poured such a quantity of water in? And where do you get enough to fill it? You should shut up the opening, and be more careful of the water, or you will have none left."

Father Menrad told him that the water had been flowing as long as the sun had shone; that it never left off, and never needed a fresh supply. He told him, too, that the lake, which he had taken for a large looking-glass, was nothing but water. This was a new wonder to the boy.

When Father Menrad returned with his water-can he began to water his flowers.

"Oh, what are you doing?" said Ernest. "You will wash all the color off your flowers!"

Father Menrad said, smiling, that water was as necessary for plants as drink was for ourselves.

"But," said Ernest, "who can ever water all these things? How can any one get up high enough to water the trees that grow on the mountain?"

Father Menrad answered: "That is provided for, as you will see perhaps sooner than we think," he added, looking up at the sky.

After a while there came a cloud over the mountain, and it began to rain. This was yet another wonder to the child.

"That is a very good plan," said he, "and saves a great deal of trouble. The water falls down in drops as if it came from a water-can. But where do those things that you call clouds come from, and how is it that they hang there without falling?"

"That you shall hear presently," said Father Menrad.

Then the child watched the clouds until they were dispersed, and the sky was bright and blue again.

And so the day passed quickly away, while Ernest was lost in wonder at all that he saw. A thousand things which we hardly notice from being so used to them—a bright green beetle upon a rose leaf, a snail which crawled out after the rain, the sparkling drops that hung like diamonds upon the leaves, a linnet which sang its evening song upon the branch of a tree, the hermit's goats which came in the evening back from the mountains,—were all new wonders to the child, and gave occasion for numberless questions.

At last the sun disappeared below the lake.

"Oh," cried Ernest, quite frightened, "the water will put the lamp out! We shall be in the dark, and all our pleasure will be over. Even if we could light a lamp of our own, it would be of no use in this large, wide space."

But Father Menrad consoled him. "Do not be uneasy," he said; "we shall soon go to sleep, and then we shall not need a light. When we awake in the morning, the sun will appear again on the opposite side between the mountains. And so it goes on day by day, without stopping for a moment, and lightens and warms everything."

VIII.

Ernest still kept returning to his questions, which the wise old man would not answer at once, wishing to excite the child's curiosity.

"But how is it," he asked again, "that the sun goes on moving? And who has built the large arch over our heads and painted it such a beautiful blue color? Who has put so much water in the rock that it always flows? Who guides the clouds and makes them water all the green things with those sparkling drops? Who teaches the birds to sing such pretty songs? Who has hidden the flowers and trees in the little seeds, so that we can cover the ground with a soft carpet, and have everything we need? Who has arranged it all so nicely?"

"So you really think," said Father Menrad, "that there must be some one who has made all these wonderful things?"

"Oh, yes, certainly!" said Ernest. "It would be very foolish to doubt that. The men in the cavern were obliged to work for a long time when they wanted to make it a little larger. Once part of it fell in, and then they had a great deal of trouble to build it up again. And this large arch has not even a single pillar to hold it up. Our lamp would never light of itself, and we were always obliged to put in fresh oil. And we should have died of thirst if we had not kept the water-cask full of water. I am quite sure no man could have made all the things that I see round me. But whatever it can be that has made them, I can not at all understand."

And now that the boy showed himself so much struck with the greatness, beauty,

and wise arrangement of the world, and was full of curiosity to know who the great benefactor might be to whose goodness and wisdom it was all owing, the old man felt that the time had come when he might speak to him of the power, wisdom, and loving-kindness of God. With deep reverence he told the child that he was right: that there was One who had made all, and that this almighty, all-wise, all-loving being whom we call God was our dear Father in heaven, and to Him we owe our life and everything we possess.

The words of the old man darted like a ray of light through the mind of the child, and the thought of God awoke more wonder and delight in his soul than even the first sight of the morning sun.

"Yes, dear child," continued Menrad, "it is God who has made all that you see. He has built the blue arch which we call heaven; He has lighted the sun and directs its course; it not only shows us the wonders of His works and lights us upon our way, but by its warmth the fruits become ripe, as food is cooked at a fire. He makes the water spring out of the ground and drop from the clouds to refresh us and give us drink; He spreads the carpet of grass at our feet; He gives scent and color to the flowers; He loads the branches of the trees with all kinds of fruit; He teaches the birds their songs to cheer us; He clothed the lamb which is resting at our feet with soft wool, of which your dress and mine are made; He gives us all that we need for life and comfort; He has made everything so beautiful that we may have pleasure in His works and love Him, and live with Him at last in a still more beautiful country, where we shall enjoy still greater happiness. And although we can not see Him now, yet He sees us, and hears every word we say, and even knows our thoughts. We may speak to Him every moment; He rules every action of our lives; He set you free from the cavern and led you to me; He is our best Friend, our most loving Father."

Ernest listened to the pious old man with the greatest attention, and kept his eyes firmly fixed on him. While they were talking the night came on, but the child never noticed it. The lake looked like a bright mirror, in which one seemed to see a second sky, with moon and stars. A solemn stillness reigned over all, and not a leaf moved on the trees. A new feeling which he had never before felt—a feeling of devotion, of nearness to God—filled Ernest's heart. And the old man, folding his hands and raising his eyes to heaven, uttered aloud a few words of prayer; while the boy, for the first time in his life, clasped his hands in prayer and followed the old man's words. And when he had ended, the child, to the great delight of the pious old man, added of his own accord these words: "I thank Thee, O God, that Thou hast taken me from the dark cavern, and led me to this good man, who has taught me to know Thee!"

Father Menrad then led the boy to his cell, and, making a couch of soft moss, covered him with his own mantle.

(Conclusion next week.)

Whales.

Although whales are mammals, they live in the water like fishes. If you are at the seaside this summer, you may catch occasional glimpses of them as they rise to the surface and spout. Whales are divided into two great families—the spermaceti whale, which has teeth in the lower jaw; and the whalebone whale, which has none. The first named are often from seventy to eighty feet long when full grown, and the capture of them is attended with great danger. The whaling industry is constantly growing less, and even now the old-fashioned "whaler" is a thing of the past; though ancient captains of these vessels still sit by the shores of the Atlantic, spinning yarns in the sun.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Two new books by Catholic authors are published by Messrs. Methuen & Co.—“Hardy-on-the-Hill,” by M. E. Francis; and “Love the Harvester,” by Max Pemberton.

—Madame Modjeska has written two volumes of “Memories and Impressions.” The first deals with her life in Poland, and the second relates her early days in America.

—Mr. Murray, the well-known English publisher, announces a translation of “A Century of Archæological Discoveries,” by Prof. Michaelis. Prof. Percy Gardner will supply a preface.

—In “A Spanish Robinson Crusoe” (*Chambers' Journal* for August), Mr. J. D. Leckie holds that Defoe was more likely to have derived his prototype from the translation of Garcilasco de la Vega's narrative of a shipwrecked Spanish sailor in the Carribean Sea, of which he gives an account, than from the story of Alexander Selkirk.

—Of a work recently noticed by us the *Month* says:

“The World in which We Live,” by Father Rudolph Meyer, S. J., runs a risk, on account of its ambiguous title, of being classified as a work on Cosmography, just as a well-known book of sermons, “Salvage from the Wreck,” was actually entered under Maritime Law.

The absence of a sub-title indicating that Father Meyer's work is a spiritual treatise increases the risk mentioned.

—Although the late George Jacob Holyoake rendered service to the cause of liberty in many ways and was for nearly seventy years an unswerving champion of the people's rights, his “Life and Letters” is not an enjoyable book. Perhaps this is because his biographer—an apostate priest—devotes so much space to the Free Thought question. Holyoake himself for many years, we learn, did not allow this to intrude on his work. The whole evidence of his life goes to show that the views he formed on religious questions were largely due to special influences. The story of how “the fence of his Baptist belief grew thinner,” until finally he joined forces with the Owenites, Mr. McCabe is at pains to tell in detail. A sad story it is. When Holyoake was eleven years old he attended Sunday-school, and continued to do so for five years. He was at this time an assiduous chapel-goer, and visiting ministers spoke of him as an “angel-child.” The first chill to his piety came in his twelfth year, when

the Rector of St. Martin's [Birmingham] sent in his charge of 4d. for Church Rate; but coppers were scarce, and were all needed to save a younger sister from death. The next

week the charge came again, with a half-crown added for costs. Fearing that the bed might be taken from under the child, as a neighbor had experienced, the mother hurried to the office to pay. She was kept waiting for five hours, and found her child dead when she returned.

No wonder the boy's piety was chilled and his Baptist faith undermined. The avarice of clergymen has been one of the world's great scandals since the days of Judas. In spite of his Free Thought, however, we are told that Holyoake regarded “with the greatest reverence” what he had come to consider as the Unknowable.

—“A Voice from the West,” that particular West which is sometimes both affectionately and irreverently referred to as “the wild and woolly,” is a collection of sketches written in various moods for the pages of a Western journal. The breeziness of style and the picturesqueness of the vocabulary employed will affect different readers variously, but neither can hide the underlying sanity and worth of the majority of the volume's pages. I. T. Martin is the author and publisher.

—The Rt. Rev. Dr. Dwyer, Coadjutor Bishop of Maitland, has published a “Manual of the Children of Mary,” which has the warm approval of the Rt. Rev. Bishop Murray, who commends it “to the numerous sodalities of the Blessed Virgin in the Diocese of Maitland, to the nuns who help in the working of them, and to the clergy who direct them.” In addition to the manifest usefulness and convenience of this little manual, interest is attached to the book because it is published at the Institute of the Deaf and Dumb, Waratah, N. S. W., and sold for the benefit of that institution.

—The death of Mrs. Cashel Hoey removes one of the most versatile, if not best known, Catholic writers of our time. Besides a number of successful books, original and translated, she turned out an immense amount of copy for the *London World*, to which she was a regular contributor from its foundation in 1874 until within a few weeks of her death. Her work was remarkable for excellence as well as quantity. The best of Mrs. Hoey's novels are “A House of Cards,” “Griffith's Double,” and “A Stern Chase.” “What Might Have Been,” written after her conversion, was specially addressed to Catholic readers. R. I. P.

—Eminent scholars like Abbot Gasquet have expressed the opinion that the vernacular version of the Scriptures attributed to Wycliffe was in reality a Catholic translation. An anony-

mous correspondent of the London *Tablet* thinks that it would not be difficult to establish this contention. He writes:

There are in the British Museum manuscript English Bibles officially attributed to Wycliffe and the Lollards, and ticketed accordingly. Surely an examination of these books, conducted with average skill and care, would clear up any doubt as to whether these Bibles be Catholic or heretical. If written by Lollards, they must almost certainly contain indications of their editorship. in the turn and phraseology of such passages as were supposed by those people to favor their very peculiar tenets. If no departure from the terms of Catholic orthodoxy can be detected, we may with equal surety conclude that the books had no such origin as that ascribed to them alike by the officials and by popular Protestantism.

For my own part, as one who for thirty years has worked among mediæval records, I would say that I am persuaded of the Catholic character of the so-called Wycliffe Bibles, from the sole consideration of their beautiful calligraphy. What form of Christianity, I would ask, ever produced good texting and illumination in its written documents, except the Catholic Church? I confidently assert, and every archivist will bear me out in the statement, that not only the art of illuminating, but even the art of writing, was killed with all the other arts by the Reformation. English handwriting rapidly declined from the very time of Henry's breach with Rome, and got steadily worse and worse as Catholicism lost its hold on the nation. This is capable of ocular demonstration at such a place as the Record Office.

But the "Lollard" Bibles are as finely texted and as brilliantly limned as any other mediæval books. Let them be subjected to the scrutiny of a theologian and they will be found to be no more Lollard than the Missal or the Breviary. I can with confidence make this assertion, as an experienced palæographer, on the grounds I have mentioned.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' price generally includes postage.

"All about Salads." Mrs. Lewis Clarke Lucas. 75 cts.

"The New Matrimonial Legislation." Rev. Charles J. Cronin, D. D. \$1.90, net.

"Pentecost Preaching." Rev. Arthur Devine, C. P. \$1.50, net.

"Stories New and Old, American and English." Hamilton Wright Mabie. \$1.50.

"A Martyr of Our Own Day." From the French by the Rev. John J. Dunn. \$1, net.

"Cords of Adam." Rev. T. J. Gerrard. \$1.50.

"The Catholic School System in the United States." Rev. James A. Burns, C. S. C. \$1.25, net

"The Story of Blessed Thomas More." A Nun of Tyburn Convent. 80 cts., net.

"The Eucharistic Heart of Jesus." \$1.

"An American Student in France." Abbé Felix Klein. \$2.50.

"Barnaby Bright." Father Bearne. 2 vols. \$1.60.

"The Bells of Atchison." Rev. Andrew Green, O. S. B. 75 cts.

"The Spectrum of Truth." Sharpe-Aveling. 30 cts.

"The Church of the Fathers," "University Teaching." Cardinal Newman. 75 cts., net each.

"A Child Countess." Sophia Maude. 75 cts., net.

"Nemesis," S. A. Turk. 60 cts., net.

"In a Roundabout Way." Clara Mulholland. 75 cts., net.

"Christ among Men; or, Characteristics of Jesus, as Seen in the Gospels." Abbé Stertilanges. 60 cts., net.

"The Tale of Tintern." Rev. Edward Caswall. 30 cts.

"A Commentary on the Present Index Legislation." Rev. Timothy Hurley, D. D. \$1.35, net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Hugh Hand, and Rev. James Quinn, diocese of Brooklyn.

Mother Mary Baptiste and Sister Ellen (Healy), of the Order of St. Ursula.

Mr. Charles Nelson, Mr. Henry Besterman, Mrs. William Dunn, Master Francis Hershberger, Mr. James F. Cannon, Miss Aileen Arnold, Mr. George Stritch, Mrs. M. Myercough, Mrs. Mary E. Rex, Mr. Richard Murdock, Miss Mary McGinty, Mr. Joseph Gonder, and Mr. J. A. Bedell.

Requiescant in pace!

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For three needy foreign missions in China and Japan:

Rev. T. F., \$5; Rev. E. M. B., \$3.20; T. A. E., \$3.

Young Ladies' Library

ST JOSEPH'S ACADEMY
TORONTO

No _____



THE ASSUMPTION AND CORONATION.
(Schola Art. Beuron.)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED ST. LUKE. 48

VOL. LXVII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, AUGUST 15, 1908.

NO. 7.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C. S. C.]

Assumpta.

BY EDMUND OF THE HEART OF MARY, C. P.

I.

"AND didst thou die, dear Mother of our Life?
Sin had no part in thee: then how should
death?

Methinks, if aught the great tradition saith
Could wake in loving hearts a moment's strife"
(I said—my own with her new image rife),

"'Twere this." And yet 'tis certain, next to
faith,

Thou didst lie down to render up thy breath;
Though after the Seventh Sword no meaner knife
Could pierce that bosom. No, nor did. No sting
Of pain was there, but only joy. The love

So long thy life ecstatic, and restrained
From setting free thy soul, now gave it wing:
Thy body, soon to reign with it above,
Radiant and fragrant, as in trance, re-
mained.

II.

Yes, Mother of God, though thou didst stoop to
die,

Death could not mar thy beauty. On thy face
Nor time nor grief had wrinkle left or trace:
It had but aged in Godlike majesty:

Mature, yet, save the mother in thine eye,
As maiden-fresh as when, of all our race,
Thou, first and last, wast greeted "full of
grace"—

Ere thrice five years had worshipt and gone by.
Mortal thy body: yet it could not know

Mortality's decay. Like sinless Eve's,

It waited but the change on Thabor shown.
And when, at thy sweet will, 'twas first laid low,
Untainted as a lily's folded leaves

It slept, the angels watching by the stone.

III.

"At thy sweet will." Then wherefore didst thou
will

To pass death's portal? To the outward ear
There comes no answer, but the heart can hear.
Thy Son had passed it. Thou upon "the hill
Of scorn" hadst stood beside the Cross; and still
Wouldst "follow the Lamb where'er He went."

Of fear

Thou knewest naught. The cup's last drop,
so dear
To Him, thy love must share—or miss its fill.
But more. Thy other children—even we—

Must enter life through death. And couldst
thou brook

To watch our terrors at the dark unknown,
Powerless to stay us with a sympathy
Better than any tender word or look—

Bidding our steps tread firmly in thine own?

The Landslide of Pardine.

BY E. D.—M. E. M.



OVERGNE is a part of
France by far too little known
to the general tourist; for it
is a most interesting portion of
that fascinating country. It is
a land of extinct volcanoes, of strange,
basaltic rocks, of beautiful and varied
scenery of every kind: now wild and
rugged, weird and fantastic in its stern
grandeur; now wooded and luxuriant,
with capricious mountain torrents leaping
over pebbles and boulders on their way
through some of the most fertile valleys
of sunny France.

No doubt it is principally because of the lack of travel in this part of the country that it has remained so delightfully primitive, and so full of local color of every kind; further enhanced by the fact that it is a country of historic associations and romantic memories. Here, for instance, is Cæsar's ancient camp, Gergovia, recalling the bravery of Vercingetorix and his gallant struggle for liberty and independence; not to mention the thousand and one legends that cluster about the old chateaux, the mountains, and the picturesque streams which bathe their rugged sides. And there are real histories, too, each quite as fascinating as any legend or medieval tale. Not the least interesting or thrilling among them is the story of Pardine.

Pardine is one of the most charming and interesting villages of this delightful country. It can boast of wonderful caves and extraordinary rock formations, besides being in itself strangely quaint and attractive. Situated almost at the summit of the mountain, it leans against the precipitous side of the rocky ascent in such fashion that it suggests nothing so much as the nest of some mighty bird of the air, hanging betwixt heaven and earth. So steep is the ascent, and so mighty the projecting giant rocks which line the mountain-side, that one thinks involuntarily of a natural fortress, forming, underneath its brilliant mantle of vivid green moss, and gold and silver lichens, a barrier altogether impregnable to the most daring invader.

Lower down, the slope is more bare, lined at intervals only with weird patches of heather and furze, interspersed in the more fertile spots with vineyards and cornfields. At the mountain's foot, at the end of the winding path which leads from the very summit, stands a large and remarkably fine crucifix. The face of the sculptured Christ is singularly beautiful. As one approaches closely, it can be seen that at some time it has been injured; the right arm and hand

have been broken, and the left side of the body is also somewhat disfigured, as though struck by a stone or iron weapon. Curiosity having been aroused, one has only to question any old resident of Pardine to learn the history of that crucifix and of the great landslide of Pardine.

It occurred on an Easter Sunday, nearly a hundred years ago. Simple as the peasants of that primitive place still are, they were more so in those days. With some slight changes, the village stood just where it now stands, commanding a splendid view of the curiously shaped Ruy de Dome mountains, and farther still the silvery, snow-capped peaks of Mont Dore.

There were many brave lads and handsome girls in Pardine, but the palm of good looks and popularity belonged by common consent to Pierre Gauthier and his *fiancée*, Marie Blois. They had expected to be married in the spring; but late in the previous autumn Pierre had been called upon, with several of his village comrades, to serve his country in the desolating war that was then ravaging France.

On the eve of his departure, Pierre and Marie were taking their last walk together in the valley. They had been silent for the most part; for their young and untried hearts were filled with the bitter anguish of a first parting. At last they reached the great crucifix, and in front of it Pierre stood still.

"Marie," he cried, taking her hand in his, "it is useless for me to tell you that I love you! You know it,—you have always known it; for there has never been a time, from my earliest childhood, when you were not the first thought of my heart. And now we are about to part, perhaps forever; that God alone can tell. But before we separate, I want you to promise here, looking up into the sorrowful face of the dear Saviour who loved us even unto death, that unto death also you will love and be faithful to me."

"Ah, it is easy to do that, Pierre!" replied Marie, half weeping. "You are the only one I have ever loved or thought of loving."

"Yes, I believe it," answered Pierre. "But mine is a jealous heart, and your promise I must have. Swear to me, Marie, that you will be true, whatever happens; and that when I return I may claim you as my wife. Swear it, Marie,—swear it, my best beloved!"

He knelt in front of the crucifix; Marie followed his example, looking reverently upward into the face of the Christ.

"I promise," she said—"let the dear Jesus be my witness,—that, whatever happens, and at any cost, I shall be faithful to my love."

Pierre took her hand and led her up the steps of the Calvary. Together they kissed the bleeding feet of the mangled Saviour; together they turned and descended to the ground; and then, taking her lovely face between his hands, Pierre left upon her forehead a kiss almost as reverent as that which he had imprinted upon the feet of the Redeemer.

"Now," he said, "we are truly and solemnly betrothed."

Pierre was absent two years. During that time but few letters had passed between the lovers; in those days letters were infrequent and expensive. When peace was declared, he was discharged with his companions; but it was a different Pierre that returned to his native village. His sojourn in the army had changed him completely; he had lost every vestige of the religion that had once been his pride and support; he had become a Freemason and an infidel. The change had given him an entirely different aspect in the eyes of his betrothed; even his love for her seemed to have put on a new guise. If she had not been bound by her promise, she would have refused to marry him; as it was, she considered it a sacred vow. It was with many misgivings that the old curé of Pardine united the couple that had ever been the flowers of his little flock.

They removed to a remote portion of the village, where Pierre had built a little cottage, and there Marie led an isolated life. When not employed at his work, her husband spent most of his time in gathering around him in the tavern a number of young men as wild and reckless as himself, whom he initiated into his perverse doctrines, to the accompaniment of games of chance, and intoxicating liquors.

Early Good Friday morning Pierre was returning with several of his friends from a night spent in gambling and drinking. As they staggered along the road, a boisterous crew; they came in sight of the large crucifix at whose foot Pierre and Marie had exchanged their first vows. One of the men, perhaps more from habit than reverence, removed his hat; and the rest, with the exception of Pierre, followed his example. The circumstance seemed to enrage their drunken leader. With a loud, derisive laugh and terrible oath, he picked up a large stone from the ground and hurled it with all his might against the holy image. The force of the shock broke the right arm; and the stone, glancing downward, made a wide crack in the body near the wound of the left side.

The fearful deed seemed completely to sober the other young men. With one accord, they hastened silently from the spot and sought their homes. As for Pierre, when he turned to follow, he saw his wife kneeling at a short distance, in the middle of the road. She had stolen out in the early morning in search of him, leaving her babe asleep, and had seen what occurred. For the first time in her life she shrank from the man whom she had always continued to love, though he had done her so much wrong; and, without a word, retraced her steps homeward. Pierre soon joined her; he said nothing; she was equally silent. Throwing herself upon her knees beside the cot of her infant boy, she then and there resolved to return to her father's house as soon as

her husband should again have left his own, in which he now spent very little time. After a few moments he went to bed, where he lay sleeping off the effects of his drunken debauch until long past noon.

Meantime the news had spread through the village, and had reached the ears of Marie's father. As Pierre, red-eyed and pale, entered the kitchen from his bedroom, the old man opened the outer door.

"What is this I hear of you, coward, sacrilegious brute?" he cried. "Not another day, not another hour, shall my daughter or her child remain beneath your unholy roof. I have come for her. My son Francis is waiting outside with Jean Pulois and a wagon to take her things. Go, Marie, get ready!"

With bent head and streaming eyes, the poor wife left the room. Her torn and terrified heart welcomed the coming of her father; it seemed an answer to her prayerful resolve. For the time being all the affection she had felt for her unfortunate husband was petrified, dead. Contrary to the expectation of his father-in-law, who had feared opposition, and had brought two stalwart young men along with him to help him enforce his determination if necessary, Pierre remained entirely silent and passive.

Most of the furniture in the cottage had been given to Marie by her parents. In the space of half an hour the house was nearly dismantled, and Pierre, still sitting stolidly in one corner, was left alone. At the door Marie had turned toward him, her baby in her arms, with a softly murmured "Adieu, Pierre!" But he had looked coldly into her face, without a responsive word. He remained within doors all that day, and the next; at least, none of his neighbors saw him leave the house, and they were all too horrified and disgusted to seek any information concerning him.

But the good curé of the village could not banish the thought of the unfortunate man from his mind. Several times it

had occurred to him that he might be ill, perhaps dying, from the effects of his late dissipation; for it was very unlike him to remain within doors so long. On Holy Saturday evening, therefore, after he had finished hearing confessions, the priest, taking a lantern in his hand, made his way to the lonely dwelling of the sacrilegious blasphemer. The outer room was vacant. On the table lay the remnants of a scanty meal, and beside them an open book. The priest lifted the lantern to examine it. It was a prayer-book that he had given Pierre, as a prize for catechism, many years before. It was open at the Penitential Psalms. A wave of pity and compassion, mingled with hope, swept through the curé's soul. He passed into the bedroom. Wrapped in an old cloak of Marie's, which she had doubtless forgotten, lay Pierre on the bed, asleep, and there were tears upon his cheek. As softly as he had entered, the priest took his departure.

"It will be better not to disturb him," thought the holy man. "Repentance has touched his heart, and in God's good time all will be well with poor Pierre."

The sun rose on Easter morning in all the beauty of a glorious April day. Clad in their new garments of fresh green, the woods and fields smiled a joyous welcome to the glorious festival. On the mountain slope, vineyards were bursting into leaf. In the valleys, the fruit trees were a mass of brilliant bloom. Beyond the wooded hills rose the Dome Mountains, grand and serene in the purple distance; while above them towered sharply the snowy peaks of Mont Dore, glittering and rosy in the morning sun.

In one house only was there sadness,—the house where Marie had found a refuge with her child. The bells had finished ringing for High Mass, and everybody was in the church, when she stole silently forth with her baby and hid behind a pillar to assist at the Holy Sacrifice. Solemnly the Mass went on until the

moment of the Elevation. Suddenly there was an awful, rumbling noise; the church rocked to its very foundations, and the congregation rushed to the doors. The sight they beheld froze the very blood in their veins; it meant to them ruin and desolation. The church had been erected on a level piece of land, a little removed from the village. And now the spot where had stood their little cottages had entirely disappeared. They found themselves standing on the brink of a precipice, beneath which lay thousands of tons of rock and earth, completely effacing every vestige of the comfortable homes and pleasant gardens they had left an hour before.

The great landslide of Pardine had broken off, sheer and straight as if cut by a great knife, one side of the mountain, leaving intact only the church and two of the adjacent cottages. But the people were safe; all were at church, with the exception of a very few ill and bedridden persons, who had been killed in the terrible convulsion of nature. Buried as they were under mountains of earth, none of the dead were ever recovered,—none but Pierre Gauthier, whom, after they had removed some of the débris in front of them to make a passage way near the crucifix, which lay out of the line of the falling earth, they found lying there, his face turned to that of the dead Christ, his hands tightly clasped together, his eyes wide open as though in deadly terror.

"It is because of him that we have been punished. We have been cursed by God on account of the sacrilegious blasphemer!" cried some, as they gathered, crying and lamenting, over the ruin of their homes.

But the curé raising his hand, said to them: "Wait, my dear people,—wait! Do not be rash in your judgments." Then he related what he had seen the night before, adding: "And I really believe that if the poor shattered man before us could speak he would say that he had dragged himself here to the foot

of the cross, to ask pardon of the Saviour whom he had outraged and insulted. Here he died; here let him be interred. And may God have mercy on his soul!"

And there they made his grave,—the poor sinner for whom in blessed ground there was no place, but who, those who loved him hoped and believed, had found pardon at the mercy seat of God.

Phileas Fox, Attorney.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

III.

ON that particular afternoon, as Phileas sat at his desk, with his folio open before him, at that fascinating case which had so much absorbed his mind, there was a gentle and deprecating knock at the door, and it opened only on his repeated summons to enter. That knock set his heart beating and his nerves fluttering, though he could scarcely have told why. Perhaps he had a vision of some lovely damsel who should follow that knock into the room. Instead, and with a surprise which gave him almost a shock of repulsion, he beheld, thrust in at the aperture, the black woolly head, plentifully besprinkled with gray, of an aged Negro. The face was deeply lined and wrinkled as with the passage of years. The head was followed by a body, clad in a livery that had once been gorgeous, but which was now merely quaint and antiquated.

Phileas stared without speaking; and the Negro, with a bow that would not have disgraced an emperor, began to speak in a low and softly modulated voice, and in an accent that inevitably recalled the sugar plantations of "Virginny" or the Carolinas.

"Have I the distinguished honor of addressing Mr. Phileas Fox?"

"You have," answered Phileas, with an amused twinkle in his eyes. "Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Yes, sah,—yes, Mr. Fox," said the

Negro, rolling his eyes about the apartment, and letting them rest upon the curtain. "May I inquire if we are quite alone?"

Phileas laughed.

"Oh, you need not be afraid, Uncle!" he replied carelessly. "There's no one behind that drapery. Take a seat and let me hear your business."

The Negro so invited, gathering up the skirts of his long coat, took the proffered chair, which he brought into close proximity with the desk.

"Well, sah," he said, speaking still with the air of perfect courtesy and respect, and that indefinable something in manner and speech which marked him as a servant of the old school, "I am Cadwallader Jones, and I have been sent here, sah, by ole Missis herself, to discover if you could make a confidential visit to her residence."

"'Ole Missis?'" repeated the other, vaguely.

"Yes, sah," assented the Negro.

"But what is her name and address,—I mean where is her residence?"

The Negro drew himself up as if he were somewhat offended and a little bewildered too. It seemed to him that every New Yorker should know by this time whose carriage it was that he drove, and what was the name of his employer, and where was located the ancient mansion which she inhabited. He forgot how the generations in New York, succeeding each other, are swallowed up as in a mighty sea, and those famous or wealthy, or otherwise prominent, in one quarter century, are submerged and forgotten in the next.

"Ole Missis, sah," he said, with a shade of reproach in his voice, "is Mrs. Wilson,—Mrs. James Van Wechten Wilson."

Phileas being duly impressed, and by this time in a very agreeable flutter, took a pad from the desk and transferred thereto the name, waiting with pen upraised for the aged servitor to proceed.

"Her address?" he said, after a time; and the Negro cast upon him a glance of surprise not unmingled with contempt.

"Her address, sah," he replied with dignified brevity, "is at the ole mansion, corner of Rutgers and Monroe Streets."

The pen almost dropped from Phileas' hand, and through his veins ran an icy shudder. It seemed to him weird and fantastic, somehow, that that address of all others should be given. It was as if the dead had come to life, or some personage had stepped forth from the pages of his folio. Why, it was that very mansion that had given rise to the whole litigation between *Spooner vs. Vorst*! He could scarcely conceal his agitation. The blood mounted through his cheeks to his forehead, and his hand visibly trembled, though he was anxious to hide all traces of emotion from the Negro.

The latter presently continued:

"And, Mr. Fox, sah, may I propose that this visit to my ole Missis—I should say Mrs. Wilson—shall be considered as confidential,—entirely confidential?"

"Why, of course!" said the attorney a trifle nettled. "I should never have thought of mentioning it to anybody."

"No, sah," said the Negro,—"'to be sure not, sah. But the truth is, my ole Missis declared that the 'utmost secrecy' was necessary. Mrs. Wilson said: 'I should wish that Mr. Fox could make it convenient to call upon me about half-past eight o'clock,'—that is to say, after dark. She preferred not to write a note; for, as she remarked, notes so often go astray."

"To-night, at half-past eight," said Phileas, "I shall call upon Mrs. Wilson."

And this time he did not write upon the pad, because he was quick to take the Negro's hint about the danger of writing down information that was to be kept secret; and, in the second place, he was well aware that there was not the smallest probability that he should forget the time, the appointment itself, or the mysterious dwelling, concerning which he had so lively a curiosity. After the messenger had gone, he speculated as to whether the old mansion had remained

intact, and whether the present tenant even so much as knew the various phases of its history.

That day passed slowly, as days always do that have an excitement waiting at the end of them. Phileas dined with a friend and colleague at the Lawyers' Club; and when the shades of evening had fallen over the city, he excused himself on the ground of a pressing engagement, and hastened home to his lodgings. There he arrayed himself as professionally as possible, giving a groan as he regarded the fiery red of his hair in the glass. His sole resource was to brush it with desperate energy, that at least it might be made as unobtrusive as possible.

This done, he set out for the practically unknown regions which long before his birth had had a distinctive character of their own, belonging to the old and once aristocratic Seventh Ward. He took the cable car down Third Avenue to Chatham, where, instead of transferring, he elected to walk, having still half an hour's time upon his hands. He threaded his way along East Broadway, that once in the long ago had been bordered upon either side by solid and even stately mansions. The remnants of these ancient residences yet lent a tinge of past dignity to the environment that had so sadly degenerated in nearly all its portions as to be fairly describable as a slum. Past Catherine and Market and Pike Streets the lawyer's course led, until he reached Rutgers, where he was confronted by a church which he knew to be Catholic.

Having still a few moments to spare, he entered and knelt unobtrusively in one of the back pews. Evening service was just over, and the smell of the incense perfumed the air. The sexton was putting out the lights upon the altar; but the lamp of the sanctuary shed a strong, clear radiance over the tabernacle and the entire chancel. Phileas felt that sense of unreality, and yet of spiritual nearness with the world unseen, that strikes the mind on entering a church, especially

at nightfall. The few worshippers who lingered seemed shadowy and phantom-like. The distant murmur of bustle and confusion coming in through the open windows belonged, as it were, to some other existence. Mr. Fox bent his head for a few moments in earnest prayer. He recommended to God that first case, which he felt might prove an auspicious beginning to his chosen career, and which, from its coincidence with the subject of his late investigations, struck him as out of the ordinary.

He strode rapidly down the street, passing Henry and Madison, with the silver ribbon of the East River gleaming before him under the soft light of the stars. Through the masts of the shipping he could discern the opposite shore, with its lights twinkling through the haze of the summer twilight. At twenty-five minutes past eight Phileas stood upon the corner of Monroe and Rutgers, gazing with fascinated interest at the dwelling and its surroundings, which might be truly described as an oasis in that desert. He saw a park-like extent of ground, with a broad, smooth lawn exquisitely kept, bordered by tall trees a century old at least,—or more probably coeval with the earliest settlers on Manhattan. The breeze blowing up from the river stirred the thick branches with a mournful, sighing sound; and the branches themselves made weird, fantastic shadows upon that spot of ground, that would seem to have been preserved by enchantment, there in the heart of a purlieu.

The lawyer gazed for an instant or two longer upon that scene; then, with a tremor passing through his frame, he entered at the broad iron gate, and passed with firm and rapid step up the gravelled path. He had an excellent view of the house,—a square, solid construction, to which a pair of Norman turrets gave a grimly castellated appearance. Only a light or two in the windows relieved the gloom.

"Ugh!" said Phileas to himself. "It's

like venturing into a wizard's den or the castle of some robber baron."

He rang the bell, and it sounded and resounded with a note clear and silvery indeed, but with a long-drawn out inflection. It seemed to break a silence that was perennial. The modern young man who stood upon the steps and waited with all the impatience that characterized the end-of-the-century youth, felt that the summons of the bell was too long-drawn out, and that the answer thereto was correspondingly delayed. At last — and to him the interval seemed very long — he heard footsteps advancing from a distance; and the next instant the broad oaken door was thrown open to admit the young practitioner into regions problematically vague, captivately mysterious.

IV.

The first object which Phileas perceived was the figure of the aged Negro, so quaint that it appeared to belong rather to the seventeenth century than to the nineteenth. Past him was a large, square hall, lighted by wax tapers in a crystal chandelier suspended from the ceiling. The old Negro made a low bow, and waited for the visitor to speak.

"I have come," said Phileas, in a voice which was unconsciously low and suppressed, "according to appointment."

"Yes, sah,—yes, Mr. Fox," responded the Negro. "If you will be kind enough to step in here, sah, to the library, I will acquaint Mrs. Wilson with your presence."

Lest there should be any mistake about the announcement, the young lawyer drew from his pocket a card whereon was inscribed, "Mr. Phileas Fox"; and upon this he wrote, "By appointment."

As he stepped into the library and strolled about there, unheeding the parting invitation of the Negro to take a chair, and the still more pressing invitation of a half score comfortable armchairs themselves, he distinctly heard, somewhere in the upper or farther gloom, a clear

voice. Presumably it was that of a young girl, who, evidently reading the card of some one close, remarked:

"'Mr. Phileas Fox.' What an ominous name for a lawyer!"

Phileas flushed to the very roots to that hair which he felt to be another unfavorable circumstance, likely to militate against his chances of success. After that one sound, there was silence so deep and profound that the inhabitants of that spacious residence might have been buried in an enchanted sleep.

Then at last the stillness was broken by a slow, shuffling step, and the sharp tap of a cane upon the polished floor; and presently appeared in the doorway, aided by the ancient Negro, a woman of advanced years, and, as Phileas instantaneously reflected, most certainly not the owner of the silvery voice which had made that damaging remark concerning his cognomen. The lady was richly but plainly dressed in a gown of brown silk, with a small embroidered leaf upon its surface, that caught and held the visitor's observant eye. Hanging sleeves, in the fashion of earlier days, displayed a second sleeve of peerless lace, that served only to emphasize the leanness of the wrinkled arm, of which it allowed too evident glimpses. A silver-headed cane was used to support the faltering steps, which required Cadwallader's services upon the other hand. The Negro seated her in an armchair beside a heavy mahogany table, and, with a ceremonious bow, stood near the door waiting for further orders.

"You may go," said the old lady, turning toward him with a wave of dismissal; and the Negro instantly vanished, closing the door upon himself with a swift and noiseless movement.

Meantime the old lady, leaning back in her chair, turned a penetrating gaze upon the expectant lawyer. The eyes were dark and harmonized well with an almost swarthy dark complexion, a prominent nose, and a mouth which had probably been firm and decisive in its char-

acter. It had fallen in now, at either corner, after the fashion of age; and the deep lines on either side of the nose, sharply accentuated by the years, together with the clearly defined outline of chin and jaw, gave an almost skeleton-like appearance to the face. Still, it was a striking countenance upon which Phileas Fox now gazed for the first time, and one not easily to be forgotten. Despite the extreme old age, it was a face of power, suggesting that the light of hidden fires might still be enkindled behind those piercing eyes.

"You are punctual, Mr. Fox," said the old lady at last, after a careful scrutiny of the latter's immaculately clean and eminently youthful and wholesome appearance, which seemed to afford her satisfaction.

"I believe that is expected in one of my profession," replied Phileas, with a smile which was clearly forced, since he felt altogether uncomfortable; his college manners seemed entirely out of place in presence of this survival of the feudal system.

"Yes," said the old lady, drawing out the monosyllable with a sound that was almost a hiss. "But expectations are not always realized, are they?"

Phileas felt constrained to say that they were not; though the remark sounded trivial—in fact, utterly banal,—and was so dismissed by the old lady, who proceeded at once to her subject.

"No doubt you will wonder, Mr. Fox," she said, "why, in a city which abounds perhaps more than any other in the world with legal practitioners, and where many have attained eminence, I should have selected one who is so young." She made him a little gracious inclination of the head, with a reassuring smile, thus seeming to inform him that youth was by no means his fault, and an error which might be condoned. "And," she proceeded, "because of his youth, still unknown."

Phileas; who himself had been ponder-

ing over this very enigma, knew not how to reply. In fact, his years—the twenty-five years of which he had been so proud—seemed to dwindle down into mere juvenility within this fortress of antiquity.

"Therefore, before we proceed any further on our business, I am going to give you my reason for so doing. That will put you at ease with regard to the procedure which is expected of you, and will also, I trust, settle preliminaries on a satisfactory basis."

She leaned back in her chair after she had spoken, as if the effort had fatigued her; and, clasping her long, slender fingers before her in an attitude which has somehow gone out of fashion, or of which the secret has been lost, observed:

"The reason is to me a good and sufficient one for reposing in you a quite extraordinary confidence."

Phileas' heart beat, and he waited with some anxiety to hear that reason; for, remembering his experience of the few days previous, and aware that dark secrets existed under the fairest exterior, he could only hope that it would be indeed good and sufficient. Her very next words served entirely to reassure him:

"You are acquainted, I understand, with Father Van Buren?"

"Oh, yes, indeed!" cried Phileas, his countenance so visibly brightening that the old lady smiled. "He was my college professor, and has ever since been my best friend."

"He is also a friend of mine, standing in a relation still more intimate," said the old lady, "since he has been my director ever since my reception into the Church a year ago."

She paused, for the clearly enunciated and well-modulated sentences seemed to exhaust her.

"Now, it is at Father Van Buren's instigation that I have drawn forth once more that skeleton which I thought had been forever laid at rest, and which has already afforded legal and judicial New

York sufficient food for curiosity. Have you ever heard, Mr. Fox—and it is only your very recent admission to the bar which excuses the question,—of the case of *Spooner vs. Vorst*?"

The lawyer barely restrained a start of astonishment. It seemed, somehow, uncanny to hear mention in these surroundings of that celebrated suit. For though, once the Negro had given him that memorable address, Phileas knew the premises to be those under dispute, still he had supposed that the original claimants were long at rest, or that their suit had gone to the limbo of forgotten cases.

"Oh, yes, I have heard of it," he said eagerly, "and am familiar with many of its details."

"Indeed!" cried the old lady, in a surprise which, the young man could plainly see, bordered upon incredulity. "As for instance—?"

If she expected to catch the young lawyer tripping, she was presently proved wrong by the facility with which he brought forth and laid before her, a few of the chief details of that continuous lawsuit.

"You astonish me," said the old lady. "I will admit that you astonish me. Father Van Buren, having counselled me, for the reasons I shall presently state, to reopen the case, likewise referred to you as a man who, he believed, had a future before him, and who, to make a beginning, required precisely such an opportunity as this case will afford. He also recommended you as conspicuously honest and worthy of trust. But I must admit that his confidence is more than justified by the grasp you have displayed upon a subject which I had believed to be forgotten."

Phileas, encouraged by her encomiums, burst into a glowing description of how his interest had been awakened, and how he had revolved the case in his mind, and formulated a theory by which could be manifested the justice of the claim of

Martha Ann Spooner, who had elicited all his sympathies.

There was silence in the apartment after he had thus spoken, and a chill that, despite the season, caused the warm-blooded young champion of athletics to shiver. The light of the wax tapers seemed too feeble for the size of that vast room, and its corners were filled with shadows. One of their number spluttered and died. The figure in the chair also sat very silent; and the piercing eyes were fixed upon the lawyer with an intensity that, somehow, made him uncomfortable. The expression of the face, too, was peculiar, and added to his uneasiness. He stopped in the midst of that glowing peroration almost as suddenly as he had discontinued another flight of oratory when a miscreant had invaded his office.

"May I ask, Mr. Fox," began the old lady, in an accent which once more made him uncomfortable, "if you have any idea at all who I am?"

Phileas answered hesitatingly: "I was led to understand by your messenger that you were Mrs. Wilson."

"The messenger, my servant Cadwalader, was quite correct," assented the old lady. "But I have an identity that is quite separate from that one. Have you made no effort to divine the probable truth?"

Then for the first time flashed upon Phileas' mind a supposition which, in connection with what he had just been saying, and the peculiarity of his client's tone, struck him as barely possible.

"Has it not at least occurred to you," went on Mrs. Wilson, "that I could be no other than Martha Ann Spooner herself?"

"I had never thought of that possibility!" cried Phileas, eagerly. "In fact, I was under the impression that—"

He paused. It did not seem to him as exactly within the proprieties to admit that he had supposed the "party of the first part" to have been long since dead. The old lady, however, saved him from any anxiety on that score.

"Of course," she said, "you came to

the conclusion that the principals in such an antediluvian contest must long before now have vanished from the scene?"

Her voice as she thus spoke became querulous, with a thin, rasping sound, as of the friction of one metal against another; it seemed to express resentment that age should have interfered with her and her transactions, of whatever nature they might be.

Phileas felt as if, in some curious fashion, the ground were slipping from under his feet. When she pronounced the name that had become so familiar to him during those tedious days in the clientless office, and declared it to be her own, he had the sensation of having been suddenly confronted by a ghost. She, with her wax lights, her slow ringing bells, and her own personality, seemed as far removed as possible from the world that was bustling past her doors, with its electricity, its telephones, and its rapid transit. That world wherein she had figured, playing no inconsiderable part, was cut off by an unfathomable gulf from the new and modern existence, and the metropolis with its stupendous and daily increasing progress.

"I have another name, and still another identity, which shall be revealed to my learned counsel, should he choose to undertake the case. In the meantime let it be understood now and forever"—and here the speaker tapped sharply with her cane upon the oaken floor—"that whatsoever passes between us must be wrapped in inviolable secrecy. Not so much as a whisper must pass beyond that door without my express direction. Have I your promise, Mr. Fox?"

"So much I may safely promise," replied the young man, gravely; "in fact, so much is required by the etiquette of my profession."

"Give me your pledge, sir, before I speak further," demanded this extraordinary client, with a manner and tone so imperious that it completely upset that first theory which had beguiled his

waiting hours at the office. In those reflections, Martha Ann Spooner had been in youth—as he sometimes pictured her in age—weak, defenceless, and the prey of strong and rapacious men, represented by "the party of the second part," John Vorst. Now he was not so sure. He prepared, however, to take the pledge offered him by his venerable client in somewhat the same terms as if he had been vowing himself to temperance or consecrating himself to some tremendous undertaking. As that pledge, so far, bound him to nothing more than the secrecy which his own sense of honor and professional discretion would have enjoined, he felt no misgivings.

"I here pledge myself, in the presence of God, and on my sacred word of honor, that I shall speak of nothing whatsoever that has here transpired, or may hereafter transpire at any future interview. Nor shall I make mention, unauthorized by my client, of my visits to this house, or of any other circumstances whatever in connection with the business there transacted."

Phileas Fox felt himself, in more senses than one, breathless as he repeated this long formula; and the woman who had just announced herself as that legally historic personage, Martha Ann Spooner, sank back in her chair and remained for several instants with closed eyes and a general aspect of profound weariness.

(To be continued.)

Christ's Own.

BY WILLIAM HENDRIX, S. J.

● LILY, thou art fair

That in the Master's garden here,
So frail, so clear,

Dost bloom in chasteness rare!

In love Christ cherish thee,
Unstained flower, till thy bright worth,
Too pure for earth

Shall grace eternity!

The Martyred Ursulines of Valenciennes.

BY THE COMTESSE DE COURSON.

(CONTINUED.)

ALTHOUGH Mons had now officially become French, the Austrians were determined to take it back if possible; and suddenly, on Wednesday in Holy Week, March 27, 1793, the French troops, after setting fire to the town, hastily retired before the victorious imperial army. Great was the delight of the people; and Angèle Honorez tells us that even the Ursulines, behind their *grilles*, were beside themselves with joy. "This sudden transformation made us lose our heads," she owns; and the superioress wisely relaxed the rule of silence in honor of the happy deliverance of the city. "She told us," continues our annalist, "that there would be no conference and no silence; it was a day of great joy and great talking, as well for us as for our Sisters from Valenciennes, who now hoped to be able to return to their convent."

The same joyful excitement prevailed throughout the different communities of the town. The Canons of St. Germain sang a solemn *Te Deum*; the Canonesses of St. Wandru set to work washing their desecrated church; and the Archbishop of Cambrai, who had fled before the Republican troops, hastened back to Mons. From him our French Ursulines received orders to return to Valenciennes as soon as the Austrians took possession of the town,—an event that was anxiously expected.

Some months elapsed, however, before the prelate's sanguine hopes were fulfilled. The Austrians laid siege to Valenciennes in April, 1793; and only on August 1, after a brave defence, did the French troops abandon their post. The city had suffered grievously; one-third of the houses were burned to the ground; and among those that remained standing, not fifty were uninjured. But these material

losses were compensated by the relief experienced by the peaceable inhabitants at the departure of the hated Jacobins. A temporary local government, called a *junte*, was speedily organized; and one of its first acts was to revoke the oppressive and unjust measures that had been taken against the priests, nuns, and *émigrés*.

At the end of a few weeks peace and order were restored, and many religious communities returned. The priests were once more able to fulfil their sacred duties, and the innate good spirit of the inhabitants revived under their influence. The Ursulines' former convent had been used as a barrack; but Mother Teresa Castillion, one of the nuns who had remained at Valenciennes, was able to take possession of the building, which she repaired and put in order with a view to the eventual return of her exiled Sisters.

In November, 1793, they decided to leave Mons; and, though their joy was great at the prospect of seeing their old home, they seem to have bid a sad farewell to the kind Belgian nuns. Many good citizens loaded them with presents, and their hostesses not only insisted on making them a free gift of their food and lodging during fourteen months, but also bestowed on them a large sum of money. "Our two communities were so closely united," writes Mother Honorez, "that they separated with much sorrow. When our Sisters left, it seemed to us as if the convent was empty. When we went to the oratory, to the refectory, or into the rooms, we drew back quite startled; by degrees only we got accustomed to be without them."

Very different was the Ursulines' return to Valenciennes from the anxious and depressing journey of the previous year. But, although they knew it not, some of the women who so gladly set their faces homeward were in reality taking their first step on the steep and rugged path which was to lead them to a violent death.

At first no dismal foreboding marred

the delight with which the simple nuns resumed their daily life within the walls of their beloved convent. The house had been battered during the siege; doors were wanting, and walls bore the traces of cannon balls. But these external inconveniences mattered very little; the Ursulines' chief thought was for the children whom in past times they had so carefully trained, and who, after these awful months of confusion and hardship, were doubly in need of their supervision. They reopened their classes with glad hearts, as if no hostile French army were watching for an opportunity to seize the unfortunate city. It would have needed more political foresight than they could boast of to read the future. The power and strength of Republican France were greater than even her enemies could believe, and it was hardly likely that her government would accept without a struggle the loss of the prosperous Flemish cities that had so willingly sworn allegiance to their Austrian conquerors.

For the time being, however, the star of Austria was in the ascendant; the inhabitants of Valenciennes, who at heart had scant sympathy with the Jacobins, made the Ursulines welcome, and helped them to restore their convent, so that in a comparatively short time the damage caused by the siege was repaired. Mother Clotilde, whose tender and generous heart was open to every form of human suffering, willingly received among her daughters several nuns belonging to other Orders, whose communities, after having been broken up by the Revolution, had not been able, like the Ursulines, to resume their conventual life. Three of these religious—Anne Joseph Leroux, a Poor Clare, whose sister was an Ursuline; and two Brigittines, Anne Marie Erraux and Marie Françoise Lacroix—gratefully accepted Mother Clotilde's proposal and enrolled themselves among the daughters of St. Ursula, little thinking that they were to find in their new home, not the peace of a cloistered life for which they

thirsted, but a higher if sterner vocation—that of martyrdom.

Other candidates— young girls whose desire to embrace a cloistered life was unchecked by the perils ahead—also begged admittance; and the community seemed entering upon a new phase of prosperity, when alarming rumors spread through the town. It was reported that the Austrians were losing ground, whereas the French troops were full of eagerness to retrieve their defeats. The ultimate victory of the dreaded Republicans was a subject of terror to the peaceable citizens of Valenciennes. They knew that a few miles distant, at Arras, over the French frontier, hundreds of innocent persons, of every age and rank were executed by Joseph Lebon, whose name is still, after the lapse of a century, fraught with horror throughout Artois and Flanders; and they fully expected a similar fate if the French troops ever entered their city.

On June 26, 1794, the Austrians were defeated at Fleurus; four days later Mons fell into the hands of the French, and the hospitable Belgian Ursulines were, writes their annalist, "frightened to death." Scarcely less terrified were their late guests when it became certain that the Republican troops were marching toward Valenciennes. All the month of July passed by in alternatives of hopes and fears.

Through these long weeks of suspense Mother Clotilde preserved her steady self-possession. She declined to seek safety in flight. The whole line of country on the Belgian side of the frontier was a battlefield; and across the border, in France, terror reigned supreme. In vain her parish priest, the curé of St. Nicolas, advised her to leave her monastery: she was convinced that duty obliged her to remain. The case was different two years before, when she and her daughters retreated to Mons: *then* they were forcibly expelled from their convent, *now* they would voluntarily desert their post. "Courage, my children," she often said. "We are the spouses of Jesus Christ. Our

first duty is fidelity to our Spouse. And how could we prove it if we had nothing to suffer? It is easy to serve God when the path is smooth, but the faithful soul serves Him in adversity as well as in prosperity. I am your superioress: be sure that I shall take the heaviest burden upon my shoulders. Now that the enemy is drawing near, let us be ready."

On August 27 the Austrians, being hard pressed by their foes, decided to abandon the town. They stipulated that the "priests, monks and nuns," as well as the *émigrés*, should not be molested. But these conditions were rejected by the Republicans; and in the end the Austrian general, having obtained for his troops the honors of war, relinquished all other claims and departed, leaving the terrible Jacobins sole masters of the city. They took possession on September 1, and the proclamation in which the citizens of Valenciennes were invited to "realize their privileges," and to enjoy "with transports of delight the supreme happiness of belonging to the Republic," would be laughable if under the grandiloquent words a hidden threat was not concealed. Fanatics, traitors and *émigrés* were to be pursued without mercy; and it was well known that, in Republican parlance, fanatics were those who remained faithful to the practice of religion; "traitors and *émigrés*," the unhappy citizens who had at any time sought a refuge on Belgian territory. Our Ursulines came under both heads: their religious life made them fanatic; and their flight to Mons, even though it had been caused by the confiscation of their convent, stamped them as traitors.

Since the previous month of July, Robespierre and his party had been overthrown; and throughout the length and breadth of France the guillotine was no longer, as it had been for two years, a permanent institution. The unfortunate cities, which, for their greater misery, had only lately fallen into the hands of the French government, were treated with a

severity that recalled the worst days of the Reign of Terror. Jean Baptiste Lacoste was sent to Valenciennes to represent the government; he belonged to the party of which Robespierre was the idol, and his methods recalled those of his chief. He began by forbidding any one to leave the town without permission, and by making any attempt to cross the frontier an offence to be punished by death. He then organized a system of terror within the city. At the end of a few days the prisons were filled to overflowing, and the churches had to be used to receive his victims.

The very day of the entrance of the Republican troops, September 1, the good Ursulines were visited by a delegate of the Revolutionary government, who told the superioress that in less than twenty-four hours her nuns must disperse, but that she herself was forbidden to leave the premises. Mother Clotilde knew that resistance was useless. She immediately provided for the safety of the aged and infirm religious. Some were received by their families and friends; others retired into lodgings in or near the town. Nine of the nuns, however, stoutly refused to leave their Mother; and, surrounded by these faithful souls, she waited for the official's return.

He came earlier than was expected; and all the Ursulines were arrested, together with a number of other persons—men, women, and children. In the course of a few days fifteen hundred prisoners filled the public buildings of the town; their number was so great that provisions ran short, and if it had not been for the charity of their friends the nuns must have died of hunger. Among these friends was a devoted lady, Madame Deladerière, who came to see them every day, and brought them clothing and food; and Mother Clotilde, who seems to have had no illusions left as to the fate that awaited her community, appealed to her to save the life of the young novice, Angélique Lepoint.

We are ignorant of the motives that

prompted the superioress to separate the novice from her companions at this turning-point of their story. Did a prophetic instinct tell her that, in the designs of Providence, Angélique Lepoint was destined, fourteen years later, to resume the work of her martyred Sisters, and to become the foundation-stone of a new Ursuline community? The novice herself wished to share the fate of her Sisters, and wept bitterly when she was asked to follow Madame Deladerière, who, the better to avoid suspicion, told her to carry a large basketful of cups and saucers. The two were passing safely out of the prison, when some soldiers came up to them, and the frightened novice let her basket fall. "The awkward girl!" cried Madame. "She is good for nothing but to break my crockery." And, soundly rating her supposed servant, she cleverly led her beyond the prison gate.

Meantime Lacoste was busily employed in organizing a system of government very different from the just and tolerant rule of the Austrian *junte*. He divided the hundreds of prisoners, who now filled the buildings of the city, into five categories: first, the *émigrés*, who had fought against the Republican troops; secondly, the citizens, who were supposed to dislike the Revolution and to regret the Austrians; thirdly, those who thought more of their personal safety than of the welfare of the Republic; fourthly, the magistrates, who had held office under the Austrians; fifthly, the "suspects," whose crime was that they had resumed their "old régime" cockades and decorations.

At the same time three tribunals were constituted: a council of war to judge the *émigrés* who had fought against the Republic, and a military and civil tribunal to deal with the other cases. On September 28, the guillotine was erected on the Place du Grand Marché; and the executioner of the Département de la Somme, Pierre Vermeille, was summoned by Lacoste to do his infamous work in the stricken city.

The Ursulines, who had been detained for some time in their own convent, were subsequently divided among the different prisons; and again united, toward the middle of October, in a large building which had been used as a prison before the Revolution, and where a number of priests were awaiting their trial. Mother Clotilde Paillet was there, together with ten of her religious: Natalie Vanot, Laurentine Prin, Ursule Bourla, Marie Louise Ducret, Anne Marie Erraux, Françoise Lacroix, Josephine and Scholastique Leroux, Cordule Barré, and Augustine Déjardin. The latter, one of the youngest of the party, was only thirty-four. In happier days, her cheerfulness had made her the favorite of her community; and now, in the anteroom of the guillotine, her brightness was unquenched, and to the last it astonished her jailers and delighted her religious Sisters.

More subdued, as befitted their age, but no less willing to meet the fate that threatened them, were the elder nuns. Mother Natalie Vanot, of a timid and nervous disposition, was astonished to find herself as calm as though death on the guillotine were an ordinary exercise of religious life. Mother Scholastique Leroux, whose scruples had often made her miserable, wrote cheerfully to a friend: "Be quite certain that we are all of us ready to give our lives for Jesus Christ. We have been to confession, and for my part I no longer experience the mental trials which so often alarmed me. . . . The blood of Him who died for me will efface all my offences; and the gift of my own blood, united to His, affords me the greatest confidence in His mercy."

(Conclusion next week.)

THERE is time enough given to us to do all that God means us to do each day, and to do it gloriously. How do we know but that the interruption we grumble at is the most blessed thing that has come to us in long days?—A. R. Brown.

The Advice of Brother Patrick.

BY M. J. K.

IT was such a quaint old garden, shut in with high brick walls that had been red at one time, but now, by Time's caressing fingers, were toned down to a more sober hue. Good Brother Patrick stood by the old sundial, at the foot of the worn steps leading down from the higher ground above, his hands, toil-worn and wrinkled, folded in the loose sleeves of his habit, and surveyed it all with the eyes of one who loved it. In the heavily scented orange trees above his head a bird was singing softly,—so softly it sounded like an Irish thrush's song in the ears of Brother Patrick. He listened dreamily, its liquid notes waking memories within his heart, until he almost forgot his surroundings, and fancied he was once more in an old sun-kissed breen in Ireland, and that the song came from the blossoming crab trees by the wayside.

Over the sundial's face stole the marking shades of evening, until at length its ghostly finger fell on the half-obliterated hour of seven. Only the soft murmur of lapping waves interfered with the bird's song,—that and the musical sound of bells that was sometimes near, sometimes far, and now at last ceased altogether. So did the warbling of the bird; then the old monk sighed and awoke from his reverie.

"*Tempus fugit!*" he read aloud, as he raised a deep crimson flower from the face of the dial and inhaled its heavenly fragrance. "So it does, and I have all the seedlings by the church tower to water yet. But that bird's song would make any one forget,—aye, raise his soul to the very gates of Paradise."

He left the dial and stepped through a shower of orange blossoms that a gentle evening breeze wafted down over him toward the western wall of the monastery garden, where he paused to look at some nectarines basking against the old brick

wall, full in the rays of the setting sun.

"Another day or two, and they will be fit to transfer to Brother Ignatius," he murmured softly. "And the *gloire de Dijon* is a perfect show of flowers. I wonder now how it would be if I cut some of them this minute? They will be too full blown by morning. I will take a dozen of them anyhow, and put them in the sacristy."

He proceeded carefully to cut some of the half-open buds, taking care to leave the stems long, and have lots of glowing foliage, when a step on the gravel pathway made him turn quickly, to see a tall, black-robed, silent young Brother watching him gravely.

"Brother," the old man said softly, "I thought you were in the church; the hour for meditation is not over."

The young man shook his head.

"I have leave from Father Prior to absent myself. He said I was to come and talk to you."

Brother Patrick looked at his roses; he put them more carefully together.

"Father Prior must have been jesting," he remarked gravely, sadly even. "What has a poor old gardener like me to talk about, except the goodness of God and the beauty of His works? You don't look very happy, Brother. Is anything troubling you?"

The young man's face was pale and set. His eyes had a hunted, weary look.

"Everything is troubling me. I have just told Father Anselm I am going away."

"Going away!"

Brother Patrick, after that one quick, surprised expression, was silent.

"Yes: I have made up my mind. This life is more than I can bear. I have fought and fought with myself, but it's no use; I must leave here."

"And yet you were very happy with us at first. Indeed, you have been like a ray of God's blessed sunshine for two long years. Often and often I have said to myself. 'If I had half the love of God in my poor soul that he seems to

have, I'd be a saint.' What has happened to you?"

Brother Patrick's voice was full of reproach and sorrow. Unconsciously a rose or two fell from his trembling fingers; the other picked them up.

"I don't know. The glamour of the life was over me, perhaps, at first. Yes, up to a short time ago I loved it. It was like an oasis in the desert to me."

"And where are you going when you leave here? You always said you had few friends. Who will make up to you for the great Friend you are forsaking? I mean who will make up to you for God?"

The old voice faltered, the hands that held the roses trembled; but he looked into the white, determined face of the young man before him fearlessly, and waited for his answer.

"My plans are not yet formed. There is work to do in the world as well as in the cloister; anyhow, as far as I can see, God does not want me."

"And the devil does. Is not that it, my poor Bernard?"

A flush rose in the pale cheeks, a flash of anger blazed from the dark eyes; but after a second or two the novice recovered himself and answered a little coldly:

"A man need not be a sinner because he once thought to become a saint. I do not intend to serve the devil, by any means. Where are you going?" he asked, as Brother Patrick turned away.

"To close my frames and water my little seedlings; that is part of my work, you know. Some day I hope I shall be doing the same work in the gardens of Paradise. I suppose" (wistfully) "you will finish that picture of God's Blessed Mother before you go?"

"I can not finish it: the face of Our Lady will not come to me. Other faces will, but not hers."

Brother Patrick sighed as he looked at him.

"God help you!" he said softly, and once more he turned away.

A sore, troubled, wounded feeling grew

in the young man's heart. Even the old gardener of the monastery, Brother Patrick, had no sympathy with him, and he sadly needed sympathy and help. He watched the old man silently while he watered his flowers and closed his frames and made things ready for the night, and then at last he burst forth:

"Help me, advise me,—tell me what to do!"

Brother Patrick stood upright; he looked in the evening light suddenly old and wan.

"Brother," he said gently, "who am I to advise any one? But if I were you I'd finish that picture of God's Mother before I'd do anything. I'd ask her, with every stroke of my brush, to help me and pity me and direct me. No matter how badly I painted her, I'd do it. I'd never turn my back on her till I finished it; then, if my heart still urged me to go, I'd go. That's my advice to you."

"It would take me a whole month."

"If it took me three, I'd finish that piece of work. It will bring a blessing. What is it, after all, out of a lifetime,—a month devoted to Mary?"

Bernard raised his face to the quiet evening skies; far away in the west the sunset colors lingered.

"There is a friend of mine in Florence, a great artist; I think I'll go to him and study art for some time."

"All right; go to him. But study here under the Mother of God for the month. If she wants her picture painted by you, she'll help you. There's the second bell! I must go. God help you!"

The old monk moved a pace away, then turned back and held out the roses.

"I have not time to put them in the sacristy now," he said. "Will you leave them there for me?"

Bernard took them silently.

"Put them in the blue vases opposite the statue of our Blessed Mother. Brother Ignatius will find them. I always say a *Memorare* when I leave flowers there. Say the prayer yourself to-night."

The summer days went by, and each day found the picture on Bernard's easel still unfinished; while early and late he toiled at it, and washed out at night what he painted during the day. Every monk in the monastery watched it and him, and prayed for him unceasingly,—some that he might never finish it, so that his labor would keep him with them forever.

At length came the eve of the Assumption; and then quite suddenly, and to everyone's utter surprise, Bernard finished the picture.

Father Prior announced the fact quietly at recreation one evening, and told the assembled brethren they could all see it in the North Hall next morning, where Bernard would leave it before departing. Meantime Brother Patrick was sent to have a private view by the artist's special request.

"I would like to know what he thinks of it," he explained simply to the prior, who had already seen it with glad surprise.

Now he stood before it silently, with the old Irish monk by his side. "You say it is finished," the Brother remarked gently. "Father Prior sent me to look. He said it was your best work."

The younger man sighed. He removed the curtain slowly, and disclosed to Brother Patrick's vision a young Jewish Maid standing under some ancient olive trees near a simple cottage home, away among rugged hills. In her arms lay a little sleeping Babe, and she was looking down at Him with ineffable tenderness and love.

It was such a perfect picture that Brother Patrick gazed spellbound; to his astonished eyes, the figures looked alive. "Mother of God!" he whispered softly; "Mother of Our Lord!" He bent his head in silent homage, then looked at the beautiful face again. "And you said you could not paint it," he said reproachfully,—"that her face would not come!"

"It was you who painted it," the younger man answered quietly. "You told me how to do it. I only followed

your advice: with every stroke of the brush I prayed." He turned away with a gesture almost of despair, and walked up and down the hall.

Brother Patrick did not seem to remark him. After a short time he returned.

"To me it looks cold and bald, and altogether different from what I wanted to represent; my conception of the Blessed Mother is so different."

"It will do," Brother Patrick said quietly. "It will bring before us always that simple home in Nazareth. No one could look at it and not feel the better. You have great gifts, Brother. Indeed, indeed you have, praise be to God!"

The younger man sighed, then quietly covered the painting; and as he did so Brother Patrick remarked how worn and old he had grown within the last four weeks.

"You are not looking well," he said a little timidly. "If you are really leaving us to-morrow, come down with me now to the church, and we will ask Our Lady to grant you some special grace or favor to recompense you for your labor, and to protect and guard you on your journey through life."

His voice faltered, his old eyes filled with tears. Bernard was always like a son to the old Brother. He felt his defection keenly.

Both went down into the quiet church, and for more than an hour Brother Patrick prayed, with ever before his mental vision that painted picture of God's Mother and her Son. When at length he crossed himself and looked at Brother Bernard, something strange in his attitude struck him forcibly.

"He has fallen asleep, poor boy," he murmured; "he is very worn and weary. May God always have him in His holy keeping!"

God indeed had always had the young man in His keeping; for when Brother Patrick went to him and touched him gently on the shoulder, he found Brother Bernard was dead.

With Flora.

LEGEND, old association, and the constant and intimate connection of "the Graces of the garden" with the ritual of our lives' love,—are not these a clear fulfilling of the vision of the Roman Governor's wife who, nineteen hundred years ago, beheld "the gods and goddesses of high Olympus cast their crowns before the Man and hail Him God"? For whole-hearted and beautiful have been the age-long services done by bright Flora to the Bride of Christ, even from that day when the first flowers to grace the common Eucharistic meal were gathered for the simple board by the Mother of the Ascended Lord. This princess of the hills and valleys has not grudged one jewel from her store; there is no beauty that she owns that has not had its loveliness enhanced and sometimes rendered almost sacred by the consecration that an exquisite legend has accorded it, or by its self-oblation in adornment of our altars and our shrines.

As might be imagined, it is mainly to the poetic sense of the Ages of Faith that we owe the beauty of the legends that consecrate the peerless lily, "God's loved flower," to the memory of the mystic Lily of Israel; the snowdrop to her Purification; and the queenly rose to the Queen of Saints, herself *Rosa mundi*. And it is in the almost childlike truth of the mediæval heart that we shall discover that holier spirit which found, in the dedication and sacred significance of every wayside bloom, some fitting expression of the universal conviction of the sanctity of Christian life.

Indeed there is scarcely a flower that grows that is not hallowed by appropriation to some saint. The old monastic methods were as poetic as practical. It must, for example, have been a poet who conceived the simple yet charming plan of noting in the calendar of saints the different flowers of the year as they

appeared, so that there was no one of "the holy company of heaven" that had not his own particular flower or plant to pay him honor by blowing on or about his feast,—no flower, however simple, that could not aspire to a high dignity.

Thus we read that the yellow crocus, flowering in February, is sacred to St. Valentine; the double daisy, to St. Margaret of Hungary; the yellow Star of Bethlehem, whose date is given as the 19th of March, to St. Joseph; primroses, to St. Agatha; the marigold, *calendula officinalis*, to the Annunciation; cowslips, to St. Catherine of Siena; while the yellow rattle and yellow cistus belong respectively to SS. Peter and Paul. The beautiful white corn feverfew was the flower of St. Anne; the sweet violet, that of St. Gertrude; the dainty harebell, that of St. Dominic; and the Christmas rose, that of St. Agnes. Even buttercups and dandelions were not overlooked, being dedicated, the former to St. John, Pope, and the latter to St. Bernard of Clairvaux. The purple convolvulus belonged to Our Lady of Mount Carmel; the golden sun-flowers, to St. Bartholomew; rhododendrons, to St. Augustine, Apostle of England; pinks, to St. Norbert; while early daffodils are sacred to St. Thomas Aquinas.

Pious fancy would also trace in the quaint formation or curious markings of plants many a pretty resemblance, many a sacred symbolism. Of such a class are the spotted persicaria, the dark markings of whose leaves, Highland tradition affirms, "originated in a drop of the Precious Blood which fell on a plant growing at the foot of the Cross, in the solemn hour of the Crucifixion"; *calceolaria*, whose little velvety, bag-shaped blossoms procured for them their more popular appellation of Lady's Pockets, or Our Lady's Pockets; and quite a host of others, including Lady's Tresses, Lady's Bedstraw, Lady's Slipper, and costmary, a corruption of the Latin *Costum Mariæ*, or Mary's Balsam.

A Spanish legend of the rosemary describes how that plant was originally very small and insignificant, but that one day it suddenly attained to greater dignity of height and broke forth into small pink blossoms. For Our Lady, after dusting the little garments of the Infant Jesus, had hung them upon the poor humble plant to dry. Beautiful, too, is the tradition that gives the crimson-flowered saintfoin its name—the Holy Hay of Christmas Night,—that would humbly, tremblingly put forth its red crown of bud and bloom to honor the brows of the New-Born.

Of the sweet and simple daisy, whose blossoms were to Keats

... the pearl'd Arcturi of the earth,

The constellated flower that never sets,

there is a pretty tale also. It is that during the persecutions of the early Christians, a virgin, St. Olle by name, was advised by her brother, a priest, to seek with her companions safety in the wilderness until peace was again restored. She obeyed; and some years later her brother, wishing that she should return home, since the persecutions were over, set out to find her. Long he wandered, till at last he saw growing in his path a new and beautiful flower, with golden disc and rays of silver, and resolved to follow wherever it should spring. And, pursuing his daisy path, after many days he found his sister and her maiden band again, and led them back rejoicing.

In France the wild foxglove—"whose Latin name, *digitalis purpurea*, is from *digitale*, 'the finger of a glove,'—is known as *Gants de Notre Dame* and *Doigts de la Vierge*." Canterbury Bells would seem to owe their quaint name to a favorite mediæval English practice of devotion, as it has been said that they received this appellation from their resemblance to the hand bells carried on poles during the pilgrimages to the celebrated shrine of the martyred St. Thomas à Becket.

Herb Trinity was a former name for the little wild yellow violets of our fields and

meadows. Herb Bennet (i. e., Benedict) is even yet the popular country title of the yellow-starred common avens; whilst Herb Basil, Sweet Basil, Sweet Cicely, and Herb Robert, are well known to all. The red anemones of Petra that bloom in Palestine are touchingly called "Christ's Blood-drops"; and the "lilies of the field" would seem almost certainly to have been either the scarlet Martagon or Byzantium Lily, or else a species of golden Amaryllis; though some have supposed flowers as diverse as roses, violets, jasmine, etc., were intended by this phrase of Our Lord.

And with the following description of a charming custom still surviving in France with regard to roses we may conclude. "St. Medard, Bishop of Noyon, instituted in the sixth century a festival at Salency, his birthplace, for adjudging one of the most interesting prizes that Piety has ever offered to Virtue. This prize consists of a simple crown of roses, bestowed on the girl who is acknowledged by all her competitors to be the most amiable, modest and dutiful. The founder of this festival enjoyed the high gratification of crowning his own sister as the first Rose Queen of Salency." In certain other villages a somewhat similar practice prevails, as it is yearly customary, on a day set apart, to present a rose to the maiden whose exemplary conduct is esteemed by her neighbors to merit this reward, and who receives during the ensuing twelve-month the title of *La Rosière*.

THAMONDA.

"THE ivy," says Louis of Granada, "can not of itself rise from the ground, but when clinging to a tree it attains the height of that tree. So is it with our works. Humble and lowly though they may be, yet they acquire a heavenly character when united to the Tree of Life planted in the midst of the Church,—that is to say, to Jesus Christ Himself."

A Great Event.

WHILE something of the import of the coming Eucharistic Congress in London can scarcely escape even the most cursory student of English history, the terms in which it is discussed by Mr. W. S. Lilly in the current number of the *Dublin Review* will probably surprise and certainly gratify the average reader of these pages. He writes:

For indeed it is a great event,—the most striking, perhaps, in the history of the Catholic Church in England since the so-called Reformation. . . . That such a gathering should take place in this Protestant land gives rise to reflections which are well-nigh overwhelming. Little more than a century intervenes between us and the time when the penal enactments against our religion were in full force; when it was treason for a Catholic priest to breathe in this country; when to say Mass was an offence punishable with perpetual imprisonment. If we take up our "Garden of the Soul," it is well to remember amid what tribulation the book so dear to us was composed by its venerable author. "For the space of seven years especially (1765-1778)," we are told by his biographer, "scarcely a week passed without news being brought to him either of some priest arrested, or some trial to come off, or bail to be furnished, or of a fresh invasion of a Catholic chapel by spies and informers." And if we ascend further the stream of time, we find that every page of English history from the accession of Elizabeth to the death of Charles II. is stained with the blood of martyrs whose sole offence was the Mass.

A great, a marvellous change, indeed, from those days of storm and stress to this second spring, when in the magnificent fane, due to the piety of Cardinal Vaughan and the genius of John Francis Bentley, thousands will be seen, zealous to spread the Eucharistic faith for which those holy men died,—and died not in vain! On a memorable occasion John Henry Newman cried out: "Can we religiously suppose that the blood of our martyrs, three centuries ago and since, will never receive its recompense? Those priests, secular and regular, did they suffer for no end,—or, rather, for an end which is not yet accomplished? The long imprisonment, the fetid dungeon, the weary suspense, the tyrannous trial, the barbarous sentence, the savage execution, the rack, the gibbet, the knife, the caldron, the numberless tortures of

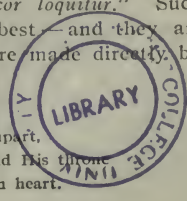
those holy victims,—are they to have no reward? Is this Thy way, O my God, righteous and true?" No, that is not the way of the King of Saints. Those martyrs of the Eucharistic faith sowed in tears. We, their far-off spiritual progeny, reap in joy. Surely we must believe that from their anguish and blood, their good confession, their heroic virtue, will spring an abundant harvest of which this Eucharistic Congress may be regarded as a kind of first-fruits.

Such reflections would seem a fitting preparation for the august assemblies of next September. But we may go back further in thought than those days of sacrilege and slaughter, of rebuke and blasphemy. With Father Dalgairns let us recall an earlier time "when every man, woman and child, from John O'Groat's House to Solway Firth, and even to the Land's End of Cornwall, was naturally, by birthright and without effort, a believer in the Blessed Sacrament." And if we ask with him, "Is this state of things forever passed?" we must reply with him, "God knows: but meanwhile there is one thing which we can do. Let each of us do his best to make the Blessed Sacrament better known." That, I take it, is the practical end of the great Congress at which we are to assist. It aims at enkindling the devotion of Catholics to "Word made Flesh and dwelling among us." It aims, too, assuredly, at the missionary work of winning to our Eucharistic belief those who are not of the household of faith.

There is much more in the *Review* article which lends itself to quotation; but we must be content with this, its concluding paragraph:

But controversy in itself, perhaps, profiteth little. More converts, as I believe, are made by the Blessed Sacrament Itself than by discussions about It. One of the purest—I might say most angelical—beings I have ever met in my earthly pilgrimage, was thus led irresistibly to the Catholic Church. She felt "a Presence not to be put by" in the Tabernacle; something, absent from the Anglican worship, which drew her as with the cords of Adam. Of dogma she knew little; of controversy, nothing; she dwelt in a region where the strife of tongues does not enter. Cardinal Newman, who received her, said: "It is enough: *cor ad cor loquitur*." Such converts, indeed, are the best,—and they are numerous,—because they are made directly by the Invisible King.

Still to the lowly soul
He doth Himself impart,
And for His cradle and His throne
Chooseth the pure in heart.



Notes and Remarks.

Some solid reasons for the alleged unwillingness of priests to give Holy Communion out of Mass—before Mass—are assigned by a clerical correspondent of the *London Tablet*, replying to another who had complained of this reluctance as an obstacle to frequent Communion. Premising that priests prefer to give Holy Communion during rather than before Mass, the writer explains that this is—

1. Because, Communion being an integral part of the Holy Sacrifice, those who receive during Mass participate in a special manner in that supreme act of homage. Bishop Hedley, in his recently published work, "The Holy Eucharist," says (p. 171): "The Church has always upheld that those who sacramentally receive at Mass partake far more abundantly of the Holy Sacrifice."

2. Because the Roman Ritual lays it down that the proper time for the Communion of the faithful is during Mass. *Communio autem populi intra Missam . . . fieri debet.*

3. Because the same authority says that it ought to be *after* the celebrant's Communion. *Post Communionem sacerdotis celebrantis.*

4. Because, strictly speaking, the Church provides no rite for Communion *before* Mass, the ceremony for the administration out of Mass being only for occasional use—*quandoque*—and for use *after* Mass: *Intra Missam . . . nisi quandoque ex rationabili causa post Missam sit facienda.* Hence the anomaly, when this rite is used before Mass, of giving a blessing at the beginning as well as at the end of a function; whereas in the rubric for Communion during Mass it is expressly laid down: *Non dat eis benedictionem, quia illam dabit in fine Missæ.*

5. Because the rite of the Mass is intended to be a preparation for Communion, for which no other can adequately be substituted.

6. Because the practice of giving Communion before Mass opens the door to an abuse. Some of the faithful arrive at the hour appointed for Mass, and go straight up to the altar to receive, without any preparation whatever.

There can be no question that the intention of the Church is that the faithful should communicate during Mass, immediately after the celebrant, as is evidenced by the prayers which are offered afterward for all those who have communicated. Communion out of Mass—before or after—

supposes a weighty reason: infirmity, the necessity of leaving before the Holy Sacrifice is concluded, the great number of communicants, etc. The extra Mass allowed on Holy Thursday, when only one Mass is prescribed, is for the benefit of those who for good reasons are prevented from communicating with the body of the faithful.

The thirty-fourth annual convention of the Catholic Young Men's National Union is to be held in Philadelphia at the beginning of next month, and promises to be one of exceptional interest. That the Union has, since its inception, been a religious and educative force among Catholic young men is a fact to which unimpeachable testimony has often been borne. The Third Plenary Council of Baltimore recognized it in these terms: "In order to acknowledge the great amount of good that the Catholic Young Men's National Union has already accomplished, . . . we cordially bless their aims and endeavors, and we recommend the Union to all our Catholic young men."

While our readers are probably cognizant in a general way of the services thus approvingly recognized, not all of them perhaps are aware of the fact stated in this extract from the circular letter issued in connection with the coming convention: "Great works which have found their origin in the conventions of this Union would form a list too long to mention here, and consequently but two of them will be referred to—the Catholic University of America and the Catholic Summer School."

We can not say that we followed with close attention the proceedings of the Pan-Anglican Congress. It was too hot weather; besides, the reports that reached us were altogether inadequate. No doubt the attendants all took themselves very seriously, but some of the newspaper men were not serious at all. They frankly and flippantly declared that they didn't know

what the fuss was about anyway, and didn't care. Yet there were many things well worth noting; for instance, the evidence presented as to the result of secular education in the British Colonies. The Anglican Bishop of Auckland gave an account of what has taken place in New Zealand. The circumstances there are altogether excellent—the people descended from the best English stock, the Government by no means anti-Christian, the Education Department thoroughly equipped,—but the result is deplorable. The religious difficulty, though solved on paper, is as far from practical settlement as ever. The official instruction is purely secular; all religious bodies are allowed to teach their own children; the teachers may give the instruction, but it must be out of the regular school hours. Naturally, the children do not come. As the Bishop expresses it, "God is an extra." This is the entirely natural result of separating the religious lesson from the rest, as if it were a thing apart from the whole education of the child. The Roman Catholics alone have stood out for schools of their own, but these receive no support from public money.

As a comment on the Bishop's statements, the editor of *The East and the West* tells a story of a clergyman in Queensland, where also a secular system prevails, who asked a child what happened on Christmas Day, and why the day was kept. When the child could not answer, the mother told the clergyman that he must excuse herself and the child for being so ignorant, but that they had not read the newspaper for some time!

A recent issue of *La Croix* (Paris) contains some rather interesting statistics about Lourdes. It reprints a list of the various nationalities represented, year by year, since 1890, by the foreign physicians taking part in the work of the Lourdes Board of Verifications. In 1907 Belgium had 39 doctors present; Brazil and

Switzerland, 5 each; Spain and Holland, 4 each; England, Austria, and Germany, 3 each; the United States, Canada, Italy, and Alsace, 2 each; and Caledonia, Lorraine, Russia, Roumania, Portugal, Silesia, and Venezuela, 1 each. Previous years have witnessed at least one or two representatives of most other civilized countries assisting at the unique medical board that investigates the preternatural cures which are of frequent occurrence at the Pyrenean shrine; so that Our Lady of Lourdes in this her Golden Jubilee year is assuredly known and appreciated, even if not always venerated, throughout the whole world.

Everyone loves an optimist, and M. René Bazin is one of the most amiable men of this kind. He was *triste* when he wrote "L'Isolée," which is the saddest of sad books. We should be among the pessimists ourselves if we could believe that tragic story true to life in all respects. There is certainly a touch of melodrama about the concluding pages, and the reader misses the fine artistic restraint which he has learned to expect from M. Bazin. Can it be possible that Pascale Mouvard had no friends or sympathizers,—that her circumstances were so utterly adverse as they are described? Doubtless the book was written from the heart, but the heart was a heavy one, the trend of modern democracy in France at that time being toward complete demoralization and ultimate destruction.

M. Bazin has since recovered himself, and is now full of confidence in the religious soundness of the French people. In the extraordinary success of his other book, "*Le Blé qui Lève*"—100,000 copies were sold in a few months,—he sees a reawakening of the religious spirit in France. He said recently to a contributor to the *Catholic World*:

Last year, in the course of a lecture I gave at the religious retreat in Belgium, described in "*Le Blé qui Lève*," I invited my auditors, who seemed to have but a poor opinion of my

country, to attend the Congress of the Jeunesse Catholique de France, to be held at Angers in March, 1908. Four young men accepted the invitation. They found assembled at Angers 8000 young men (delegates from 1800 groups), principally peasants and laborers. They saw 4000 of these partake of Holy Communion in the cathedral at eight o'clock of a Sunday morning. They listened to lectures upon the social and religious development of the working classes. They were astounded by what they saw and heard, and they carried word back to Belgium that Christian France still possesses many active and valiant soldiers, and that those who despair of her do not know her. It is this earnest, devout France I aspire to reveal to herself and to the world.

Friends of THE AVE MARIA in every part of the country have been gratified to learn that it was instrumental in the conversion of the late Joel Chandler Harris (better known perhaps as "Uncle Remus"), editor of the *Atlanta Constitution*. Naturally there was much curiosity about the conversion of this distinguished author. The Rev. Father Jackson, of St. Anthony's Church, Atlanta, Ga., in answer to numerous inquiries, said:

I had the pleasure of receiving Mr. Harris into the Church on June 24. I had known him intimately for six years, and in all that time his belief and his life were thoroughly Catholic. His retiring disposition, to my mind, was the only thing that prevented him from taking the step sooner. Mr. Harris had never been baptized in any church, but his knowledge of the truths of the Catholic faith was far greater than that of many Catholics. His favorite books were Cardinal Newman's works, and his weekly companion *The Ave Maria*, which he always enjoyed; so that his request for baptism was no surprise to me.

In the bill recently before Parliament for inducing the British public to make more use of daylight and less use of lamplight during the summer months, the *Dial* sees the revival of an old idea of Benjamin Franklin's. It seems that in 1679 the philosopher, then in Paris, wrote an article fully professing his surprise, on being accidentally awakened one morning at six, at beholding the sun rising

and flooding his room with light. Commenting on the waste of illuminants due to the sluggardly habits of the citizens, he proposed a plan of ringing morning bells, firing cannon, and so forth, to compel all sleepers to open their eyes to the light of day and recognize the propriety of using it. The English project is less obstreperous: it advocates the quiet putting forward of clocks twenty minutes each Sunday in April, with a reverse proceeding each Sunday in September; thus gradually making the summer working day begin one hour and twenty minutes earlier than at present.

Apart from all economic considerations, there is much to be said, from the viewpoint of health and pleasure, for conformity, during the summertime at least, to the old adage, "Up with the lark and to bed with the lamb."

It is gratifying to note a healthy growing sentiment against the abominable colored supplement of the Sunday newspaper. Nothing that is allowed to pass through the mails and to be offered for public sale is more debasing than these pictorial supplements. How any sane person can be interested in them, or how parents can permit their children to pore over such revolting stuff, is hard to understand. Says the *Kalkaskian* (Kalkaska, Michigan):

We spend millions yearly in the public schools to educate the juvenile population, to teach them correct orthography and pure English; but, from a too fastidious respect for the freedom (license) of the press, we permit the Sunday supplements to fill the receptive minds and memories of school-children with witless and demoralizing pictorial buffoonery, explained in misspelled and ungrammatical language which indiscriminating children accept for fun. Children are naturally playful, boisterous, and need no stimulation—certainly not such stimulation,—and the public, which is taxed millions for education, ought to take steps to stop this immoral miseducation.

Apropos of Jubilee gifts to his Holiness, we learn from *Rome* that Mgr. O'Riordan,

Rector of the College, was recently privileged to be able to offer a rich array of them from Ireland. They were set forth in the two antechambers outside the Pope's private library; and the Pontiff was evidently greatly pleased and touched by the generosity of his Irish children as he inspected them,—“almost a hundred complete sets of vestments, hundreds upon hundreds of altar-cloths, Benediction veils, and altar requisites of all kinds; and a beautiful cope of Irish poplin artistically embroidered with an Irish design. This cope, the gift of a number of Irish gentlemen, was specially admired by the Holy Father, who declared that he would wear it at one of the functions of his Jubilee year. A very large proportion of the gifts came from the Irish Sisters of Charity, and many others were worked by the fingers of pious Irishwomen. All the articles, except perhaps the cope, will be distributed among poor churches and missions.”

The recent celebration of the centenary of Cardinal Manning's birth furnished the London *Daily Telegraph* with an occasion for publishing this sane paragraph:

The change which has taken place in the last quarter of a century is symbolic of much more than the passing away of a particular controversy. The principle of religious toleration, theoretically established long ago, has only within recent years become so much part and parcel of our accustomed mental attitude as to be accepted without complaint or demur. . . . The years that bring the philosophic mind have produced a far more placid temper. We recognize the rights of conscience. We admit the claims of the Roman Catholic body to be guided by priests of their own persuasion. Above all, we discover that the power of the Jesuit in our land is not so mysterious or so all-pervasive as to threaten the stability of the English Church. In this better mood we are able to judge with greater kindness the characters of the churchmen whose secession to Rome so greatly alarmed the public.

And able, too, let us hope, to appreciate present-day efforts of English churchmen to exact full justice in the matter of Catholic schools.

Notable New Books.

What is Life? A Study of Vitalism and Neovitalism. By Bertram C. A. Windle, M. A., M. D., Sc. D., etc. B. Herder.

This timely and important work is one of that series of volumes dealing with the philosophy of Christianity, which is being edited by the Rev. Francis Aveling, D. D., under the general title of “Expository Essays in Christian Philosophy.” Dr. Windle's work is substantially identical with his lecture, “The Secret of the Cell,” delivered by him some few years ago in the Hall of Westminster Cathedral. The book is, of course, much more expanded than was the original discourse, and is accordingly considerably more lucid and satisfactory to the lay reader than was the necessarily compressed lecture. The chapter on Biogenesis (the production of living beings from living beings) and Abiogenesis (spontaneous generation) is of exceptional interest, as the non-existence of spontaneous generation logically implies the existence of a Creator. In this connection let us quote, from a number of authorities cited by the author, two or three of world-wide repute.

Tyndall declares: “I affirm that no shred of experimental testimony exists to prove that life in our day has ever appeared independently of antecedent life.” Virchow says: “Never has a living being, or even a living element—let us say, a living cell,—been found of which it could be predicated that it was the first of its species.” Hertwig adds: “In the existing condition of science, there is little hope that any worker will be able to produce the simplest manifestation of life in any artificial way from non-living matter.” As for the so-called radiobes produced by Mr. Burke by the action of radium upon beef bouillon, Dr. Windle remarks: “We need not delay over these appearances, since they have been shown to be chemical in their character, and to have nothing whatever to do with life or its beginnings.”

A valuable and readable addition to Catholic scientific literature.

History of Economics; or, Economics as a Factor in the Making of History. By the Rev. J. A. Dewe, A. M. Benziger Brothers.

The secondary title given to this volume is the more adequately descriptive of its contents. It is especially with economics as a factor—and a potent one—in the making of history that Father Dewe's pages are concerned. The influences or laws which, to the author's mind, shape the events of history are many and various, but they may all be summed up under three

categories: physical surroundings, religion, and economics. As used throughout the work, economics means "the science of wealth; and this, again, means the knowledge of the laws that govern the production of wealth and its distribution. We might, perhaps, express this definition in simpler terms by saying that economics is the science of how a man makes his wealth and how he gets it."

The book deals with three great periods in the history of the world: the Greek and Roman, the Medieval, and the Modern. The chapter titles of the third part will give a good idea of the author's treatment. They are: Economic Theories during the Modern Period of History; Geographical Discoveries; Production of Wealth; Distribution of Wealth; Government Administration of Finance; Influence of Economics on Wars and Treaties; The Economic Element in National Treaties; Influence of the Economic Element on the French Revolution; and a General Survey of the Connection between the Economic Element and Recent Political Events.

The work is an excellent one to put into the hands of the advanced historical student or of the educated general reader. It will throw fresh light on the story of the past, and help to explain the multitudinous factors that go to make up the ever-developing history of the present.

The Acts of the Apostles. With Introduction and Annotations. By Madame Cecilia. Benziger Brothers.

The name of Madame Cecilia, religious of St. Andrew's Convent, Streatham, England, is all that is needed to commend this book to teachers and students. But it is a pleasant duty to call the attention of our readers to some of the special features of this new addition to Catholic Scripture manuals.

Nothing is left unexplained, from the Title of the Acts to a Table of Manuscript Authorities on the Acts. Then there is the Text, with copious annotations and with interesting "side-lights on the Acts of the Apostles," including biographical and geographical notes of great value. This scholarly book, as well as the other volumes of the series, should be in every Catholic teacher's library.

For My Name's Sake. Translated from the French, of Champol's "*Sœur Alexandrine*," by L. M. Leggatt. B. Herder.

Like Bazin's "*The Nun*," and Bourget's "*The Weight of a Name*," this story has France in these unhappy times for its setting, and the iniquitous expulsion of the religious Orders of women for its *motif*. Sister Alexandrine is a true type of the nun whose ways are those of charity and peace; she is at the same time

individual; and her power to invite the confidences of the poor and the wretched is due partly to her personality, partly to her vocation. Page after page reveals the misery which none but religious could alleviate; and as one reads on and on with a tightening of the heart-strings, one realizes not only what the Sisters stand for in France, but also how utterly impossible it is for others to accomplish the work carried on by them, whether by organized or unorganized philanthropic effort.

"For My Name's Sake" is a sad book. Yet France has many noble souls like Sister Alexandrine; and the land they love must be saved in the end through their suffering and their exile, and, if need be, through their death; for until death, and after, will they pray for its return to faith and hope and love.

The Life of Madame Flore. Translated and Abridged by Frances Jackson. B. Herder.

Perhaps there is more incentive to strivings after perfection, not to speak of Christian endeavor, in the biographies of those who combined the active with the contemplative life in a practical, concrete way, than in the records of lives spent in cloistered sanctuaries. We do not speak of the merits of the respective callings, but of the impulse each communicates to the world around.

Madame Flore belonged to a French Order devoted to the work of Christian education; and, in reading her life, it is interesting to note that the first half of the nineteenth century found the Order of the Ladies of Mary using many of the methods urged by educators as essentially of our own immediate times.

The special value of this biography lies, of course, in the deeply religious spirit shown in the words and actions of this servant of God; and all educators should see in this "Life" what force attaches to individual sanctity in those entrusted with the care of others.

Rosette. A Tale of Paris and Dublin. By Mrs. William O'Brien. Benziger Brothers.

This is a charmingly natural story of a charming young woman, who relates in the pages of her diary the happenings of her life from her nineteenth birthday to her twenty-fifth year, when she decides to become a religious. The scenes are laid in Paris and Dublin; but between the passage from France to Ireland much takes place, and many joys and sorrows fill the fleeting years of Rosette. Odile, Rosette's girlhood friend, is a very attractive character; and the pages treating of her vocation are among the best in the pretty story. A good lesson for these times is found in the story of Jeanne as recorded by Rosette.



Our Lady's Assumption.

BY UNCLE AUSTIN.

VIGIL of love and of sorrow keeping,
Knelt the Apostles around her tomb;
Not unresigned, and yet softly weeping,
Conscious that life wore an added gloom.
Came from afar to them Thomas sighing,
Begging one glimpse of his Mother's face;
Peter and John, with his wish complying,
Opened the tomb for this final grace.

Opened the tomb, but—another Easter—
Gone was the body of her they sought;
Cohorts angelic had swift released her,—
Mary to heaven had been upcaught.
“Dust unto dust”—from the world's beginning
Children of Adam who shared his fall
Shared too his fate; only she, unsinning,
Knew not the doom of Corruption's thrall.

Ernest of Felsenburg.

BY J. F. FRANKFORT.

IX.

GOOD Father Menrad kept Ernest with him all the summer, that he might instruct him still more, and cure him of some uncouth habits which he had learned among his former companions. He thought, too, that the simple food and fresh mountain air would restore his health, which had suffered from living so long under ground.

Toward autumn, Father Menrad resolved to leave his lonely home and go forth to seek for the parents of the boy. But first he intended to take him to the father of the youth who had first met him—an honest farmer who lived in the mountain,—that he might be cared for during his absence.

Early one fine morning the old man awoke the child and went with him to the chapel to pray for a blessing upon his travels. After they had breakfasted and provided themselves with food for the journey, they set out, travelling at first in lonely footpaths, which were frequented only by shepherds and chamois hunters. Toward midday they came to an overhanging rock, in whose shade they sat down to rest and refresh themselves.

Presently a little son of the goat-herd approached and made his bow to Father Menrad. Ernest sprang up and cried out in astonishment:

“Oh, look! There is a little man like myself. I never knew that there were any more little people. I thought I was the only one in the world. You will go with us, will you not?”

The shepherd boy begged to be allowed to carry Father Menrad's wallet, and went with them, to the delight of the child, who talked much to his new companion.

Soon they came to a green valley, where a herd of sheep was grazing. Under the shade of a rock they saw a shepherdess sitting; in one hand she held a crook, and in the other a book, from which she was reading attentively. The look on her face was soft and gentle, but very sad. Father Menrad went up to her, and, although they had never met before, she knew him by report, and, rising, saluted him respectfully. Father Menrad said to her:

“You can not have been keeping this flock long. When I saw the owner lately he never mentioned you.”

She replied that she had kept sheep for some years in the mountains, but had been in the service of her present master only three days.

“Where do you come from?” he asked.
“And why do you look so sad?”

At this question the girl burst into tears.

"Ah," she said, "I came from a long way off! Once a thoughtless action caused me great misery. I was in the service of a kind mistress, and carelessly left her only child for a few minutes alone; in my absence he was stolen by robbers. I could not bear to see the grief of my mistress, and fled into the mountains. Here I live in loneliness, and pray daily to God that He will one day restore the child to his parents."

Father Menrad listened with deep attention, and said:

"I think that God has even now heard your prayers." And taking from his pocket the picture of Ernest's mother, which he carried with him the more easily to discover the child's parents, he showed it to the girl and asked: "Do you know this picture?"

The girl uttered a cry of mingled fear and joy.

"Oh," she exclaimed, "it is the Countess of Felsenburg, the mother of the stolen child!"

At the cry of the girl Ernest came running up, and, looking at the new figure with wondering eyes, said:

"What is the matter. Why do you cry? Are you hungry? Here is some bread and an apple; will you eat them?"

"See," said Father Menrad, "this is the child who was stolen with the picture."

Overpowered by the sudden joy, the girl sank on her knees, and, raising her hands to Heaven, exclaimed:

"O God, Thou hast heard my prayers; hear now my thanksgiving, which I am not worthy to offer unto Thee!" Then, embracing the child, she added: "Can it indeed be true, or am I dreaming? Yes, it is the dear child himself. You are as like to your father as one dewdrop is to another. Oh, how delighted your mother will be to see you, and what pleasure for you to see your father and mother!"

Father Menrad was deeply moved at the meeting, and said:

"God be praised, whose providence has so watched over this child! He has dried the tears of this poor girl, and will restore the child to his sorrowing parents. He has blessed the first steps of my journey, and spared me the fatigue of a long search. Praised be His name forever for His mercy and goodness!"

Father Menrad then went with Ernest and Margaret to the cottage of the farmer, while the little shepherd boy returned to his sheep.

"Are these my father and mother?" asked Ernest, as the farmer and his wife came to the cottage door to meet them. He was very disappointed when he heard that they were not. "They look so kind," he said; "my father and mother could not be kinder. I should like to stay with them."

They remained here only a short time, and continued their journey, accompanied by Margaret and the shepherd boy, the son of the farmer. Toward evening they came to a village where they passed the night. The following morning they hired a carriage and set out upon their journey, in the hope of reaching Felsenburg in three days.

X.

The first day of the journey passed quickly away. The pleasure of the drive, and the number of castles and villages which seemed to fly past the carriage, delighted Ernest beyond measure; and whenever he saw a castle upon a mountain in the distance, he always asked whether it was not Felsenburg.

Toward the evening of the second day they came to a thick wood, through which the road was so bad that travelling was almost impossible; the wind blew roughly, and the rain fell in torrents. They were obliged to take refuge in an inn in the midst of the wood, which was supposed to be full of robbers. Tired with the journey, they were all soon asleep, excepting Father Menrad, who, having seen the child safe in his room, remained up praying and reading by the light of a taper.

All of a sudden there was heard a loud knocking at the doors, and men's voices demanded admittance. All in the house were startled out of their sleep, and Father Menrad left his room.

"Oh," cried Margaret, meeting him, "I am afraid there are robbers, and the young Count will be stolen again!"

Father Menrad quieted her, and went down; but the people of the inn were too frightened to open the door. The men outside continued to knock, threatening to break it in.

Father Menrad said calmly:

"The door can not protect us; God alone is our shield; we are all in His hands."

He then opened the door, and four fierce-looking armed men came in, one of them carrying a lighted torch.

"We must have every room in the house," they said; "our master will be here immediately, and the inn must be at his service."

Father Menrad asked who their master was, and heard with as much surprise as joy that it was the Count Frederick of Felsenburg, Ernest's father. The Count had never left the army so long as the war lasted, but now that peace was declared he was on his way home.

The news of the declaration of peace filled all with joy, and the people of the inn vied with one another in attention to the soldiers, who excused themselves for their violent conduct on account of the weather. "In such a storm," they said, "even a soldier might be excused for not wishing to pass the night out of doors." They told, too, how they had lost themselves in the wood, and could not at first find the house until they were guided to it by the burning light.

The fact that the taper by which he was praying so late should have led the Count's soldiers to the house made a deep impression upon Father Menrad, who saw the hand of Providence in all things, and he thanked God heartily for the happy result.

XI.

A little later came the Count himself,—a tall, noble-looking man, with a handsome face and a pleasant manner. Upon hearing that Father Menrad was in the house, he sent for him.

"I am very glad to see you, Reverend Father," said he. "After such a journey and in such weather, to be again under a roof and in a warm room is a great comfort; but the sight of your face is a still greater pleasure, and I must open my heart to you. All my people are, as you see, in high spirits at the prospect of seeing their homes again after their toils. But I, their leader, as is often the case in this world, have the only sad heart among them. I fear that some misfortune has happened at home. My wife is indeed well, but I am very anxious about my only son. For a long time my wife has scarcely mentioned him, and in her last letter she tells me that I may perhaps never see him again. You are acquainted with many people in this part of the country, Father; for you have been a brave warrior in your time. Do you know of anything which has happened at Felsenburg? If you can not give me information, at least you can offer me some counsel or consolation."

Father Menrad answered him with a cheerful air:

"I can, indeed, give you very, very welcome news. Your son is alive and well, and is the most beautiful child I have ever seen."

"You know him,—you know my son?"

"Oh, quite well!" said Father Menrad. "The time you have been away has been most eventful to him."

He then related to the astonished Count all that he knew of the child; and, to confirm his story, showed him the picture of the Countess.

"Yes, it is she," said the Count, "to the very life. But I fear she will not look so blooming now; she must have suffered very much. But where is the boy?"

"Ernest is here—in this house," said Father Menrad.

"In this house! Oh, why did you not tell me that before, Father? Take me to him at once."

Father Menrad took the taper from the table, and the Count followed him to the room of his son. The child was sleeping the peaceful sleep of innocence; and the Count bent softly over him, with tears in his eyes.

"Ernest, dear Ernest!" he cried, taking the boy's hand and gently kissing him. "Wake up, my precious one! Your father is here."

The little Ernest rubbed his eyes and looked at him, at first only half awake.

"Are you really my father?" he said at last. "Oh, I am so glad! Is my mother with you?"

The Count took the child in his arms, shedding tears of joy, and exclaiming:

"God has wondrously saved you, my boy! I can never be thankful enough to Him for having restored you to me."

"Nor can I," said Ernest. "Oh, how happy He has made us!"

The Count was delighted with the child.

"Now, Father Menrad," he said, after listening with pleasure to Ernest's lively questions and answers, "what do I not owe you! All my estates would be too little to reward you for the care you have bestowed upon my child."

In the meantime Margaret had entered the room and stood timidly at a distance. When the Count saw her he gave her his hand in token of forgiveness, and spoke kindly to her.

"But the robbers," he said sternly, "shall pay heavily for their misdeeds. Justice demands it."

He at once gave orders to his soldiers to seek them out in their hiding-place and bring them to Felsenburg. Then he turned again to talk to his son, and would gladly have remained there all night if Father Menrad had not reminded him that they all needed sleep in order to be ready for their journey to Felsenburg on the following morning.

(Conclusion next week.)

Bird Stories.

There is no end to the legends that cluster about birds. All birds, the Old-World peasants say, were dressed in dull colors at first, and became dissatisfied and begged for gay feathers. So King Eagle ordered each one to appear and receive a bright new garment; and the command was eagerly obeyed by every one but the goldfinch, who was too busy elsewhere to answer the summons. When he at last arrived there were only odds and ends of colors left, so he had to be content with a patchwork suit of flaming hues. At first he was delighted, but his joy became grief when he found that he was so beautiful that human beings shut him up in a cage that he might ornament their dwellings. Since then the crazy-quilt goldfinch has been only an unhappy prisoner.

Do you wonder why the woodpecker wears black stockings, and why he is forever tapping on the trunk of a tree with his bill? Long years ago, a quaint old story runs, the earth was smooth as a marble, and the birds were asked if they would not dig furrows and hollows, where the rain might be stayed and made into lakes and rivers. They went cheerfully to work, all except the woodpecker. "I will not do such filthy work," he said; "for it will soil my beautiful silver stockings." For this refusal he was punished by having to change his fine stockings for black ones; and is never allowed to drink from a river or pond, but must get water as best he can from leaves where rain has fallen. And so he is forever tapping away at the bark of trees, hunting a drink and crying, "*Plui! plui!*" which of course means "Rain! rain!"

KITES are said to have been known in China as early as the third century B. C., being then used for military signals. They were not introduced into Europe until the end of the seventeenth century.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—"Lord Kelvin," by Andrew Grey, LL. D., F. R. S., etc., is the latest addition to "English Men of Science." Dr. Grey is the successor to Lord Kelvin in the chair of natural philosophy in Glasgow University.

—We note the republication, under a changed title, in the *Catholic Citizen*, of Milwaukee, of "In a Roundabout Way," by Clara Mulholland. This story, for which THE AVE MARIA secured the serial rights in the United States, and in whose pages it was presented last year, may now be had in book form. It is published by Messrs. R. and T. Washbourne, London. Messrs. Benziger Brothers are their agents for this country.

—The Trenton Council (No. 355) of the Knights of Columbus publish a catalogue of the Catholic books and other works having some special interest for Catholic readers in the public library of that city. As regards books by Catholic authors, the list is said to be complete to date; but only a few of Newman's works are included, and Brownson is represented by a single book—his "Essay in Refutation of Atheism." The catalogue is of convenient size and neatly produced.

—The first secretary of the Catholic Summer School of America, Mr. Warren E. Mosher, whose lamented death occurred in 1906, is not forgotten, we are glad to notice, by the present trustees of the School. A bronze tablet to his memory was unveiled at Cliff Haven, N. Y., the home of the Summer School, on the 10th inst. Mr. Mosher did excellent work in the field of Catholic literature, and it is eminently fitting that his name should survive in connection with the enterprise whose success he had so much at heart.

—A unique daily is announced to appear in Rome next year. It will neither be printed nor sold, nor will it have advertisements. The title, *Araldo Telefonico*, explains its purpose and scope. Several times a day the news will be telephoned to the subscribers, a special wire connecting them with the office of publication. Through a clever device, already perfected, one man will be enabled to communicate the news simultaneously to all the subscribers. The Italian Postmaster-General has already granted a license for this interesting journal.

—"Suitable Services for the Feasts and Seasons" is the title of a booklet of 48 pages, bearing the *imprimatur* of the Bishop of Salford, and issued from the Orphans' Press, Rochdale, England. It contains sets of evening devotions

for November (the Holy Souls), Christmastide, March (the Holy Family and St. Joseph), Peter-tide (June 29 to August 1), and July (the Precious Blood). The special devotions to St. Peter (pages 32-43) possess the element of novelty, perhaps, for Cisatlantic Catholics; but they are interesting as well as duly authorized.

—Apropos of the influence exerted by the fiction-purveyors, the *Casket* observes:

Men who have never been moved by a novel, perhaps have never read a novel themselves, can scarcely be brought to believe that other men are moved thereby. Macaulay, while he was in India, read the works of St. Athanasius, St. Chrysostom and St. Augustine, and they left no impression upon him. But when he read Manzoni's "I Promessi Sposi," he wrote in his Journal: "If the Church of Rome were really what Manzoni represents her to be, I should be tempted to follow Newman's example."

Too bad he didn't read the great novel first and the Fathers afterward. He is said to have read everything, but there were many things which he read amiss.

—Friends and admirers of our poet-priest, Father Tabb—there is a host of them on both sides of the Atlantic—hope that the impairment of his sight will prove to be only a temporary affliction. According to the London *Daily Chronicle*, he is "the greatest living master of epigram in verse." Another English paper, "apropos of a deplorable rumor that the poet had been stricken with blindness," quotes his exquisite quatrain on Milton:

So fair thy vision that the night
Abided with thee lest the light,
A flaming sword before thine eyes,
Had shut thee out from Paradise.

We share the hope that Father Tabb has these lines by heart, and that while the night abides he may enjoy the bliss of solitude, the "inward eye."

—An interesting account of the foundation and present status of the Ursuline nuns at Amidale, Australia, is given in an excellently printed and attractively illustrated pamphlet from the press of John Sands, Sydney. It was published on the occasion of the Silver Jubilee of the foundation and in honor of the centenary of the canonization of St. Angela. The Order owes its establishment in Australia, under God, to the late saintly Bishop Torreggiani. While exercising the ministry in England he met a little band of Ursulines who had been driven from Germany by the Iron Chancellor, and promised to befriend them should it ever be in his power to do so. The opportunity came

sooner than was expected. On being elevated to the episcopate and sent to Australia not long afterward, he recalled his words, and invited the Sisters to join him in his distant diocese. It was a call from God. On arriving at Amidale, they found a little house prepared for them, and ready, through the good Bishop's thoughtful kindness, for immediate occupancy. Never was charity more strikingly blessed. The tiny sapling planted that day has grown into a mighty tree with wide-spreading branches, the admiration of all who behold it.

—The Cathedral Library Association, New York, issues in a neatly printed and handsomely bound little volume of some three hundred pages, an excellent translation of "Priestly Vocation and Tonsure," by the Rev. L. Bacuez, S. S. The book is both timely and necessary, inasmuch as there is no other work in English, so far as we know, that covers quite the same ground. The content is made up of six instructions, thirty-two meditations, and the ceremonial of ordination to the tonsure with a commentary thereon. As a volume for spiritual reading, or for meditation in "little" seminaries, the work has distinct value, and can not but prove conducive to the development of a true clerical spirit.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' price generally includes postage.

- "Priestly Vocation and Tonsure." Rev. L. Bacuez, SS. \$1, net.
- "The Acts of the Apostles." With Introduction and Annotations. Madame Cecilia. \$1.25.
- "What is Life? A Study of Vitalism and Neo-Vitalism." Bertram C. A. Windle, M. A., M. D., etc. \$1, net.
- "The Life of Madame Flore." Translated and Abridged by Frances Jackson. \$1.
- "History of Economics; or, Economics as a Factor in the Making of History." Rev. J. A. Dewe, A. M. \$1.50.
- "Rosette. A Tale of Paris and Dublin." Mrs. William O'Brien. \$1.25.

- "For My Name's Sake." From the French of Champol's "Sœur Alexandrine." \$1.10, net.
- "All about Salads." Mrs. Lewis Clarke Lucas. 75 cts.
- "The New Matrimonial Legislation." Rev. Charles J. Cronin, D. D. \$1.90, net.
- "Pentecost Preaching." Rev. Arthur Devine, C. P. \$1.50, net.
- "Stories New and Old, American and English." Hamilton Wright Mabie. \$1.50.
- "A Martyr of Our Own Day." From the French by the Rev. John J. Dunn. \$1, net.
- "Cords of Adam." Rev. T. J. Gerrard. \$1.50.
- "The Catholic School System in the United States." Rev. James A. Burns, C. S. C. \$1.25, net.
- "The Story of Blessed Thomas More." A Nun of Tyburn Convent. 80 cts., net.
- "The Eucharistic Heart of Jesus." \$1.
- "An American Student in France." Abbé Felix Klein. \$2.50.
- "Barnaby Bright." Father Bearne. 2 vols. \$1.60.
- "The Bells of Atchison." Rev. Andrew Green, O. S. B. 75 cts.
- "The Spectrum of Truth." Sharpe-Aveling. 30 cts.
- "The Church of the Fathers," "University Teaching." Cardinal Newman. 75 cts., net each.
- "A Child Countess." Sophia Maude. 75 cts., net.
- "Nemesis." S. A. Turk. 60 cts., net.
- "In a Roundabout Way." Clara Mulholland. 75 cts., net.
- "Christ among Men; or, Characteristics of Jesus as Seen in the Gospels." Abbé Sterillanges. 60 cts., net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. G. J. Pellegrin, of the diocese of Green Bay; Rev. Lawrence Carroll, diocese of Newark; Rev. Daniel McGillicuddy, diocese of Springfield; Rev. Anthony Vialleton, S. J.; and Rev. Claudius Mertens, O. F. M.

Sister M. Patricia, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross.

Mr. W. P. Rankin, Mr. Thomas Lilly, Mrs. Annie Grannan, Mr. William Saur, Mrs. Catherine Rourke, Dr. V. H. Coffmann, Miss Ellen Larkin, Mr. James S. White, Miss Margaret Donovan, Mr. George Wright, Mrs. Mary B. Cuttle, Mr. Anthony Barnicle, and Mr. John Parnell.

Requiescant in pace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED ST LUKE, . . 48

VOL. LXVII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, AUGUST 22, 1908.

NO. 8.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C. S. C.]

Our Lady of the Wayside.

BY THE REV. J. R. MEAGHER.

OF old the Sphinx (O monstrous breed!
Half beast, half woman strangely jumbled)
Gave men a riddle none might read,

With doom of death to him who stumbled;
Dread symbol of a Law that kills
With vaunted Freedom's manacles.

But Mary doth the myth reverse,
Doth backward roll an ancient sorrow;
She teaches men to bless, not curse,
The dark enigma of To-morrow,
And on Death's ebon waves to see
The shimmer of God's lucency.

A Solemn Event.

BY A. T. S.

REFERENCE has recently been made in these pages to the commemoration of the three hundredth anniversary of the foundation of Quebec, and the apotheosis of those illustrious personages who have illumined the national no less than the metropolitan history. "The noble figure of Cartier," says a historian, "in its antique grandeur and simplicity, fittingly opens the gallery of heroic portraits that have illustrated Canadian annals. Never did Christian civilization, in setting foot upon American soil, find a more worthy representative."

Cartier it was who, leaving his native

St. Malo, after having, in common with his chosen band of associates, received Holy Communion on the Feast of Pentecost, planted the "lily-covered cross" upon the shore of Quebec, then the Indian hamlet of Stadacona. He offered the Gospel to the aborigines, and he opened up the perspective of the future empire that was to be founded by another Catholic Frenchman, Samuel de Champlain, on those same rocky heights.

Those two splendid types of manhood, with the host of others who have followed in their train, have to-day riveted the attention and won the admiration of even an unbelieving world, and elicited surprising eulogies. Their name and fame, after the practical oblivion of three centuries, have been on every tongue. The celebration of these great events has been unique upon this continent. The ships of the foremost nations of the world—England, America, and France—met in friendly comradeship upon the broad bosom of that stream which witnessed of old the most sanguinary conflicts; and the ancient capital has been visited by well-nigh a hundred thousand strangers, including such distinguished visitors as the Prince of Wales, heir prospective to the throne of England; Vice-President Fairbanks; and the Earls of Dudley and Ranfurly, representing respectively Australia and New Zealand.

The city itself, with its public buildings and private residences, was decorated from one end to the other; while Lower Town vied with Upper Town in the display of flags, arches, and suitable inscriptions.

Along the streets were to be met soldiers and sailors in full uniform, also men, women and children in the costumes of the seventeenth century. For a great number of people from the various cities of the Dominion were taking part in the pageants given tri-weekly under the management of the celebrated pageant director, Mr. Frank Lascelles, who had come thither from England for the purpose. Those pageants were a series of representations of the most graphic and most inspiring scenes in the drama of the past, performed upon the Plains of Abraham; and all of them, with scarcely an exception, were religious in character.

There was Cartier offering the Cross to the Indians; Dollard and his sixteen companions, giving their lives for the safety of the Colonies,—their lives which they had already consecrated to the sacrifice in the church of Notre Dame de Montreal. There was Marie de l'Incarnation, with her companions, the saintly band of Ursulines, landing upon the soil of Quebec; and Laval, the dauntless Vicar Apostolic and first Bishop of that See, entering upon its incumbency. There were the Jesuits, most dauntless and heroic of missionaries; and there was Henry IV., surrounded by the brilliant panorama of his court, giving to Champlain his commission to discover new worlds for the glory of God and the spread of the Catholic Faith.

Those were wondrous scenes, breathing the very spirit of faith, of immolation, and moving the spectators, even the unbelieving, almost to tears. One by one those counterfeit presentments succeeded each other, winding up from the valley, seeming to bring into actual life, by the fidelity and exactness of their reproduction, those impressive happenings of the long ago, and moving spectral-like over those historic spots, once the theatre of great events. Even the gay *pavan*, danced before the mimic king, was instinct with the pathos, the dread melancholy, of the past. As a setting to those inspiring representations, the armies of Wolfe and

Montcalm, in their quaint uniforms, appeared once more upon the field of their renown. The gallant Fraser Highlanders, with the regiments of Bragg and Otway, mingled with the Royal Roussillons, the Carignans, and the men of Béarn and Languedoc, and lent once more the splendor of their apparel to the quaint old town and those stretches of illustrious ground.

On Sunday morning, July 26, which, by a happy coincidence, was the Feast of St. Anne, the patroness of Canada, and the great thaumaturgus who has so wonderfully displayed her God-given power upon the adjoining slopes of Beauré, occurred the most solemn event of all. Social amusements, diplomatic amenities, international courtesies, pageants, illuminations, naval and military demonstrations,—all were suspended in the hush of the Sabbath. While the people of the various denominations, notably the Anglicans, in attendance upon the Prince, went to their several places of worship, the whole meaning and significance of the anniversary were focussed upon the Plains of Abraham. That particular spot of ground, hallowed by so many memories, to which the old pilot, Abraham Martin—or, as he was generally called, Maître Abraham—had all unwittingly given his name, has been recently purchased by the Government of Canada, to be preserved for all time in the form of a park. For there, as every schoolboy knows, was fought the decisive victory which gave New France to England, and so changed the destinies of the Canadian people.

To that scene of former strife, upon that Sunday morning turned a vast concourse of people, estimated at 10,000, and including many notable personages of special interest to Catholics, only a few of whom may be specified: the Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshal of England and premier Peer of Great Britain,—the leader, it may be said, of the Catholics of England, and as notable for a democratic simplicity

of manner and avoidance of all ostentation as for the staunchness of his faith and the power of his example amongst his coreligionists; Lord Lovat, the leading Catholic Peer of Scotland, whose ancestors were famed adherents of the Jacobite cause, and whose gallant clan, and the regiment raised by his grandfather, had so distinguished themselves in the campaign of 1759; Count Bertrand de Montcalm, lineal descendant of the hero who so nobly perished in striving to avert the downfall of his country, and whose name is inseparably linked with the field upon which he fell; the Marquis de Lévis and the Count de Lévis Mirepoix, descendants of that chivalrous soldier, the Chevalier de Lévis, who struck the last blow for France upon the soil of the New World. These were accompanied by such local celebrities as Sir Wilfred Laurier, Prime Minister of the Dominion; Sir Charles Fitzpatrick, Chief Justice, Privy Councillor, and lately appointed Permanent Commissioner to the Peace Conference of The Hague; and that other distinguished Irishman and Catholic, Senator and Secretary of State, Hon. R. W. Scott, whose white hair is truly a crown of honor, since, in the long years wherein he has served his country, friend and foe have accorded him the meed of unimpeachable integrity and stainless devotion to duty.

Now, all these and many more had come thither to participate in the solemn act of worship that was to set the seal of religion upon the celebration at Quebec. It was, as it seemed, the commemoration of that first Mass, back in the shadows of the seventeenth century; when in 1635 the Franciscan, Father Dolbeau, offered up the Holy Sacrifice, with the salvos of such artillery as the infant colony possessed, and to the deep joy of the handful of inhabitants. It was, too, the commemoration of all the Masses that had been offered since upon the holy soil of Canada, watered by the blood of martyrs and fertilized by the merits of

numberless saintly personages; for some day, it may be hoped, Canada shall have a whole hagiology of her own.

The significance of this act, upon those Plains immortalized by the loss of an empire, is to be found in the following extract from the letter of their lordships the bishops of Canada, in response to that of the Holy Father concerning the unveiling of the Laval monument:

"To the mourning which afflicted us when the *fleur-de-lis* was torn from the soil of Canada succeeded a new era, the consequences of which, despite contrary appearances, have been to assure to Canada the permanence of the Catholic Faith. Your Holiness has been pleased to acknowledge the equity of the new power that has governed us for a century and a half. We are happy to echo your venerated words, and we may declare in all truth that the British Crown has never had more loyal subjects than the Canadians; while, thanks to the influence of the Catholic clergy, Canada has been saved to England. Our Church of Canada has come forth victorious from the ordeal of war and separation. It is, then, just that in these solemn days, after more than two centuries of history, she should give thanks to Him from 'whom cometh every perfect gift.'"

Thus did the Canadian hierarchy solemnly affirm their reasons for associating themselves not only with the celebration of the foundation of Quebec, but likewise with those subsequent events which at the time appeared to be a loss for the Catholic religion upon this continent; because they beheld therein the manifest workings of Providence, which permitted the Colonies, founded by the labors and the blood of saints, to escape those evils which have since overwhelmed the Eldest Daughter of the Church. Therefore, did Holy Church lend the splendor of her ritual, the pomp and circumstances of her solemn rites, to the anniversaries of that memorable week.

The scene of that short, sharp contest,

so pregnant with results as to deserve a place amongst the great battles of the world, was very calm and peaceful upon that July morning of the present year. The sky was cloudless, an exquisite arc of blue stretching from river to river; the air was balmy, redolent of sweet scents from the redundant vegetation; and the soft mists, which had at first rested upon the face of the waters, were presently dispelled by the brilliant sunshine; on the heights, the citadel crowned by the flag of Great Britain; in the distance, the shores of Lévis rising green and wooded.

A domed altar occupied a conspicuous position toward the centre of the Plains. Covered with scarlet and yellow, it was surmounted by the Papal flag and the flag of Carillon (pathetic emblem of a lost cause), and by the flags of England, France, and the United States. Slowly up from the valley, preceded by pages and heralds-at-arms, to give an antique touch to the spectacle, wound a long procession of acolytes in scarlet cassocks and white surplices. At their head was the cross,—that same cross which, as Catholics felt with a thrill of pride, had been borne over seas by the heroic men of old and planted upon the virgin soil of their country; that same cross for which intrepid martyrs had given their lives, which had been planted in remote forests, on most inaccessible heights by Catholic priests and explorers, and thus made its beneficent conquests over the vastness of a continent.

After the cross-bearer came the thurifers, sending the smoke of incense upward to high heaven; then a train of seminarians and priests, including numberless secular priests and representatives of the religious Orders; and finally the celebrant of the Mass, the Most Rev. L. N. Bégin, Archbishop of Quebec, the descendant in the hierarchical line of Laval, the illustrious founder of the See; of Plessis, who so stoutly defended the threatened constitutional rights of the Church in

1791; and of those other doughty champions of the Faith who have marched shoulder to shoulder in that "close union with the Holy See, which, despite the temptations of the time wherein he lived, was the strength and the support of the first Bishop of Quebec."

The celebrant was attended by Mgr. Mathieu, rector of Laval, with the Abbé Pelletier and Father Walter Cannon, of the Seminary of Quebec, as deacons of honor; Father Laberge, of the basilica, as master of ceremonies. A guard of honor consisted of the Papal Zouaves, the Gardes Champlain, de Salaberry, and Jacques Cartier; while a large contingent of military men in full uniform, and sailors from the English, American, and French warships, occupied a conspicuous place upon the grand stand. A choir of two hundred and sixty voices, under the leadership of Mr. Joseph Vezina, rendered the solemn music of the Pontifical Mass, which floated away with an almost weird effect over that vast plain, accompanied by the martial sound of drums and trumpets.

As the *Credo* was being intoned, there appeared upon the river below the heights the replica of the *Don de Dieu*, the quaint vessel wherein the founder of Quebec had voyaged to the New World; and from its mast-head flew the white flag of ancient and Catholic France. Surely it was a fitting moment, when that vast assemblage was murmuring "I believe!" to recall the memory of that loyal Christian whose whole life had been a *credo*, and who had planted the tiny seedlet which has blossomed into the magnificent tree of the Canadian Church.

But, in truth, that whole scene was permeated with the spirit, the very genius, of the past. It seemed a revivification of that ancient world of faith and chivalry, with the personages who had been its inhabitants, and who appeared once more to rise from their century-long sleep. All the rest was trivial and of yesterday. Those mighty ships representing human

power at its apex, those varied evidences of civilization that had come with the hundreds of years,—all were reduced to insignificance, to nothingness, by these splendid realities of worship and of the Faith which had been the incentive to such glorious achievement.

As the Mass proceeded, more and more solemn became the effect, until at the Elevation, when the trumpets sounded and the guard of honor presented arms, every other consideration was lost in the contemplation of that transcendent mystery. The kneeling thousands bowed their heads in profound adoration, while many idle spectators—as a secular paper observed—were likewise impelled to bend the knee and bow the head by the force of that sublime spectacle.

After the *Pater Noster*, the choir broke into the harmonious chords of *Domine fac saluum regem*; and at the conclusion of the Mass the *Te Deum* was chanted, in thanksgiving for the multiplied mercies of three centuries, and to implore the blessing of Heaven upon the country, its rulers, and its people. With its last echoes disappeared once more into the valley the impressive procession of prelates and clerics, with the gleam of the sun upon the gold-embroidered vestments, while the band of the Royal Canadian Artillery burst into "God save the King!"

JESUS CHRIST was prefigured by all the just men of the Old Covenant, as Mary was prefigured by all the holy women who preceded her. Jesus Christ was also prefigured by symbolical objects, such as the Tree of Life, the Rainbow, the Burning Bush, the Ark of the Covenant, the Golden Candlestick, the Altar of Perfumes, the Rod of Aaron. So it was with Mary, to whom the same symbols also referred; so that the Doctors of the Church, especially St. Ephrem, do not hesitate to call her the Tree of Life, the Rainbow, the Ark of the Covenant.

Phileas Fox, Attorney.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

V.

PHILEAS FOX waited for further developments, seated as he was at the other side of the ponderous table, with the feeling that he was dreaming, and that he would suddenly awake to find that the ancient house, the park wherein it was situated, the antiquated Negro, and the old lady herself, had vanished. Outside, the sighing of the wind in the treetops grew more pronounced, as though a storm were rising; and the breeze of the night, coming in through the open window, caused the candles to splutter.

"May I trouble you, Mr. Fox," said the voice of Mrs. Wilson, breaking in upon his musings, "to close that window? I am very susceptible to cold, and it would be lamentable were I to catch a severe one before this business is concluded. Besides, the draught wastes the candles, that always remind me of human life,—so much of them goes in idle spluttering. Moreover, one never knows. These grounds of ours attract the idle and the curious. In discussing business matters, it is safer to have doors and windows shut."

Phileas, in obedience to these instructions, sprang from his chair, and as expeditiously as possible closed the broad French casement and let down the shades.

"That is better and safer," said the old lady, watching the agile figure with a pleased interest and a half-wistful envy. "I was once so active myself," she added under her breath.

When the lawyer had resumed his seat, and the room was once more silent, Mrs. Wilson seemed to bend all her energies to the task that still lay before her.

"Mr. Fox," she said, "this may be a case which shall necessitate a vast amount of labor and research. It is possible that

old documents shall have to be brought to light, and numberless papers read. Conveyance of property, deeds of sale, and such like, will require to be examined. Some are in the courts here, others farther afield. Are you prepared to undertake the task?"

Phileas, with face fairly beaming with hopefulness, and the brave, bright spirit that of old had sent knights-errant on their quests, with a trace perhaps of self-sufficiency and confidence in his powers which belongs to the mental equipment of youth, answered readily that he would willingly undertake the case. And once more his real kindness of heart came to the surface. Here, thought he, was an aged woman battling against the world,—or at least against that portion of it presented by the rapacious monster described as "the party of the second part." Her white hairs—of which he had to admit there were few—appealed to him, as they must appeal to any one with a spark of manliness in him; for he had that reverence for the aged, that protective desire to shield their weakness, which is surely the very flower of manhood.

Phileas expressed himself modestly, quietly, yet forcibly, and to that effect; and Mrs. Wilson gazed at him with an expression in her eyes that was at first ironical, even quizzical, but which gradually changed and softened. For there is something so fine in a whole-hearted simplicity, integrity and honesty, that few persons are so hardened as to behold it unmoved.

"It will take very much of your time, Mr. Fox, which, you will allow me the freedom of presuming, is not as yet overvaluable. But let me assure you at the very outset that whatever time you may spend in this service shall be as fully and generously recompensed as though you were a busy lawyer; because with me expense is of small moment, and the qualities you may have to bring to bear upon this case are of more value than the highest legal reputation."

Phileas had reddened a little during this speech; for no one likes to be told bluntly that his time or his professional reputation is of little worth. But he had a fund of common-sense likely to prove serviceable in many emergencies; and, moreover, his naturally frank nature led him to make as open an avowal as possible of his circumstances, lest the question of remuneration might be based upon any misconception as to the value of his time.

"I may as well tell you," he said, "so that you may take the fact into consideration when the subject of a fee is under discussion, that I am at the present moment absolutely briefless. In the whole, wide city of New York, not one has been found to place his affairs in my hands."

Again Mrs. Wilson smiled.

"And how long, may I ask, have you been a member of the profession?"

"I took possession of my office just two weeks ago," Phileas answered.

The smile became a laugh, mirthless and soundless.

"O my dear young man," the old woman cried, "if the time you specify had been two years instead of two weeks, I should not have been surprised at the fact you mention! But impatience is part of youth. Who could wish you to wait willingly for the slow-footed hours? I have, however, put before you the worst features of the case with regard to its possible tedium and the length of time it may consume; but there is always the chance that everything may be arranged upon an amicable footing, and with but brief delay. Only time can tell which of these hypotheses is the more correct."

As Phileas made no comment, the old woman proceeded:

"Of the justice of the case with which you are to be entrusted, I suppose you are convinced by the name of Father Van Buren."

Phileas admitted that such was the case, though he added impulsively:

"But your cause is just,—I am *sure* it is just."

The smile died slowly from the aged lips as Mrs. Wilson answered:

"The case you are being asked to undertake is just,—painfully just. 'The mill of the gods grinds slowly, but it grinds exceeding small.' You need have no apprehensions upon that score. Father Van Buren—or, as he more correctly puts it, the grace of God, with the power of that Faith which I, all unworthy, have been led to embrace—has triumphed over pride, avarice, and stubbornness. But—I should wish you to understand everything before becoming my adviser."

The indomitable spirit within that feeble frame seemed as if nerving itself for an effort; and the failing faculties in that once vigorous body were being marshalled, as it were, into line.

"Mr. Fox," she said presently, "from your knowledge of the various phases of the case, you will perhaps remember that upon most of those occasions when the suit was brought into the court, I, the plaintiff, was victorious."

There was something of triumph, of exultation, in her tone. She sat upright; her eyes glittered; she had the appearance of one who was galvanized back to life. Nevertheless, when she had made that statement, the silence that followed was an uncomfortable one, and somehow lay heavy upon the spirits of Phileas Fox.

"Only twice in all those years were John Vorst or his representatives successful. I had gone into the fight determined to win. And I warned him—I warned him before it began." (Here the old woman employed her cane to stamp this truth upon the oaken floor.) "I warned him to let us alone, me and the property I had held. And what do you think was his answer, Mr. Fox?"

Phileas very naturally replied that he could not possibly guess. But, having already formed an opinion, weakened in some indefinable manner since he had come into that room, he was disposed to expect an answer in accordance with that preconceived judgment:

"He said," declared the plaintiff, leaning forward upon the table so as to bring her face into an exact line with that of her adviser, "'that right will in some manner triumph, however often it may suffer defeat.'"

Phileas started so obviously that his arm, upon which he had been leaning, slipped off the polished table. Mrs. Wilson took no heed of the movement. She seemed rather to be addressing some unseen personage who had arisen from the shadows of the years to confront her.

"You were a true prophet, John Vorst," she said, in her slow, incisive tones. "Right is going to triumph at last, and before it is for evermore too late."

Phileas, in all his young, straightforward life, had never hitherto been brought into contact with one of its complex mysteries, nor vexed with those complexities which perplex the brains of casuist and jurist. Some tragedy, some vital question of right and wrong, was about to arise and encounter him sternly. He drew his breath sharply; and the personage in the chair, becoming suddenly cognizant of his presence, addressed him directly:

"I have been a sinful woman," she went on, in a hollow voice that suggested coming from a long distance; "and in my old age those sins are rising up before me in all their hideousness. The awful searchlight of your Faith, Mr. Fox, has been turned upon the dark places of my soul. And, let the modern world gloss over ill-doing as it may, sin, by whatever name it is called, is hideous, and retribution even in this life is almost a certainty."

Here was a complete reversal of all the young man's preconceived notions. For the first time he felt as if he would fain have given up this case, which seemed to offer scope for the wider experience and broader judgment of an older practitioner. But the protesting words died upon his lips, and he waited, while Mrs. Wilson proceeded:

"A wilful girl, brought up in wealth

and luxury, accustomed to have every whim considered, I had little or no perception of moral difficulties or of religious truth. Life to me meant the utmost limit of pleasure, self-indulgence, vanity. As I grew older I developed an almost inordinate ambition, with an ever-increasing attachment to the wealth which could gratify that ambition. I am not, however, going to trouble you with a psychological treatise. I came into the possession of the Spooner estate, which included this dwelling and the ground upon which it stood. The title to that property was not free and unencumbered: there was a lien thereupon, and there had already been litigation upon the subject. The other claimant was John Vorst—"

As the speaker paused to take breath she cast her eyes upon the young lawyer, who, bewildered, stammered out the only question which occurred to him:

"Was that claim a substantial one?"

"Yes, and a just one," answered the old woman, blurring out the truth with defiant emphasis. "It had been handed down to him from his father, who had been the original owner of these premises. There had been an informality on some of the transfers. (I can not explain matters in correct legal phraseology, despite my close connection with the law.) The claim which John Vorst might have made good was invalidated by the disappearance of some document which had not been registered. (If I am not stating the case properly, pray arrange it correctly in your legal mind.) At any rate, the claimant was put into my power. I was not going to permit this beautiful estate to be divided, much less to give up my interest in this house and land. I had some visitings of conscience at first, and wrestled with myself; but there was no tribunal to which I could bring moral difficulties, no visible authority to which I was, as it were, responsible; and so I easily persuaded myself that I was in the right, and that the claimant was obliged to abide by the decision of the courts. O

Mr. Fox, you do not know yet, but you will realize sometime, that legal decisions do not always coincide with the rulings of conscience! The case went from one court to another; it made the circuit, in fact. Years elapsed and many startling changes took place; but the litigation was from time to time renewed, until finally the Supreme Court of the State of New York decided in my favor. From that there was no appeal, and John Vorst was a ruined man."

Phileas covered his face with his hand, as if he had received a blow. That clear, cold-blooded and almost cynical avowal of wrongdoing, realized and persisted in for a term of years, filled him with a sickening horror. But the old woman continued to speak with a voice as inexorable as fate.

"I am making no excuses for myself," she said. "I am anxious that you should understand my full iniquity. By the time that final decision was reached, I would have stopped at nothing; I would have done anything to prevent John Vorst from making good his claim."

In his uneventful and carefully sheltered life, and judging from the women he had known—his mother, who had died when he was about entering college; his sisters, both of whom had become nuns,—Phileas felt as if the sex, by a broad, general rule, at least in the upper and more exclusive classes, was irreproachable in its conduct, or that frivolity was its most grievous offence. If evil were done by women, it was in the lower strata of society, where circumstances offered many an excuse. But here was this woman, who from childhood had moved in an atmosphere of ultra-refinement, surrounded on every side by those conventionalities which offered to Phileas' inexperience a certain safeguard against evil, admitting herself guilty of deeds that were far removed indeed from the gentler, the more feminine emotions. With the hasty judgment of youth, he failed even to guess what that confession cost a proud and self-centred

woman, who accepted it heroically as part of her expiation.

At the point when his horror of her offence was turning to a veritable repulsion toward one who could so calmly declare her iniquity, the culprit suddenly broke down. Extending toward him two withered, imploring hands, and regarding him with eyes whence the slow tears of age were falling, she cried:

"Don't turn away from me! Don't refuse to take my case when I have opened my heart to you and made this full confession!"

Her voice broke, and her tears began to fall pitifully upon the wrinkled hands, and touched Phileas to the quick. He suddenly realized that she was old and in deep affliction.

"Do not be afraid, Mrs. Wilson," he said. "I shall do whatever I can for you—" He stopped abruptly; then added hastily, though with a voice and manner as gentle as he could make them: "But always on condition of course, that it be in the direction of the right,—as Father Van Buren would advise, for instance. For no money on earth would induce me to assist in perpetuating a wrong."

Mrs. Wilson nodded approvingly.

"That is what I want above all things," she murmured,—“an honest man.” But her voice sounded faint and low, and when next she spoke it was to say imploringly: “And now go,—go at once, I beseech you. There is very much more that I have to tell you, but I am weary. I am getting very old, Mr. Fox, and I can do no more at present.”

Pitifully old, helpless and weary she looked. The fire had died out from behind her eyes, and the temporary energy from her frame.

Phileas rose at once, with a marked feeling of relief. He had found this first interview with his client most trying. He fancied that it must have planted gray hairs in his head and laid a heavy burden upon his shoulders.

"I will send for you again," said Mrs.

Wilson, "as soon as I am equal to renewing the subject. The sooner the better, too; for I feel, my dear young sir, that my days are nearly numbered, and so much has to be done!"

As she stretched out her hand in farewell, the young man took it respectfully, and the eyes that looked out from the old woman's skeleton-like face peered almost wistfully into his own.

"Good-night, Mr. Fox!" she said. "And may God keep you through the maelstrom into which you have plunged! For you little realize as yet of what value to the world is every good man."

As Phileas passed out through the hall, he was met and escorted toward the door by Cadwallader, who made some trifling allusion to the beauty of the night. A parrot, in some invisible coigne of vantage, no doubt roused from its sleep by the sound of footsteps and voices, startled him by its hoarse croaking and the distinct articulation of the name, "John Vorst! John Vorst!" And upon that name the bird rang the changes,—now loud and deep, now shrill and high, playing upon every note of the gamut. The sound was weird, and, to Phileas' excited mind, ghastly in the extreme.

"That bird, sah," remarked the old Negro, rolling his eyes upward to some point upon the stairs, where the parrot's cage was probably hung,—“he has the most earsplitting voice, and you can't by no means persuade him to discontinue."

"Not even at night?"

"Night or day is the same to him," answered the Negro. "If he wants to talk, sah, he just goes right straight along."

"He must be a very unpleasant customer," commented Phileas as he passed out onto the steps.

"Mighty unpleasant, sah," assented the Negro. "But, then, you see, he and me are the only two that was young when ole Missis was, and she won't part with neither of us."

Phileas smiled at the quaint conceit, which was pathetic too, he thought. But

he breathed more freely when, bidding the aged servitor a cordial good-night, he went down the steps and out into the cool evening air. He felt as if he must shake himself to get rid of an intolerable oppression, as one might strive to shake off a nightmare. The smooth grass of the velvety lawn seemed to have lost something of its vernal beauty; and the tall trees, a portion of their ancestral majesty, since wrong, even crime, had flourished beneath their shelter, and the very ground whence they took their roots had been fraudulently withheld from its rightful owner. The iron railings and the massive gates suggested the same unpalatable truth, and were somehow symbolical of the unbending will that for more than one generation had maintained an unjust claim.

When Phileas had passed through the iron gate, and, turning up Rutgers Street, left that theatre of singular events behind him, he began to whistle, striving hard to be once more the blithe and merry-hearted college graduate who had passed within those portals. But in that effort he was only partially successful.

(To be continued.)

The Steadfast Heart.

BY EDWIN CARLILE LITSEY.

LET who may walk by thee in days of joy,
 Let who may help thee golden hours employ;
 But when dark Sorrow sits within thy home,
 O let me come!

Let who may clasp thee in the rhythmic dance,
 Let who may lead thee where still waters glance;
 But when the clouds are thick, and Heaven's
 dumb,

O let me come!

Let who may help to brighten Life's high noon,
 And linger with thee in the fields of June;

But when the battle leaves thee worn and
 numb,

O let me come!

The Martyred Ursulines of Valenciennes.

BY THE COMTESSE DE COURSON.

(CONCLUSION.)

ON the 17th of October five of the imprisoned nuns—Mothers Vanot, Prin, Ducret, Boufla, and Déjardin—were informed that the next morning they were to appear before the tribunal. They were accused of having put on their religious habit, and of having “emigrated,”—a crime punishable by death. The fact of their seeking an asylum at Mons when expelled from their convent was, most unjustly and unreasonably, counted as “emigration.” Their judges chose to ignore the circumstance that they had been authorized by the local authorities to leave the town in September, 1792; moreover, that, their house and means of living having been taken from them, they were obliged to find refuge elsewhere.

They went to the tribunal with their usual quiet cheerfulness. “Let us rejoice,” said Mother Laurentine Prin. “Soon we shall carry in our hands the palm of martyrdom.” Mother Clotilde gave them clear and precise instructions as to how they were to answer. She wished them on no account to hide or diminish the truth; but, on the other hand, she deemed it their duty to make use of all legitimate means of defence. It was therefore agreed that to the question, “Did you emigrate?” they were to answer, “I went to Mons with an official passport from the local authorities, and I returned to Valenciennes with the object of serving the inhabitants by teaching their children.”

The Revolutionary tribunal held its sittings within the Ursulines' former convent of the Rue Cardon, and the sight of their old home revived in them happy memories of a peaceful and holy past. They answered the questions put to them simply, bravely, and with strict attention to truth. “Why did you return to France?” was asked of Mother Laurentine. “In

order to teach the Catholic, Apostolic and Roman religion," she replied. "We have no other object," added Mother Natalie. The verdict was death. The Ursulines were found guilty "of having voluntarily left the territory of the Republic," and of having returned to France "in order to carry on, under the protection of a hostile power, a mode of life that the laws of France forbade."

A contemporary account of the trial tells us that the nuns were neither surprised nor startled by the sentence, which was to be carried out the same day. They were taken back to prison, where their anxious companions surrounded them. But the future martyrs needed all their self-possession, and Mother Ducret gently but firmly put aside her weeping Sisters. "My dear Mothers," she said, "now we must think only of preparing ourselves to appear before God." The chosen victims then made their confession to the priests who were detained in the same prison, three of whom were also to be executed. After this, Mother Natalie drew forth a little crucifix, before which she, with the four others, knelt down, and in a calm voice she began the prayers for the dying. Mother Clotilde and her daughters joined in the responses; and, strangely enough, of the little group only the five who were about to die were unmoved and cheerful.

The entrance of the soldiers, who came to fetch the condemned prisoners, interrupted their devotions. Mother Natalie, who seems to have taken the lead, as the eldest of the party, then addressed her superioress, and her words have been handed down to us by prisoners who were present and who happily survived. "In this solemn moment which will decide our fate," she said, "we beg you, dear Mothers, to forgive us the bad example we may have given you; and we beg all our Sisters to pardon us the pain we may have caused them. On our side, we have no ill feeling for any annoyances that, unwillingly, they may have occasioned

us. And you, my Reverend Mother, receive our thanks for your motherly care of us, and give us your blessing for the last time."

The contemporary account, from which we borrow these details, tells us that of all the little group, Mother Clotilde was the most disturbed; her loving heart and sensitive spirit were wrenched with sorrow, and her tears fell fast as she blessed her kneeling children. The youngest of the martyrs, Augustine Déjardin, came to her rescue, and gaily remonstrated with her superioress: "You do not remember, Mother, that you always exhorted us to be brave; and now, when you see us about to be crowned, you are distressed. What a contradiction!" Mother Déjardin's brightness almost scandalized her guards. When the jailer summoned her to appear before her judges, she stepped forward, and smilingly said: "Here I am! Do not take the trouble to look for me."—"You seem very gay," said the man in astonishment.—"Why not? I fear nothing."

After bidding adieu to their Sisters, the five prisoners were taken into another room. "*Allons! Le jour de gloire est arrivé!*" exclaimed Mother Natalie Vanot, who was haunted by a reminiscence of the "Marseillaise," the thrilling national anthem that, during those tragic days, echoed on the battlefields of Northern France. There the executioner was waiting to proceed to the victims' last toilette. He cut their hair, tied their hands behind their back, and took away their clothes except a chemise and a skirt, to which they were permitted to add a white fichu, or handkerchief, to cover their shoulders. The Sisters bore these trying and humiliating proceedings with unruffled patience. "This is the first step toward heaven," said Mother Prin. When all was ready, the procession set forth. First came a military escort, the drums beating; then the five nuns and the three priests. A large crowd was assembled, and among them were many friends and well-wishers, who eagerly observed the martyrs' last

words and gestures. The nuns recited the litanies of Our Lady, then they sang the *Magnificat*, and their voices were as calm as in the old, happy days when they chanted Vespers in their convent chapel. They spoke little, but a bystander overheard the words: "Courage, my Sisters! We are going to heaven."

The scaffold stood on the Place du Grand Marché. The victims waited in its shadow till their sentence had been read aloud; then they were summoned one by one. Mother Natalie Vanot was called first; but Augustine Déjardin, by mistake, pressed forward. "One moment, my dear Sister!" gently said Mother Natalie. "My turn comes first." It is said that the executioner, in order to check the younger Ursuline's impatience to win her crown, made her wait till all her companions had passed to their eternal reward. At the very same hour another Ursuline nun, who lay dangerously ill in the hospital of Valenciennes, heard that her former comrades were being executed. "O my Lord," she cried, "let me enter heaven with my Sisters!" And, falling back, she breathed her last.

The holy and happy deaths of their companions seem to have strengthened the courage of the survivors. Several of their letters have been preserved, and they all breathe a spirit of bright expectation. Mother Scholastique Leroux writes to one of the Belgian religious, whose hospitality had proved of such inestimable value to their distressed French Sisters: "Do not pity us, but say to yourself: 'What have my Sisters done to deserve so great a favor?' Dear friend, all we have gone through since we parted from you can not compare with the inexpressible delights that our divine Spouse is preparing for us with the glory of martyrdom. . . . In a few days we shall give our lives for His love and to prove our faith. The joys that this prospect brings us are greater than I can express. . . . Five among us have died on the guillotine: Mothers Natalie, Laurentine, Ursule, Louise, and

Augustine. They did not walk, they flew to the place of execution; they ascended the scaffold laughing. . . ." Then the writer sends many loving messages to kind friends at Mons. "Dying, we embrace you with all our hearts."

Another letter from the same hand breathes the same superhuman happiness: "Do not make yourself unhappy about us. We enjoy a satisfaction that my pen can not express. God is, as you know, infinitely kind and merciful. . . . We should be very sorry to lose the glory of martyrdom; but we are certain to have it, and that in a short time. . . . Pray for us, and be quite sure that all six of us are ready to give our lives for Jesus Christ."

Mother Clotilde also wrote to the hospitable community at Mons, but this letter has unfortunately been lost. We have another letter, written to a friend, in which she speaks of the joyful courage with which her daughters had met death, and which "even the executioners admired." Then, alluding to her own probable fate, she adds: "Pray for Clotilde, but do not pity her. She has never been so happy as she is now, to give her blood for her Faith." She also wrote to her niece, Madame Grart de Florempret, a simple, loving letter, full of affectionate interest in the different members of her family, all of whom were now exposed to danger. "I am well," she said. "I often think of you and of our friends, and shall pray for you and for them. You must share my happiness, and have no anxiety as to my fate. I am the happiest woman in the world. I shall always love you, and I hope that you will feel the good effects of my remembrance, and of the sincere affection I have ever felt for you."

Anne Marie Erraux, a young Brigittine nun, whom Mother Clotilde had admitted among her daughters on her return from Mons, was no less content to die. In a letter to her brother, she made a few bequests to her friends and relations, and concluded by saying: "How happy I am

to shed my blood for the Faith! . . . I can not express the peace and joy that fill my soul."

The Ursulines' fellow-prisoners, who survived the Revolution, were unanimous in describing the nuns' cheerfulness. A manuscript account tells us that every one of them was brave, but that "the superioress surpassed them all." The same precious document informs us that, on the eve of her execution, Mother Clotilde gave a farewell supper to her daughters, and to a few priests who were also condemned to die. "To-morrow she said to her guests, "we shall meet in paradise."

On October 23, about half-past nine in the morning, four soldiers and two officials appeared at the prison and summoned six Ursulines to follow them to the Revolutionary tribunal. The chosen victims were: Mothers Clotilde Paillot, Scholastique and Josephine Leroux, aged forty-five and forty-eight; Françoise Lacroix, aged forty-one; Cordule Barré, a lay Sister, aged forty-four; and Anne Marie Erraux, who was only thirty-two.

Mother Clotilde was the first to be questioned. This gentle and sensitive woman proved herself a heroine. She was, we all know, glad to die; but, as the superioress of her community, she was responsible for her daughters' welfare; and, while accepting death for herself with a grateful heart, she thought it her duty to make an attempt to save her children from the effects of an iniquitous accusation. "I am," she remarked, "the superioress of the Ursuline community at Valenciennes, and my nuns were bound to obey me. It is I who bade them return from Mons; they resumed their community life to obey me. I alone, therefore, am responsible for the violation of the law. I consent to be condemned; but the others are innocent, and you are bound to acquit them."

The nuns refused to separate their cause from that of their Mother. Their generosity was equal to hers, and they replied that they had been as anxious as

their superioress to resume their religious life at Valenciennes. "I acted the same as my superioress in all things," added Sister Cordule Barré. "If she dies, I ought to die also." On being asked why she had returned to France, Mother Scholastique answered: "I did so in obedience to my Bishop and to my superioress."—"Yes, indeed, citizen," put in Mother Clotilde, "it is I who obliged my nuns to return to France. I am alone responsible, and deserve punishment."

These protestations availed nothing: the six Ursulines and four priests, who were judged at the same time, were condemned to death. The nuns listened to the sentence with their accustomed gentle cheerfulness; but Mother Clotilde thought it her duty publicly to declare that she and her daughters died for their Faith, and for their Faith alone. In a few simple and dignified words she waived aside the absurd accusation that made "the crime of emigration" the cause of their death. "I know," she said, "that we are to die because we were faithful to our duty. I do not die for the Republic, but for the Catholic, Roman and Apostolic Faith, which I continued to teach because my institute was founded for that object."

On returning to prison, the Ursulines, without waiting for the executioner, prepared for the end. They cut each other's hair, to leave their necks bare; and they had begun to recite the prayers for the dying, when the beating of drums outside the building informed them of the approach of the military escort that was to accompany them. Presently the door opened and the soldiers appeared. "Citizens," said Mother Clotilde, "we are much obliged to you. This day is the happiest in our lives."—"We forgive our judges," added Mother Scholastique; "we forgive the executioner and all our enemies."

The other prisoners surrounded the nuns, who, alone in that weeping and affrighted circle, were smiling and calm. They affectionately took leave of their fellow-sufferers, and walked to the scaffold

through a compact crowd. They were heard to recite the *Te Deum*, the *Veni Creator*, and the litanies of Our Lady; and the onlookers marvelled at their quiet dignity and evident content. Mother Clotilde was called first. Here, as in happier days, it was she who led the way; and her Sisters followed her to the tragic end as faithfully as they had followed her through the chequered events of the last troubled years.

The remains of the eleven martyred Ursulines were buried, with those of Lacoste's other victims, in the cemetery of St. Roch; but if, as appears probable, the official examination instituted for the purpose is brought to a happy close, the Church, for whom these brave women worked and died, will one day give them a lasting honor, more glorious and enduring than any monument, however splendid. The real cause of their death being their fidelity to their religious vocation, they may be said to have laid down their lives for the Faith, like their beatified Sisters, the Carmelites of Compiègne.

Fourteen years later their work at Valenciennes was taken up by Angélique Lepoint, the young novice whom Mother Clotilde's prudence had saved from death. Through weary years of waiting she cherished her first vocation, and the example and teaching of her martyred Mother fitted her for a task that she worthily fulfilled. Mother Angélique lived to a good old age. To the last the memory of her glorified Sisters never left her. The younger members of the community often questioned her as to the events in which she had borne a part. She tried to satisfy their curiosity, but so deeply was the tragic past imprinted on her mind and heart that her reminiscences were generally broken by tears. This last survivor of the Reign of Terror died in 1842.

God alone knows what is best for my sanctification, and with that conviction I say daily a good "Thy will be done!"
—*Father Damien.*

The Glory of Nanterre.

BY GEORGE PROSPERO.

I.

THE "Mountain of St. Genevieve," that gentle slope leading to St. Genevieve's own church—now known as the Pantheon,—has been trodden by every Paris tourist, and a visit paid to the saint's tomb in the adjoining—and most beautiful of all Paris churches—St. Etienne du Mont. There, beside her shrine, fervent prayers are daily offered to the glorious patroness of Paris and France, whose intercession during these troubled times we so sorely need.

More interesting still, perhaps, is a visit to the home of the humble shepherdess at Nanterre, an outlying district about two leagues and a half from the capital. The primitive name was Nemetodorum, composed of two Celtic words, *nemet* and *dor*, meaning respectively "temple" and a "stream," or "brook,"—the early name signifying the "temple on the stream." There stood a temple in which the Druids did office. Human victims were immolated there, and thither pagan Gaul sent many pilgrims. In the thirteenth century the name became Nanturra, or Nanteurre, and is now Nanterre.

In St. Genevieve's time the journey offered all the difficulties dear to a true pilgrim; now the railway quickly brings one to the pretty town. More picturesque and varied, however, is a journey made by the St. Germain tram car, which starts from the Arc de Triomphe. Speeding along, the twentieth-century pilgrim passes rapidly the avenues of the Grande Armée, of Neuilly, and of La Défense, bringing him to the Rond-Point de la Défense at Courbevoie, on which stands the splendid monumental group commemorating the heroic resistance made by the inhabitants during the Franco-Prussian War, in 1870; then along the Avenue de St. Germain, running at the foot of Mont-Valérien,

crowned by its grim fort. The avenue is bordered by villas, chalets and inns, on whose signboards one reads *La Halle du Cavalier*; or else *Au Repos du Chauffeur*; and one regrets that the latter—motor-car driver—so rarely deems it needful to take a long “repose.” With still deeper regret the thoughts fly back to those happy times, before breakneck speed of travelling destroyed so many lives and endangered so many more. In St. Genevieve’s day all was peaceful and calm and silent.

On Mont-Valérien dwelt many hermits, several of whom became celebrated for the sanctity of their lives. Historians have been unable so far to declare positively if the entire hill belonged to Valérien-Sévère, the saint’s father. It is a fact, however, that he owned a large tract of land on the top, the favorite pasture ground to which Genevieve led her sheep. In remembrance of the saint, the spot long bore the name of “St. Genevieve’s Enclosure.” In our days the place is occupied by the house of the officer commanding the fort. Near it was a spring, long known as “St. Genevieve’s Well,” in whose clear waters the gentle shepherdess and her flock often quenched their thirst.

Later on, toward the sixteenth century, a religious community, under the name of “Priests of Mont-Valérien,” came and settled on the hillside, living in friendship and peace with the hermits. They were led there by a devout servant of Christ, Hubert Charpentier, who, before coming to Mont-Valérien, had erected the celebrated—and still existing—Calvary of Betharram in the Béarn. There were already three crosses on Mont-Valérien, yet the holy priest Hubert knew no rest until he endowed the “Mount of the Three Crosses” with a Calvary, an exact copy of the one at Betharram. Before long his pious wish was carried out; along the hillside the fourteen Stations of the Cross were soon erected and a spacious chapel built on the hilltop. When came the dreadful Revolution days chapel and *Via Crucis* were purchased by Merlin de

Thionville, his sacrilegious hands placing a statue of Venus where stood the largest cross. When calmer days supervened, Mgr. de Forbin-Janson zealously undertook to repair these outrages by again erecting a Calvary; but the Revolution of 1830 put an end to his pious project, and from 1840 the “Mount of the Three Crosses” bore no more holy name than the Fort of Mont-Valérien.

Even as these varied historic remembrances of the past flitted through my mind whilst the tram sped on its way, suddenly the cannon thundered forth from the fort above, driving away all these souvenirs of the peaceful past, recalling me to the noisy present; and soon, on hearing the conductor call out “La Boule!” I knew the home of the Nanterre shepherdess was reached. A walk of scarcely five minutes brings the pilgrim to the Nanterre church, beside which stands the house where St. Genevieve was born in or about 422. Naturally, after more than fourteen hundred years, the rolling centuries have wrought many changes in the old dwelling, despite the care—truly a labor of love—lavished on it, to preserve as far as possible from the havoc of Time’s ruthless hand the humble home of Nanterre’s glory.

The house has known many proprietors. In 1793 two brothers bought it. They divided the land around, and dwelt together in the house. On the death of the brother to whose share the miraculous well and Genevieve’s oratory had fallen, the hallowed ground found a purchaser in the Abbé Court, then curé. At his death in 1868, the property was sold by his relations to the Archbishop of Paris. The Abbé Court had made many improvements, enclosing the property within a solid stone wall, surmounted by a handsome iron railing. In the old house he arranged three rooms, one of which is used by the choir boys for their singing exercises. Under the management of a competent architect, the old stone steps leading down to the oratory were repaired,

and so skilfully was the work executed that it is difficult to discern the least difference between the stonework of the steps and that of the walls, dating back—as fully authenticated by competent authorities—to St. Genevieve's time.

The well on Mont-Valérien to which the shepherdess led her sheep must in no way be confounded with the miraculous well enclosed in this part of the old patrimony of the saint's family. From the latter miraculous spring Genevieve drew the water with which, Heaven-inspired, she washed her mother's sightless eyes; and the poor woman, completely blind for more than two years, instantly recovered her sight. Genevieve, seeing the miracle, made the Sign of the Cross over the well, whose waters have ever since retained their miraculous power. Around this well is the curbstone of St. Genevieve's time; but on it rise four elegant *colonnettes* supporting a dome and campanile, all copying as far as possible the style of the original iron dome and columns. A spreading horse-chestnut tree overshadows the miraculous well, to which flock many of the afflicted ones of earth. The good woman, happy guardian of the well, told me that countless are the demands from almost every country, and in especially large numbers from Germany, for bottles of the miraculous water.

Near the well the pilgrim descends to St. Genevieve's underground oratory, or "cellar," as it is sometimes called. To it the gentle shepherdess resorted in order to pray alone; it is touching, heart-appealing in its very poverty. The primitive altar was destroyed toward the close of the fifteenth century. In 1642 another one was erected; and on it the curé of that epoch, the learned and holy Paul Beurrier, one of the greatest of Nanterre's curés, celebrated Mass. But, alas! in 1793 the altar again disappeared, and the hallowed oratory was desecrated by an innkeeper, who perverted it into a wine store. Happily, in 1850 the Abbé Court succeeded in once again obtaining

possession of the holy spot. He took on himself the expenses of repairing it; and, under the supervision of a clever architect, the oratory was arranged as the pilgrim now sees it. On its venerable walls visitors have left traces of their passage in inscriptions such as: "*Illuminatio mea; tuus sum ego!* 1900." Others—all poor, if one may judge by the humble tributes—have offered tablets, some dating back into the distant past. But little light reaches the oratory; and, enshrouded in its obscurity, we pray—standing on the very spot hallowed by the saint's feet—that Genevieve's intercession may not fail us in our present trials.

Coming back to sunlight, the visitor turns to the Nanterre parochial church. The present curé, the oldest in the diocese of Paris—he is ninety-six or ninety-seven,—still celebrates daily Mass. His more than fifty years' sojourn has been an enduring blessing to the church, which, with active, loving care, he has restored.

In a side chapel, where a relic of the saint ever reposes, Genevieve is represented in a stained-glass window guarding her sheep on the hillside, and at the moment when St. Germain l'Auxerrois foresees the great designs God has on the child's future. Suspended on a ribbon, the little shepherdess wears round her neck the medal given her by the same saint when leaving Nanterre. The origin of this medal is thus explained. As Genevieve knelt to receive the saint's blessing, he perceived on the ground a piece of money marked with a cross. Taking it up, he bade the child have it pierced, to wear it round her neck, and never to use any other ornament.

This medal became the religious arms of the parish church. The present saintly curé, Abbé Delaumosne, wishing its origin to be fully documented, verified the matter at the Bibliothèque Nationale, where, in the Cabinet des Médailles, was found a medal identical with that given by St. Germain to Genevieve. On one side are the initial letters of the word "Christ";

and on the other, the image of Magnence, a tyrant then reigning over the north-western part of Gaul. From 1882 all the medals offered for sale at Nanterre bear, instead of the image of Magnence, the scene representing St. Germain l'Auxerrois giving the medal to Genevieve.

Nanterre was likewise celebrated for a special kind of cake, which was formerly sold in Paris. Its origin dates back to St. Germain l'Auxerrois. In 451 the saint, stricken with a mortal illness at Ravenna, thought of his beloved Genevieve, no longer tending her sheep on the quiet hillside, but shut up within the walls of Paris. He deputed his archdeacon, Sedulius, to carry her his "eulogies," a kind of blessed bread. For some reason, the archdeacon was unable for a long time to grant the saint's request; and when at last he reached Paris, he found Genevieve in the greatest danger. The population, accusing her of treason and hypocrisy, wished to put her to death. Sedulius soon defeated their wicked designs by announcing that he was the bearer of "eulogies" sent to Genevieve by St. Germain l'Auxerrois. On hearing this revered name, the crowd became appeased. In our days the "eulogies" are distributed only in the parish church.

There are three annual pilgrimages to Nanterre: one on the 3d of January, the anniversary of the saint's death; the second at Pentecost, when the ceremony of the crowning of the "Rosière" takes place; and the third, which in former times belonged to Mont-Valérien, on the feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross. In bygone ages the pilgrims' chief meeting place was the Nanterre church, from which, after assisting at Mass, they went to the "Mount of the Three Crosses." All vestiges of antique devotion have been swept away from Mont-Valérien, but the remembrance of old customs still remains vivid in the heart. As in the buried past, the faithful flock to Nanterre from the 14th till the 22d September each year, and piously venerate a relic

of the True Cross. This precious relic was taken down in the "Inventory" made in 1905, the ninety-four-year old curé receiving the iniquitous executors of a still more iniquitous measure, and making a vigorous but, alas! fruitless protest. Nanterre was a favorite pilgrimage for the pious monarchs of France, its Rue Royale being so named in memory of a visit of Louis XIII.

II.

At the age of about fifteen, Genevieve left Nanterre, and until she reached eighty-nine years remained the active guardian of the Parisians, proving herself a true, unwavering patriot, a thoroughly national, democratic saint. In 451 she saved Paris, the terror stricken inhabitants believing all was lost when Attila marched from Metz toward Orleans. Alone, Genevieve remained calm amidst the widespread consternation, assuring the Parisians that Attila would not visit their city. And thus it proved; for the "scourge of God" passed on another side.

Genevieve was at the head of not only material but also of moral defence. When, in the year 495, it became evident that Gaul would be conquered by the Franks, as yet pagans, great were the torments of Genevieve and Remi, Bishop of Reims, as Clovis, leaving Soissons, his capital, advanced toward Paris. For, admitting that he might embrace Christianity, it was feared he would fall into the errors of the Arian heresy, as his two sisters had already done. And Genevieve resolved that Clovis should enter Paris only as a Christian. Looked on now by all as an oracle, so great was the admiration excited by her virtues, charity and miracles, Genevieve closed the city gates and held out with a courage surely Heaven-sustained, inspiring hope in all, going up the river across the enemy's lines, in quest of food for the famished inhabitants. Then, after a long trial, the saint's courage and confidence were rewarded, when, after the battle of Tolbiac,

in 497, Clovis became a Christian. Genevieve appears as a heavenly link, a bond of peace and conciliation, between the old Roman Gaul, whose last years she lived through, and that of the Franks into whose new-born existence she breathed the Catholic soul.

The kings of France vied one with another in honoring her memory and adorning her shrine with precious gifts; whilst in 1477 the Parliament ordained that her feast should, each year, be kept as a day of obligation.

Clovis, at the earnest solicitation of his Queen Clotilde and Genevieve, erected a church in honor of St. Peter and St. Paul, and in this church Genevieve was laid to rest in 512, the edifice being henceforth dedicated to her. Its site was that of—or very near to—the actual Pantheon. St. Genevieve's church having fallen into great decay, Mme. de Pompadour induced Louis XV. in 1764 to lay the foundation-stone of a building more worthy of the patroness of Paris; and, Soufflot having made out designs approved by the King, the work quickly began. But, as all readers of history know, in the Revolutionary upheavals of this land the tomb of Nanterre's shepherdess was exiled from its resting-place, and now reposes, in its splendid Byzantine decoration, in a side chapel of St. Etienne du Mont, the walls almost disappearing beneath the countless *ex-votos*.

In 1126, when the terrible fever known as the *mal des ardents*, had stricken down more than 10,000, Genevieve's relics were carried through Notre-Dame, where crowded as many of the fever-stricken as the magnificent cathedral could hold. And, say the chroniclers of the time, so great was the saint's power that everyone among the huge multitude came away cured, "save four, who believed not." In 1496 a great procession took place, the saint's relics being carried through the city to obtain the cessation of a terrible inundation of the Seine. As it wound its way, the celebrated Erasmus was cured

of a dire illness, he himself relating the miracle in Latin verses. Corneille likewise sang the saint's glory. On procession days, city officers came at dawn to the basilica, and there took an oath to watch over the shrine and bring back the saintly deposit intact. It is even recounted that the provost and four councillors remained at the basilica as hostages until the relics were returned.

Even in the early days of the Revolution, Genevieve's cultus was in no way abandoned. On the 3d of January, 1790, Bailly, mayor of Paris, and La Fayette, commander of the National Guard, together with other members of the Commune, assisted at High Mass in St. Genevieve's church; Bailly even writing to the abbot: "I have brought here a Commune seen for the first time,—a new-born municipality which will never degenerate from the piety of our ancestors. Faithful to old customs, for which we are filled with respect, we come to offer our prayers to the patroness of Paris." How far removed from those noble sentiments is our present municipality!

On the 9th of November, 1793, however, the shrine was carried off to the mint, and an inventory was made of its belongings. "History repeats itself," and late dolorous events have but too frequently made us familiar with the farce of an "inventory." The saint's bones, contained in the splendid reliquary, were burned on the Place de Grève, and the ashes scattered in the Seine. The relics now venerated at St. Etienne du Mont are those which had been offered to different sanctuaries and given back in 1800. During the terrible days of the Siege of Paris in 1870, General Trochu made an effort to implore St. Genevieve's protection *publicly and officially*. The other members of the government, however, refused to allow the publication of his proclamation.

At the church of St. Genevieve in the Plaine St. Denis, a Paris suburb, the saint's feast is yearly celebrated with great splendor. Genevieve's family owned a

little property in this outlying district, and there took place the miracle known as the "Miracle du Flambeau." Far from her home, Genevieve, accompanied by two young girls, was one day overtaken by a storm so terrible that trees were uprooted around them. Fearing to be surprised by darkness ere she and her companions could regain their homes, Genevieve, before starting, had provided herself with a torch and tinder-box. In the raging storm she lighted her torch, calmed her terror-stricken companions, and, guided by the torch, burning clearer and brighter as they went their way, despite a deluge of rain and hail, the three young girls reached their journey's end in safety. This is the miracle specially commemorated at the church of the Plaine St. Denis, each year thronged to overflowing. A curious feature of the last three or four annual functions is that the male attendance was in excess of the female element.

A new cloud overshadows us at present: the impending law euphuistically termed the *dévolution* of church property and treasures. In plain English, this law should be termed the shameful robbery of all the untold wealth of artistic treasures accumulated in the French churches throughout past centuries. Voted by the Chambre des Députés—ever the docile slave to Masonic tyranny,—this iniquitous law waits only the Sénat's approbation to be put into effect.*

Years have passed since St. Genevieve's novena was solemnized with the fervor shown by the pilgrims of this year's celebration. To say that from dawn till the closing of doors at eventide the church of St. Etienne du Mont was thronged, gives but a faint idea of the crowd. Round the shrine an endless procession continued all day long, the saint

ever invoked with unwavering confidence. Nor is Genevieve deaf to entreaty, as was related to me by the good Abbé Bonnet, who daily takes his stand at the tomb to bless the articles brought by pious clients. The incidents may not perhaps, constitute absolute miracles, but are indisputable evidence that Genevieve's intercession is not invoked in vain.

On Saturday, January 4, 1908, came a lame nun belonging to the community of the Little Sisters of the Poor, Rue Notre-Dame des Champs. On reaching the shrine, she handed her large stick—almost a crutch—to the Abbé Bonnet. "Monsieur l'Abbé," she said, "I have scarcely been able to walk for years. This morning Reverend Mother desired me to make an act of faith and obedience. She told me to come to St. Genevieve's shrine, and *at once on arriving* to give my stick into your hands to lay on the tomb. I come with perfect confidence in the saint's intercession, and now kneel at her shrine, humbly imploring my cure." Deeply moved, all the assistants, together with the Abbé Bonnet, joined in the Sister's prayers; and when, after a short time, she rose from her knees, all trace of lameness had disappeared. The good nun went off rejoicing, leaving her stick as an *ex-voto* on St. Genevieve's tomb.

The Abbé related to me another curious incident of the saint's protection. On Monday, January 6, 1908, amongst other missives, the morning post brought the Abbé a despairing letter from a gentleman friend, who, through the cruel events of these last years, had lost his position, and now he and his wife and children were starving. He declared in his letter that, having sought for work on every side and met with nothing but disappointment, having invoked Heaven's aid with perfect faith and no help having been granted, he made a last appeal to St. Genevieve, and implored the Abbé to invoke her at her shrine in his behalf. The Abbé brought the letter to the church, and placed it on the tomb, praying fer-

* In a recent article, Henri Rochefort declared that "France, at the present time, could be compared only to an unfortunate, dismasted vessel, laden with priceless treasures and boarded by pirates of the most dangerous class." The appreciation is severe, but quite just.

vently to the saint for his afflicted friend.

He had been at his station at the shrine for about two hours when a gentleman past middle age came up to him and asked if he was attached to the church of St. Etienne. The Abbé replied in the affirmative. "Well," explained the gentleman, "I can scarce call myself a Catholic; for Baptism is the only sacrament I have received. I do not believe in anything. I never enter a church, and came in here accidentally, from mere curiosity, seeing the crowds entering. Since I am in the church, I feel impelled by some mysterious voice to seek out a person in great pecuniary distress and come to his aid. I do not know of any one. Are *you* acquainted with any deserving person who stands in need of immediate help?" The Abbé answered: "It is God and St. Genevieve who sent you. Just read that despairing letter." And he took the letter from the saint's tomb. "Read that!" The gentleman read, wrote down the name and address of the poor supplicant, and gave the necessary immediate help, promising to find employment for the Abbé's friend. The good priest hopes that faith may be the Heaven-sent reward of this unexpected benefactor's charity and spontaneous response to the mysterious interior voice.

Clouds overshadow us now; one must live in France to realize fully the sadness of the present hour. But a true Catholic should never allow the blight of despair to enter his heart. *Sursum corda!* Let us remember Genevieve's bright flambeau; it was symbolic of the torch of faith. We must, each and all, carry it resolutely, valiantly during the storm raging around us. Do we not know that the petty tyrants of the present time, as well as of the future, must ever break their lances in vain efforts against the invulnerable rock of our beloved religion? Do we not likewise know that sooner or later, in God's good time, all other shouts of victory must be silenced in the holy, ever-triumphant war-cry: *Christus vincit in æternum?*

A Study in Contrasts.

AS a study in contrasts, "Poverty in London and in New Zealand," a paper contributed to the *Nineteenth Century*, by Mrs. Edith Searle Grossman, is of distinct interest. The lady has a keen eye for the points that differentiate unfortunate conditions in the great capital of the British Empire and in "the Newest England of the South." After some illuminating paragraphs on residence and dress among the London poor, she says of the food:

But the curse of the London market is that cheap refuse which ought to be destroyed by sanitary inspectors, and which is generally the only kind of goods supplied to "low neighborhoods." It would be good to see new fires kindled in Smithfield and other market-places, to burn up, not heretics or treatises this time, but tons of provisions that are now sorted out for the sustenance of the workers.

In lodgings, clothing, and food, the colonial is rather better off than the Londoner. But this is not all.

There are deeper depths than any I have touched on yet, and these the New World does not yet know. We have not any class so low as the lowest in London. Some time before leaving New Zealand I spent a day visiting Burnham, the central industrial school of the colony. The majority of the children looked healthy and fairly happy and decent; but among them was one undersized, degenerate creature who seemed to belong to a race not quite human. The superintendent pointed him out, and remarked: "That boy is a London street Arab. You don't get that type here."

All Londoners know this savage of the slums who haunts the West as well as the East. The type may be uncommon, but it is only an extreme development of characteristics that are too frequently seen. Mr. Howells in a recent criticism says that the English aristocracy have distinction, but adds that distinction is one of the things for which the nation pays too dear. The heaviest price it pays is the physical, mental, and moral inferiority of the undistinguished mass. It is considered bad taste now to use the terms "upper" and "lower" classes, or "superior" and "inferior"; but it is no offence against taste to keep up irreconcilable class separation, and to assume all the superiority that was once frankly claimed. It would

be better to drop the pretence of consideration and to say openly that the working classes are an inferior species of mankind.

This advice is of questionable practicality; but here is a bit of sociological criticism that is likely to impress competent observers as being fully as true as the conditions calling it forth are regrettable:

The idea of a fair bargain between master and man or between mistress and maid, in which the subordinates make their own terms, seems to the aristocratic mind absolutely farcical. The result is the parasitic dependency of the West End poor. Servants, landladies, charwomen, small shopkeepers and tradesmen, porters and cabmen, are all underpaid, and they all compensate themselves by preying on every one who comes within their reach. In a legal sense, the lower-class Londoners are remarkably honest; there seems to be scarcely any down-right robbery; but there is a universal system of cheating in petty ways, and of extorting extra money in the shape of tips, gifts, or doles of charity. In a new country it is much easier to have confidence and trust between different classes, and to form sincere and equal friendships. In England there is far too much charity from the higher to the lower ranks, and far too little justice. The masses, whether they have votes or not, are not truly represented in Parliament. Their interests are not in their own hands, but in the hands of a governing class which has never shared their life, can not understand their needs and views, and which feels itself to be, and actually is, of a different calibre. So long as this goes on there will not be radical reform; there will be nothing but more and more charity coupled with more and more pauperism.

The summary of Mrs. Grossman's article is that in London the problem of poverty appears to a stranger all but hopeless, while in New Zealand there is both more hope and more ground for hope. In the colony there is a resolute determination, as strong outside as inside the governmental ranks, to bring about more satisfactory and more justifiable social conditions than those which have for centuries contributed in older lands to want and constructive degradation. New Zealand, the lady claims, though very far from having realized any Utopias, has refounded society on a sounder and more equitable basis, and in a cleaner and brighter moral atmosphere.

Notes and Remarks.

Among the topics discussed at the recent successful convention of the American Federation of Catholic Societies at Boston, Massachusetts, were the eminently timely—the perennially timely—ones: religious education and Socialism. On the former the Federation expressed itself to this effect:

Since we ardently desire morality to be inculcated in our public schools, we utterly repudiate and condemn any attempt to teach morality without God or without Christ. The Federation affirms with all the force of its conviction that religious instruction is an absolute necessity in every department of school life of the American boy and girl. We urge all Catholics to support loyally not only our Catholic elementary schools, but also the high schools, academies, colleges, and universities.

As regards Socialism, as was to be expected, its main tenet, that collective ownership of the means of production and distribution is necessary for the welfare of the human race, was declared to be radically unsound; and all Catholics were urged to abstain from affiliation with a movement which, judged by its theory, its literature, and its leaders, is practically materialistic and atheistic. It is possible, of course, to overestimate the importance of such pronouncements by the representatives of even one or two million Catholics; but, on the other hand, it must be acknowledged that the influence radiating from the convention hall—as beams from a central sun—can not but do much to keep the Catholic laity of our country in harmony with the Church's doctrines on important questions of the day.

Hans P. Freese, of the International Reform Bureau, in a letter to the *New York Sun*, denies the assertion that polygamy is no longer taught or practised by the Mormons. The writer was born in Mormondom of a polygamist father and a "plural" wife, and evidently has intimate knowledge of the Latter Day

Saints and their abominable religion. As to teaching polygamy, Mr. Freece asserts that it is still openly upheld, at least in Utah. He quotes a superintendent of primary work in Southern Utah as saying in an address to children: "Boys and girls, you can not repudiate the doctrine of polygamy without repudiating every other principle of the church. Mormonism and polygamy must stand and fall together."

In regard to the practice of polygamy, although it has doubtless been discontinued to some extent since the manifesto was issued, Mr. Freece gives the assurance that "the majority of the apostles and the majority of the leaders of the church are to-day living in polygamy." His statement that "the Mormons are deceiving the outside, as they always have, in regard to the teaching and practice of polygamy," is corroborated by a correspondent of our own, who has lived in Utah for many years, and suffered much from the curse with which it has so long been afflicted. The American people for the most part are in the dark as to conditions in Mormondom; but the politicians are well informed, and for reasons of their own keep their knowledge to themselves.

The Catholic Summer School at Cliff Haven, N. Y., has apparently outlived the hostile criticism that was once wont to assail its underlying idea, its methods, and its results. That it faithfully corresponds to "a genuine desire" of a large number of American Catholics is evident from the increasing annual attendance, and the increasing satisfaction of the attendants as well. Asked recently "What place does the Summer School occupy in the educational economy of the United States?" the Rev. John Talbot Smith, its president, replied:

Well, it may be described in general as a permanent summer convention of the Catholics of the United States. We have one-half million dollars invested here, and all the comforts and appurtenances of a city suburb. After fifteen years' existence, we find the feeling generated

here later acts beneficially wherever our summer residents fix themselves for the rest of the year. Our people get clearer ideas on the meaning of education, art, politics, social principles, and religious influence. We discuss the methods of parish work, school work, journalism and literature. We have begun here the foundation of certain things which in future may grow into large influence. We have founded a press, the first book from which has proved to be one of the most useful books of the time. We have founded a dramatic stock company, which is getting the best kind of support, and which is to give, season after season, the best of all the old Christian plays; and we intend to support its development with all our strength.

From this it will be seen that the Summer School is an effective agency in the great work of putting Catholicity and Catholics where they belong—in the forefront of genuine and enlightened progress. More power to its promoters, and yet fuller success to their efforts!

The growing popularity of the phrase "human solidarity" may be taken as a good sign. The fact of its being so much on the lips of even the man in the street is proof of the fuller realization of a truth which sectarianism and selfishness had obscured. Genius and sanctity have always seen humanity as a linked whole. "I can not separate my fate from my neighbor's. If he is crippled, I am maimed; if poverty and ignorance blight him, the national economy is lacking; if he suffers from dirt and disease, the civic forces are at fault and my family endangered; if he sins, I suffer."

St. Catherine of Siena lived in times very like our own. There were discontent and revolt, class prejudice and race rivalry, contempt of the poor, envy of the rich. A writer in *Harper's Weekly*, of all places, tells of the saint repeating to her listening people these words which Our Lord spoke to her:

It would indeed have been easy to give to each man all that is necessary for his body and his soul. But I willed that men should need one another, and that they should become ministers and dispensers of My gifts. Whether a man will or not, I force him to exercise charity

toward his neighbor. See, therefore, it is to increase charity that I have made men My ministers and placed them in different states. There are many ways of living in My mansion, but loving is the only way I demand. For who loves his neighbor loves Me and fulfils the law. And whoso possesses love renders to his neighbor all possible service.

In this life, where ye pass as strangers and as pilgrims, I have bound you together by insoluble ties of charity; each man is forcibly united to his kind. Should he wish to separate himself, he is yet held by necessity. For I have bound you by your works as well as by love. I have not given to each what is necessary for his existence, so that should man lose the love of his brother, yet shall his actual needs enforce him. You are each bound to the other by the decrees of charity. For the tradesman needs the farmer, and the farmer the manufacturer. The religious needs the secular man, and the secular the religious. The one can not act without the other. And so it is with all men.

A sidelight on some of the recent happenings in Persia is afforded by a letter sent to the *Missions Catholiques* by Mgr. Lesné, Apostolic Delegate to that country. "For many months past," he writes, "the Kurds, professional pillagers, have infested the public highways, massacred the travellers, and exercised a hundred odd species of brigandage on the plain of Ourmiah, devastating, pillaging, setting on fire the Christian villages. On the defenceless inhabitants these barbarians exercised every species of atrocity imaginable. In certain places traversed by rivers, they expedited matters by drowning the women and children forthwith. Only eight days ago they put to fire and the sword the village of Babari, a short distance from here. The church was sacked, and the parish priest saved his life only by throwing himself into the river and swimming across."

Our readers will remember an entirely unsupported statement made not long ago by a denominational organ relative to the number of Catholic clergymen in this country who in recent years have left the Church. Asked for specific details, names and dates, the organ was silent

and — discredited. Just what reliance should be placed in general assertions of this nature may be judged from the posterousness of a similar statement as to the number of ex-priests in France. Appealing to the liberality of Protestants in behalf of an "Ex-Priests' House," a renegade Franciscan, M. Le Garrec, speaks of 1500 French priests who have left the Church within the past ten years. Now, a Protestant pastor, M. Meillon, has published a brochure containing a detailed account of all French sacerdotal perversions from 1870 to 1906. They number scarcely eighty, about one-nineteenth of the thousand and a half whom the veracious M. Garrec has conjured up from the depths of his inner consciousness. The trouble with a good many American as well as French statisticians as to the number of seceding priests seems to be that they "excogitate their facts."

The editor of the *Academy* dissents from the view of priggishness set forth in an extract quoted from the notebook of Samuel Butler, one sentence of the extract being, "The worst of it is that one can not do anything outside eating one's dinner or taking a walk without setting up to know more than one's neighbors." The *Academy* comments:

There is nothing so pitiful as the prig. On the other hand, the mere telling of a man that he is wrong about this, that, or the other, when you know him to be wrong, can not fairly be called priggishness. If one discovers that one's neighbor imagines that two and two make five, there can be no possible harm in endeavoring to set him right on the point. We believe that many writers, particularly in the higher walks of journalism, refrain from a good deal of plain-speaking because they feel as Butler seems to have felt. In our view, the result is most dire. You will find usually that when a person has a schism to ventilate that person is never in the least diffident about its ventilation. And it seems to us that there should be no diffidence, half-measures, or mealy-mouthedness in the reproof of him.

While there is much to be said for this view, we can hardly subscribe to the

opinion that many journalists—on this side of the Atlantic, at any rate—refrain from plain-speaking for fear of being considered prigs. In fact, if, as George Eliot says, “a prig is a fellow who is always making you a present of his opinions,” the journalist would seem to be particularly open to the imputation. And if the *Academy* will cast a cursory glance over American newspapers during the interval between now and November next, we venture the prediction that it will find very little mealy-mouthedness in the discussion of political personalities.

Recent English exchanges contain interesting accounts of the celebration of the centenary of Ushaw College, the Alma Mater of Dr. Lingard, Cardinals Wiseman and Merry del Val, Francis Thompson, Archbishop Bourne, and a host of other notable clerics and laymen. All the reports pay a tribute of special praise to the address delivered by an American graduate of Ushaw,—a Californian whose sterling Catholic manhood is a fitting concomitant of his exceptional intellectual ability. Says the *Catholic Weekly* of London:

We would direct special attention to the speech delivered at the celebration by Mr. Joseph Scott, of Los Angeles. We would ask the young laymen among our readers to ponder over that speech and to draw fresh inspiration and encouragement from it. Had the centenary given the Catholic body in England nothing else than that speech, it would have given us something to be profoundly grateful for.

The centenary celebration was thoroughly successful, and Ushaw enters upon its second century with fairer promise than ever before of contributing to what was once Our Lady's Dowry—Merry England—many of its worthiest citizens.

We beg to tender congratulations to the Knights of Columbus of St. Joseph, Mo. A special feature of their Council is the provision that, on the occasion of the death of a member, or a relative of

a member, they offer the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass in lieu of flowers. They send flowers to the sick, but not to the dead. When a member of their Council dies, he receives from the Council a novena of Masses, which are offered in the parish which he attended. When a relative of a member dies, they send the offering of a tridium of Masses offered in the same manner.

We earnestly recommend this genuinely Catholic practice to other Councils of the Knights and to our Catholic societies generally. When all is said of the propriety and congruity of floral offerings at funerals, it remains true that, save on the biers of the very young and innocent, they are emphatically in bad taste. The fashion (of people who do not believe in Purgatory or in the efficacy of suffrages for the dead) should be distinctly frowned on by those who are certain that every Mass celebrated, every Holy Communion offered, every Rosary whispered for the soul of the departed, is effective in hastening its advent from the valley of shadows into the refulgent glory of “the land of the living.”

We took occasion, not long ago, to approve of the strictures not infrequently passed by sane journalists on the multifarious vagaries, often puerile and more than occasionally pernicious, of the typical twentieth-century educationist. A notable instance of such salutary animadversion we find in a recent issue of the *Inter Ocean*. Commenting on an article in which a college professor discusses “the causes of the present shortage of recruits for the Christian ministry,” our Chicago contemporary summarizes the professor's treatment of one such cause in this paragraph:

1. Intellectually. He [the educated young man] is taught that “it is the sacred duty of man to follow truth wherever it may lead.” Unfortunately, he is often also taught that all truth is equally important. He is surrounded with the atmosphere of a shallow agnosticism, whose badge of “culture” is the dedication of

"research" and the assumption that no man "knows" anything unless he "knows all about it." Under this delusion, he "fears to subscribe to any creed or submit to any doctrinal authority, lest in the future he shall have to choose between intellectual dishonesty and open repudiation."

The *Inter Ocean's* personal commentary on the foregoing is as admirably terse as it is polemically unassailable. It says:

With respect to the intellectual hindrance, its existence is a proof of what a good many of us have long suspected—that our colleges, instead of being "abreast of science," are far in its rear. Men of science who are really scientific have always recognized that knowledge has limits, and must always rest in the end on faith, or on nothing, and so prove a futility. When intellect is stretched to the breaking, it always finds something beyond. Shallow souls may call it the "Unknowable." Wise men call it God.

Commenting approvingly on the excellent work which Catholic writers in England have done in recent times, and are now doing, in shedding light on the fallacies of the Rationalistic press, the *London Catholic Times* says:

Assuredly there is need for their labors. Thousands upon thousands—we might almost say with truth millions—of popular expositions of a false science and a godless philosophy have been circulated throughout the English-speaking world within the past ten years. Our colonies are flooded with such treatises. In many of our towns, agents exert themselves to their utmost to bring these publications before the public. Year after year lectures are delivered throughout the country, which must have very harmful effects upon our workingmen and young people. We Catholics have in our ranks many writers, able and willing to give their services, if funds are but forthcoming to defray the expenses of publication. The time for resting upon our oars has gone; we must make up our minds to act, to pull together, to show our fellowmen that we are not even driven to assume defensive tactics, but that we can and will form as strong an opposition as any which we have made against more powerful and more logical enemies in the past.

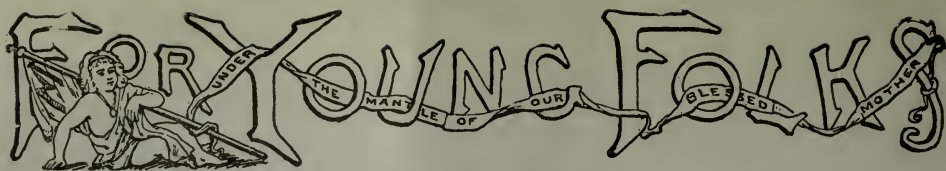
Very much, if not all, of the foregoing is quite as applicable to conditions in this country as in England. The vogue attained by certain Socialistic periodicals

in particular necessitates additional effort to furnish the Catholic working people with an adequate antidote to the noxious pabulum which such publications so freely proffer; and we once more recommend, not only a more general and generous support of the American Catholic press, but a more general diffusion of Catholic Truth Society pamphlets, as potent for good as they are inexpensive.

The tendency to appropriate to one's own country or race the credit of notable achievements in literature, science or art is not perhaps exclusively English, but it is certainly not *un-English*. We have been amused recently by the comments of the *Irish Weekly* on one instance of such appropriation. On the occasion of an operatic performance given in London in honor of the French President's recent visit, the *Daily News* remarked: "The interesting point in the representation was that an English tenor, Mr. John MacCormack, was engaged for the first time in the history of these gala performances." Whereupon the *Weekly* discourses in this wise:

The *Daily News* omitted some further "interesting" points. Athlone, where Mr. MacCormack was born, is in Sussex, England; Sligo, where he was educated, is in Kent; Dublin, where his vocal talents found first—and most abiding—recognition, is a little village in Middlesex; *The West's Awake*, one of his great songs, is a loyal English lyric; *The Snowy-Breasted Pearl*, his greatest song, is intensely English in origin, music, and sentiment; finally, all the MacCormacks have been English since the days of Hengist and Horsa,—quite as English as the "English tenor" whose exact nationality has been so truthfully indicated by the *Daily News*.

We have not seen the following issue of the *Weekly*, but we have no doubt it contains an elaborately sarcastic protest from some sharp Anglo-Saxon reader deploring the ignorance of an Irish editor who does not know that Dublin is *not* in Middlesex but in Ireland itself. By the way, is it quite certain that Mr. MacCormack is not Scotch-Irish?



Our Lady's Flower Mission.

BY LOUISA MAY DALTON.

SHE had been baptized Amabilis, but had always been called Amy. "Both names mean 'amiable,' 'beloved,'" Mrs. Gray told the boys; "and this is what we want to say."

She was a frail little thing from the first; and sometimes it seemed as if she were only lent to them for a while, and that her pure soul might at any time escape from the slight body which seemed too weak to hold it. As she grew older, she grew even more delicate; and at last had to sit all day in an invalid chair, which the boys would wheel around to one sunny window after another, following the sunbeams. Amy loved the sun.

"I don't wonder," she said, "that the old heathens worshipped it, having heard nothing of the true God."

Her favorite window was one that faced the south,—a large, square bay-window, with double sashes to keep the cold away from the plants, with which it was nearly filled. And when her chair was wheeled among the budding roses and white calla lilies, the window was quite full. Here she would sit by the hour.

She had queer fancies about her floral pets. Each one had its own name. One particularly tall, strong rose-tree was St. Christopher's Rose; and all the lilies, standing up so stately, and adorned, in their season, with waxen flowers, were dedicated to St. Joseph.

The spring when she was twelve years old was rather a backward one. Late in April the nights were frosty and the days chill. The flowers seemed to weary of staying in the house, and looked as if

they longed to get out into the open air.

One day a lady paid a visit to Mrs. Gray, and said, just as she was leaving:

"Oh, by the way, I was forgetting my most important errand! Some of us are going to try to establish a flower mission this spring, and would be glad of your help, either in time or flowers."

"What is a flower mission, mother?" asked Amy, the visitor having departed; and the mother went on to tell how many people in the East had for several years organized themselves into a band for the purpose of distributing flowers to the sick and poor.

"Now it is getting to be the fashion in the West," she added; "and I only wish that all fashions were half as good as this."

Amy was very quiet all the afternoon, or at least until the boys came home from school. There were four of them—Ned, Tom, Jimmy, and dear little Phil, just beginning his letters.

"Boys," she said, "you must let me talk a little this time. I've been thinking."

And then, first telling them what her mother had said of flower missions in general, she unfolded her own plan.

"Now," she went on, "we are not so very big, but I think we can have one of our own."

"Hurrah for Amy's flower mission!" shouted Tom, upsetting a jar of ivy in his excitement.

"That is not going to be its name at all," said the little girl. "It is going to have a better one."

"It couldn't have a better one!" cried loyal Ned.

"Yes, it could, dear," answered his sister, with a smile. "Its name is to be Our Lady's Flower Mission, and we will ask her to make the flowers blossom."

At first Amy thought of keeping its membership within her own family; but

so many neighboring children, hearing about it, asked to help, that it was thought best to extend its bounds. Amy was director and general supervisor. The boys were to spade the ground, and the girls were detailed to drop the seed, set out plants, and help with the weeding. The mothers and fathers made the mission a present of all necessary seeds and bulbs, two hoes, a rake, and several watering-pots. Others contributed potted plants ready for setting out. Mr. Gray gave the children the use of a nice piece of ground of suitable size, and all went to work with a will.

And you should have seen how in a few days the slender green shoots raised their heads above the earth. When it rained, Amy spent her time in the house, reading every book she could find which told of floral lore; but when it was pleasant, she was wheeled out into her beloved garden, where she could watch the wonderful things that were going on. Here she would be when school was out, and the boys came trooping home in a rush and scramble, anxious to go to work.

"It's more fun than anything," said one boy,—"*more than baseball even.*"

Several were detailed to search out the sick and poor, of whom there proved to be no lack. On each Saturday a little amateur entertainment was given by the mission; for there were expenses to be met for baskets and twine and ribbons.

One of the boys had a small printing-press, and it was his especial work to print on short blue ribbons the words "*From Our Lady's Flower Mission.*" One of these labels was to go with each nosegay or basket.

Finally the long-watched-for day came for the first distribution. Amy sat in her comfortable chair and gave directions. It was decided to present the very first offering to Father Kennedy for Our Lady's altar, and little Phil marched proudly off toward that good priest's house with a bouquet grasped tightly in his chubby fingers. Tom and Jimmy took their

baskets to the factories. Others carried great masses of pansies and lilies of the valley to the Sisters at the hospital.

"And you would have cried with joy, I do believe, Amy," reported one of the boys, "to see the sick folks brighten up when Sister let us lay a bunch on each pillow. We gave one old man lilacs and lilies of the valley, because they had a smell; and he was so happy he couldn't speak, and said they made him think of heaven. And we gave a girl with consumption all bright flowers, and she said they were better than medicine."

Even the sick people in the jail were remembered; and at least one poor erring creature was led to lament his sins and turn to God when he received the fragrant offering sent in the name of our Blessed Mother.

This was but the beginning. All the hot summer long the children kept up their sweet employment. There was always some new incident to tell the others,—once of a little girl who died with a bunch of what she called "*Our Lady's Roses*" in her hand; again of a poor young man who was buried with a little faded lily, that the children had brought him when it was fresh, pinned upon his coat.

And so the summer, with its roses and its Annunciation lilies, and the early autumn, with its own blossoms and its leaves of red and gold, came and went. And then the most wonderful thing happened. Amy got well,—or so nearly well that she could walk, falteringly and slowly at first, to be sure, but better and farther each day. The doctor said that the open air and having something to think of had cured her; but Amy shook her head. She knew better; for she believed, with the simple faith of a Christian, that Our Lady had heard her when she had said each day, sitting among the blossoms, "*Health of the Weak, pray for me!*"

This was years ago. The mission still thrives; and Amy, strong and well, is yet its gentle director.

Ernest of Felsenburg.

BY J. F. FRANKFORT.

XII.

Meanwhile the Countess was leading a lonely, sorrowful life at Felsenburg. She had heard the proclamation of peace, and hoped soon to see her husband again; but mingled with this hope was the dreadful thought that he must now hear of the loss of his child. In her anxiety she could find peace and rest nowhere; she wandered about from room to room, now in the chapel, now in the garden, finding no comfort but in fervent prayer, and in the thought that all events are overruled by an all-merciful God.

One day she wandered to the garden, and, entering an arbor, spent some time there, weeping and praying for strength to bear her great trial. Suddenly she heard a footstep; and, looking up, saw Margaret, who had just arrived with the Count's party. A ray of hope dawned upon the heart of the Countess as she recognized Margaret, and saw the girl's cheerful face; the sight was as welcome as an angel from heaven.

"O gracious lady," said Margaret, "I bring you good news of your dear Ernest! He lives, and you will soon see him again."

She had scarcely begun to speak when Father Menrad entered the arbor to prepare the Countess for the arrival of her husband and child. The prudent man gave her to understand that she might expect to see them in an hour or two; and, full of joyful hope, the Countess led Father Menrad to the room in which the child had formerly slept.

As she opened the door of the room what was her joy at seeing her husband with the child in his arms hastening to meet her! With a cry of delight, she sank into the arms of the Count, embracing her husband and child.

"Now I could gladly die," she said at

length, "since I have lived to see this day! Oh, how wonderfully has God ruled over all events! I dreaded to meet you, my dear husband, without our boy; and now at the first moment of our meeting you place him in my arms! Never again will I distrust God's mercy and goodness."

The happy parents shed tears of joy and gratitude. Margaret wept with them, and even Father Menrad could not restrain his tears.

After they had somewhat recovered their calmness, Ernest began to tell his story to his mother, who listened with mingled smiles and tears. He pictured the moment when, through a cleft in the rock, he first caught sight of the outer world. But with still greater emotion he described the never-to-be-forgotten hour when Father Menrad first spoke to him of God.

"Really," said the Count, "I could almost wish to have passed my childhood in such a cavern. We are too much accustomed to the sight of the works of God. If we could see them for the first time as Ernest did, when we have reached an intelligent age, what a different impression they would produce upon us! How we should rejoice in the power, wisdom, and goodness of God, and see in the greatness of His works a pledge of His love and goodness toward us, His creatures!"

"Yes," replied the Countess; "and perhaps the first sight of heaven may produce in us the same feelings as the sight of the beautiful earth did in Ernest upon his escape from his underground abode. For it seems to me that, as his playthings, the flowers, the lambs, and the trees, which pleased him so much in the cave, were only imperfect copies of the works of nature, so all our delights in this world may be only a shadow of the joys of heaven. But certainly the happiness of seeing again, even on earth, our loved ones after a long and sad separation, must be a real foretaste of the bliss of meeting in heaven those whom we have loved and lost; for I feel at this

moment as if heaven itself could have no greater joy."

The venerable Father Menrad added:

"I quite agree with all you say. But the special lesson which Ernest's story teaches us seems to be that the wisdom, goodness, and mercy of God are so evident throughout creation that even a child can see them, and recognize the Creator in His works."

XIII.

After a few days the Count's soldiers returned, bringing with them the robbers, whose retreat they had found out. They brought, too, a wagon loaded with chests full of stolen valuables. The robbers had not sought the lost child; for, finding the iron door locked, and not being acquainted with the opening in the rock through which he had escaped, they concluded that he must either have fallen down one of the deep pits about the cave or have been buried alive by the falling in of one of the passages. They were, therefore, much astonished when they arrived at Felsenburg to see the young Count standing by his father's side.

"We thought," said the captain, "that no man living could equal us in cunning, and now we are overreached by a mere child!"

The musician with the dulcimer, who was among them when they were taken, said to himself:

"We stole this child that he might secure our safety, and now he is the cause of our ruin."

William, the young man who had always been kind to Ernest, added:

"This is the hand of God, who has saved the child from us; and I rejoice that he is alive, although I must lose my own life. I now see the truth of what my father and mother so often used to tell me: 'If the wicked were to hide themselves in the depth of the earth, yet would God's justice find them, and bring them to the punishment they deserve.'"

When Ernest saw William among the

robbers, he was grieved, and begged his father to spare this man, who had shown him so much kindness. The Count said he could promise nothing, but that he would deal with him as mercifully as he could. As it appeared upon examination that the young man had never shed blood, and was more a servant to the robbers than a robber himself, he was condemned to be imprisoned until he should show that he might safely be allowed to return to his friends.

"See!" said the Count to him. "As no wrong is left unpunished, so no good deed is left unrewarded. You owe the lightness of your punishment to your kindness to my child. I will pay back to your mother all that I owe you for my son, and I hope you will so conduct yourself that I may soon be able to restore you to her."

The rest of the robbers received the just punishment of their crimes, and the old gipsy woman was imprisoned for life. The stolen goods were restored to their owners wherever they could be found; and the remainder of the property was used to found an orphan asylum, which the Count and Countess watched over and directed. Margaret remained in the service of the Countess as before. The young shepherd from the mountains returned to his parents, loaded with useful presents.

The Count would willingly have kept Father Menrad with him at Felsenburg, but he could not induce him to change his hermitage for the castle. When the hour of parting arrived, the old man blessed the Count, the Countess, and the little Ernest, who clung to him and could hardly be persuaded to let him go. The noble family accompanied him to the castle gate; and before entering the carriage which was to bear him away, he turned once more to them and said:

"Farewell! And the peace of God be with you! We shall meet again in heaven."

Elephants.

We are accustomed to think of elephants as awkward but picturesque beasts in a circus parade; but in India they are among the laborers, being employed in all branches of civil and military service. They haul artillery over the mountain passes, stack great logs in the big sawmills, and do countless other tasks. Sometimes an order for as many as sixty elephants will be received from a single military station.

Apart from its utility as a draught animal, the elephant renders efficient service to its owner and itself in a variety of ways, by means of its great proboscis, or trunk. This trunk, nearly eight feet in length, is composed of variously interlaced small muscles, numbering, according to Cuvier, almost 40,000. It can be coiled around a tree and employed to tear it from its roots; it is a formidable weapon of offence and defence, being much oftener used in this way than the tusks; and its extremity may be wound around a small handful of grass or a slender branch. One of the astonishing things about this great animal is the very delicate sense of touch with which the tip of its proboscis is endowed,—a delicacy shown in the facility with which the elephant can pick up from the ground a surprisingly small object.

As for the domesticated Indian elephants, they are carefully chosen by expert judges, and are required to possess intelligence, industry, and a mild disposition. The elephant is usually willing to do what is required of him, and makes a faithful servant, unless he happens to take a dislike to his master on account of his cruelty or deceit; then the great animal will wait a long while for his revenge.

You have all heard of the elephant that put his trunk inside a tailor shop. The tailor, not fancying the intrusion, pricked his visitor with the needle he happened to be using; thereupon the visitor

departed, but came again with his trunk filled with unclean water, and gave the tailor an unpleasant bath.

Another story tells how a boy, visiting a menagerie, gave an elephant a small piece of tobacco. Many years afterward, when the lad had become a man, he met the elephant at another exhibition, and it was his undoing; for the animal promptly recognized and killed him.

Old Bells.

Small hand-bells were carried around by the missionary priests of ancient Britain for the purpose of calling the congregations together. As the church became more locally settled, the bell was hung in some humble, temporary building, finally in the permanent edifice. Many of these old British bells have been preserved, and there are antiquarians who have devoted the leisure of many years to tracing their history and deciphering their inscriptions. One of these bells was undoubtedly used by the famous holy man, St. Barry; but is now degraded to secular use, being employed to call the servants of Kilberry Castle to their meals.

A pretty story about an old bell comes to us from the eleventh century. A wealthy thane belonging to the jurisdiction of the Abbot of St. Albans suffered very much from the depredations of thieves, who came at night and carried off his sheep and goats. At last, his patience being worn out, he sold many of the remaining animals, and bought a bell, which he presented to the abbey. When he first heard its sound he was overjoyed and cried: "How sweetly do my goats bleat and my sheep baa!" His wife was so pleased that she parted with her jewels, and with the proceeds purchased another bell, and the two chimed harmoniously. Indeed they accorded so well that the lady exclaimed, "Bells so sweet must have God's favor!" and accepted the pleasant sound as prophetic of future happiness.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—"My Crucifix," set to music by the Rev. Lawrence Moeslein, C. P., and published by J. Fischer & Bro., should be well received by those looking for worthy sacred compositions. A picture of Blessed Gabriel of the Sorrowful Virgin, Passionist student, lately beatified by Pope Pius X., forms an appropriate frontispiece to this new song.

—From Benziger Brothers comes an authorized translation of "Fraternal Charity," by the Rev. Père Valuy, S. J. Though written for religious, it contains lessons for seculars as well. The little book is made up of thirty-three short chapters, on charity, its characteristics, and the means to preserve this fundamental virtue. It is, in a sense, an amplification of chapter thirteenth of St. Paul's Epistle to the Corinthians.

—B. Herder, St. Louis, has brought out a new edition of "Constance Sherwood"; and, while we are glad to welcome any book that will renew interest in the always charming author (Lady Georgiana Fullerton), we regret that the story is not given a better dress. The impression seems to be from old plates; for the fine print and double columns would surely not be used to-day, if the work were printed from fresh type.

—On the occasion of the 75th anniversary of its establishment—Nov. 3, 1908,—the *Univers* of the Veuillots will appear as a six-page daily, and the ablest pens in France will be engaged in making it a thoroughly high-class and authoritative Catholic paper, possessing the best qualities of the secular press, with the additional virtue of orthodox Catholicity rounding out its perfect symmetry.

—A prominent English author and playwright is said to be doing his best to naturalize a German typographical device—that of denoting emphasis in print, not by using italics, but by spacing the letters of the emphasized word. According to this plan, one oldtime quotation would present this appearance: "In their prosperity, my friends shall never hear of me; in their adversity, a l w a y s."

—Two text-books on "Latin Prose Composition," one based on Caesar, the other on Cicero, reach us from the American Book Co. Their author, Henry Carr Pearson, A. B., is well known for the excellence of his former work on the same lines. The present volumes, in fact, are but separately printed portions of that work, and accordingly preserve its distinguishing

feature, which is that it combines a thorough and systematic study of the essentials of Latin syntax with abundant practice in translating English into Latin, and affords constant practice in writing Latin at sight.

—"The English Ritual Explained," by the Rev. W. Dunne, B. A. (R. & T. Washbourne; Benziger Brothers), is a compendious little volume of 164 pages, thoroughly lucid in its explanations, and gratifyingly methodical in its arrangement. An excellent book to consult on special occasions; or, better, to read throughout for the purpose of refreshing one's memory as to details of the Ritual. The next edition should be provided with a full index.

—Father Russell, of the *Irish Monthly*, deprecates the very general absence of credit to Sister Mary Stanislaus MacCarthy for the well-known hymn beginning,

O Virgin Mother, Lady of Good Counsel,
Sweetest picture artist ever drew.

The genial Irish editor also calls attention to the fact that Sister Stanislaus' father, Denis Florence MacCarthy, "has suffered singularly from injustice of this kind." His beautiful poem "Waiting for the May," for instance, was for years attributed to James Clarence Mangan.

—Mr. Wilfrid Ward, editor of the *Dublin Review*, contributes to the current issue of that quarterly an exceptionally interesting article on three notable editors of England—Delane, Hutton, and Knowles. Of the second of these, the late Mr. Richard Holt Hutton, of the *Spectator*, we read:

To Catholics there were special points of interest in Hutton's life. He certainly did very much to get rid of the old "no-Popery" prejudices which long had so paralyzing an influence on English Catholics. Ever since 1864, when his strong words aroused the public to an enthusiastic acceptance of Newman's *Apologia*, he has repeatedly said the word in season for the "Papists" of England, and been to them a friend in need. Hutton's defence of the *Apologia* was especially influential from his known admiration for Kingsley. He has rightly ascribed the great change of public feeling in regard to English Catholics mainly to the influence of Cardinal Newman, but it needed a certain relation between Newman and the public for the creation of that influence. When in 1851 Newman lectured at the Birmingham Corn Exchange on the position of English Catholics, the press did its best to boycott him. It may be open to question whether Newman would ever have completely emerged from the cloud which stood between him and the English public after the events of 1845, had it not been for the outspoken and independent admiration of the *Spectator*.

While some readers may be of the opinion that Mr. Ward attributes in the last sentence

undue importance to the *Spectator's* influence on the Cardinal's career, none will fail to register a kindly thought for the fearless editor who certainly helped the English public to a better knowledge of their greatest Catholic, not to say their greatest man.

—The gaiety of nations is periodically promoted by the reproduction of a new set of mixed metaphors. Here are a few lately culled from English gardens:

Japan has leapt from rung to rung of the ladder of national greatness, and promises to be as leaven to the whole East, rousing, vitalizing, developing what has lain in the valley of dry bones for many centuries.

Some time ago, if we may believe the *Manchester Guardian*, Bishop Knox explained at a meeting at Halesowen that "Mr. McKenna's sword was an overloaded pistol which, being hung up in a tight corner lest it should burst, pretended to be dead until it got up and trotted home on the friendly back of the Bishop of St. Asaph."

Members of the House of Commons are responsible for the following: "The floodgates of irreligion and intemperance are stalking arm in arm throughout the land."—"This bill effects such a change that the last leap in the dark was a mere flea-bite."—"That is the marrow of the Education Act, and it will not be taken out by Dr. Clifford or anybody else. It is founded on a granite foundation, and speaks in a voice not to be drowned in sectarian clamor."

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' price generally includes postage.

"Fraternal Charity." Rev. Fr. Valuy, S. J. 40 cts., net.

"Priestly Vocation and Tonsure." Rev. L. Baczcz, S. S. \$1, net.

"The Acts of the Apostles." With Introduction and Annotations. Madame Cecilia. \$1.25.

"What is Life? A Study of Vitalism and Neo-Vitalism." Bertram C. A. Windle, M. A., M. D., etc. \$1, net.

"History of Economics; or, Economics as a Factor in the Making of History." Rev. J. A. Dewe, A. M. \$1.50.

"Rosette. A Tale of Paris and Dublin." Mrs. William O'Brien. \$1.25.

"For My Name's Sake." From the French of Champol's "Sœur Alexandrine." \$1.10, net.

"All about Salads." Mrs. Lewis Clarke Lucas. 75 cts.

"The New Matrimonial Legislation." Rev. Charles J. Cronin, D. D. \$1.90, net.

"Pentecost Preaching." Rev. Arthur Devine, C. P. \$1.50, net.

"Stories New and Old, American and English." Hamilton Wright Mabie. \$1.50.

"A Martyr of Our Own Day." From the French by the Rev. John J. Dunn. \$1, net.

"Cords of Adam." Rev. T. J. Gerrard. \$1.50.

"The Catholic School System in the United States." Rev. James A. Burns, C. S. C. \$1.25, net.

"The Story of Blessed Thomas More." A Nun of Tyburn Convent. 80 cts., net.

"The Eucharistic Heart of Jesus." \$1.

"An American Student in France." Abbé Felix Klein. \$2.50.

"Barnaby Bright." Father Bearne. 2 vols. \$1.60.

"The Bells of Atchison." Rev. Andrew Green, O. S. B. 75 cts.

"The Spectrum of Truth." Sharpe-Aveling 30 cts.

"The Church of the Fathers," "University Teaching." Cardinal Newman. 75 cts., net each.

"A Child Countess." Sophia Maude. 75 cts., net.

"Nemesis." S. A. Turk. 60 cts., net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. George Vahey, of the diocese of Cleveland. Brother Tertullian, of the Brothers of the Christian Schools.

Sister M. Boniface, of the Sisters of the Immaculate Heart of Mary.

Mr. William Clay, Mr. Edward Kling, Mrs. Mary Cahill, Mr. Anton Heitz, Mrs. Delia McNally, Mr. Frank Neff, Mrs. Mary, McCusker, Mrs. Anna Dittrich, Mr. James J. Phelan, Mr. George Beckman, Capt. James Fetterly, Mr. Victor Miller, Mrs. Rose Kearney, Mr. J. P. Muller, Mrs. Ellen Moran, Mr. Leo Faber, Mrs. Michael Brown, and Hon. J. T. Woodroffe.

Requiescant in pace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LXVII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, AUGUST 29, 1908.

NO. 9.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C. S. C.]

In Ireland.*

BY CAHAL O'BYRNE.

I.

WHAT is it you miss O friend of my heart,
there by that arid strand
Where Nilus drags its sun-swept way 'tween level
banks of sand?
Is it the shadow of clouds of mist that shimmer
and shine as they pass?
Is it the swish of the slanting rain in the long,
lush wayside grass—

In Ireland?

II.

Do you miss, 'mid the brazen sunshine and the
glorious afterglow,
The deep blue of our valleys, the light that our
dear hills know?
Do you miss, 'mid the clamor and bustle of the
city's echoing ways,
The hush of a loch where the dragon-flies dart
through the soft summer haze—

In Ireland?

III.

Do you miss the long low wash of the waves and
the silence that follows after?
Do you miss the startled seabird's note, the
blackbird's chatter and laughter?
And, oh, do you miss the kindly hearts of the
friends that you love so dear,
Who with yearning eyes and eager arms are
waiting to welcome you here—

In Ireland?

* To a friend in Cairo, Egypt.

Ave, Eva!

BY M. R.



NE of the most extraordinary manifestations of the goodness and mercy of God is the blessed fact that He did not leave our first parents for centuries, or at least for years, in doubt as to the consequences of their fall; but in the same breath in which He issued His edict of banishment He promised the redemption. Mary was foretold as the Cause of our Joy before Eve had well begun to shed the first human tears. And not only was the redemption promised as to be wrought far in the future, but the redeeming grace began there and then to act and to prevail.

Father Faber* states this in his own expansive way: "Just as the separate orders of nature and grace were by the sweet love of God started in the same act, so the promise of the Saviour and the actual operation of saving grace followed at once upon the Fall, and fallen nature was straightway placed upon the road of reparation and redemption. Thus is it always in the love of God. There is a pathetic semblance of impatience about it,—an eagerness to anticipate, a quickness to interfere, an unnecessary profusion in remedying, a perpetual tendency to keep outstripping itself and outdoing itself; and in all these ways is it evermore overrunning all creation, beautifying and glorifying it with its own eternal splendors."

POLICY is unworthy of a Christian,
whose motto should be Sincerity.—Anon.

* "Creator and Creature," p. 32.

Let us continue to dwell a little longer on this primal mystery of mercy, putting the same thoughts into tamer words. As in the earliest record of God's dealings with man, the Blessed Virgin Mary's place in the divine mind is expressed with a clearness and an emphasis that we should hardly have expected; so, too, we could not have dared to expect the rapidity, the instantaneousness, with which the redemption of mankind followed upon their fall. But the fallen world had to wait four thousand years for its Redeemer; and a space of four thousand years is more than an instant, you will say. Yes, but the Creator of men hardly left in suspense for an instant His purpose of being also their Redeemer. The redemption was wrought by promise and acceptance long before the Son of Mary died upon the cross. Jesus is called in the Apocalypse "the Lamb that was slain from the beginning of the world"; for all mercy and grace from the beginning were given in view of His death and passion.

And does not Almighty God seem to be in haste to reveal the designs of His mercy to His poor fallen children? If we were ignorant of what followed the sin of our first parents, and if we presumed to conjecture God's treatment of His rebellious creatures, we could not dare to conjecture so prompt and overwhelming a display of the divine compassion as that which startles us here at the very first. We might have supposed that our sinful parents would be cast out ignominiously from Paradise, and left to toil on through centuries of penance in dreadful uncertainty under the wrath of God, without a word of comfort and hope, and only relieved of their misery toward the very end by the promise of a Redeemer who would repair the evil they had wrought. And even this would be a marvellous stretch of the infinite mercy of God.

But God in His mercy did not try them so far. In such a supposition, how could they have hoped? Now, God does not

want from the sinner the contrition of despair, but the contrition of love and hope. Christian sorrow is not the wintry hailstorm that blasts and destroys, but the genial April shower that freshens and fertilizes, while it lets us see where the sun is shining behind the clouds.

And therefore God in His inexhaustible and illimitable compassion raised up our fallen parents instantly from the depth of despair, announcing the redemption almost in the very moment of the Fall, and saying to the tempter, the enemy of the human race: "I will place enmity between thee and the Woman, and between her seed and thy seed; and she shall crush thy head." It matters little whether the sacred text be "*She* shall crush" or "*It* shall crush"; for what the Woman does is done through her Divine Son. And this is the only point that concerns us now, that in this original revelation, this first disclosure of the world's redemption, the Redeemer is before the divine mind as the Seed of the Woman, the Son of Mary; and so here, at the very beginning foretold and prefigured, we "find the Child with His Mother."

Not only foretold, but prefigured. Eve has always been accepted as a type and figure of the Blessed Virgin. Mary is the new Eve. As St. Paul says, in his Epistle to the Romans (v, 14) that Adam was a figure of Him who was to come, so Eve was a figure of her who was to come—the Messiah's Mother. This comparison runs through all the monuments of Christian antiquity,—through the writings of the Fathers, through the hymns and sacred offices of the Church. St. Justin, St. Irenæus, St. Cyril of Jerusalem, St. Ephraim, St. Augustine,—these are some of the witnesses cited from the early centuries, constantly urging that Mary is the Second Eve, as the Second Adam is Jesus.

What magnificent conclusions follow immediately from this title, this parallelism, this juxtaposition, with regard to the pre-eminent position of the Blessed Virgin among God's human creatures,

her transcendent privileges and power! Eve was created in a state of innocence, queen of the unfallen world; Mary was conceived immaculate, and raised to be Queen of the world redeemed; to whom also in Paschal Time we cry: *Regina cæli, lætare*,—"Rejoice, O Queen of Heaven!" But our everlasting Paschal Time will be a happy eternity. Heaven is not Advent or Lent, but the joyful season of the Resurrection and Ascension, which is made perfect and complete by the assumption and coronation of the Blessed Virgin Mary, our Mother and our Queen. Hail, Mary, second and better Eve, true Mother of all the truly living! *Ave, Eva!*

Phileas Fox, Attorney.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

VI.

ON arriving at his office next day, Phileas felt as if he had grown older, graver, and more fully impressed with the responsibilities of the profession he had adopted, and especially those connected with that particular case which had fallen to his lot, than he could have believed possible. It is true the office chairs were still frequently vacant, the pigeonholes still empty; but his feet, as he felt, had been planted upon that ladder which he fondly hoped to ascend.

With an altogether different set of impressions, he took down the folio that had introduced him, as it were, to his client, and threw himself into a consideration of such phases in the famous litigation as were contained in that volume. He regretted that he had not at hand the succeeding volume, which should initiate him into the later details of that interesting contest. As he read the account of each separate trial, the decisions given therein appeared to him iniquitous in the light of those admissions made to him by the plaintiff. Yet the evidence apparently had been carefully sifted,

and the claim of John Vorst proved wholly untenable. So much, thought Phileas, for the limitations of human wisdom.

As he was absorbed in this captivating subject, there was a hasty knock at the door, and in flew a young man from one of the adjoining offices.

"I'm from 'Place & Atwater'!" he exclaimed, in that breathless manner wherewith business in New York is frequently transacted. "Our Mr. Place is away, and we want you to draw up a lease of the premises here described, binding on both parties for five years. Make it as ironbound as you can. We've got a slippery customer to deal with."

Phileas took up a printed form, which he was prepared to fill up according to the instructions of the young man, who sat upon the rail of the chair, as if poised for instant flight.

"You want to make it ironbound for the tenant?" Phileas asked, pausing with pen upraised.

The young man nodded assent.

"What about the other party?" asked the lawyer.

The smart young clerk grinned. "Jolly well able to take care of himself; but, you see, he's our customer."

"The name?"

"Thomas Grant, acting for the Goodyear estate. He's a hard fellow to do business with. But the tenant has a poor record."

"In what way?"

"In the matter of payment. She's a widow who keeps lodgers."

"Name?" inquired Phileas, laconically. Each day was giving him a deeper insight into the mysteries of a great city, the petty and never-ending struggles, the continual grind, the meannesses, and most frequently the utterly unsympathetic attitude of one class toward another.

"Name!" said the clerk. "Why, it's O'Rourke,—Mrs. Susan O'Rourke."

Phileas wrote away busily for a few moments, while the clerk amused himself by whistling a lively air, and kicking his heels together, both of which occupations

jarred upon the lawyer; but he could not very well offer a protest, since it was of the last importance to keep upon good terms with all the adjoining firms and their employees.

After the clerk had snatched up the paper and departed, as if the fate of the nation depended upon the celerity with which he could get through the door, Phileas laid down the pen with a sigh. Somehow, his latest task had not been to his taste. He presently reproached himself, however, for not accepting more cheerfully these minor vexations of his office; and contrived to bustle through the day, which was tolerably well filled by a rush of small affairs. Some of these were college friends, or clients, being sent to him by his old professors, all of whom took a kindly and serviceable interest in his welfare. In fact, for many a day to come Phileas Fox was kept more busy than his depressing first experience had led him to expect. And some of the clients who presented themselves were of so singular a character that he often thought a volume could be written upon their peculiarities.

Thus, for example, one morning early he was waited upon by a handsome and showily dressed woman, who came to consult him as to the best means of obtaining a divorce; and a bank president, on the eve of becoming a defaulter, crept in surreptitiously, to discover if there were any means of evading the banking laws, and how far he was safe in deluding those who had intrusted him with their money. The banker, despite his anxieties, took a jocose view of the situation, with many a humorous glance and innuendo; and he plainly declared in his genial way that he had been attracted by the name of Fox on the door. He even considered it an excellent joke to insist that the young practitioner had adopted the name for business purposes. Phileas had considerable difficulty in disabusing his visitor's mind of this and various other errors, one of them being that he intended to conduct his law practice on foxy principles.

The young man felt more than once, during the interview, a strong inclination to apply the same species of argument that he had employed toward his first client. But he was deterred by two considerations, one of which was the gray hairs of his would-be client; and the other, the wisdom that he had already acquired, and which taught him that even into the most respectable offices in a great city may come the most unsavory clients; that his only course was to receive the bad with the good; and, while rejecting those that his conscience disapproved, to greet all with outward civility.

Of course it was natural that whenever his thoughts were at leisure they travelled back to that central point upon which all his future hopes rested. He continued, in fact, to revolve over in his mind that case which promised to be not only lucrative but advantageous in many ways. As he thought over the various details of the contest in the light of the additional particulars he had obtained from Mrs. Wilson, and recalled the circumstances of his first visit to the mansion in Monroe Street, there appeared to be but one spot of brightness in all that gloom. This was the voice which he had heard—high, clear and conspicuously youthful,—and which recurred to him now pleasantly, though the words spoken by that voice had rankled deep at the time. "Mr. Phileas Fox. What an ominous name for a lawyer!" The very tinge of resentment that still lingered against the speaker added to the young man's interest in that mysterious personality, which had seemed so much at variance with everything and everybody connected with that antique dwelling.

He was pondering deeply upon this enigma, as to whom the girl was and what she was doing there, while he sat smoking during the noon recess, after having taken his luncheon in an eating-house near at hand. He always smoked as near as possible to the window, that the odor of tobacco might not infect the atmos-

phere. For Phileas was old-fashioned, in that respect at least; and, though he had as yet but few feminine clients, there was always the possibility that some might invade those precincts, and he did not wish that they should be offended by the smell of his favorite weed.

He sat, therefore, upon the broad window-sill, enjoying his cigar, and watching the men rushing by, microscopically, in the streets below, and musing upon this theme. He was startled by the jangle of the telephone bell striking sharply upon his ear. He jumped down from his elevated position, and, laying aside his unfinished cigar, rushed toward the still vibrating instrument.

"Halloa!" he called out; and again "Halloa!"

There was an instant's pause, and then a voice—the voice upon which he had been puzzling for the last four or five days—spoke softly and distinctly:

"Is that Mr. Fox's office?"

"Yes," answered that gentleman.

"Can I speak to Mr. Fox?"

"He is speaking."

"Mr. Phileas Fox?" repeated the voice.

"Yes, Mr. Phileas Fox is speaking."

"Are you quite alone?"

"Yes," Phileas answered.

"I ask that," continued the voice, "because Mrs. Wilson, for whom I am speaking, requested you to be careful in your replies, should any one else be in the office."

"There is no one here," declared Phileas.

"Then there is, of course, no need for caution. Can you conveniently come to the same address as upon a former occasion—corner of Monroe and Rutgers Streets—this evening at half-past eight?"

"I think so," answered Phileas,—"in fact, I am quite sure." And he repeated the name and address, to make certain that there was no mistake.

"You are quite sure that it will not put you out to come after office hours?"

"I shall be very glad to do so," said Phileas, quite truthfully; for he had a keen

curiosity to hear the remainder of the old woman's story, and to proceed as speedily as possible with the latest version of the case of *Spooner vs. Vorst*.

"Thanks!" said the voice, with a softly lingering intonation, that added another motive to those already impelling Phileas Fox toward the much disputed mansion.

The young man felt quite sorry when, after that final monosyllable, the pleasant and well-modulated voice ceased to speak and the connection was shut off. The little conversation had been an agreeable break in the tedious round of office duties.

He sat down and resumed his interrupted smoke and the musings, which now took a more definite form. He wondered if the girl could be a daughter of the house, or if she bore some other relation to the formidable Martha Spooner. In his thoughts, Phileas thereafter rejected that meaningless addition to the name of Mrs. Wilson. To him, the imperious lady of the library and the chair must be ever that celebrated legal entity that had kept professional circles agog for half a century.

Perhaps it was the new interest awakened by the voice, and the possibility of seeing its owner, that caused the young man to give an unusual attention to his toilet that evening. He tried and discarded a second and a third waistcoat before he found one to his taste; and with the choice of his ties he was equally fastidious. He brushed and brushed at his hair, that even a plentiful application of a hair-darkening preparation failed to obscure. There it was red,—unmistakably red! And how ridiculously well it coincided with his cognomen! There was nothing to be done, however; and Phileas strove to counteract those damaging circumstances by a spick-and-span costume of the very latest fashion, for which he had to pay his tailor by instalments. Even the tan shoes and socks formed a harmony with his brown clothing.

So arrayed, he set forth for that dwelling which, more than any other in the whole vast metropolis, engaged the lawyer's

attention and fired his imagination. All the others seemed by comparison dull and commonplace. He was admitted by the selfsame Negro, with a respectful cordiality, mingled by this time with a tinge of familiarity, as proper toward one who had the confidence of "ole Missis." He was ushered into the same room as before, where Cadwallader proceeded to light some of the wax tapers in the crystal chandeliers, with a long lighter, resembling that used in churches.

"Ole Missis she always prefers to light her apartments, sah, with tapers. She believes that they are less injurious to the optic nerve than other lights."

"They are certainly more restful to the eye," agreed Phileas, who had no mind to combat the prejudices of the mistress of the house, at least in indifferent matters.

"Yes, sah,—yes, Mr. Fox," assented the Negro, "that's a mighty true remark. Wax lights are restful, and I apprehend that the use of eyeglasses would not be so common if no other lights were employed."

Phileas could not help smiling, both at the pompous diction of this relic of a more tranquil era, and at the idea of Greater New York lighted by wax lights. His amusement, however, was concealed from Cadwallader, who moved about the room, arranging the chairs, drawing the curtains, and evidently in no hurry to shorten this brief interview, that gave him a glimpse, as it were, of the outer world. When he had at last gone to summon his "ole Missis" to the library, Phileas could hear through the half-closed door, not that silvery voice which he had heard upon a former occasion, but the hoarse croak of the parrot, muttering over to itself certain phrases wherein, it seemed to the listener, the name of John Vorst was conspicuous. It worked itself into a mimic rage in its effort to pronounce its words distinctly, or to reproduce some sound of anger or of strife that the bird had at one time or another heard.

While Phileas waited, he was conscious

of a new expectancy, in the glances which he cast toward the door. But when it opened, Cadwallader, as before, led in his mistress and placed her in the arm-chair, leaving her cane and a silver gong within reach.

"I may want you," said the old lady, laconically; "if so, I shall ring."

The lawyer, with a perceptible feeling of disappointment, saw the door close upon the Negro. It was evident that no one else was to be present at that interview. With a formal bow, he seated himself upon the opposite side of the table, as he had done before; and found himself confronted by the piercing eyes, protruding chin, and skeleton-like visage of Martha Spooner Wilson.

That lady, being settled according to her pleasure, leaned back in her chair and regarded the young lawyer with her uncomfortably penetrating glance.

"So I have troubled you again to come here," she said; "and I warn you that this will be by no means the last of such visits; for it must be quite evident that I am in no condition to call upon you in one of those phenomenally tall buildings which I am told are the order of the day."

"I should never have thought of such a thing!" cried Phileas, hastily. "I am at your service whenever you may require my attendance."

The old lady nodded, in acknowledgment of his readiness to oblige; but she had never been conspicuous for her observance of the smaller amenities, and so declared without further preface:

"We may as well proceed at once to business, Mr. Fox. A prostration, following upon our interview of last week, has lost me three days,—a no inconsiderable loss at my age."

She stopped, as was her wont, for a breathing space, rather than as if expecting a response from her listener, and he made none.

"I think," she continued, "that at our last meeting I made it clear to you that I, Martha Spooner, was the plaintiff

in a suit, or series of suits, against John Vorst, wherein I was in several instances successful. The man's claim was invalidated chiefly by the non-appearance of a document, without which his claim was untenable."

"It must have been a document of considerable value," observed Phileas, who, his lawyer-like instincts being now thoroughly aroused, was following every word with the keenest attention.

"It was," said Mrs. Wilson, composedly, "no other than his father's will, wherein his claim was clearly set forth—so he said,—he being the sole legatee. In default of that will, together with those informalities previously mentioned, I and some others were to receive, by the terms of a former will, a share in the estate; and mine included the possession of this house, through circumstances which I shall hereafter explain."

"But," inquired Phileas, "was the defendant absolutely certain that this later will was really in existence?"

"Yes," answered Mrs. Wilson, with great composure, "he was absolutely certain; and so, in point of fact, was I."

The old woman broke off with a mirthless laugh, wherein there was something hard and defiant; and such seemed to be her predominant mood on this occasion.

"My dear Mr. Fox," she said, "you must really try to conceal your feelings. It will never do, in your profession, to make your face the mirror of your thoughts. You may well be shocked, however. I was, as I have said, quite sure that the later will of Mr. Vorst's father was in existence; for I had seen it myself. I therefore acted as I did with full knowledge; and, affecting to disbelieve that such a document was ever in existence, I profited doubly by its loss."

Phileas, embarrassed by her reference to those feelings of amazement and almost of repulsion which really disturbed him and were all too vividly reflected upon his face, found no word to say, even when Mrs.

Wilson, after that confession, remained silent a moment as if expecting a reply. The young lawyer, by an effort, roused himself to ask a question:

"Had the defendant any idea of how that paper had disappeared?"

Mrs. Wilson looked at the questioner a moment before she responded.

"I did not make away with the document, if that is what you mean," she said emphatically. "Of that sin, at least, I am guiltless. Nor had I, then or afterward, any more knowledge as to the cause of its disappearance than John Vorst himself."

"Such an idea never occurred to me," said Phileas, gravely.

Mrs. Wilson laughed lightly.

"Not even after what you have heard?" she said, in an ironical tone. "If that is the case, may I congratulate you on having preserved a faith in human nature which is absolutely refreshing?"

To a young and unspoiled disposition, there are few things more repulsive than cynicism. It feels the sting without being able to fathom the sorrow or the carking care or the remorse which has produced the bitterness. Phileas felt his whole being in revolt against this woman and her misdeeds, which she so shamelessly, as he thought, declared; and his sympathy forcibly gravitated toward that "party of the first part," whom he had at first so unsparingly condemned. But the rasping voice of Mrs. Wilson broke in upon his reflections:

"Do you feel equal, Mr. Fox, to hearing the further confession of a woman who has been so unfortunate as to create an unfavorable impression in your mind?"

"I shall be glad to hear whatever may throw any light upon an intricate case," said Phileas, somewhat stiffly; for her sarcasm, directed against himself, seemed to him both uncalled for and unjust.

Mrs. Wilson, slightly changing her attitude, so that she did not so fully face her legal adviser, collected her thoughts for an instant and began her narrative.

The Marian Doctor.

BY R. F. O'CONNOR.

THE approaching beatification of the Ven. John Duns Scotus recalls one of the greatest of the great medieval Schoolmen. Theologian, philosopher and ascetic, he reflected imperishable glory upon the country which gave him birth, and upon the Franciscan Order, of which he was an illustrious member. But what has chiefly preserved his name and fame from the oblivion to which many of the Schoolmen have long since been consigned, what has embalmed his memory and made it a precious possession, was his never-forgotten defence and championship of the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception.

Three countries have competed for the distinction of being his birthplace; but the exhaustive researches of his equally illustrious fellow-countryman and fellow-Franciscan, Father Luke Wadding, the historian of the Friars Minor, have placed it beyond doubt that he was an Irishman. It was not, as English writers asserted, at Dunston, or Duns, a small village about three miles from Alnwick in Northumberland; or, as Scotch commentators maintained, at Duns, eight miles from the English border; but in Down, in the Province of Ulster, that the great Irish Franciscan theologian, known to history as the Subtle Doctor, was born in 1274; although in the time of Stanihurst it was believed by many, on the authority of tradition, that he was a native of Taghmon, not far from the town of Wexford. Nicholas Vernul, of Louvain, in a beautiful panegyric of Scotus, says: "*Tuus vero est, Hibernia, tuus ille Scotus, quem tibi celeberrima, ac pervetusta urbs Dun, tamquam eternæ gloriæ pignus quoddam et ingeniorum omnium miraculum genuit.*" *

Attention has very recently been

directed to a contemporary reference, which is the oldest testimony yet discovered, and which unequivocally affirms that Scotus was of Irish birth. It is the last word on this long controverted question, and must be held as conclusive. This link in the chain of arguments is supplied by a reference to a codex in the library at Assisi which dates back to forty-two years after the death of Scotus.*

When Anthony a Trejo, Bishop of Carthagená, went to Rome on an embassy from Philip III. to Pope Paul V. to study the question of the Immaculate Conception, the divine he selected to accompany him was Wadding, then in his thirtieth year. After consulting the Vatican and other Roman archives, he travelled to Naples, Perugia, Assisi, and other places, in search of materials. He devoted himself with such enthusiasm and diligence to the study of what was then a debated question of the schools that he may be said to have actually lived in the libraries—those storehouses of invaluable literary treasures, accumulated chiefly by churchmen,—where, with scarcely a thought of rest or food, he spent whole days and nights.

These investigations, which resulted in the production of various treatises on the Immaculate Conception, in which he employed his prolific pen, directed his attention to the life and writings of Scotus, whose hitherto inedited manuscripts he published and enriched with valuable commentaries, besides republishing and re-editing others which he purged of errors and interpolations, adding marginal notes and additional commentaries, and a pre-

* Sbaralea ("Supplem. Romæ," 1806) quotes at page 409: "*Opus sup. iv. libros Sentent. Magistri fratris Johannis Scoti, qui Doctor Subtilis nuncupatur, de Provincia Ibernæ Ordinis Minorum incip. Queretur utrum homini pro statu isto, etc., extabat olim Assisii i. banco occid. ex Inventario veteri illius Biblioth. S. Francisci an. 1381 confecto.*" From this it is inferred that if the catalogue of the library was made in 1381, the codex must be at least ten or twenty years older,—that is, dating back to 1350.

liminary dissertation on his life.* It contains the commentaries by John Ponce, a Cork Franciscan, who compiled a course of theology,—*Juxta Scoti doctrinam*. John Colgan, the author of "Lives of the Irish Saints," another notable Irish Franciscan and contemporary of Wadding, published a tract on the life, country, and writings of Scotus.† Hugh MacCaghwel (Cavellus), successor of Peter Lombard in the Primacy of Armagh, still another Franciscan, made a special study of the metaphysical writings of Duns Scotus; and, while employed in successfully defending the opinions of that celebrated Doctor, proved from a variety of records that Ireland was his native land.

The same year which witnessed the death in the Benedictine Abbey of Fossa Nuova, in Italy, of the Angelic Doctor, St. Thomas of Aquin, witnessed the birth in the north of Ireland—the *insula sanctorum et doctorum*—of the Subtle Doctor, John Duns Scotus. When the great Dominican, with the exclamation, "*Non possum!*—I can not write any more!"—adding, after his marvellous rapture in the chapel of St. Nicholas at Naples, "All I have written appears to me as so much rubbish compared with what I have seen and what has been revealed to me,"—laid aside forever the pen, which in his hands had been so powerful a weapon in the Church's never-ceasing polemical warfare against error, it was destined to be taken up and wielded by the Irish Franciscan who came after him.

How or when the bright-witted Irish lad crossed the narrow channel that flows between Downpatrick and the Scotch coast and made his way to Oxford, history does not relate. He was doubtless one of the large crowd of poor scholars who then frequented the University, and, like their compeers of Germany, sang the *Salve Regina* in groups outside the houses of rich men for the dole which charitable

hands gave them; thus serving a kind of apprenticeship to the mendicant Order he was to enter later on. Neither does history record the names of the two Franciscan friars who then possessed considerable influence in Oxford, and, struck by the keenness and brilliancy of intellect which he was already beginning to display, prevailed upon him to join the new Order of friars, who, though poor in material possessions, were rich in mental gifts, and still richer in the possession of that pearl beyond all price—the science of the saints,—and were rapidly rising in reputation among the lettered classes in England.

"With the dawn of the thirteenth century," says a recent writer,* "came the great revivalists—the friars. Wherever the friars established themselves, they began not only to preach but to teach. They were the awakers of a new intellectual life." Another Anglican author† admits that it was the religious Orders which began both the University and the city. In the thirteenth century, Oxford was ahead of Cambridge in prestige and *personnel*. The great college founded at Oxford for student monks by John Giffard continued for centuries to be the resort of the pick of the Benedictine Order. The establishment of a seminary for young monks strengthened ecclesiastical influence at the University. After the Benedictines came the Dominicans and Franciscans. The Black Friars, or Friars Preachers, who addressed themselves more to the upper classes, settled about 1221 in the heart of the Jewry.

On the north side of Preachers' Bridge were the Grey Friars, or Minorites, who devoted themselves to the poorer classes. They were town missionaries on the voluntary system, bareheaded and barefooted, and clad in the primitive ashen-

* Published at Lyons in 1639 in sixteen volumes, folio, and dedicated to Philip IV.

† "Tractatus de Vita. Patria et Scriptis Joannis Scoti, Doctoris Subtilis." Antwerp, 1655.

* "The Coming of the Friars and Other Historical Essays." By the Rev. Augustus Jessop, D. D. pp. 271-2.

† "Historic Towns—Oxford." By Charles W. Boase.

grey habit modelled on the rough garb of the Apennine peasants. The tradition left by them in literature has been perpetuated by Shakespeare, who introduces a Franciscan friar, Friar Lawrence, into "Romeo and Juliet." On November 1, 1224, two years before the death of St. Francis, two English friars—Richard of Interworth, or Inceworth, and Richard of Devon—went from London to Oxford, sent by the first Provincial of the Minors, Agnellus of Pisa, who had been nominated by the founder himself. He built a school in the Fraternity, where he got the famous Robert Grossetête, Bishop of Lincoln, to lecture. The Bishop subsequently bequeathed all his manuscripts to the Franciscan house at Oxford, and they helped to form Duns Scotus. The Franciscan Schoolmen—who included among them Roger Bacon, the wonder of his age, the greatest natural philosopher who appeared in England before the time of Newton; Alexander of Hales, the teacher of St. Bonaventure and theological precursor of the Angelic Doctor; John Wallis, surnamed "the Tree of Life"; Haynes of Feversham, and a host of others,—soon acquired for the University a European reputation.

Duns Scotus, after making his novitiate at Dumfries, or Newcastle, returned to Oxford to resume his studies under teachers of his own Order, and to win the highest renown ever achieved by any divine in England since the days of the Venerable Bede. His first master was William Ware (Varro), whom he succeeded as professor of philosophy when the latter went to Paris in 1301; and in due time he became the principal professor of divinity and a Fellow of Merton College,* the first college, as we understand the term, erected in England. Its founder was Walter de Merton, Chancellor of England, the father of the collegiate system in that country, who had spent twelve years in working out his ideas, and elaborating the famous

"Rule of Merton," which was epoch-marking in the history of university education. He died in 1277, after initiating a new departure at Oxford, leaving it to Grossetête to impress his strong personality upon the movement.

The reputation of Duns Scotus for virtue as well as learning was then held in such esteem that students flocked from various nations to hear the words of wisdom which flowed from his lips; and it is even stated that several thousand scholars had been at one period sitting in the halls of Oxford and attending his lectures. However this may be, the fame of Scotus was such that his rival could not be found in any literary establishment of that age, nor perhaps his equal in any national church of the Christian world for several preceding centuries,* if we except the Angelic Doctor, the most illustrious of all the Scholastics.

The love of learning—not of learning merely for learning's sake, on the *l'art pour l'art* principle, but as a means of religious propagandism—has been traditional among the Irish ever since St. Patrick achieved his bloodless victory over paganism and Christianized the race. Newman in an eloquent passage recalls the memorable time when St. Aidan and the Irish monks went up to Lindisfarne and Melrose, and taught the Saxon youth, and when a St. Cuthbert and a St. Eata repaid their charitable toil.

"O blessed days of peace and confidence," says that most illustrious product of Oxford culture in our time, "when the Celtic Mailduf penetrated to Malmesbury in the south, which has inherited her name, and founded there the famous school which gave birth to the great St. Aldhelm! O precious seal and testimony of Gospel unity, when, as Aldhelm in turn tells us, the English went to Ireland 'numerous as bees'; when the Saxon St. Egbert and St. Willibrord, preachers to the heathen Frisons, made the voyage to Ireland to prepare themselves for their

* His name appears in the manuscript catalogue of Fellows of Merton under Edward II., preserved in the college library.

* Brennan's "Eccl. Hist. of Ireland."

work; and when from Ireland went forth to Germany the two noble Ewalds, Saxons also, to earn the crown of martyrdom! Such a period, indeed, so rich in grace, in peace, in love, and in good works, could last for only a season; but even when the light was to pass away from them, the sister islands were destined, not to forfeit, but to transmit it together. The time came when the neighboring Continental country was in turn to hold the mission which they had exercised so long and well. And when to it they gave over their honorable office, faithful to the alliance of two hundred years, they made it a joint act. Alcuin was the pupil of the English and of the Irish schools; and when Charlemagne would revive science and letters in his own France, it was Alcuin, the representative both of the Saxon and the Celt, who was the chief of those who went forth to supply the need of the great Emperor. Such was the foundation of the School of Paris, from which, in the course of centuries, sprang the famous University, the glory of the Middle Ages." *

Elsewhere the great Oratorian, who, with pardonable pride, speaks of his Alma Mater as the theological seat of learning which had been the home of Duns Scotus and Alexander of Hales, says: "The Irish have ever been, as their worst enemies must grant, not only a Catholic people, but a people of great natural abilities—keen-witted, original, and subtle. This has been the characteristic of the nation from the very earliest times, and especially prominent in the Middle Ages. As Rome was the centre of authority, so, I may say, Ireland was the native home of speculation. . . . In Ireland the intellect seems rather to have taken the line of science, and we have various instances to show how fully this was recognized in those times, and with what success it was carried out. 'Philosopher' is in those times almost the name for an Irish monk. Both in Paris and Oxford, the two great

schools of medieval thought, we find the boldest and most subtle of their disputants an Irishman—the monk, John Scotus Erigena, at Paris; and Duns Scotus, the Franciscan friar, at Oxford." *

When Scotus studied and taught at Oxford, both professors and students had to "rough" it.† If any enthusiastic person could wish himself back in medieval Oxford, he would probably not find it very inviting. The artisan stepped out of his mud hovel into a muddy street; and this at a time when the Moor at one corner of Europe and the Florentine at the other were enjoying the advantages of a polished capital. Abroad, we hear of Sixtus V., when a boy, reading by the light of the lanterns hung up at the corners of the streets. Amyot, the French translator of Plutarch, had to read by the light of the charcoal in the brasier. Men at Oxford could not afford to read in their rooms or chambers after dark. The statutes of Magdalen College ordered all students to leave the rush-strewn hall, where they lingered because of the fire, at curfew time,—except on saints' days, when they might stay to amuse themselves with ballads and read historical poems, chronicles, and the wonders of the world. The gates of the college were shut at nine in summer and eight in winter; and the proctors took no excuse if they found any one outside the college walls after these hours.

It is not precisely known when public teaching began at Oxford; but it is conjectured that there may have been a school attached to the priory, as Guimond, the first Norman prior, was a man "of much literature." Anselm revived theological studies at the Abbey of Bec in Normandy, and Bec had property in Oxford. At Paris a *studium* had been developed out of the cloister school of the cathedral; and from this was evolved a *studium generale*, or university, the incorporation of which

* Op. cit., pp. 485-6.

† In Paris the students sat upon straw spread on the ground.

* "The Idea of a University. Discourse I."

later on meant that Church and State recognized powers in a certain body of masters to confer licenses to teach; but this incorporation was practically given long before any formal documents can be shown for it. Paris has no documents earlier than 1200, and Oxford is even more deficient in such records.

It was while he was at Merton College that Duns Scotus wrote his Commentaries on the Four Books of the Master of Sentences, Peter Lombard, Bishop of Paris, the author of the first theological "Summa," the text-book before St. Thomas wrote his *magnum opus*. It is known as the "Scriptum Oxoniense." In the celebrated fresco in the hall of the Signatura in the Vatican, commonly but erroneously called the "Dispute on the Blessed Sacrament," executed by order of Pope Julius II., Raphael has depicted the Subtle Doctor, the humble Franciscan and great philosopher, who is said to have rivalled St. Thomas, alongside the Master of Sentences.

In 1304, when he was in the thirtieth year of his age, Duns Scotus, in obedience to the command of the General of the Franciscans, went to Paris, where took place the most noteworthy incident in his career—his celebrated defence of the Immaculate Conception; refuting, it is said, as many as two hundred objections put forward by the Dominicans,—an event which acquired for him the title of the "Subtle Doctor." Father Monsabré, the learned and eloquent French Dominican, has stated: "It is not true that in a brilliant discussion Duns Scotus crushed the theologians of the University of Paris, irritated the Order of St. Dominic, which adhered with profound conviction to the contrary opinion on the Immaculate Conception, and provoked on the part of that Order recourse to the Holy See. No serious historian relates this fable." *

In opposition to this view or version of the incident, the following facts, which are of indubitable authenticity, may be

advanced: (1) Duns Scotus was obliged, in presence of the University of Paris, to repel the accusation of heresy preferred against him, because, following his masters, William Ware, Alexander Neckam, and Robert Grossetête, he had taught, contrary to Alexander of Hales, St. Bonaventure, St. Thomas, Richard of Middletown and Peter Lombard, Mary's exemption from the stain of original sin. (2) The Office of the Immaculate Conception by Bernardine of Bustis, approved by Sixtus IV. at Rome, October 4, 1480. (3) A long list of authorities, including Wadding's "Annals" (1304), Pitseus' "De Scriptoribus Anglicis" (1308), the text of a sermon by Michel Carcano (Milan, 1475), and numerous others, quoted by Father Déodat Marie of Basly, and carefully verified by Father Eusebius des Sorinieres; to which may be added the Life of Duns Scotus by Mariano of Florence, written about 1480, the oldest of all the Lives, which will not permit this remarkable incident's being relegated to the rank of fables. The University of Paris, later, made it obligatory on all candidates for its theological degrees to defend the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception.

The formal order of the General, Father Gonsalvo, directing Duns Scotus to be presented in 1304 for the doctorate, speaks of him as a man of praiseworthy life, excellent learning, and most subtle intellect; while Wadding characterizes as his most valuable production the "Quodlibetes Questiones," which he wrote to qualify for his degrees at the Paris University. His entire works are comprised in an edition of twenty-six volumes, quarto, published by Vivès for the Observantines.

He had been nominated vice-regent of studies by the chapter general of Toulouse in 1307; and in 1308 the obedience from the General to proceed to Cologne reached him in the Pré aux Clercs. It is noted as an example of his religious spirit that, without returning to the convent to take leave of his brethren or

* "Lenten Discourses," 1877. p. 400.

to collect his manuscripts, he promptly obeyed, setting out from the very place where the General's letter was placed in his hands; simply observing: "The Father General orders me to go to Cologne, not to the convent to salute the brethren." There was nothing extraordinary in this. The lives of religious, written or unwritten, abound with similar instances of prompt obedience. It was not more characteristic of the man than of the religious Orders, which inculcate obedience and detachment; and of the Church—*magna virum parens*—which has never ceased to produce men of heroic mould. Ever since the mandate was uttered: "Take neither scrip nor staff, nor money in your purse, and salute no man in the way," those words have been translated into acts.

Duns Scotus, bareheaded, habited and sandalled, wending his way, calm and collected, from gay and fascinating Paris, from the French University where he had greatly added to an already high reputation for deep and solid learning and achieved so brilliant a victory,—to all outward seeming a simple begging friar, one of a vast multitude of such who had marvellously increased and multiplied all over Europe,—trudging along the country roads in the direction of the Rhine, toward Cologne, was not an isolated type. He was merely doing what many others had done, or were prepared to do, at a moment's notice.

"Interesting is that young master who, dead at thirty-four, always hid himself behind his folios, twice more numerous than his years of professorship," remarks Father Déodat Marie,—"should we not say one of those gentle, humble, gracious and strong figures who so often concealed themselves from the notice of contemporaries and posterity behind the thick, lofty walls of a feudal donjon? The wish to avoid observation was perhaps natural to the meditative mind of the young Irishman. It proceeds from the very just principle that the true doctor ought to be all 'ideas' and nothing but 'ideas.' And

truly, however little it may appear in comparison to doctrine, either in attacking or defending, the personality of a master in presence of the truth is almost always the screen which diminishes its splendor, when it does not absolutely intercept its lustre. Two dates—when he came into the world and when he quitted it (1274–1308); the names of the learned cities where he studied or taught—Oxford, Paris, Cologne; a few edifying notes of his strict obedience, his complete detachment from everything, even from his manuscripts, and the perfume of a deliciously humble piety which gained for him at Nola, in Hungary, at Cologne and in Spain, the honors of a public and immemorial cultus,—that is all that history has been able to gather about the life of the Ven. Brother John Duns Scotus."

The sojourn of Duns Scotus at Cologne was brief. He was sent there with the dual object of assisting in the direction of the school founded by the celebrated Albertus Magnus—a school from which one day another famous university was to spring,—and combating the errors of the Beghards,* who had become infected with the false asceticism of the Fraticelli, or Spirituals, and the communistic and pantheistic theories of the Brethren of the Free Spirit. It was after a keen, searching and successful controversial discussion, when combating for the Catholic Faith against this peculiar form of heresy, that he succumbed to what appears to have been an apoplectic seizure. After a brief illness he died at Cologne on November 8, 1308, in the thirty-fourth year of

* The Beghards were communities of men formed under the same rule as the Beghinæ, or Beguines,—companies of women previously aggregated to devote themselves to caring for the sick and other charitable works, without taking vows, and at liberty to leave whenever they liked. In the fourteenth century they seem to have become more or less identified with a section of the Franciscan Order, and to have stimulated a spirit of revolt against ecclesiastical authority, so that the terms "Fraticelli" and "Beghards" became somewhat synonymous.

his age, and was interred in the Franciscan convent in that city. His remains were afterward translated to a more conspicuous part of the church, where was erected a sumptuous monument, on which were engraven the names of fourteen Franciscan Doctors, including three Popes and two Cardinals.

We have been long accustomed to associate with the Ages of Faith such edifying lives, in which science and sanctity went hand in hand, and deep devotion cast around them a halo of holiness. But, regarded from another point of view, the Middle Ages present a very different picture, in which the lights and shadows are in sharp contrast; in which alongside of a supernaturalized faith—deep, direct, simple, unquestioning—we discern a scepticism, keen, searching and critical; when a passion for dialectics and metaphysical subtleties prevailed; when theology and philosophy were imported into almost every question debated in the schools, and there was nothing upon which the appetite for discussion did not whet itself. There was never more intellectual pride or a greater waste and misapplication of intellectual power. "If there ever was a time when the intellect went wild and had a licentious revel," says Cardinal Newman,* "it was in this very age of universities, the classical period of Schoolmen."

Of the inner life of Duns Scotus we are afforded only some glimpses; but on the few occasions when the veil which hides the natural from the supernatural was drawn aside it revealed enough to impress one with a high idea of his sanctity. The Lives by Mariano of Florence, and Father Bonaventure O'Connor of Kerry, relate how one Christmas night, while meditating on the mystery of the Incarnation, Our Lord appeared to him, embraced and kissed him again and again, soothed his soul with sweetest converse, and disappeared. On another occasion when, with uplifted

eyes and heart, he was meditating under a tree, pouring out his prayers and his tears before God, the Blessed Virgin appeared to him and spoke to him comforting and encouraging words. And again, when he was praying to her for the gift of wisdom, it was made known to him that he was holy, and just before God. After his death, an angel showed Scotus to the Blessed Amadeus of Savoy; he wore the diadem of the blessed, and was environed with the aureola of the Doctors. He is also depicted with the nimbus in a celebrated picture in the church of All Saints in Florence, and likewise at Rome and Salamanca, and given the title of "Blessed." He has been the subject of a perpetual or immemorial cultus, particularly in Spain; and from time to time rich offerings have been made in the various churches where he is revered, in token of favors received through his intercession.

It only remains for Rome to set the seal of its authoritative approval on this continuous public and private veneration of the Marian and Subtle Doctor. The cause of his beatification and canonization was—by the definitive sentence consequent on the ordinary process held, at the instance of the whole Seraphic Order, on the sanctity, virtues, and miracles of the servant of God, on April 12, 1710,—pronounced by the Most Rev. Francis Maria Caraffa, Bishop of Nola, to be excepted from the decrees of Pope Urban VIII.; it having been shown to the satisfaction of the diocesan court that there had been a continuous cultus for over a hundred years previous to those decrees.

The Memorare.

(Acrostic.)

MY heart repeats St. Bernard's words,
And courage, vanquished, lives again:
"Remember that 'twas never known
Your children called on you in vain."

* "Idea of a University Defined and Illustrated," p. 469.

Ralph Fenton's Wife.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

THE breakfast room at Fenton Hall was a pleasant apartment. It was wainscoted in old oak, and somewhat plainly and substantially furnished; but two large windows looked out on an expanse of lawn wherein flower-beds were cut; and through an opening in the woods that partly surrounded the mansion, a view of undulating pasture lands met the eye. The birds were singing musically from shrub and tree, the butterflies and bees were flitting about, and the scent of sweet pea and mignonette came with the breeze that slightly stirred the lace hangings of the window.

The party at the breakfast table numbered three. Mr. Fenton was a man of well over sixty years of age, whose square jaw and chin bespoke determination and perhaps obstinacy. His wife was slightly younger than he. She had been a handsome woman in her youth, and ill health and some sorrows had not entirely deprived her of all her charm. She had finished her breakfast, and was attending to the wants of a tiny kitten, while her husband and his nephew were still engaged with their knives and forks.

"You'll see Jackson to-day, Harold," the elder man said. "Make him understand once and for all that I won't lower the rent of the farm."

"Very well," Harold said quietly.

"I wonder why the post isn't here?" Mr. Fenton grumbled. "The man gets later and later. I shall really—oh, here's the bag at last,—and a bulky one too!"

The greater part of the contents of the letter bag were retained by Mr. Fenton; Mrs. Fenton had few intimate acquaintances, and fewer relatives; while Harold Fenton received the bulk of his correspondence in another way.

"Catch me acting again as executor for any one!" Mr. Fenton said angrily,

after a few minutes; and he pushed a large packet to one side. "I thought I had finished with poor Forrest's affairs, and now there's a new complication. His son, you may remember, died in India some months before his father. He was an extravagant young man and died in debt. That packet contains letters and papers sent to Captain Forrest by the *Great Britain*. The vessel was lost, and it is only recently that the mail she carried has been recovered. I'll have to look into the papers, I suppose."

Mr. Fenton devoted himself again to his letters.

"The impertinence!" he ejaculated suddenly, his voice shaking with passion.

Mrs. Fenton looked up from her work of feeding the kitten.

"What is the matter?" she asked gently.

"It is some doctor who writes to me," Mr. Fenton fumbled with the sheet. "Yes, Philip Norton. Well, Doctor Norton tells me it is my duty to see after his patient, Mrs. Ralph Fenton—"

"Oh, is she ill?" Mrs. Fenton inquired, with evident solicitude.

"I don't know. How should I? Probably it is only a plan to extort money from me. The woman has no claim on me,—none at all," Mr. Fenton went on.

"Certainly not," his nephew agreed.

"No," the elder man stormed. "She bewitched, befooled the lad into marrying her. When I think of Ralph married to an Irishwoman and a Catholic! And he couldn't stand it long. He died, poor boy! He paid for his folly by his early death."

"Our dear Ralph's death was due to an accident," Mrs. Fenton remarked gently. "He was knocked down by a street van, you remember."

"Who knows exactly? That was *her* story. And now this Doctor Norton suggests I should see after Mary Barrymore! How dare he!"

"But the child?" Mrs. Fenton said.

"The child! Didn't I offer to take the boy if she would give up all claim to him? She wouldn't."

Mrs. Fenton sighed. "Neither should I in her place," she answered, with quiet firmness.

"And thereby she showed her stupidity and selfishness. Eh, Harold?"

"Yes, uncle," Harold assented. "The child would have led a different life here from what he must be leading in London."

"With his mother on the stage," Mr. Fenton added.

"O Robert, no! The poor girl sings only at concerts. She isn't on the stage," Mrs. Fenton interposed.

"Well, I'm not going to do anything," Mr. Fenton said decisively, — "nothing whatever. You can't deny that Ralph went to the bad from the time of his marriage?"

"Oh, no! At first he was really happy," Mrs. Fenton replied. "His letters seemed so cheerful."

"And didn't I give them a fairly decent sum of money? What became of it all? Didn't Ralph die in beggary? And now you plead for the woman that ruined him. If he had married Grace Morley, things would have been different. I told him plainly I should never countenance his marriage to an Irish girl. He married her, all the same; and I gave him what I considered proper, and washed my hands of them utterly. I am glad I did so,—glad the estate is not entailed,—glad I never set eyes on the woman's face."

"But surely you will do something—" Mrs. Fenton began.

Her husband interrupted her.

"No, and neither shall you," he chuckled. "I'll take good care you shan't have the address, Agnes. Now, Harold, don't forget about Jackson. I am going to my study to look over these letters of Captain Forrest's."

"They are probably not very important," Harold said carelessly.

"No, I dare say not. Had poor old Forrest lived, they would have been read by him. Now it is my duty to at least glance over them."

Mr. Fenton's study was by no means

as cheerful a room as the one he had quitted; and he sat for some minutes staring at the book-lined walls in gloomy thought. Stern as he was, he had loved the boy whose marriage had led to his expulsion from his father's house; and, as he sat, there came to him memories of far-off days, when the patter of tiny feet and the beating of impatient childish hands on the study door had often roused him. Perhaps Ralph had been spoiled a little, he thought. He had once laughed at the son's determination to have his own way, at his open-handed generosity, his love of games of chance, his forgetfulness of more serious things. But Mr. Fenton, bred in the olden school, had hated both the sister isle and Rome, and his son's marriage was never forgiven. His nephew Harold had been brought to the Hall to take up the position of heir.

"And I can't like the fellow, after all," Mr. Fenton muttered half aloud. "I can't like him somehow."

He turned resolutely to the table where lay the letters that had gone down in the *Great Britain*, and opened the packet containing them. The letters were little injured by their immersion beneath the waves, nor were the first batch he read of any particular importance. He lifted one—almost the last—and started.

"How like Ralph's writing!" he said, and opened it.

As he read, his healthy-hued face blanched slowly; he gasped as the paper fell from his hand, and then sat motionless for a second or two.

"I must read it again," he muttered. "I have read it wrongly. Ralph could not have done such a thing."

He lifted the discolored, closely-written sheet and read once more:

DEAR FORREST:—I am in no end of a hole, and you must do something to get me out of it, seeing that it was partly through you I got into it. You remember the bill we were owing old Bathby, the Jew. Well, he came down on me for it at a very inopportune moment. You know

the *pater* discarded me on my marriage, and I found a situation in the big commercial house of Bennet Brothers. My salary is fairly good, and Mary and I were jogging along comfortably enough, when down came Bathby, the old wretch! And then the devil put in my way the very sum I needed. It was paid into Bennet's, and was not likely to be missed till the half-yearly audit. I took it all the faster that I was on for a good thing in the Grand National. Well, my horse never saw the winning post, and now disaster is ahead.

Wire me all the money you can lay hands on. There's no good in applying to the *pater*. He has washed his hands of me. I don't like to think of Mary, poor girl! For God's sake, send what money you can.

Faithfully yours,

RALPH FENTON.

The man groaned, "O my son, my son!" and folded up the paper mechanically. "I must go to London and see the Bennets. There was no public disclosure, or I should have known. O Ralph, Ralph, I thought you were at least honest!"

An hour later, Mr. Fenton set out for London. Harold was away interviewing the discontented farmer, and Mrs. Fenton was rambling in the grounds. He merely left a message that he had gone to London, and did not know when he would return.

"They'll think it has something to do with Forrest's affairs. Poor Agnes! She must not know."

The house of Bennet Brothers lay far out of Mr. Fenton's ordinary line of travel in London, and it was some time before he procured a private interview with Ambrose Bennet, the head of the firm.

"I have come," said Mr. Fenton, more awkwardly than ever he had spoken before,—"I—was my son, Ralph Fenton, once a clerk of yours?"

"Yes," Mr. Bennet briefly assented.

"Did—had he any money from you at the time of his death?"

Mr. Bennet's eyes lowered a moment.

"Why do you ask now?" he inquired by way of answer.

"Because—" Mr. Fenton had neither diplomacy nor much tact. He handed his son's letter to the speaker, who merely glanced at it.

"I see you know. Yes: your son fraudulently retained a sum of almost three thousand pounds belonging to the firm. It has been paid, however, long since."

"Paid! By whom?"

"By his wife, the bravest little woman I have ever known."

"But—"

"Wait, please! I shall tell you all. Your son took the money, honestly intending, like many another weak-minded mortal, to pay it back. The loss was discovered before he could do so. We ought naturally to have prosecuted, and so we should have done but for Mrs. Fenton. You are lucky in your daughter-in-law, sir."

Mr. Fenton did not speak, and Mr. Bennet resumed:

"She came to us as soon as she knew, and neither wept nor moaned. She was Irish—any one would have known that by her eyes,—and I presume belonged to an old family. She had no money to speak of, but she had a few old family articles of jewelry,—the Irish value such things highly. These she sold, and, in one way or another, realized more than half the money her husband had taken. It was a most unusual, a most unbusiness-like thing to do, but I took the money and held my tongue. Her husband was killed in an accident soon after; and that plucky little woman, sir, being gifted with a fine voice, sang at concerts day after day and night after night till she paid me the balance of the money. And she could sing like a bird, though her heart was broken. I went—I'm not ashamed to say—to as many of the concerts she sang at as I could, paying my guinea or half guinea freely. Oh, she was a rare one! But I've lost track of her,—I haven't heard of her lately."

"She is dying," Mr. Fenton said slowly.

"Dying! Ah! Well, yes, one would expect that. She had plenty of grit, but

little stamina, I should say. Poor thing,—poor little woman!”

It was evening when Mr. Fenton reached the house where his daughter-in-law resided. She was lying on a sofa near the window when the landlady ushered him into the tiny room; and the first thing Mr. Fenton was conscious of was the light in the blue-grey Irish eyes that looked far too big for the small, drawn features. Then he was kneeling by the couch, telling her who he was, gently stroking the wasted hands, and brokenly speaking of the beauties of the country round Fenton Hall.

“But,” Mrs. Fenton said, “I can’t give up my boy.”

“You need not. No; you will come and grow strong and well among us. His grandmother will welcome you both warmly.”

“But”—the pallid face flushed and paled—“he is a Catholic, and Mrs. Fenton may not like us.”

“I shall never interfere in your religion.”

“But,” tears were rising in the woman’s eyes, “I don’t understand. Ralph—poor Ralph—always said you would never—”

“My dear, we will never speak of the past. I have learned much to-day. You and your boy shall be perfectly free. And, on my wife’s part, I can promise you a royal welcome. What’s the boy’s name?”

“Bob.”

“Ah! poor Ralph! Now, that will do! Don’t cry,—don’t cry!”

In spite of the doctor’s predictions, Mrs. Fenton did not die. Perhaps it was, as Mr. Bennet declares, her natural grit, perhaps the balmy country air and freedom from stress and anxiety; but, at any rate, Mrs. Fenton slowly fought her way back to health and strength. She and her mother-in-law are the best of friends, and old and young Robert the closest of companions. The latter couple enjoy themselves at all seasons, but never more so than during the two summer weeks in each year when Mr. Bennet, of Bennet Brothers, allows himself a short holiday at Fenton Hall.

Haunted Birmingham.

BY NORA RYEMAN.

COMING up Hockley Hill one May day morning, when the spruce business man wore a flower in his button-hole, and the dray horses had blinkers adorned with ribbons and daffodils, I was politely accosted by a gray-haired man, who inquired:

“Can you tell me if this is Hockley Hill? I was told so by a lad, but lads are often practical jokers.”

Yes, he had been directed aright. Well, he would hardly believe it. He used to live on the hill as a boy, and had been a wanderer; had been years absent from Birmingham. Where was the old wall, with the steps leading to the path on top of it? Where was So-and-So’s shop? Where was the bank? He would not have known the place; had come hundreds of miles to stand on it. And the building was before him!

I thought, as I went on my way, that what this wanderer sought were the old familiar places as well as the old familiar faces; and I was glad that the enterprising builder had not done away with *all* of Haunted Birmingham.

In a quiet street, leading to the Gun-makers’ Quarter, stood the gray, smoke-stained Cathedral. Inside of it was the first statue of Our Lady put up for *public* veneration since the “Great Robbery.” The sunlight still falls through the beautiful painted windows on children praying where their parents have prayed. It is to them the house of their fathers as well as the house of God. Time, the destroyer, has left the great church and the quiet street, comparatively speaking, untouched. It is haunted ground as well as holy, is St. Chad’s Cathedral.

Up and down the long aisles still seems to pass, a little priest, a small, spare prelate, with a benignant smile, whose lips were touched with coal from the

altar, who spake boldly for the oppressed and the truth of God. Those who knew Archbishop Ullathorne in the flesh can look at his marble similitude in one of the aisles; can remember him where his voice so oft has sounded.

In this grand temple there used to worship a Captain of Industry, whose actions "smell sweet and blossom in the dust." Only after he had passed were his many and hidden acts of charity made manifest. When other men were reading, with their feet on the fender, he left the comfort, the red-glowing windows, and went out into the cold and storm of the streets, where Lazarus hungered and shivered; and, being a Knight of Mary Most Pitiful, he helped and compassionated both those inside and outside the fold of the Household of Faith, and the Household of Nowhere. To those who knew him either by sight or personally, he, too, haunts the Cathedral.

And yet another does so: an Irish-woman, in threadbare garments, with wistful eyes, from which even sorrow and privation have not taken the sweetness and the blue. She kneels before a crucifix in a quiet corner, and the pale lips whisper: "Jesus, Jesus, Jesus, have mercy as Thou wilt on my Timius!" "My Timius" is her sick husband. She and he lived in a dim, pudding-bag street, in a distant quarter, where a high wall shuts out the sunlight and the air. "Thank God!" she says often,—"thank God, it can't shut out the stars!"

To turn to what may be called secular Haunted Birmingham. Not far distant from St. Chad's, as the crow flies, still stands the Market Hall, with the outside flower market near its gray stone steps. The workingman can still buy gillies and pansies for his little suburban garden, the thrifty housewife still find her homely herbs, and Jack buy his Jenny a posy, and after, if he wills, treat her to oysters at a stall in the hall near to where the bronze fountain used to stand within the memory of living man. In spring and at

Christmas the hall is a sight well worth going to see. At the former season, it is a veritable floral arbor, with its sweet pale narcissuses and golden daffodils; and at Noël it needs only a company of waits singing, *Christus natus, Christus natus hodie*, to make the visitor imagine himself or herself in a medieval baronial hall; for the stalls groan with seasonable dainties, and holly and mistletoe are everywhere. Surely the place is haunted by the shades of citizens and citizenesses, who bought their Christmas dinner there.

Another part of Haunted Birmingham is the foreign or Italian Quarter, which looks pretty much as it looked years ago, when the loved Father Sherlock ministered in it. When in the flesh, before his plaster bust stood amidst the saints in the image-sellers' shops here, he used to pass and repass in the long, dingy warehouse-shadowed streets, in season and out of season, early and late. The church (St. Michael's, Moor Street) of which this Irish *soggarth* was pastor, was, and is, in one sense unique. It had been Dr. Priestley's chapel prior to the Second Spring; and when his congregation filled the oak pews, Catholic Emancipation was not; there was no English Hierarchy; convents and monasteries were few and far between; and if any one was a Catholic, his acquaintances, when speaking of him, mentioned the fact: "Yes, So-and-So is *actually* a Catholic!"

Recalling the Second Spring leads me from one haunted spot to another,—from the Italian Quarter, with its padrones and piano organs, to Hagley Road, and the Oratory, where he who followed the "Kindly Light" fell asleep. In his portrait in the art gallery you can see the thin, bent figure, the ascetic face; but you can not see the Cardinal going on his daily walk, giving alms to the crossing sweeper,—an old man eloquent with a noble past, and, let us humbly trust, a still nobler future. Thinking that we still see the bowed, pathetic figure, we will take our leave of Haunted Birmingham.

Thoughts Old and New.

I should like to see a sober, modest, chaste, and just man who would declare himself an atheist; he would at least be speaking disinterestedly,—but such a man doesn't exist.—*Labruyère*.

The flatterer aims to please; the friend, to be useful.—*Tasso*.

The worth of a civilization is the worth of the man at its centre. When this man lacks moral rectitude, progress only makes bad worse, and further embroils social problems.—*Charles Wagner*.

We often repent of having spoken, but rarely of having kept silent.—*Plutarch*.

If a woman's downfall is more impressive than a man's, 'tis because she has dropped from a greater height.—*Toussaint*.

The life that has spurned the lesson of sorrow, or failed to read it aright, is cold and hard; but the life that has been disciplined by sorrow is courageous, and full of holy and gentle love. Without sorrow life glares. It has no half-tones nor merciful shadows.—*A. R. Brown*.

Wit without judgment is a torch in the hands of a fool.—*Menander*.

To act when one is in a passion is to hoist one's sails in a hurricane.—*Anon*.

The religion of Jesus Christ has probably always suffered more from those who have misunderstood than from those who have opposed it.—*Henry Drummond*.

When my friends are one-eyed, I look at them in profile.—*Joubert*.

I recollect, some twenty-five years ago, three friends of my own, as they then were, clergymen of the Establishment, making a tour through Ireland. In the West or South they had occasion to become pedestrians for the day, and they took a boy of thirteen to be their guide. They amused themselves by putting questions to him on the subject of his religion; and one of them confessed to me, on his return,

that the poor child put them all to silence. How? Not, of course, by any train of arguments, or refined theological disquisition, *but merely by knowing and understanding the answers in his Catechism*.

—*Cardinal Newman*.

The man who is weakened in well-doing by the ingratitude of others, is serving God on a salary basis.—*William G. Jordan*.

There are quarrels among relatives because there is no sparing of disagreeable truths.—*F. Fabre*.

Sin has many tools, but a lie is the handle which fits them all.—*O. W. Holmes*.

As well might one believe that a book on botany describing these wild flowers is a product of mere chemical forces as that they themselves were produced by no other power.—*Liebig*.

In politics, to foresee is well, to guard against is better, to succeed is everything.
—*De Blowitz*.

Dining-room friends disappear with the dessert.—*Vauvenargues*.

A brain trained to respond to the calls of duty soon does so with ease and elasticity, just as the muscles of the blacksmith's arm . . . acquire strength and vigor by exercise; while, on the other hand, self-control is an effort to the soft and flabby brain which has been weakened by self-indulgence.—*Samuel Laing*.

Whatever you would make habitual, practise it; and if you would not make a thing habitual, do not practise it, but habituate yourself to something else.
—*Epictetus*.

Luxury is the coxcomb's means of attracting the attention of blockheads.
—*Lavallée*.

Scientific thought is compelled to accept the idea of a creative power.
—*Lord Kelvin*.

There are little things that leave no little regrets. I might have said kind words and perhaps have done kind actions to

many who are now beyond the reach of them. One look on the unfortunate might have given a day's happiness; one sigh over the pillow of sickness might have insured a night's repose; one whisper might have driven from their victim the furies of despair.—*Landor.*

I should be sorely afraid to live my life without God's presence; but to feel that He is by my side now just as much as *you* are,—that is the very joy of my heart.

—*Alfred Tennyson.*

God has an absolute right to us. It is our business to be where He wants us, and occupied in the work He specifies; and we have no right to be anywhere else or otherwise engaged.—*Frederick Faber.*

In almost all men, Achilles' heel, the vulnerable spot, is self-love.

—*Mme. Necker.*

The great effect of the Incarnation was, as far as our nature is concerned, to render human love for the Most High a possible thing.—*Arthur Henry Hallam.*

All that is wonderful in the way of talent or genius is but an unworthy reflection of the faintest gleam of the Eternal Mind.

—*Cardinal Newman.*

To attain wisdom we must neither eat too much nor sleep too much nor talk too much.—*Oriental Saying.*

Discontent is the father of temptation.

—*Amiel.*

Patience is a tree whose root is bitter, but whose fruits are very sweet.

—*Persian Saying.*

Of all things in this world the responsibility of parentage is at once the greatest and the least regarded.—*William T. Stead.*

To neglect at any time to prepare for death is to sleep on your post at a siege. To omit it in old age is to sleep at an attack.

—*Anon.*

Fear, doubts, and suffering find answer and relief only through faith in a God of Love.—*Alfred Tennyson.*

A Better Understanding.

THANKS to writers and speakers like Mandell Creighton, the assertion that religion has no legitimate place in the school-room is seldom repeated nowadays even by non-Catholic educationists. The conviction seems to be growing everywhere that it is impossible to teach morality to children without the appeal to religion,—that religious teaching must be the basis of moral teaching. The man in the street, who confounds education and instruction, and denies that religion is the foundation of life, on which alone character can be moulded, is rebuked on all sides. The last to combat his "impudent assertion" is the London *Academy*, from which we quote this ringing paragraph:

In the first place, there is the assumed premise that lies behind all "progressive" argument on the question of education; this premise being that instruction is a good in itself, and that the increase of instruction would mean, automatically and infallibly, the increase of every blessing and benefit. This proposition is not considered as a question for argument: it is taken as axiomatic; so far as we are aware, it is not seriously contested by the "Reactionaries," who may be defined as persons who still believe that the children of Christian parents should be taught* the elements of Christianity. And yet if Euclid had said that things that are equal to the same thing are unequal to one another he would not have committed himself to an "axiom" so demonstrably false as this dogma of the Educationists. America is proud of her school system (strictly undenominational, of course); the result is crime rampant and triumphant. France has succeeded in expelling Christ from her schools; the "Apache" has taken His place. In England we have had our undenominational schools for thirty years, and we have bred the Hooligan. Renan once heard a Parisian gutter-boy pouring out a stream of filthy blasphemies; and the sage reflected, gravely enough, that the boy had, in fact, arrived at his own position—without having had the trouble of learning Hebrew.

It is an exaggeration to say that crime, however rampant it may be, is "triumphant" in America. Nor can it be truthfully asserted that our criminals are chiefly

the product of our school system. In no country in the world are more strenuous efforts made for the suppression of crime than in the United States. Our great fault is that we do not deal sternly enough with the perpetrators. Not a few of the worst of them, by the way, hail from countries where "Godless education," as it is called, is a thousand times more Godless than with us.

About Sleep.

SOME terms are more easily understood than defined,—are too simple to admit of definition; and, for all practical purposes, "sleep" is one of them. Everyone knows what it is, and most people feel inclined to echo Sancho Panza's encomium: "Now, blessings light on him that first invented this same sleep! It covers a man all over, thoughts and all, like a cloak; it is meat for the hungry, drink for the thirsty, heat for the cold, and cold for the hot."

While mankind are at one, however, as to sleep's being a blessing, there is considerable diversity of opinion as to the amount of it that is necessary or beneficial. One old saw declares that, of sleeping hours,

Nature requires five, custom takes seven,
Laziness nine, and wickedness eleven.

Our great inventor, Edison, affirms that nature can get on very well with even fewer than five hours of slumber; but the mass of mankind are against him. The learned jurist, Sir Edward Coke, used to quote:

Six hours in sleep, in law's great study six,
Four spend in prayer, the rest on Nature fix.

Sir William Jones made it:

Seven hours to law, to soothing slumbers seven,
Ten to the world allot, and all to heaven.

Perhaps a good rule would be: nine hours for the young, eight for adults under thirty, seven for the middle-aged, six for the old, and five for—those who can thrive thereon.

Notes and Remarks.

It will be within the memory of most readers of these pages that we have often suggested the advisability of a scientific investigation, by materialists and agnostics, of the physical marvels wrought at Lourdes. *Rome* proffers the same suggestion. "We live," it says, "in an age of investigation and observation of all kinds of phenomena. The men of science are heaping up data and forming conclusions on almost everything that can be observed by the senses: psychical, astronomical, seismical, physiological, and pathological phenomena,—phenomena of every kind. Now, at Lourdes, for fifty years, in the light of day, subject to full observation and control, week after week and year after year, an uninterrupted succession of 'phenomena' have been taking place. Catholics claim that they are supernatural, that there is ample scientific evidence to prove that they are supernatural, that no serious attempt has ever been made to show that they can be anything but supernatural. Would it not be well worth while for those interested in the advancement of science to promote the formation of an international commission for a rigorous investigation of the 'phenomena' of Lourdes?"

Our contemporary goes on to point out that the results of such an investigation would be precious in the highest degree; for if these thousands of cures which are admitted by all to have taken place at Lourdes are not supernatural, it will be possible to discover the natural causes that have produced them, and to apply these in similar cases for the future. "When, for instance, a doctor finds himself in presence of a patient in the last stage of pulmonary tuberculosis, all he will have to do is to turn over to page 1907 of the 'Report of the International Commission of Lourdes,' and there he will see at once that the thing is simplicity itself. He need only plunge the dying patient in a certain

kind of water at a low temperature, and the putrid lungs will at once become whole and healthy. It is true that at present only a small percentage of such cases are cured in such a way at Lourdes; but a commission of keen and learned investigators will surely be able to find out the reasons of this, and to make the cures a law instead of an exception."

The commission, however, will probably not be appointed. Leo XIII. challenged the medical scientists to investigate the Lourdes cures; but they didn't have the time—or, possibly, the inclination.

Concrete instances of the real universality of the Church are not even yet so common that the picture of, for instance, a group of some two or three dozen Chinese priests does not surprise the average lay Catholic. Yet, according to the *Missiones Catholicæ* of 1907, the number of native clergy in China is 544; whilst that of preparatory schools, ecclesiastical colleges and seminaries for the training of aspirants to the priesthood, is 76, with a total of 1640 students on the rolls.

Apropos of Chinese priests and foreign missions generally, the most recent and most credible authority on the subject states that the total sum of native Catholics amounts to 7,883,963 as compared with 3,212,214 native Protestants; or, in round figures, 8,000,000 Catholics against 3,500,000 Protestants, as the result of missionary enterprise in the nineteenth century. Not all that could be wished, perhaps; but a distinctly notable result, notwithstanding.

While most well-read Catholics are aware that it is characteristic of the Trappists in Europe to tame Nature in her most savage aspects, making the desert bloom as a garden, and clothing rugged mountain fastnesses with waving carpets of tasselled grain, not all perhaps may know that similar excellent work is done by these same monks on this side of

the Atlantic. The systematic teaching of agriculture by the Government of Canada, for instance, is due in no small measure to the example set many years ago by the Trappists of Oka, near Montreal.

While the echoes of the recent convention of the American Federation of Catholic Societies are still reverberating throughout the country, it may not be inappropriate to cite Bishop McFaul's exposition of the organization's aims, purposes and results. He says:

Federation desires no privileges: it claims for Catholics only what is just and fair. It endeavors to create sound public opinion on the problems of the day, and to proclaim their Catholic solution. It stands for the Christian life of the nation, for the Christian education of youth, for the sanctity and indissolubility of marriage, and the protection of the family and the home. It maintains the necessity of Christian principles in private and public life, in all financial and industrial relations.

It battles against all errors opposed to Christianity, especially those which threaten the foundations of society. It will co-operate with all loyal citizens in the cultivation of truth and virtue, and in the uprooting of falsehood and injustice, wherever found. These aims are both religious and patriotic, and are certainly worthy of Catholics and American citizens.

Among other practical results may be mentioned the following: the creation of Catholic public opinion in the United States; the repeal of the obnoxious marriage law in Cuba; the betterment of conditions in the Philippine Islands and Porto Rico; the appointment of Catholics on the Indian and Philippine Commissions; permission to celebrate Mass in the navy yards, prisons, and reform schools; the appointment of Catholic army chaplains; the protection of Catholic Indian schools and Catholic Indian missions; the introduction of Catholic books into the public libraries; the defeat of the Bard amendment, affecting the rights of Catholic Indians; the acceptance of the Father Marquette statue by our Government; the protection of our Catholic Filipino students; the inauguration of a crusade against indecent and immoral literature, pictures, postcards, theatricals, and advertisements.

In Ohio, New Jersey, Illinois, Indiana, Kansas, Louisiana, Pennsylvania, and Kentucky, the Federation succeeded in defeating legislation injurious to Catholic interests. It has also

exposed indecent and bigoted publishing houses, and brought the light to bear upon the acts of the prejudiced incumbents of public position.

All of which are excellent results, fully justifying the existence of the Federation, and warranting one's prayers for its continued expansion and increasing success.

In a very interesting "geographical balance account" contributed to the *Annales Catholiques* by a French missionary, we find this paragraph about an island which, something less than a century ago, loomed large in the news of the day: "Let us conclude our review of Africa with St. Helena, which will become more and more isolated. It has become useless as a military post; or a coaling station, or a depot of supplies for her fleets, so England has withdrawn the garrison which alone supported the four thousand dwellers on this volcanic rock. Most of these will emigrate. There will remain at St. Helena only the melancholy souvenir of the 'great Emperor,' who died at Longwood, and whose ashes repose to-day beneath the dome of the Invalides in Paris."

In an illuminative paper on the general aspects of the recent Pan-Anglican Congress, a writer in the *Morth* gives this sane statement of the position of individual Anglicans:

There is but one Church on earth—the Visible Church of which the Pope is the head. There are some—many, we hope, of the thousands who attended the Anglican Congress—connected with the Visible Church by ties of baptism, of faith (however imperfect), and divine charity, otherwise called "the state of grace"; and not cut off from it by wilful adherence to what they know, or are responsible for not knowing, to be heresy and schism. But these are an individual here and an individual there: they do not make a church; for a church is essentially an organized body; and the organization of the Establishment, as such, is positively anti-Catholic. These men—and God alone knows them one by one, and how many they are—are, though they know it not, out of their right place in the "wild olive": they are invisibly and unconsciously "grafted contrary to nature in the good olive,

and share the fatness of the root." (Rom., xi, 17-24.) They benefit by the Masses, Holy Communion, and intercessions that are offered up in the Catholic Church. We must pray God to draw them out of their unnatural position, as many of them as He will. Some in His adorable counsels He will leave as they are: possibly, greater light than is given them would be not their resurrection but their ruin, as they would lack the courage to follow it. Meanwhile we welcome and hail with delight every bit of genuine Christianity that the Pan-Anglican Congress has brought out.

We commend the foregoing wise words to our readers generally, to our friends the Ritualists as well as our own coreligionists. Individual Anglicans may and will join the true Church; so-called Corporate Reunion on any other basis than Anglican acceptance of the totality of Catholic doctrine is merely an iridescent dream.

Apropos of the denunciation of Socialism by the Federation of Catholic Societies, the *Inter-Ocean* says:

The Catholic Church is often represented to be conservative and even reactionary in its tendencies. Yet it is to be observed that the leaders of the Catholic laity, as well as the clergy, have promptly recognized the true character of Socialism and have stepped forward boldly to meet and stop it. Socialism proposes not only an economic revolution: it proposes also an atheistic cataclysm. Its universe is confined to the earth. It decrees that men shall think only of this life, and not at all of a hereafter. In it there is no room for God, and no God is in it. Yet we see many Protestant clergymen—men of education,—who should be able to recognize a fact when it stares them in the face,—playing and paltering with Socialism, patronizing and upholding such institutions for its propagation as Hull House and the Chicago Commons, and refusing to see that the faith of which they are sworn servants is one of those things which Socialism aims to crush.

The foregoing declaration of a great secular journal is only an additional bit of testimony, more and more frequently given nowadays, to the beneficent action of the Church and her children on the life, the stability, and the true development of our Republic. Rome has seen many vagaries in human philosophies since the days of Peter; and Peter's successors

have always been prompt in warning the world of impending dangers in the sociologic as well as the moral world.

The always ultra-zealous and occasionally importunate lady-distributor of religious tracts is much less frequently met with in most parts of this country nowadays than was the case four or five decades ago. The species is not extinct, however, even here; and it apparently flourishes in India. So, at least, we judge from the following incident related in the *Catholic Herald*:

Mr. J. T. Woodroffe was a pious Catholic; and, without ostentation but very simply, he was a Catholic everywhere. One day, travelling by railway, he was quietly reciting his Rosary, when in came one of these well-intentioned lady missionaries who are always bent on saving everybody's soul. Once she had seated herself comfortably, not far from our friend, she opened her little bag and produced hundreds of tracts which she offered with great generosity to her fellow-travellers, many of whom showed themselves eager to have something—anything, in fact—to read. Mr. Woodroffe went on with his prayers. "And you, sir," said the good lady, addressing him,—“would you do me the favor to read this little tract?” “Certainly, Madam,” was the prompt reply, “if you kindly say my Rosary,”—producing it to the horrified lady, who quickly withdrew her tract and herself from the scene.

Should any of our readers find themselves while on their travels exposed to the evangelizing attentions of lady or gentlemen missionaries, we suggest that they have at hand a few of the Catholic Truth Society pamphlets to offer in exchange for the tracts of the Methodist or Baptist zealots who accost them.

One of the latest cures at Lourdes took place during the pilgrimage of the archdiocese of Paris, over which Mgr. Amette, the new Archbishop, himself presided. On the morning of Friday, June 19, a few hours previous to the departure of the pilgrims, the Abbé Fiamma, of the parish of the Immaculate Conception, Paris, entered the piscina with the hope of obtaining relief from varicose ulcers from

which he had suffered intensely for ten years. They had become an insuperable hindrance to walking or even to moving. While in the water he experienced a strong commotion throughout his body, and immediately after a delicious sensation of warmth. On getting out of the bath, he perceived with astonishment that he could walk easily and naturally, and that five or six open sores on each leg appeared like dried-up scars.

At the Bureau of Proofs, the Abbé Fiamma was examined by a foreign doctor, who, though an avowed unbeliever, declared that the sores looked as if they had been healed for some weeks. Since his cure, the Abbé Fiamma, who could not previously bear the least contact with his limbs, has been able to resume his parochial work.

From a private letter we learn that this cure has created a great sensation among the clergy of Paris, who rejoice over the favor conferred on their beloved confrère. He is spoken of as a most exemplary priest. He lost his health in a suburban parish, ministering to the poorest of the poor, to whom he was a devoted friend.

An appropriate appendix to the interesting account, published in our last number, of the recent celebration in Quebec, is the following paragraph from an article contributed by Mr. James Milne to the *Fortnightly Review*:

The one-time talk about Canada being incorporated with the United States has left not a whisper in the Dominion. Canada is on her feet; she goes forward to greater ends, confident, and at times more than confident. Her trade relations with the United States must grow larger and closer as the years go by, but her political relationships are shaping away from the boundary line on the south,—that boundary line which you may, from the heights of Quebec, see touching the three States of Maine, Vermont, and New Hampshire. On this matter, if on no other, the British and French Canadians are solid; and as for the latter and France, their interest is merely sentimental, a link with the past,—that and nothing more. They do not find any-

thing of themselves in the France of to-day, with its uprooting of ecclesiastical authority, its expulsion of monks and nuns, its free-thought, and its intensely modern views. So a well-known French-Canadian whom I met on board ship, returning from a three months' visit to Europe, remarked to me, and so I found everywhere among the French-Canadians. They cherish their French blood, and they prize the beautiful French language, and the literature which it has enshrined; but to England they look as to a mother. She has been a good foster-mother to them—wisely good,—by letting them dwell under the folds of her flag as a nation within a nation; by letting them preserve the things which were theirs in language, religion, and law. She has respected their sentiment, their heart as a people; and with communities, as with individuals, that is what really counts.

There are, of course, in this country optimistic seers who proclaim that Canada's manifest destiny is to become a constituent part of our Republic; but they are a good deal fewer in number than was the case a quarter of a century ago, and they will probably be fewer still a quarter of a century hence. Catholic Canadians, in particular, have no special reason to envy their coreligionists on this side of the frontier. For one thing, they are not obliged to pay a double school tax.

No one who has had occasion to consult non-Catholic works of theology, or to read cursorily non-Catholic sermons, will question the accuracy of the following statement made by Bishop Hedley:

One of the chief elements in modern religious confusion is the meaning which people attach to the word "faith." There is, first, the strictly Protestant acceptance, derived from Martin Luther, that faith is a mere trust in the Saviour, with a conviction that you are "saved." Such "faith," apart from charity, obedience, contrition, and amendment, is not faith in the New Testament sense, but rather impertinent and unreasonable presumption. But with many people—perhaps with most people outside the Catholic Church—faith is a vague acceptance of God, Jesus Christ, and the world to come. It is a weak and colorless persuasion that there is a God above and a world out of sight. . . .

The ordinary and popular Protestantism of to-day is as different as possible from what it

was even half a century ago. Sin, grace, redemption, the world to come, our Lord Jesus Christ, and Almighty God's own nature, have all—in spite of the letter of the Bible, in spite of the text of the formularies—undergone, in the minds of Englishmen and Scotchmen, a perceptible and essential alteration.

While Bishop Hedley speaks primarily of English Protestantism, his words are equally applicable to the American sects. The confounding of "faith" with "trust," and the evil which Gladstone deplored in the world of his day—"the absence of the sense of sin,"—are widespread among all non-Catholic bodies in this country; and the correction of these errors is a necessary preliminary to the conversion of individual American Protestants to the true Church.

The dwindling of the population of France, often commented upon of late years, is startlingly emphasized by statistical tables published in the *Officiel*, France's governmental gazette. The fact that the decreasing excess of births over deaths has at last been followed by a yearly excess of 19,920 deaths over births moves the *Croix* to moralize on the underlying causes of such a national calamity. Speaking of individual departments in which the births outnumber the deaths, it says: "With rare exceptions these are the departments in which Catholicism reckons the greatest number of faithful adherents. As to those sections where the relative figure of the excess of deaths over births, in proportion to the sum of the population, is highest, exactly the opposite condition of things is to be found."

Small wonder, then, that our Parisian contemporary reaches the conclusion which most of us have already formed regarding the lowering of France's birth-rate:

We are, therefore, forced to the conclusion that the depopulation of France is the direct result of its dechristianization. If once the sacred restrictions of a religion founded on self-sacrifice be thrown aside, nothing is left to direct the heart of man but egotism, cowardice, self-interest, and an unbridled passion for gain.



An Offering of the Mass.


BY CASCIA.

O GOD, I offer unto Thee
This Holy Sacrifice:
Grant Thou that as an incense sweet
It may before Thee rise!
I offer it in humble praise,
Almighty God, to Thee;
I offer it in loving thanks
For all Thy gifts to me.
I offer it with contrite heart
My failings to atone;
I offer it to ask the grace
That comes from Thee alone.
O grant that, by the Precious Blood
Now offered unto Thee,
My life and all I am or have
An offering meet may be!

The Adventures of a Village Dog.

BY NEALE MANN.

III.

T is probably unnecessary to mention that, for some time after he had supplied the citizens of Connorville with a "mad dog" scare, Bully took no more afternoon siestas in Wilson's Grove. If a burned child dreads the fire, so does a stung dog dread a hornets' nest; so Bully betook himself to other resorts than the Grove to pass away the time spent by his little master, Artie, in the school-room. One such resort was Johnson's Wharf, jutting out some seventy or eighty feet into the river's basin, and generally covered for the greater part of its surface with piles of lumber—boards and deals and shingles,—

the output of the town's half a dozen sawmills.

In the shade of a board-pile, the dog had fashioned for himself a comfortable couch of shavings and straw; and there he would await Artie's arrival at the close of afternoon school. Adjacent to the wharf was Johnson's Cove, admittedly the finest bathing place, especially for the small boy, to be found within two miles of Connorville. The water was salt; the beach was sandy and had a gentle slope; and, moreover, the Cove was practically surrounded by alder bushes and clusters of fir and birch trees, so that the boys who went in swimming there did not have to don the inconvenient bathing-suits which a due regard for public propriety made necessary in less retired localities.

Well, one August afternoon about four o'clock, Artie, Charlie Marshall, Barry Walsh, Tommie Burns, and several more boys of ages ranging from eight to twelve years, hied them to the Cove. Quickly undressing, they were soon splashing about in the shallow water, Bully gaily barking as he swam about among them, cheerfully submitting to their various pranks, and repeatedly diving to the bottom of the deeper water farther out, to bring up the stones which, after carefully spitting on them, they flung into the basin.

Charlie Marshall, the oldest of the group, and Barry Walsh, his particular chum, were the best swimmers of the party; they had been known to swim several hundred yards in water that was "over their heads"; and it was understood that they should look out for their younger companions, most of whom could as yet swim only a few strokes at a time, while Artie and Tommie could keep themselves afloat only by the time-honored device of tying bladders around their breasts, or supporting themselves on one end of a deal,

clinging to it with their arms while their short legs kicked vigorously to supply the motive power of their progress.

Charlie and Barry had given strict orders that none of the others were to wade out any farther than up to their armpits. Arrived at that depth of water, they were to turn toward the shore, spring forward and strike out with arms and legs, and endeavor to reach the shore without allowing their feet to touch the bottom. That was the approved plan of learning to swim in Connorville. Occasionally, in previous summers, some more venturesome lad had waded, not only up to his armpits, but up to his chin, with the result that his feet involuntarily left the bottom, all presence of mind left himself, and he had to be rescued from drowning. Just the year before, indeed, George Latham had been carried out "over his head," had gone down for the third time, and was under water fully two minutes before Robbie McGee had been able to reach him and bring him to the surface. It took several men a full hour to get the salt water out of George and bring him back to life. But when the lad went home it did not take his strong-minded mother one quarter of that time to make him a very lively boy indeed, and one fully resolved never again to wade beyond his armpits till he could swim like a duck. But this is a digression.

Artie had given up his efforts to propel a twelve-foot deal, and putting one arm around Bully's neck allowed the dog to do the swimming for both,—a sport to which Bully did not object, although the boy's arm did occasionally make him gasp for breath. Charlie Marshall had full confidence in Bully's sagacity—nobody in Connorville, for that matter, had any misgivings as to Artie's safety while he had his dog for companion,—so he failed to notice that boy and dog were gradually getting farther from the shore than was quite prudent for any but experienced swimmers. Artie was having a good time,

and did not notice it at first, either. When he finally did look around, his distance from his companions gave him a sudden fright, and he convulsively gripped Bully's neck with both arms in a hug that effectively prevented the dog from breathing. As a result, both sank beneath the surface, Artie's yell for help being stifled by a mouthful of the salt water.

The dog managed to extricate himself under water from his young master's too affectionate embrace, and speedily came to the surface. Recovering his breath, he immediately dove, and, grasping Artie's arm with his teeth, brought him to the surface also. Artie spluttered and coughed, and spat up the nasty water, and then tried once more to clasp Bully around the neck. This time, however, the dog objected. He evidently understood that it was not safe to entrust his windpipe to the boy's clutches, so he resolutely resisted the latter's attempt to hug him.

In the meantime ebbtide had set in, and the deal on which Artie had been supporting himself was floating out with the current about fifty or sixty yards from the spot where the pair had gone down and come up. Bully seemed to think that the deal would simplify the process of getting his young master ashore; and, accordingly, still holding the boy's arm in his mouth, and thus keeping his head above water, he struck out for the piece of timber. Reaching it in a few minutes, he pushed Artie against it, and at the same time released his hold of the arm. Master Artie at once clasped the deal, and, drawing himself halfway up on it, felt secure enough to disregard his recent danger.

"Say, Bully, you're a real brick, you know! And you didn't hurt my arm a bit. Now, you shove and I'll kick, and we'll take this boat of ours ashore. Hello! where are the boys?"

This ejaculation escaped him as he turned toward the land and looked for his late companions. They were not visible, for the simple reason that the tide had

swept boy, dog, and deal quite outside the Cove into the main basin; and the point of land whose projection formed one boundary of the Cove now lay between the main party of youngsters and the Frauley contingent.

The youngsters in question had, a few minutes previously, realized that Artie and Bully had disappeared. They had all been engaged in giving Tommie Burns practical lessons in swimming, and were laughing and shouting at the ludicrous grimaces the little fellow made whenever he got any water in his mouth, when suddenly Charlie, looking around, cried out: "Great Scott! fellows, where's Artie?"

All jumped at once to the conclusion that Bully and his master were at the bottom of the Cove; and, two minutes later Dr. Frauley, sauntering along Water Street, saw a twelve-year-old lad, clad only in knickerbockers, which he was holding up with one hand, racing toward him and yelling: "Doctor, Doctor, Artie and Bully's drowned in Johnson's Cove!"

The Doctor and several men who had been standing at Young's Corner immediately rushed toward the Cove, and had nearly reached it when one of the men, Hugh Gallagher, stopped short with the exclamation, "Well, I'll be jiggered! Say, Doc, look there!"—and he pointed down the stream.

The Doctor looked, and saw his little brother and Bully making excellent headway toward the landing at Gilmore's Wharf. The dog had seized the forward end of the deal and had succeeded in dragging it out of the current. He was now leisurely hauling it toward the shore, only a few feet distant; while Artie, at the other end, lying with his breast on the deal, was vigorously kicking away, as he called out: "Good dog, Bullie! Get up, old boatie!"

Wild Geese Made Tame.

When one remembers that all wild animals were tame before the fall of our first parents, and that they grew afraid of man only after sin came into the world, it does not appear very remarkable that the saints, who come the nearest to the original perfection of Adam and Eve, should have had—and, for that matter, should have even now—such influence and control over beast and bird and fish. Even purely natural goodness has a great effect upon the different animals, as is made clear in numberless biographies; so one need not be surprised that in the lives of the supernaturally good, the saints, many marvels are accounted about these holy people's dealings with the animal creation.

One story, not so generally known as most others of its kind, tells of St. Wereburg's experience with an exceptionally numerous flock of wild geese. St. Wereburg was a virgin princess, her royal estate, Weduna, being situated in the province of Hampton. One of her laborers reported to her on a certain day that some hundreds of wild geese were ravaging her fields, and that he could not drive them away. The princess told him to bring the geese to her and to shut them up like cattle. Roslyn, the laborer, looked at her in amazement, wondering whether she hadn't gone crazy. The idea of driving wild geese like a flock of sheep! Of course they would fly up in the air as soon as disturbed—and fly back again to continue their robbery of the grain. St. Wereburg, however, repeated her order: "Go, as quickly as you can, and bring all of them captive." Roslyn shrugged his shoulders, but went. His mistress was very holy; perhaps the geese *might* obey her commands; anyway, it wouldn't hurt to give them her orders. So he went out to the fields, and, standing on a fence, cried out loudly: "All you geese must walk, right away, to my mistress; she wants you."

AMONG the ancients a lyric was a poem sung to the accompaniment of the lyre, but modern usage confines the term to a set of verses suitable to be sung.

Now, not one of the wild fowl used its wings; but, like so many unfledged chickens, they marched before Roslyn, with their necks bent down as if in shame. Arrived at the palace, they were turned into an enclosed yard and kept captive until the following morning. Then the princess went out to them, and, bidding them not to dare return to the fields, gave them leave to fly away. A servant of hers, in the meantime, had stolen one of the geese, intending to have a good stew for his dinner.

The geese flew up in the air and apparently took stock of their numbers; for, instead of departing, they kept flying all about the princess' house, making a great noise as if complaining of the loss of their comrade. The sky was all covered with their scattered forces, and it really appeared that they were protesting against the detention of one of their number. The thieving servant, indeed, didn't have any doubt about it; he felt quite sure they were saying: "What is the reason, lady, that one of us is kept prisoner, when out of the kindness of your heart you have given us all our freedom? Is it possible that such a wrong can hide in your holy house, and that disgraceful robbery can flourish alongside of your virtue?" Of course the geese didn't use any words at all, but a guilty conscience can translate even sounds. Anyway, St. Wereburg went out doors, and, after listening to the clamor for a minute or two, seemed to understand what it was about. She summoned her servants, and demanded to know who had detained one of the geese. The guilty fellow confessed, and brought the bird to the saint, who at once set it free to join its companions, saying as she did so: "Bless the Lord, ye birds of the air!"

Whereupon the immense flock, substituting honks of joy for their previous cries of complaint, sped away. And never afterward, it is said, were the fields of Weduna touched by any of these marauders of the sky.

An Indian's Speech.

There is often more wisdom in the allegorical harangues of the old Indian chiefs than would be expected from unlettered men. An early French missionary records the following speech made by a chief to his people:

"Do you not see the whites living upon seeds while we eat flesh?—that flesh requires more than thirty moons to grow up, and is often scarce?—that each of the wonderful seeds they sow in the earth returns to them a hundredfold? The flesh on which we subsist has four legs with which to escape, while we have but two with which to pursue and capture it. The grain remains where the white men plant it, and grows. With them winter is a period of rest, while with us it is a time of laborious hunting. For these reasons they have larger families and live longer than we do. I say, therefore, unto everyone that will hear me, that before the cedars of your village shall have died from age, and the maple tree of the valley has ceased to give us sugar, the race of little grain-eaters will exterminate the race of flesh-eaters, provided their hunters do not become sowers."

Habits of Flowers.

There are some flowers that shut themselves up at night as if to go to sleep. The tulips do this, so do the pond-lilies. The mountain daisy and the dandelion also go to sleep. Some flowers have a particular time to open, as the "four-o'clock"; and others hang down their heads at night as if they were nodding. The morning-glory is a pretty flower, but not many people know that there is a new set every day. The spiral buds of to-day open to-morrow morning and close in the afternoon, never to open again. The red flowers of the cypress vine also live but one day.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Under the title "Old St. Mary's," the Jubilee address delivered by William J. Onahan, Esq., on the occasion of the seventy-fifth anniversary of St. Mary's Church, Chicago, Ill., has been issued in neat pamphlet form. It is an admirable souvenir of a notable celebration.

—*The Catholic Educational Association Bulletin* for August is almost entirely taken up with "Educational Legislation," a masterly paper prepared for a meeting of the Association in 1901, by the late Rev. James P. Fagan, S. J. The paper contains much that will prove of interest to all friends of Catholic schools and colleges.

—Achille Fazzari, member of the Italian Parliament, and a bosom friend of Garibaldi, was lately received in audience by the Holy Father. Touched by the kindness of Pius X., Fazzari forwarded to the Pope a few days later a precious manuscript of the eleventh century containing the Four Gospels, and hitherto unknown to scholars. The MS. has been added to the treasures of the Vatican Library.

—An English translation of "Luther and Lutheranism," a monumental work by the lamented Dominican scholar, the Rev. Henry Denifle, O. P., has been undertaken by the Rev. Albert Reinhart, an American member of the Order. It will probably appear next year. An excellent rendition may be expected from Father Reinhart. We hope he will profit by the criticisms of the original work, the chief objection to which is its unnecessary harshness.

—The seemingly incredible statement that the skull of O'Carolan, the Irish bard, finds a resting place in a Masonic lodge at Belfast, has been verified by Mr. W. H. Grattan Flood. O'Carolan died March 25, 1738, and was interred at Kilonan, Co. Roscommon. In a letter to one of the London journals Mr. Flood says in part:

The skull—of which I have obtained a good photograph—is in wonderful preservation, and is perfectly recognizable from the existing portraits of O'Carolan. It still has the hole which was perforated by the Hon. Thomas Dillon in 1750. When this perforation was made—in order to distinguish the skull from others disinterred at Kilonan—a small piece of ribbon was passed through the hole and the skull placed in a niche over the grave. Charles O'Connor of Belanagare, the Irish antiquary, on the occasion of a visit to the grave of O'Carolan, *circa* 1765, says that he found the skull "in a niche near the spot, perforated a little in the forehead, that it might be known by that mark."

From 1750 to 1796 the skull remained at Kilonan, and it was then stolen—for a bet, it is said—by George Nugent Reynolds, the song-writer and informer, who presented it

to Sir John Caldwell for his private museum at Castlecaldwell. It remained at Castlecaldwell from 1796 to 1852, when it was exhibited at the Belfast Museum by Mr. Bloomfield. In 1874, on the dispersal of the Castlecaldwell Museum, it was acquired by Mr. James Glenny, of Glenville, near Newry; and it was sold by the executors of the late Mr. John Glenny, some years back, to its present owner.

—Apropos of some oft-recurring phrases, the *Academy* says:

There is a very large class of books which is above all conspicuous by the stress which is laid on something called, more or less vaguely, "the spirit of the age," "the modern spirit," or "the trend of modern thought." This mysterious entity, whatever it may be, is not precisely defined—perhaps we shall see that precise definition is not to be expected; but, so far as one can discover, it is meant to represent the general body of vague and floating opinion entertained by the majority of half-educated people on subjects which they have not investigated with any particular care.

—The American Book Co. publish a revised and largely rewritten edition of the well-known work on "Physical Geography," whose author was M. F. Maury, LL.D., late superintendent of the Naval Observatory, Washington, D. C. The revision has been done by F. W. Simonds, Ph. D., professor of Geology in the University of Texas, and has been effected with commendable efficiency. The text-book is at present considerably more thorough than the recent advances in geographic science permitted the older work to remain. The illustrations are copious and excellent, and the volume may well appeal not merely to teacher and pupil, but to the general reader as well.

—John Abernethy, that famous old medical worthy, used to say that "flesh is the nest in which Disease lays her eggs." Mr. Hereward Carrington, the author of a recently published work on "Vitality, Fasting, and Nutrition," goes further: he says that fat in the human body denotes a greater or lesser degree of disease—"and this in proportion to its bulk"! Dr. Abernethy used to advise: "Live on sixpence a day, and earn it." Mr. Carrington advocates the practice of abstaining entirely from food for long periods—twenty, thirty, and more days at a time—"until the appetite returns and the person fasts into health." The fasting is made bearable by drinking water, but it is accompanied by the administration of enemata. This was a treatment to which a Hibernian is said to have subjected his horse. The poor animal died "just when he was getting used to it," as the story goes.

—We reproduce from the *Athenæum* the following remarkable poem by the late Francis

Thompson. It was found among his unpublished papers when he died last November. Although entitled, these stanzas were evidently unfinished. The purport of them as well as the local and personal allusions will be understood by the poet's more intimate admirers:

IN NO STRANGE LAND.

(*The Kingdom of God is within You.*)

O world invisible, we view thee;
O world intangible, we touch thee;
O world unknowable, we know thee;
Inapprehensible, we clutch thee!

Does the fish soar to find the ocean,
The eagle plunge to find the air,
That we ask of the stars in motion
If they have rumor of thee there?

Not where the wheeling systems darken,
And our benumbed conceiving soars;
The drift of pinions, would we harken,
Beats at our own clay-shuttered doors.

The angels keep their ancient places—
Turn but a stone, and start a wing!
'Tis ye, 'tis your estranged faces,
That miss the many-splendored thing.

But (when so sad thou canst not sadder)
Cry; and upon thy so sore loss
Shall shine the traffic of Jacob's ladder
Pitched betwixt Heaven and Charing Cross.

Yea, in the night, my soul, my daughter,
Cry, clinging Heaven by the hems;
And lo, Christ walking on the water,
Not of Genesareth, but Thames!

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' price generally includes postage.

"Fraternal Charity." Rev. Fr. Valuy, S. J. 40 cts., net.

"Priestly Vocation and Tonsure." Rev. L. Bacuez, S. S. \$1, net.

"The Acts of the Apostles." With Introduction and Annotations. Madame Cecilia. \$1.25.

"What is Life? A Study of Vitalism and Neo-Vitalism." Bertram C. A. Windle, M. A., M. D., etc. \$1, net.

"History of Economics; or, Economics as a Factor in the Making of History." Rev. J. A. Dewe, A. M. \$1.50.

'Rosette. A Tale of Paris and Dublin." Mrs. William O'Brien. \$1.25.

"For My Name's Sake." From the French of Champol's "Sœur Alexandrine." \$1.10, net.

"All about Salads." Mrs. Lewis Clarke Lucas. 75 cts.

"The New Matrimonial Legislation." Rev. Charles J. Cronin, D. D. \$1.90, net.

"Pentecost Preaching." Rev. Arthur Devine, C. P. \$1.50, net.

"Stories New and Old, American and English." Hamilton Wright Mabie. \$1.50.

"A Martyr of Our Own Day." From the French by the Rev. John J. Dunn. \$1, net.

"Cords of Adam." Rev. T. J. Gerrard. \$1.50.

"The Catholic School System in the United States." Rev. James A. Burns, C. S. C. \$1.25, net.

"The Story of Blessed Thomas More." A Nun of Tyburn Convent. .80 cts., net.

"The Eucharistic Heart of Jesus." \$1.

"An American Student in France." Abbé Felix Klein. \$2.50.

"Barnaby Bright." Father Bearne. 2 vols. \$1.60.

"The Bells of Atchison." Rev. Andrew Green, O. S. B. 75 cts.

"The Spectrum of Truth." Sharpe-Aveling. 30 cts.

"The Church of the Fathers," "University Teaching." Cardinal Newman. 75 cts., net each.

"A Child Countess." Sophie Maude. 75 cts., net.

"Nemesis." S. A. Turk. 60 cts., net.

"Christ among Men; or, Characteristics of Jesus as Seen in the Gospels." Abbé Stertillanges. 60 cts., net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bonds.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. P. F. Grosse, of the diocese of Natchez; Rev. John E. Cronley, archdiocese of Boston; Rev. A. J. Capellan, diocese of Superior; and Rev. David Daly, S. J.

Sister Mary Paul, of the Sisters of Mercy; Sisters Mary Alphonsus and Mary Camillus, Sisters of the Holy Cross.

Mr. Joseph Niehaus, Mr. Thomas Crawford, Miss Clara J. Lynch, Mrs. Maria Harris, Mr. Henry E. O'Neill, Mr. Charles Williams, Miss Sadie Campbell, Mr. Joseph Friel, Mrs. Rosanna Cavanaugh, Mr. John Britt, Mrs. Winifred Ryan, Mr. Samuel Hanna, Miss M. Devanny, and Mr. Charles Horsell.

Requiescant in pace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LXVII. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, SEPTEMBER 5, 1908. NO. 10.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C. S. C.]

Cæsar's Friend.

BY MARIAN NESBITT.

HEED not the secret whispers of the soul,
And listen not when conscience cries aloud;
Smile down the simple, scorn the silly crowd
Of altruistic dreamers. "Self the goal,"
Must be thy watchword. Let the years that roll
Gather good things for *thee*. Thy brother's gain
Or loss, his hope, his pleasure, or his pain,
Are merely things on which to levy toll.
Sneer at his sense of honor; take his trust
And break it, if it suits thee. Never care,
So thine own cause succeed, howe'er unjust,
Nor weep for others if *thy* sky be fair;
Rise at all costs; and, mounting, still ascend.
Unless thou dost, "Thou art not Cæsar's friend."

Paracelsus.—A Renaissance Type.

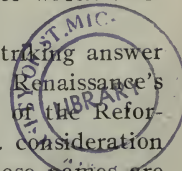
BY JAMES J. WALSH, M. D., PH. D., LL. D.

MOST of the unfounded historical traditions with regard to the Church that unfortunately came to be accepted as truths for several centuries, at least in English-speaking countries, and that now, because of more critically scientific methods of historical study and writing, are gradually being eliminated from our works on history, owed their origin to the fact that the Renaissance and the Reformation so-called occurred about the same time. The Renaissance is one of the most fruitful periods of history

in great men and great thoughts; and, above all, the supreme expression of human ideas. Usually it is supposed that the movement called the Reformation was a necessary consequence of the loosening of the bonds of human thinking from oldtime formulas that came while these great Renaissance generations were doing their work.

It has been confidently declared more than once that, as might have been expected, the geniuses of that spacious time could no longer brook interference with freedom of thought; and the almost inevitable consequence is claimed to have been the real origin of Protestantism, as a protest against the further enslavement of the human mind to the Roman Church. This is one of those curious, unaccountable false impressions that have gained wide credence, because a united and determined effort was made by a series of generations to blacken the old Church which their forefathers had left, in order to justify that secession. After the first generations who profited by the spoliation of the Church, and therefore were in golden chains to their apostasy (for the Protestant movement was really a chapter in the history of graft in every country in Europe), the men who made this effort were in good faith, and were only following the perversions of history for which their fathers were responsible.

The most complete and striking answer to this impression of the Renaissance's being the legitimate parent of the Reformation is to be found in a consideration of the lives of the men whose names are



accepted as the highest glories of this great period. Very few of them—indeed it may be said none of the supremely great ones among them—broke, unless temporarily, with the old Mother Church; but, on the contrary, most of them remained faithful, and practically all of them died her devoted children.

Not a few, but many, typical examples of this will at once occur to any one who is at all familiar with the lives of the great men of the Renaissance epoch. Probably the three greatest names in the latter half of the fifteenth century (and the Renaissance is ordinarily said to begin with the fall of Constantinople in 1453) are Thomas à Kempis, Columbus, and Copernicus,—Kempis, who disclosed to men a new world within their own souls; Columbus, who gave them a new world on earth; while Copernicus revealed to them a new universe in the heavens. Kempis is usually not thought of as in this period, but is set down as medieval; he died in 1471, and eminently deserves a place beside his great contemporaries. Almost needless to say, all three of these men were absolutely uninfluenced by the so-called "reform" movement. Columbus did his work—as, of course, Copernicus also did his—almost half a century before there was any hint of the beginning of the "religious revolt" in Germany, as this movement should really be called.

Had the great Italian navigator's discovery of America been delayed for some thirty years, this event, like so many others in the history of that time, would surely have been claimed to have had some connection with the Reformation. Columbus died before Luther began his work. Copernicus lived on into Luther's time; but, far from having the slightest sympathy with the movement initiated by the German reformer, the great Father of Astronomy, as a canon of the Cathedral of Frauenburg, aided his bishop in every way to keep his diocese in Germany from going over to Lutheranism. These are

not exceptions; rather they represent the rule. As for the other great Renaissance types, Raphael, Michael Angelo, Leonardo da Vinci, Erasmus, Reuchlin, Sir Thomas More, Linacre,—none of these men had any sympathy with the religious revolt in Germany, once they recognized its real character; all remained faithful adherents of the old Church, realizing her power for good in spite of the human abuses that had crept in to hamper her work.

As has already been suggested, at least by the mention of the names of Columbus and Copernicus, this is as true for those geniuses of the Renaissance period who devoted themselves to science as for those who were interested in art and in literature. While it is usually not realized, it is a fact that the human mind had then a new awakening. Apart from astronomy which had a great attraction for these large minds, science was cultivated mainly from a very practical standpoint; and so medicine was the centre of attraction in scientific circles. The progress in the sciences allied to medicine makes this period one of the most interesting in the whole history of medical development. Medicine is usually supposed to be unorthodox in its tendencies, in the sense that men who devote themselves to the study of the human body are somehow supposed to lose faith in the destiny of the human soul and in the significance of human life. This is not true, however, of the great thinkers in medicine in any generation; though it is for the lesser minds. As I have shown in "Makers of Modern Medicine,"* even our greatest nineteenth-century medical discoverers were, most of them, devoted adherents of the Catholic Church, and all of them faithful believers in the doctrines of Christianity. This same usually unexpected state of affairs is quite as true of the great medical discoverers of the Renaissance period. Indeed, most of them were closely in touch with ecclesiastics, receiving the best encourage-

* Fordham University Press, 1907.

ment for their work from churchmen of all ranks.

The more one knows about the history of that time, the clearer does this become. Take, for example, the life of Paracelsus. He is usually conceded to have been one of the great Fathers of Medicine. He did as much for medical practice from the side of therapeutics, as Vesalius did for medical science in the departments of anatomy and physiology and the related subject of pathology. His career as regards his attitude toward the Church is, in spite of his genius and independence of spirit, more varied than those of his contemporaries, but its lessons are the same in the end.

The lives of the great group of medical men of the Renaissance period constitute, indeed, a series of human documents showing distinctly that the greatest thinkers of the time did not take the so-called Reformation seriously. For them it was no more than what those who now read history aright have very generally come to regard it—a religious revolt in the German countries. A few examples will suffice to show this. After Vesalius, the greatest of anatomists would be either Columbus or Eustachius. Both of these men were professors in the Papal Medical School at Rome. The rival of Columbus, with whom he disputes the priority of the discovery of the circulation of the blood in the lungs, is Servetus, who was burned by Calvin at Geneva for errors against the Trinity. Cæsalpinus, to whom the Italians attribute the discovery of the general circulation in anticipation, was another of the great professors of the Papal Medical School at Rome.

The "New Birth" of anatomy, then, that took place in the sixteenth century, far from being opposed by the Church, was in reality a direct product of favorable ecclesiastical influence. It is not surprising, therefore, that the development in therapeutics and in the application of chemistry to medicine, which took place under Paracelsus in the German countries,

will be found to have occurred under circumstances not very different from those attending medieval progress at the same time in Italy. This is not the usually accepted idea in the matter, but it is the absolute truth of history; and the most curious contradiction is that it is as true for scientists as for artists and literary men.

An excellent sketch of the life of Paracelsus* was published by the Rev. Father Netzhammer, O. S. B., professor of mathematics and chemistry in the normal school and college of the Benedictines in Einsiedeln. This was written in connection with a series of lives of distinguished natives of the little village, and goes once more over the whole ground of Paracelsus' life, throwing much light on doubtful points, and removing many erroneous impressions that have hitherto existed. It is from this that most of our material has been derived; though various other sources—as, for instance, the biographical sketch in the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, and Professor Foster's consideration of him in his *Lectures on the History of Physiology*, which were delivered by special invitation in this country, as the Lane Lectures, in Cooper Medical College, San Francisco,—have also been put freely under contribution. The life of Paracelsus as a man and thinker is not less interesting than anything that can be said about him as a great physician and a founder in medical science, though it is

* "Jahresbericht über die Lehr-und-Erziehungs-Anstalt des Maria-Einsiedeln im Studienjahre 1899-1900. Mit einer wissenschaftlichen Beilage: Theophrastus Paracelsus. Das Wissenswerteste über Leben, Lehre und Schriften des berühmten Einsiedler Arztes. Don P. Raymund Netzhammer, O. S. B., Professor der Mathematik und Chemie. Druck der Verlagsanstalt Benziger & Co. A. E. in Einsiedeln, Typegraphen des hl. Apostolischen Stuhles. 1900." I must add that I owe the knowledge of the existence of this little work to Messrs. Benziger of New York, who are themselves worthy examples of what the product of Einsiedeln is, in faithful adhesion to the Church.

because of his achievements in this line that his name has lived in history.

Paracelsus was born in the little village of Einsiedeln, in Switzerland, probably in the very year of the discovery of America. This village is famous for a shrine of the Blessed Virgin, to which pilgrimages had been made for many centuries, and are still made, and to which Einsiedelners turn with happy, homely longings, no matter how far they may wander. When Paracelsus was dying at the comparatively early age of fifty, his heart went back to his native town and to the habit and thought of his boyhood; and he left, for the shrine of his Heavenly Mother, as he called her, a substantial legacy from the fortune that he had made as a wonderfully successful physician. He must be numbered among the great men of the Renaissance, and especially the great men of science who, in the midst of their intellectual success, retained the tender feelings of boyhood for the Mother whom they had been taught to love and honor.

Paracelsus was the only child of his parents, and was baptized by the name of Philip Theophrastus. It was the latter name that he constantly used. He was very proud of it, because by that name Aristotle used to call his best scholar, the philosopher and naturalist Tirtamos. Though his father possessed, according to tradition, an excellent library, and was sedulously devoted to his books, the boy was not troubled very much about book-learning in his younger years. He seems to have been delicate in health; and, besides, being the only child, great care was taken of him, and probably not much was expected of him. He himself, a little later in life, rejoices in the fact that his education was that of a true inhabitant of Einsiedeln, and the town seems to have had the excellent habit of bringing up its children with more attention to their bodies than their minds, to their health than to their schooling.

The children lived outside to a great

degree, were occupied in the field and in the woods, and, above all, were not bothered overmuch with books. It seems not unlikely that something of Paracelsus' originality was fostered in this way. He did not acquire that supreme reverence for everything found in printed books, so likely to be the result of early forced education; and as a consequence he made that progress in observation for himself which has given him the reputation as an original thinker.

Paracelsus was scarcely ten years of age when his father left Einsiedeln. The little Swiss town still rejoices over the fact, however, that he was born there, and that his early years were passed there. The Paracelsus house by the bridge is still pointed out to strangers. The feelings of the citizens that he properly belonged to them is justified by the fact that when he came to die, he left whatever he possessed to the shrine in Einsiedeln, thus furnishing evidence at once of his attachment to his birthplace and his tender feelings toward the object of so much devotion on the part of the inhabitants of the village. Just why his father left the village is not sure, but it would seem that he was looking for a wider field for his talent. Some of his parent's interest in things scientific early manifested itself in his son. There are traditions that even as a boy in Einsiedeln Paracelsus was interested in nature study in the real sense of that term, and that he used to gather plants and go on botanizing expeditions with his father. The boy was father to the man; for the gathering of simples and their applications in medicine were to be the groundwork of his achievement in after life.

When scarcely more than fifteen, Paracelsus entered the University of Basel. At this time it was not an uncommon thing for students to begin their university course even earlier than this, and occasionally men graduated at sixteen with the degree equivalent to our A. B. Paracelsus was not destined to complete

his university course. He found the teaching entirely too cut-and-dried to suit him, while the information conveyed was of an impractical character that did not interest him. His mind was drawn to the study of Nature, and he wanted to learn her secrets, and not pile up what he called useless information out of books. Accordingly on leaving the University he went to the house of a friend, Trithemius, who was Bishop of Sponheim in Würzburg. This would be the last place in the world where, if the ordinary impressions of what churchmen about the time of the Reformation occupied themselves with were true, Paracelsus might be expected to find an opportunity to study natural science by original investigation. It was for this purpose, however, that he went there, and he knew well what he was about. Trithemius was famous for his investigations in chemistry; and while we may talk about the foolishness of looking for the elixir of life and the philosopher's stone—two things which Trithemius sought with great assiduity,—there is no doubt now that the men who followed these Will-o'-the-wisps in medieval alchemy not unfrequently made important observations and laid the foundation of modern chemistry. Only during the last decade, since radium has come to disturb all our scientific thinking, have we come to realize that the possibility of the transmutation of metals is no wild alchemist's dream, but an actuality; and our appreciation of these old scientists has increased accordingly.

Paracelsus has expressed his gratitude for all that he learned from Trithemius, though he did not stay with him very long. It was his methods rather than the results reached by his investigations that Paracelsus admired. The Bishop questioned Nature indefatigably, and aroused in Paracelsus more and more the desire to study the great book of Nature itself. When he left Trithemius he went direct to some mines in Tyrol, so as to learn at first-hand more about metals and the

combinations into which they enter, from the processes used in their refinement. Here he seems to have learned much, though the main effect was to confirm him in the thought that only by direct observation of nature could man attain to any knowledge of natural secrets. He soon came to attach even less weight than before to book-knowledge. Theories and definitions which seemed to explain difficulties in medicine lost their significance for him, and he concluded that the reform of medical teaching could come only by a complete change in the standpoint from which medicine was studied.

He wandered then over a great part of Europe, intent on learning all that he could about man and the various diseases by which he is attacked in different climates, and about metals, and the plant products of all the countries. There is a famous expression of his which shows how thoroughly convinced he was that his method was the only right one. "Whence have I all my secrets," he said; "out of what writers and authors? Ask, rather, how the beasts have learned their arts. If Nature can instruct irrational animals, can it not accomplish much more in the instruction of men?" After some ten years of wandering, and seeing things for himself, accumulating precious information by patient, personal observations, Paracelsus took up the practice of medicine without having received a doctor's degree, and immediately began to attract much attention. Some of this undoubtedly was due to his thorough capacity to advertise himself by the condemnation of others. Some of it also was the consequence of the opposition which his condemnation of the physicians of the time aroused.

He began his lectures at Basel by publicly burning the books of Avicenna and others, usually looked on as authorities in medicine at that time. He afterward boasted of having read no books for ten years, and proclaimed that his shoe-buckles were more learned than Galen and Avicenna. On the other hand, he

spoke with respect of Hippocrates and wrote a valuable commentary on his Aphorisms. In this we see a spirit very different from the enthusiasm of the Humanists for a purer and nobler philosophy than the Scholastic and Arabian versions of Greek thought. There is no record of Paracelsus' knowledge of Greek; and as, at least in his student days, the most important works of Greek medicine were very imperfectly known, it is probable he had little first-hand acquaintance with Galen or Hippocrates, while his breach with the Humanists is the more conspicuous from his lecturing and writing chiefly in his native German.

One of the most interesting things that Paracelsus did, and one that was destined to be more far-reaching perhaps in its effects than possibly even he could have anticipated, was this very changing of the custom of lecturing on medicine from Latin into German. Before his time, all the medical teaching had been done in the learned tongue. He first dared to use the vernacular, and the innovation has maintained itself. Paracelsus talked to his students in the simplest and most forcible German-Swiss, a dialect which, we know from his writings, he could use very expressively. This innovation was naturally the cause of no little perturbation among the older physicians. Some of them did not hesitate to say that the reason Paracelsus used German was that he did not know Latin well enough to express himself in it. Even as great a man as Conrad Gessner, for instance, writing shortly after Paracelsus' death, says that his lack of knowledge of Latin was well known, and that he considers him to have been an impostor rather than a great physician, and that his principal success was obtained by the use of narcotic drugs. Paracelsus did use opium much more freely than his predecessors; but, then, all physicians since have followed his example. The relieving of pain came to be recognized as one of the essential attributes of a physician.

The science that continued to hold Paracelsus' attention was chemistry, though it had scarcely passed beyond the bounds of what was rather to be called alchemy in those days. He devoted himself entirely to chemical studies, with the practical purpose of finding out such secrets of chemical substances as might be useful in medicine. Men had devoted themselves to this branch of scientific investigation before this time, mainly with the purpose of enriching themselves by finding the "philosopher's stone," and so being enabled to change the baser metals into precious ores. It is true that many of the older ones sought for the elixir of life; but this was ordinarily considered to be bound up with the philosopher's stone. It was thought that if the much-sought secret of transmuting metals could be discovered, the method and materials by which this was accomplished would surely give immortality to human tissues. The precious metals, owing to the fact that liquids of various kinds failed to act on them, were considered to have incorruptibility, which it was felt would be communicated to tissues if the substance were found which could make precious metals out of baser ones. Paracelsus, after preliminary dip into this illusory but alluring subject with Bishop Trithemius, would have no more to do with it; but he wanted to know chemistry for the sake of medicine, and he devoted himself to it with great assiduity.

The late Sir Michael Foster, professor of physiology at the University of Cambridge, summed up the student years of Paracelsus in his lectures on the History of Physiology, as follows:

"We know little as to the extent to which Paracelsus carried out his strictly medical and his anatomical and other studies; but it is clear that, whether he learned much or little, the knowledge which he gained was, even in view of medical practice, of little account in his mind as compared with the new chemical science of which the doctors know so

little. He prized the knowledge which had come to him through the chemical teaching of Trithemius, in the mines of Tyrol, and in his subsequent wanderings, as of more value than anything which he could learn from the expositors of Galen. Hence when, after years of travel, in which he is said to have wandered away in the East as far as Samarkand, ever seeking, it would appear, new chemical knowledge, he settled in 1527 as a physician at Basel, it was not to be wondered at that he came into conflict with his orthodox brethren."

(Conclusion next week.)

Phileas Fox, Attorney.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

VII.

SINGULAR indeed was the narrative to which the young lawyer was called upon to listen, though its leading features were of all too frequent occurrence in the whirl of large cities. It seemed a strange thing for Phileas to be sitting there as the confidential adviser of a great lady who had been conspicuous in the world before the young man had been born, and everything about whom, from the leaf on her flowered brocade to the gold eyeglasses which hung from her neck, and through which she occasionally looked at him, was outwardly worthy of respect. But inwardly his sturdy manhood abhorred those misdeeds to which she had confessed, and his Catholic principles revolted from a course of action that was so flagrantly dishonest and so injurious to another.

"From the time of which I speak," went on Mrs. Wilson, in that same high-pitched voice that was altogether refined, though grating upon the ear, "I lived in a very whirl of gayety. I entertained lavishly, gathering into my house all whom I considered as best, socially or intellectu-

ally. My name, in so far as I permitted its use, figured in fashionable assemblies of all sorts, and even in philanthropic schemes. I married Mr. James Van Wechten Wilson, of whom you may have heard—or perhaps it was before your generation—as a yachtsman with horses upon the turf. He was very fond of amusement; being, in fact, what you of the present day would probably describe as 'an all round sport.'"

Despite the gravity of the situation, Phileas put up his hand to conceal a smile, so oddly did the familiar expression sound upon the lips of that stately relic of a bygone generation. Mrs. Wilson was far too much occupied with the picture she was painting on the dark background of her past to observe the movement.

"Our life together," she continued, "was not long. Severely injured in the hunting field, he lingered for a few months; and during that period the spectre of conscience that had pursued me through all my frivolities awoke to life. As I am laying bare to you, for your full enlightenment, my psychological history, I will say that I made some attempt at expiation; but that spectre of conscience has never since been laid. And, Mr. Fox, I may add *en passant* that it had its root in a year which I spent at a French convent long ago.

"That episode in my life, however, was soon over and done with. I wore mourning for the conventional period. I had lost some of my best friends by a course of action which was not viewed so indulgently then as now; for I was a divorced woman when I married Mr. Wilson. In the New York of my young days, a divorcee, no matter what her connections or prestige, was not altogether eligible for the most exclusive and conservative element of society. Still, I contrived to find here and abroad sufficient to keep me in a giddy whirl, that served to drown recollection, to console me for a twofold sorrow, and the stings of a remorse, becoming stronger as youth was succeeded by middle

age, and that again by the shadows of old age, which I dreaded most of all. During this interval, strange to relate, I held on more tenaciously than ever to my ill-gotten goods. Needless to weary you with the tale."

The old woman stopped as was her wont, and put her hand to her chest, as if she felt there the exhaustion that was expressed on her face.

"I met in quite an accidental way Father Van Buren, who impressed upon my mind an ideal of saintliness that I had never wholly lost. Of course the books I was reading, the atmosphere wherein I lived, would have caused me to be sceptical of the existence of real goodness, had not those convent memories lain deep within my heart. That chance meeting with the priest awoke thoughts and reflections that caused the cankering sores of sorrow and remorse to reopen. Old age had begun to weigh upon me; I was compassed by its shadows and its terrors. The stakes for which I had played must soon be snatched from my hands,—those hands that were empty of good deeds. I felt that I was speedily to be called from those scenes, whither I could not guess. Some one must have been praying for me, Mr. Fox; for each time that I encountered the Father I felt those fears, those longings for pardon and peace, stronger within my soul. Not that the priest ever, by word or by sign, broached those unpalatable subjects; on the contrary, his conversation was always light, cheerful, even amusing, as that of one who is at peace with God and with the world. Once or twice, when meeting him at the house of a mutual friend, I caught his eye fixed on me with an expression of the purest pity, and I could guess what he was thinking, even with the superficial knowledge he then had of my story."

Phileas listened as one fascinated while the thin, metallic voice recounted this strange history; and it occurred to him that there was more scope for the ministrations of Father Van Buren or some

other ghostly ministrant than for his own. Nothing in his life at home or at college had prepared him for such an experience as this. He felt himself lacking both in insight and in sympathy, and was becoming discouraged; the whole current of his clear young mind was in the direction of horror and repulsion.

"A year ago I was suddenly stricken by an illness that threatened to terminate fatally. In the ghastly terror of that time, overwhelmed by the realization of my sins against society and individuals, I sent for Father Van Buren. During the several visits he paid me, he asked me, I remember, whether there was any special circumstance that could account for my present state of mind. I answered that in my far-off convent days there had been a nun who had interested me especially, and who had taken a particular interest in the Protestant American. When I was leaving she had called me to her, in a little room looking out over the historic Invalides, and the Park that had been the theatre of so many events. She had promised me then, in saying farewell, that she would pray for me, and never cease to pray until we met in heaven. Those last words were vividly impressed upon my memory, as well as the touching expression with which she had concluded: 'For you will go to heaven, my child; will you not?'"

The old woman paused to wipe with tremulous hand the perspiration that had gathered on her brow.

"I never got quite rid of the impression. It remained something tangible and real behind all the froth and glitter of life,—something that it terrified me to remember, but that, curiously enough, did not deter me from the evil things I have done."

Phileas Fox, feeling hopelessly young and bewildered, but yet with a certain natural fineness of perception, began to experience an awakening sympathy and the slow dawn of comprehension. Evil is so fatally alluring! And good hovers

often as a shadowy abstraction, with which it is so hard to grapple unaided by the illumination of faith and its authoritative sanction.

"In short, Mr. Fox," continued the old woman, "I might sum it all up by saying that a woman naturally and by heredity honest, in whom honesty was an atavistic quality, but without other guide or bulwark, found herself suddenly confronted by a powerful temptation to dishonesty, and yielded, though suffering keenly for the transgression."

The speaker, leaning forward upon the table, emphasized her words by a peculiar gesture of the head.

"It is, perhaps, more surprising," she declared, "that I yielded in another direction,—I who had been brought up in an atmosphere of the most fastidious refinement, and who was by nature conservative to a degree, and distant even to haughtiness in my deportment. I permitted my name to become for months the topic of every club-house and drawing-room in New York, as the central figure in a divorce case,—I who had always held divorce to be, from an ethical point of view, a very real degradation. All that belongs to a part of my subject which I have not as yet broached, and which is the most painful of all the revelations that I have to make."

She had an intuitive perception of the distress and embarrassment these disclosures caused to the young and right-minded attorney, to whom criminology in its various phases was as yet known only from the pages of his law books. In some vexation of spirit, Mrs. Wilson found the difficulties of her confession increased by the listener's inexperience; and, despite her faith in the good priest, she muttered to herself:

"Father Van Buren should not have sent me this boy."

She felt this at the moment to be a distinct grievance. An older man would have divined, would have understood. But when she let her keen gaze rest upon

the frank face, embarrassed indeed, yet upon which a dawning sympathy was so plainly written, she realized that Father Van Buren had been right, and that in the manliness and innate gentleness of the young lawyer she was sure of a chivalrous regard for her feelings, such as she could not have been certain of finding in an older practitioner.

"Mr. Fox," she said, "I hope that in your own mind you do not condemn me too unreservedly."

She spoke thus with eagerness, and a wistful deprecation of judgment, which showed that the woman was not all hardened, all sceptical. After a moment she added:

"You who have lived under the protecting shadow of the Faith, can never know, can never understand. I realize now that to be without that certain guide is to walk blindfold through a morass, and it is only a wonder that any reach the opposite shore in safety."

As she paused again, Phileas said, and there was something of heartfelt sympathy in his tone:

"There is no question of condemnation, Mrs. Wilson. I am deeply interested and—very sorry."

That was the first time in all her three-score and ten years that any one had ever said to the haughty woman of fashion that he was sorry for her. She had heard countless flattering words,—words of admiration, of love, even of condemnation,—but none had hitherto associated with her the idea of pity. Some years before, she would have rejected the offering with indignant scorn; at this moment it was welcome as dew to a parched flower.

"Yes," she said, "you are sorry for me; and, though I do not deserve it, that is the appropriate feeling toward me, and I thank you for it."

Since Phileas had touched the right note, the old woman seemed reassured; she proceeded with more ease and a less defiant attitude:

"When I told Father Van Buren of that saintly nun—of whose death I heard but recently, with a peculiar shock, as of the departure of one with whom I had failed to keep faith,—and when I represented her as the chief factor for good in my life, I likewise had to inform him of my close and intimate relation with a Catholic of the fine old heroic type, whose example and whose counsels were unhappily thrown away by my own perversity and my own wrongdoing."

Pondering as it were upon this disclosure, which she seemed to utter introspectively, and as if addressed to herself rather than to the young man, Mrs. Wilson suddenly addressed to him a question:

"Has it never occurred to you, Mr. Fox, to inquire in what relation to John Vorst stood Martha Spooner,—I mean, of course, apart from that of plaintiff toward the defendant?"

Phileas very truthfully answered in the negative; and Mrs. Wilson returned to her narrative:

"I married, when I was barely eighteen, a man who had every quality to attract and to retain affection. And that was no *mariage de convenance* on either side. Young as I was, I loved and appreciated him as fully as my undisciplined nature permitted, and I know that he truly loved me. I need not go into details, nor dwell upon the various circumstances that caused that brilliantly promising marriage to fail. They were all connected with that central fact of which you have been informed. My husband was a Catholic, and, as I learned long afterward, felt a certain remorse that he had been in so far false to his convictions as to marry one without the pale. I will admit, however, that never had I the slightest clue to this feeling, in so far as he was concerned. But from the very first it was only too evident that upon almost every principle of right and wrong my husband's views and my own were diametrically opposed. I have often remembered since

with what perfect courtesy and gentleness, though with what unalterable firmness, he maintained his views; and with what anger, disdain, and headstrong perversity I opposed him. His opposition, in fact, awakened in me a special fury against him and the constant desire to thwart him in every way. I contended that it was impossible for him to love me when he would not accede to my requests. Often have I seen him white and haggard from the struggle between his wish to please me and the dictates of conscience, which I would have overridden as I had overridden all other obstacles in the course of my life. I am perhaps wearying you, Mr. Fox; but I shall soon have done."

Phileas very truly answered that he found the narrative of absorbing interest, and the old woman went on:

"People are talking much nowadays of the Nietzschean philosophy, with its principle of the rights of strength over weakness, and the disposition to obtain all that one wants at the expense of everybody else. That is a crude summary of the matter; but that philosophy was mine. How that was necessarily opposed in many instances, and especially in one, by an earnest and devout Catholic, you will readily understand."

Phileas, while keeping his attention fixed upon the thread of that strange narrative, felt his curiosity almost painfully aroused by the question which the old woman had asked, but which she seemed in no hurry to answer. Fumbling nervously with the objects upon the table, she let her gaze wander around the apartment, which possibly recalled to her many painful memories. All at once she leaned forward in her chair, with one of those almost convulsive movements that were of themselves sufficiently startling, and declared with a suddenness that deprived the young lawyer momentarily of his self-possession:

"John Vorst, you must know, is my divorced husband."

The Man of the House.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

JOSEPH, honored from sea to sea,
This is your name that pleases me—
"Man of the House."

I see you rise at the dawn and light
The fire, and blow till the flame is bright.

I see you take the pitcher and carry
The deep well-water for Jesus and Mary.

You knead the flour for the bread so fine,
Pluck them grapes from the purple vine.

There are little feet that are soft and slow
Follow you whithersoever you go.

There's a little face in your workshop door,
A little One sits down on your floor;

Holds His hands for the shavings curled,—
The soft little hands that have made the world.

Then Mary calls thee the meal is ready;
You swing the Child to your shoulder steady.

I see your quiet smile as you sit
And watch the little Son thrive and eat.

Where hangs the vine by the window-space,
The wings of angels pass and repass.

Up in the rafters, polished and olden,
There's a Dove that broods, and His wings are
golden.

You who kept them through shine and storm,
A staff, a shelter, kindly and warm;

Father of Jesus, Husband of Mary,
Hold us your lilies for sanctuary!

Joseph, honored from sea to sea,
Guard me mine and my own roof-tree,
Man of the House!

LIFE is continually weighing us in very sensitive scales, and telling every one of us precisely what his real weight is to the last grain of dust. Whoever at fifty does not rate himself quite as low as most of his acquaintance would be likely to put him, must be either a fool or a great man.

—J. R. Lowell.

In the City of St. Fin Barr.

BY CORNELIUS DORGAN.

QUITTING his lone and mystic home, Fin Barr, thirteen centuries ago, followed the course of the River Lee from Gougane-Barra, its source, to Lough Eric,—“that hollow, or basin, in which a great part of the city of Cork now stands, and which the industry of its inhabitants hath from time to time reclaimed and built.” Here, at Lough Eric, the saintly hermit founded the celebrated school of Desmond, the first university established in the British Isles. To it, says Colgan in his life of St. Nesson, who was educated there under Fin Barr,—to it, as the habitation of wisdom and the sanctuary of all Christian virtues, such numbers of disciples flocked that it changed a desert, as it were, into a large city. And Fin Barr, as its first bishop, founded the See of Cork, and erected a cathedral amid such classical environment.

The school of Desmond flourished exceedingly, and endured for many centuries after the death of its canonized founder; while the Faith of Patrick grew with ever-increasing strength, extending and establishing itself everywhere throughout the ancient diocese, till what the piratical Danes and the filibustering Normans had failed to do the apostate English finally accomplished. It was then that Ireland was deprived of every vestige of nationhood; and, as a fitting climax, the supreme act of Protestant usurpation was consummated. Hence it is that in the city of Fin Barr to-day—*Corcaigæ civitas*, as frequently mentioned by St. Bernard; Cork, than which there is no more Catholic city—the principal places of Protestant worship occupy the sites of ancient Catholic ecclesiastical foundations.

The present Protestant cathedral, whose erection cost one hundred thousand pounds sterling, stands on the site chosen by Fin

Barr for the church of his episcopate. A round tower, one hundred feet high, once reared its conical head near by, but no vestige of it now remains. Adjoining the church is an ancient burial ground, now no longer permitted by the civic authorities to be used as such. As is to be seen, also, elsewhere in the city—in fact, throughout the length and breadth of Ireland,—a graveyard is invariably attached to, and forms a part of the site of, the older ecclesiastical foundations. The reason for this is obvious enough. The faithful living in close communion with the Church in life must not be separated from its shrines and sanctuaries in death. It is the popular belief that the saint, enshrined in a silver casket, was buried in his own cathedral; and the traditional site of his grave is still visited.

Sauntering among the tombs of this Old-World burial place, or pausing under the shadow of the proud fane, whose great height, in proportion to the massiveness of pillars and arches, so characteristic of the style of early French Gothic architecture, involuntarily arrests the attention,—musing amid such surroundings, the Protestant atmosphere predominating, one is insensibly led to wonder whether during his lifetime Fin Barr, in an inspired moment, saw with prophetic vision an alien church usurp the place of his own cathedral site, and realized that an alien creed and ritual in an alien tongue should be the form of doctrine and worship taught and sung over his consecrated relics. If this were so, was the grieved spirit of the saint comforted by the knowledge, also divinely imparted, that out of the abyss of her desolation, the Church which he had founded, the Faith which he preached and taught, the civilization which he had marvellously brought to such perfection, should, in God's good time, emerge triumphant, and attain a vigor and permanence which no earthly power could ever again weaken or destroy?

Robbed of their rightful inheritance by the armed majesty of England, the

Catholic body in Cork contrived, somehow, to preserve the prerogatives of their divinely-appointed mission, despite the atrocious penal enactments operating against them. So, ousted from the ancient site at the south side of the city, the cathedral church was built at the north side. This was in 1729, during the episcopacy of the Right Reverend Timothy MacCarthy. This church, however, gave place to the present noble structure, which was erected on its site by Doctor Moylan in 1808. The church, which stands on a commanding position, and is accounted one of the richest specimens of the florid Gothic in Ireland, with its superbly decorated altar and ceiling, was dedicated to the Blessed Virgin and named "St. Mary."

The other Protestant erections, besides the cathedral already noticed, occupying ancient Catholic ecclesiastical sites in the city of Fin Barr, are: St. Anne (Shandon), Holy Trinity or Christchurch, St. Peter's church, and St. Nicholas' church. The decretal epistles of Pope Innocent III. mention in 1199 the church of Shandon, and the courts and cemetery roundabout, as "the church of St. Mary in the mountain." As "St. Mary's," too, the site was known till the present curiously constructed edifice was raised on the charred remains of the old church, which was destroyed in the siege of 1690. One of its rectors, Dominick Terry by name, was the first Protestant bishop of Cork. But Shandon church's *ensemble* can fairly lay claim to a notoriety altogether unique. It has a pepper-box steeple, with two of its sides built of grey or limestone, and two of red or sandstone. It has a clock of local manufacture, with four dials, each measuring seventeen feet in diameter, and reputed the largest in Great Britain. Then there are its bells, justly celebrated for the silvery sweetness of their tones by Father Prout.

The erection of Holy Trinity, or Christchurch, dates as far back as the time of the Knights Templars, by whom it is said to have been built. It is mentioned in

the taxation of Pope Nicholas, made in 1291, and assessed for 15 marks. During the siege of Cork in 1690, Marlborough confined in this church all the Protestants, doubtless as tried and loyal adherents and subjects of the pious and immortal King William, the patron saint of Freemasonry and Orangeism throughout the realm. The present edifice—a plain limestone building, with gabled front—was erected at the beginning of the eighteenth century, with a tower one hundred and thirty-six feet high, which was long the wonder of the city, by reason of the periodic evanescence of its parts. First the erection began to sink, so thirty-six feet were lopped off; then forty feet of the structure suffered the same fate, and finally a complete hiatus rendered the pile no longer a source of wonder. The graveyard adjoining the church is noted for the antiquity of its monuments, one with a floriated cross bearing date 1494.

Almost within a stone's-cast of Christ-church is the equally ancient foundation of St. Peter. It is said that the patronage and advowsons of "Capelle sci Petri, Corcag.," were confirmed to the Bishop of Cork and his successors in the See by a charter of Henry III. dated 1270. In the Catholic times of ancient days, this foundation embraced within its limits various small chapels or oratories. The old structure endured till 1782, when the present building was raised on its site. As with the other ancient foundations, attached to St. Peter's is a burial ground, which is remarkable for the antiquity of its memorials.

As to the remaining erection, it is recorded that in 1270 the Bishop of Cork granted the church of St. Nicholas to the Abbey of St. Thomas in Dublin. The present edifice, a cruciform structure with a peal of bells, serves for six old parishes (once Catholic, of course), namely: St. John, St. Stephen, St. Mary Nard, St. Brigid, St. Dominick, and St. Nicholas itself. St. John's was a priory of Benedictines, built by no less a personage than

John, Lord of Ireland, afterward King John of England.

Of the other parishes it will suffice to mention St. Mary Nard, as having the site of its church now occupied by the ancient citadel—Elizabeth Fort, an irregular square of considerable extent, with four bastions, and situated on a lofty limestone rock, in the midst of what once comprised the scene of St. Fin Barr's blessed labors. Indeed, it would demand but little mental effort to reproduce the scene,—to picture the holy man in the company of hosts of students, many of them afterward illustrious as saints and scholars, occupying this natural theatre, expounding questions of abstruse philosophy, or lecturing with inspired eloquence, in the mellifluous tongue of the Gael, on the simple truths of revealed religion.

From the earliest times the various monastic Orders have been represented in Cork. In 1224 the Dominicans were first settled in Ireland; and five years later a house of the Order was established in Cork, under the invocation of the Blessed Virgin. Its founder was Philip de Barry, a descendant of one of those puissant Normans, who had attempted the subjugation of a people whom they eventually came to outvie in patriotism and piety. The annals of this house present a remarkable record, as showing the distinguished position as churchmen and statesmen attained by not a few of its members.

But, alas! the bloody ages of persecution at length came; and the Friar Preachers, in the general ruin and carnage, suffered for their virtues and their Faith. Their property was sequestered; but, though they had been stripped and proscribed, somehow the community was allowed to retain its monastery, with some interruption, up to the accession of William of Orange. Then it was that the friars were without resources of any kind,—penniless, homeless, and outlawed, and their monastery "secularized," to employ a modern phrase. Their convent was forthwith made the residence of the

governor of Cork, and later served as the town mansion of the Earl of Inchiquin, the infamous Murrough of the Burnings, who succeeded the defeated St. Leger, Lord President of Munster, in command of the Royalist troops in Cork. It is interesting to find that, after all its vicissitudes, the site of this historic building is to-day occupied by a religious community of Sisters—the Convent of Mercy, St. Marie's of the Isle,—which was founded in 1852 by Catherine MacAuley.

Their homes plundered and burned, the friars were in hourly peril of their lives during the intervening years, until 1721, when, getting some respite, they are found living in community in a narrow lane near Shandon church. Here in time they ventured to build a convent, its site being the ruins of Shandon Castle, where, about one hundred years before, the noted Earl of Desmond was held in irons, and whence he was sent to his doom in the Tower of London as a Papistical rebel pretender. At length, in 1784, feeling more secure, the friars threw down the old structure, and built on the same site both a convent and a chapel.

But happier times were in store for the humble followers of St. Dominic, equally with the rest of the Catholic community, clerical and lay. It was not, however, till nigh fifty years had come and gone that the Dominicans were free to emerge from the obscurity of their slum surroundings, and, venturing forth publicly and fearlessly, put an ambitious scheme into practical operation. This they did when, in 1832, the foundation was laid of the present Dominican church of St. Mary, Pope's Quay,—a handsome structure, semi-classical in style, with an imposing portico supported by lofty Ionic columns.

Generally, one associates the Franciscans with the Dominicans. The Order of St. Francis was first established in Cork in 1231, or two years subsequent to the settlement of the Friar Preachers there. The site of the monastery was on the

North Mall, the vicinity of which is still known as the North Abbey. It was founded by MacCarthy More, Prince of Desmond, and was called the Monastery of the Minorites, or the Friars of the Seandun, or Shandon. MacCarthy More ("great," as the affix "More" implies), being one of the most powerful of the sept, was also one of the most pious. He built this stately monastery, with a church which was dedicated, like so many others, to the Blessed Virgin. The house, from its strict discipline, obtained the appellation of the "Mirror of Ireland."

The next we hear of the Order is the confiscation of the monastery and church and the dispersion of the community—the brown-robed sons of St. Francis,—who, of course, shared the same fate as the members of the other religious houses, until, finally emerging, like them, from the stealth and oppression of long years of penal proscription, they began to live in community in a narrow passage off one of the narrowest lanes in the city,—the present Broad Lane. Nor was it until 1830, just one year after the Irish Catholic Emancipation Act came into force, that they ventured to undertake the building of a church,—the present unpretentious structure, which, with their convent, has been remodelled and greatly enlarged within quite recent years.

As an ecclesiastical foundation in the city of St. Fin Barr, the Augustinian Order dates from 1420. Its founder was Patrick de Courcey, Baron of Kinsale. The De Courceys were pre-eminently a valiant race. The first Peer was Sir John de Courcey, Earl of Ulster, in the early Norman creations. In consequence of a difference between himself and Hugh de Lacy, another of the genus Norman, he lost the favor of his sovereign, King John, and was imprisoned in the Tower of London. Meanwhile the English King and the King of France, Philip of the name, had some contention about the title of the Duchy of Normandy, when, according to the militant spirit of the age, it was

agreed to decide the issue by single combat. John, remembering De Courcey, the valor of his arms, the prowess of his strength in feats of dexterity, endurance, and skill, communicated with his prisoner in the Tower, proffering him liberty and life, and certain privileges and grants, if he would become his champion. Twice De Courcey indignantly refused compliance; but on the third summons he deigned to consent; not, however, in consideration of the sovereign whom he cordially despised, but for the "honor of his country," as he gallantly declared.

The time and the place having been decided on, the champions presented themselves in the lists, fully accoutered, in the presence of the three crowned heads, respectively, of England, France, and Scotland. But the meeting unexpectedly culminated in the sudden flight of the French champion. The fugitive, at the last moment, was unmanned by the manifest superiority of his antagonist in physique. Although the meeting ended in a fiasco, his former titles and estates were restored to De Courcey, together with the privilege of standing in the royal presence with head covered,—a privilege preserved and enjoyed by the family to this day.

From such stock was the founder of this Augustinian convent directly and lineally descended. Nor was the gift unworthy the name of De Courcey in that far-off age. The Red Abbey, as it was called, was an imposing structure, as the ruins of its massive pillars, lofty pointed arches, and square tower, testify to-day; and which an old colored painting, before us as we write, faithfully depicts. Attached to the monastery was a church, and both were held uninterruptedly by the Augustinians until the stormy times of 1641.

There are two monastic houses in Cork, of Orders now totally extinct or unrepresented. These are Gill Abbey, belonging to the Canons Regular; and the Priory of St. Stephen. Gill Abbey was anciently known

as Antro Sancti Fion Barre, or the Cave of St. Fin Barr, now no longer visible, but in the hoary days of long ago piercing the great limestone quarry whereon the abbey was raised. It was a very celebrated monastery,—as famous as it was ancient. In its earliest period it contained as many as seventeen prelates and seven hundred monks as residents. But all its inmates were not mere scholarly recluses. Those were inherently martial times,—times of militant piety and heroism. Under the ægis of the sceptre and the crozier, the crowned king and the mitred abbot went forth with trusty sword to fight the common enemy. Hence, in 908, we find the warlike Abbot of Gill Abbey (or, more properly then, of Antro Sancti Fion Barre), Ailliol MacEogan, with the great Cormac, King and Archbishop of Cashel, slain in battle.

Neither were the stout walls of the monastery immune from attack in those far-off times. The monks were encumbered by rapacious neighbors in the colony of Ostmen, who settled in the city, and who, prompted by their notorious propensity for pillage and loot, in 970 destroyed the abbey. There must have been, apparently, some close fraternal association between the religious of this house and the Kings of Cashel. For after the monastery had been rebuilt, we find Dungal O'Donoghue, King of Cashel, breathing his last within its walls in 1025; and, as has been said, Abbot Ailliol MacEogan and Cormac, dually King and Archbishop of Cashel—a predecessor of Dungal O'Donoghue in the Munster sovereignty,—met the same fate, fighting in the same battle in defence of Faith and Fatherland. In 1134 the abbey was refounded, under the rules of the Canons Regular of St. Augustine, by Gilla Aeda O'Mungin, from whom (his Christian name of Gilla) it has been called and is universally known as Gill Abbey.

The other monastic house unrepresented, St. Stephen's, does not appear prominently in the ecclesiastical records of the See

of Cork. A significant fact connected with it, however, was the foundation, in 1250, of a leper-house under its guardianship.

The annals of Cork are the records of events memorable in history; but the story of the ancient ecclesiastical foundations in the city of St. Fin Barr forms the theme alike of the brightest and saddest achievements.

The Prize Machine.*

AT 4.30 the alarm clock rang out shrill on the silence of the room. Ivana, poor widow, mother of three, awoke, jumped from her bed, and glanced at the other bed in the corner, made, like her own, of planks on old boxes. Two children—a boy and a girl under ten—lay on it; and, not seeing the third, her eldest, a fifteen-year-old girl, she called to her:

“Lepa, child! Where are you?”

“I am up, mamma,” came the pleasant, clear, girlish voice from the kitchen.

The mother dressed herself, approached the children’s bed, covered them snugly with the tattered coverlet, and opened the window. The sun was just purpling the east. Silence was in the courtyard; everything was yet still. The windows and doors of the ten lodgings were closed. They consisted each of a room and kitchen, in which porters, seamstresses and washerwomen lodged. There was also a postman. Only old Toma, the landlord, having already taken his coffee, sat on a low chair outside the house, smoking a long briar pipe. He rises regularly at dawn, before any of his lodgers; and while they sleep, he gazes on the walls of the house to see if the boys have scratched them in playing ball; he examines the water pump to see that the tap is not leaky; he sweeps the footpath; and during the day he quarrels with his tenants.

* Translated for *THE AVE MARIA* from the Serb, by Patricia Colville.

Seeing him in the courtyard, the poor woman shrank back, and, without even wishing him “Good-morning!” hastily retired from the window. She owed him two months’ rent. She glanced round the room mechanically at the two beds, a table near the window, an old wardrobe, a looking-glass, three shaky chairs, a soot-begrimed icon of St. Nikolas, the alarm clock, an old sewing machine, and a stove, which summed up her belongings.

“There! Even these will be sold for the rent!” she sighed, sitting down on a chair in the corner.

The poor woman had once longed for this morning to dawn. To-day her daughter Leposava was leaving school, and to-morrow she would be able to help at home. She had refused several offers of work till now, because her eldest girl was at the Industrial School, and there was no one to mind the children; but to-morrow the girl could take her place.

And the day had come; but, instead of rejoicing, she now feared it, as she did every day of the future, because there were but two days more to the new month. Landlord Toma had given her two days’ grace for the rent, but she could not find in so short a time the twenty-five shillings she owed. She had begged him to wait another month; and, although she had promised to pay within the next for the past two, fully expecting to earn more, now that her daughter was free to help her, he was *inexorable*, explaining that her furniture could not make up the sum, as it was not worth so much.

“Instead of being glad on St. Peter’s Day, which I have so longed for, I suffer,” the poor thing lamented.

She washed her face in the kitchen, returned and refilled the little oil lamp that burned before the icon; and, while the daughter arranged her hair, again sat troubled on the chair in the corner. She had only fivepence in her pocket, and she must manage to buy bread for

the children and something else to eat with it. Dark thoughts, undefined and awful, presented themselves in disorder before her mind.

The noise of windows opening one by one, the lodgers' greeting to one another, the sound of the pump,—nothing of what was going on in the yard did she heed. But when the church bells rang out for Matins, and the thunder of cannon began in the fortress (as that day is a national holiday), the poor woman shook off her brooding.

The wick in the oil lamp shone brightly, the face of the saint looked mild and encouraging, while the alarm clock beat monotonously ticktack, ticktack. That morning Leposava, going to school for the last time, was hungrier than usual. At her age she quite understood the situation in which they found themselves. The mother had given the children her last coin to buy two loaves of bread and some potatoes. When they returned from market, the mother cut one of the loaves, gave a piece to each, and told them to bring shavings from the shed. These shavings they had gathered a few days earlier from workmen who were erecting a new building in the neighborhood. She put the potatoes in a pot, poured on water, placed it on the tin stove, and lit the fire.

The fire burned in the tin stove, the light of the lamp flickered before the icon, the alarm clock ticked monotonously. The children, seeing that their mother was troubled, crouched together in a corner of the kitchen; and, not daring to ask for more bread, were silent while the widow's thoughts brooded far back on the past, when her husband was still alive and the house lacked nothing.

Somebody knocked at the door. She opened. The long figure of Landlord Toma, with his pipe, stood before her.

"Morning!" he said shortly, his brows contracted in a frown.

"Good-morning, Landlord Toma!"

"Ahem! now—*you* know," he began

hesitatingly, "to-morrow is the thirtieth, and you already owe me two months' rent. I don't know whether you can pay it or not. People ask me—ahem! they inquire about this lodging; they want to rent it from me."

"I know, Landlord Toma,—I know they want it. Still, I beg you once more to wait another month."

"What? Another month? Oh, that can not be, sister! There has already been too much waiting."

"But I implore you, Landlord Toma!"

"Impossible, impossible! I only ask for what belongs to me. I'll not take what is not mine; but what is, I ought to have."

"You know that my daughter leaves school to-day, and that we shall now be able to earn more."

"I know nothing,—I want to know nothing."

"At least for one month more, Landlord Toma!"

"Till the day after to-morrow only. Understand? And after to-morrow the money, or out you go! The day after to-morrow is the last day. I also am in want. There are always repairs and additions and taxes. There, they already want the taxes for the second half-yearly term, and the first is not yet passed. And, then, how can I wait when all this furniture is not worth so much as the rent that is owing?"

She knew that Landlord Toma would say this; nevertheless, his demand fell heavily on her ears. Only two days between her and the next month, and she had nowhere to turn. "And afterward? Wheretò afterward?" she asked herself.

The shavings were almost burned in the stove and became ashes; the wick flickered before the icon; and, wrapped in gloomy fears, she anticipated the terrible tragedy which would begin in two days.

About eleven o'clock Leposava, breathless and radiant, ran in with outstretched hands.

"Mother, mother, rejoice!" she cried from the gate.

Her mother looked at her in surprise. The expression of her daughter's face filled her with a new hope, undefined, indistinct and formless.

"Mother, I have won the first prize!"

"Prize?"

"The most valuable prize, mother, which is given only to the best pupils. I have got a sewing machine of the newest make."

Her mother embraced her.

"But where is it?" she asked.

"At the school, mother. I knew that you had not money to-day to pay a porter, so I left it there till to-morrow."

Tears gathered in the poor widow's eyes and she sobbed out:

"I have not, daughter. But wait! We will borrow from some one."

At that moment, enlivened by hope, still smarting from the effect of Landlord Toma's words, that all her furniture was not worth as much as the two months' rent she owed him, she resolved to borrow money from her neighbors, so as to be able to bring the machine home.

She went to the wife of Peter the tram conductor, and asked the loan of tenpence till next day, without giving a reason for her request.

"I neither borrow, my dear, nor do I lend," the woman answered.

She then went to the wife of Ika the factory man; but she told her she had no change.

Baffled, but still hoping, she went to old Makra, the wife of Yefta the porter, who came in to dinner just then.

"How much do you want?" asked Yefta, having heard the conversation between his wife and his neighbor.

"Tenpence."

"I have not so much," he said, holding his purse; "but I can give you sixpence."

"Will it not be too little?" she asked herself. "Will any porter bring me the machine for that much?"

And then she remembered that he could bring it, and begged him to do so.

"But has Leposava really got a machine?" said Yefta, in astonishment.

"Yes, and *what* a machine! But there! I have no money to pay to bring it home, and I did not remember to ask you."

"Now, now! Why should I not bring it? And I will do so without charge."

"Oh, thank you in advance, Uncle Yefta!"

"There now! And why should I not do that for you when I can? If we poor people do not help one another, no one will save us from the landlord, were we to die of hunger."

Leposava went to the school with Uncle Yefta, and in half an hour he brought the machine.

"Here it is, mother! It is the Central Bobbin system, you know," explained the daughter proudly.

And the mother, happy and gay, embraced her daughter and pressed her to her heart.

"My daughter, my hope!"

The neighborhood gathered before the house; the women gazed and speculated on the price of such a machine. The wives of Ika the factory man, and Peter the conductor, were there too. Landlord Toma also came to make his guess whether the machine were worth as much money as the widow owed him rent.

"A really nice machine," remarked the conductor's wife.

"I admire it immensely. Fine workmanship," added some one else.

"Well, you have a daughter to be proud of!"—this from Landlord Toma.

And the heart danced with joy within poor Ivana's breast; she grasped her daughter's hand, drew her into the room and knelt before the icon. The daughter followed the mother's example.

"Daughter, let us thank Him who forgets not even the worm, and saved us from the misery that might have been our portion," said Ivana.

She lifted her eyes to the icon, and it seemed to her that a holy, heavenly joy spread over the face of the saint. At that

moment she remembered something: she took the strongest of the three chairs, placed it in the corner before the icon, mounted it, and, taking a silver sixpence from the shelf on which the lamp stood, returned to the group outside.

"I want to treat you to coffee this afternoon," she said to those gathered around, "although I have not another penny in the house." (She showed them the money which she had taken from the shelf.) "This is my last coin. I have kept it for six years, and I put it in the cake every year at Christmas. I did not spend it in the days of greatest misery and want. This day is for me a day of joy, the happiest of my life, and now I mean to spend it. God, who disposes of all, forgets not even my house. Thanks be to Him!"

She turned to Uncle Yefta. "Uncle Yefta, you will carry this machine to the pawnbroker's to-morrow, so that Landlord Toma's two months' rent may not fail; and we, my daughter and I, we will use the old machine as before."

"I beg you, sister,—I—ahem, you know I only asked for my due," Toma explained, filling his pipe.

"I always say," put in Uncle Yefta, "because of us poor people the very sun shines."

The Holy Communion Blessing.

THE following letter from a prominent parish priest in an Eastern diocese will be of interest to all our readers, lay and clerical. The latter portion of it seems to settle a question which, of late, has been much discussed. The Sacred Liturgy leaves no room for doubt that the proper time for Holy Communion is during Mass. As for the blessing, when for some sufficient reason Holy Communion is administered immediately before or after the Sacrifice, it would doubtless contribute both to the solemnity of the act and to the devotion of those communicating if

the blessing were given. The omission of anything calculated to safeguard or increase our reverence for the Most Blessed Sacrament is, of course, a very serious matter; all the more so if such omission involves the violation of an ecclesiastical decree:

REV. AND DEAR FATHER:—I was much pleased with the extract you gave from the *London Tablet*, and the remarks you made on it regarding the giving of Holy Communion immediately before Mass, in your issue of August 15. They are timely, and it would be well if the Catholic papers would treat the matter at times, to give the people a correct idea of the mind of the Church on this point. While the liturgy of the Holy Sacrifice indicates in the clearest manner that the proper time for approaching the Holy Table is during the Mass, experience teaches us that not a few of those who approach immediately before or after make neither a fitting preparation nor a fitting thanksgiving. And remarks on this point may be all the more timely, now that so large a number of Catholics are turning an attentive ear to the voice of the Holy Father urging his spiritual children throughout the world to a more frequent reception of the Bread of Life. But it is not on this point that I wish to remark.

The writer in the *Tablet* refers, in No. 4, to the giving or not giving of the blessing when Holy Communion is administered immediately before or after Mass; and disapproves of the imparting of such blessing. It is well known that there is a lack of uniformity among priests in this matter; and it was in the expectation that some other reader of *THE AVE MARIA* would take up the question that I delayed to make any remarks on it. It is a matter about which not a few Catholics are perplexed—and not without reason—when they see one priest giving the blessing when Holy Communion is so distributed, and another omitting it. After stating that the Church provides no rite for Communion *before* Mass or *after* it, but only *in* the Mass, the writer continues: "Hence the anomaly, when this rite is used before Mass, of giving a blessing at the beginning as well as at the end of a function."

Let us inquire into this anomaly, if it does not disappear before we have done. Upon consulting the Ritual and the Missal, it is evident that it is the will of the Church that those who receive Holy Communion should also receive the blessing. Nothing need be said of those who communicate during the Mass: the whole question turns on those who receive outside the Mass,

especially immediately before or after. Now, neither the Ritual nor the Missal (and I am consulting the typical editions of both) says anything *forbidding* the giving of the blessing when Holy Communion is administered at *any time* outside the Mass. The Ritual says, in general terms, that when Holy Communion is given, the blessing is to be imparted. The whole question resolves itself into this: when Holy Communion is administered before or after Mass, the blessing is given immediately; when it is given in the Mass, it is given *almost* immediately, for the intervening parts of the Mass are very short. The intimate relation between the Communion and the blessing is further seen in the learned work of Pope Benedict XIV., "De Sacrificio Missæ" (Book III., chapter xviii, Nos. 9-12), where the question is discussed, and authors quoted, whether Holy Communion can be given in Masses for the dead, because the blessing can not be given. But let us come to the authorities on the subject.

The Ritual (p. 69) directs that the blessing is to be given immediately after the communicants have received (of course outside of Mass), without making any reference whatever to the time when they receive. But the question, to my mind, is put to rest by a decree, or response, of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, given in the *American Ecclesiastical Review* (vol. ix, pp. 54, 55), which the writer in the *Tablet* does not appear to have seen, and which states in the most explicit terms that the blessing is *always* to be given whenever Holy Communion is administered outside of Mass; and reinforces and clinches it, with the *sole* exception of the case where the priest is vested in black; and this can be only immediately before or after Mass. The *dubium*, or query, so far as it relates to the point under discussion, is as follows: *Queritur, utrum benedictio . . . semper sit elargienda, quando-citra Missam administratur S. Communio?* And the response is: *Benedictio semper danda est, unico excepto casu quando datur immediate ante vel post Missam Defunctorum.* The date of this decree of the Sacred Congregation of Rites is August 5, 1892.

In the face of this it is difficult to see how the blessing can be omitted. The word *semper* (always) is evidently meant to be taken in its literal, general, and unqualified sense, to say nothing of the "*sole* exception." For my part, I am thoroughly convinced that when Holy Communion is administered at *any time* outside of Mass the prescribed blessing is always to be given.

A. A. LAMBING.

Notes and Remarks.

We drew attention, some time ago, in these columns, to the splendid results attendant in Belgium upon Men's Retreats or Retreats for the People, and noted that a beginning in the same work had been made in England. A recent issue of the *London Catholic Times* contains a most interesting account of one such retreat held at Stonyhurst. It was mainly due to some letters called forth from the men themselves by reports of the Belgian plan and its invariably beneficial results. These letters asked: "Why can not *we* have retreats? *We* are in the thick of the fight; we are immersed in dangers to our Faith, and even more to our morals; the atmosphere of all public works in our great industrial towns is infidel and immoral, and yet we have nothing to counteract its influence. It is not so much the upper classes as the middle classes that need help, and especially men."

While we have no space in which to give the details of this spiritual bath at Stonyhurst, the following statement, from one of the attendants, will sufficiently indicate its excellence:

That the men were in deep earnest was seen from the fact that every morning almost the whole body received Holy Communion. The order of the day left very little free time, but the regular exercises of piety did not seem enough for us. The chapel, early and late, was occupied by devout visitors for private devotions.

As will be seen, the Belgian success is being repeated in England; and, we doubt not, will be repeated in this country also, once the plan of holding Men's Retreats becomes generally known and introduced into our larger cities and towns.

A Boston lawyer recently injected unwonted interest into a conference of Baptist ministers by describing the kind of sermon likely to please men of his profession. "If a lawyer were asked to name the sort of sermon he liked," declared this

gentleman, Mr. Frank K. Linscott, "would he not say, one that had the earmarks of a preparation such as he himself has been accustomed to give his own work,—one that evidenced it by its logical continuity of ideas, by the skilful choice of word or apt simile, by the ready flow of matured thought dressed in appropriate language; even more by that subtle, indescribable something that bears witness silently, but none the less surely, to the well-thought-out discourse?"

Personally, we should answer, Yes, to the question propounded. And not merely the lawyer, but the member of any profession, or, for that matter, the artisan in any trade, would, we think, prefer such a discourse to one in which the characteristics above noted are mainly conspicuous by their absence. The preacher who can deliver an effective sermon without very serious preliminary work devoted to its preparation is as rare as is a truly great poet or painter.

A correspondent of the *London Tablet*, who was present at the audience which Cardinal Merry del Val, the Secretary of State of the Holy Father, granted to Father Doyle, the rector of the Apostolic Mission House in Washington, reports that his Eminence was most favorably impressed by the manner in which missions to non-Catholics in the United States are conducted. The non-controversial character of the sermons was highly commended. His Eminence declared that it was far wiser to ignore doctrinal differences, and simply and solely to present the teachings of the Church in their most attractive form. The purely expository method, he said, is by all odds the best.

The mayor of Beaumont de Lomagne has forbidden the holding of processions in that town; and Bishop Marty has written him a trenchant letter, saying in part: "Let us be frank, your Honor. You haven't even the courage of your convic-

tions; and you are trying, it appears, to place the responsibility of your tyrannous action on your victims, by talking of the fighting spirit of the Catholics. You deceive no one, however. Who supposes that a fighting spirit animates a procession that prays, even to the accompaniments of drums and trumpets? No, sir, the Catholics are not fighters: they love peace. They do not attack, they defend themselves,—and, alas! defend themselves too weakly. The fighters are you and your political friends, who have expelled our religious, confiscated our monasteries, burglarized our churches, stripped our priests, robbed our dead, and proscribed liberty. . . . You have voluntarily put yourself outside the Catholic pale. Accordingly, should death come to you, as it comes to all, before you have publicly disavowed your irreligious decision—which may God avert!—my priests will be under the painful necessity of refusing you the honors of Christian burial."

This last consideration may not impress the mayor very forcibly at present, but the day is bound to come when it will loom up before him as a tremendous misfortune. The most inveterate French anti-clericals have a fashion of sending for the priest when life's fitful fever is almost over.

Certain portions of Archbishop O'Connell's masterly discourse to the American Federation of Catholic Societies have been approvingly quoted by a number of our secular contemporaries; but none of them, so far as we have seen, have called attention to the following paragraphs, the second of which, especially, deserves the serious consideration of all Christians, Protestant and Catholic, in the country:

While our people are among the poorest of this country in material goods, and least able to bear new burdens, they have erected, at the cost of millions and millions of dollars, schools and institutions wherein their children might be taught that there is a God to whom all men must be responsible; that moral law emanating from that God binds them during all their lives;

that all authority is from God; that civil rulers are sacred in that authority; that the law of the land is to be obeyed under penalty of God's displeasure; that rights of property are sacred, and all those other inviolable principles of right and duty which stand for order in the world and the peace of humanity. While doing for the children of the nation what the nation itself can not do, we have been burdened with a double taxation, which is nothing short of outrageous tyranny.

I call upon this Federation and upon every Christian in the land to oppose with all his influence the latest attempt of an infidel propaganda to thrust into the schools what appears on the surface to be an innocent system of ethical culture, but which in reality is only another clever ruse to substitute a pagan philosophy for Christianity. If this meeting of the Federation will have accomplished only this one great achievement—arousing the American people to a knowledge of the awful dangers which the nation must eventually face if this system of irreligious or unreligious training of the young continues,—it will have done something to gain the eternal gratitude of all true patriots.

It is an old theme, and one which the Catholic press has treated with possibly tedious iteration; but, until the evil is remedied, the warning must be sounded again and again.

Writing, in the *Month*, of the Linnean Society's observance of the fiftieth anniversary of the publication of the "Natural Selection" theory, J. G. asks:

What is to be said of its [Darwinism's] present position, now that it has been before the world for half a century? Of the multitude of scientific men who style themselves Darwinians, how many have any real claim to the title, and believe in Natural Selection as the agent which has produced that transformation of species which all evolutionists assume to have occurred? Even as to Evolution itself, while there is general agreement that it has in fact taken place, can it be pretended that there is anything like unanimity, or, in reality, anything but fierce discord, as to the manner in which it has been wrought, and the nature of the forces to which it is due? Undoubtedly the ideas of Darwin and Wallace did much for Natural History, shaking scientific ideas out of traditional grooves, and giving an impetus to observation and research which has borne marvellous fruit. But it is a grave error to represent, as some are inclined to do, that Darwinism itself has proved

to supply even such a key to the secrets of nature as its author supposed; or that, as Haeckel declares, we have found a solution of all mysteries in the magic word "Evolution." As Professor Driesch says in his recent Gifford Lectures, with whose words we may conclude, "We do not know very much about evolution at all,—in this field we are just at the very beginning of what deserves the name of exact knowledge"; while "Darwinism fails all along the line."

Another case in which a novel scientific theory, furnishing a plausible explanation of some of the mysteries of life, is forthwith greeted as a demonstrated truth, and triumphantly appealed to as a complete refutation of religious teaching. Many a scientific hypothesis within the past century has gone up like a rocket only to come down like its stick.

It is no new complaint that there are altogether too many "fads and frills" in the curriculum of our public schools. The existence of most of them is due to a very common fallacy accepted by more educationists than one cares to number,—the fallacy that, because knowledge of certain arts or sciences, or the possession of certain accomplishments, would be an excellent thing for the grown-up citizen, therefore the rudiments of all the arts and sciences and all the accomplishments must be taught to the school-children. The sense of proportion, the discernment of the essential from among the accidental and the ornamental, is sadly lacking in many a school superintendent and principal; and, according to a writer in the *Independent*, here is one result:

Candidates for admission to our high schools know little arithmetic and less grammar; they have been carefully guarded against the deadly effects of any language-study but English, and the most of them can not spell—even to suit the taste of the simplified spelling board.

And why are they so deficient in these primary branches? What have they been doing in the lower grades? The same writer supplies the information:

They have been making doll's furniture, and school gardens, and manual training school pies,

and models of locomotives and Paris gowns. If I seem narrow-minded in preferring a knowledge of percentage and the parts of speech, let me remind you that the much commiserated factory child also has learned to work with his hands—and skilfully.

All knowledge is good, but not all is attainable; and it is obvious that fair proficiency in the oldtime Three R's is incomparably preferable to a practically useless smattering in the Three R's and the three dozen "isms" and "ologies" that are fast crowding them out.

As corroborative of the position frequently taken in these columns on the defects in the administration of our criminal laws, we quote the declaration of a special committee of the American Bar Association:

The unrestricted right to a writ of error in criminal cases is a flagrant abuse in judicial procedure. These writs are sued out solely for delay. The punishment of notorious criminals is thus constantly being postponed, in violation of every principle of justice. This is especially flagrant in the suing out of writs of error from the Supreme Court of the United States to review the decision of the highest courts of criminal jurisdiction in the several States.

We recommend that no writs of error returnable in criminal cases to the Supreme Court of the United States should be allowed, unless justice at that court shall certify that there is probable cause to believe that the defendant was unjustly convicted.

The recent outbreak in Illinois of the "wild justice of revenge," and the lamentable frequency of lynchings in different States, emphasize the necessity of so modifying our procedure in criminal cases that patent guilt shall be swiftly punished,—and punished according to law, not in defiance thereof.

One of the amusing experiences of the Catholic editor, who must perforce devote a little time to skimming some representative organs of the great secular press, is to find matters that he has been harping on for years suddenly "discovered" by a periodical of international reputation, and

thence quoted far and wide as something novel. A case in point is the following paragraph, reproduced from the *Cosmos* of Paris:

The reading of criminal narratives brings on a diseased excitement and creates a dangerous obsession in the case of some weak and impulsive persons. This is not the only danger of the excessive publicity given to criminal cases. Professional criminals find in such public narratives, filled with too minute detail, useful information about the way to commit crimes with the least possible risk. It is time for us to realize the truth. Let us stop advertising crime; and, since examples are apt to be followed, let us make good deeds interesting to the public rather than blazon forth wrongdoing.

There is probably not a Catholic magazine or newspaper printed in any part of the world that has not for years past been urging the foregoing view. That it is being at last adopted by the secular press itself is, of course, something to be thankful for; but, as has been said, the "discovery" of the viewpoint is somewhat amusing.

The statement of the Anglican Archbishop of Melbourne, on occasion of his recent visit to Lindisfarne, that "there never was a Church of Rome in England"—a most ignorant statement for an educated man to make,—is taken almost too seriously by the London *Tablet*. It would have been quite enough to refer the Anglican prelate and his companions to the researches of non-Catholic students like the late Professor Maitland, without wasting words on them. These few, however, were worth while:

One can imagine the bewildered amazement that the good St. Cuthbert, the monk and the ascetic, would have felt could he have returned to his cell and been introduced to these bishops—and the rest of the company. And if it had been explained to him that these were Englishmen claiming to be Christian bishops while rejecting the authority and excluded from the communion of the Apostolic See, and that they had obtained their office by signing a declaration that Sacrifices of the Mass are blasphemous fables and dangerous deceits, one can realize the holy horror and indignation of the saint, and the energy with which he would have banned them from his island.



At the End of Vacation.

BY MARY M. REDMOND.

SEPTEMBER has come! We must look up
our books,

And turn a deaf ear to the clamoring brooks;
To the wash of the waves on the pebbly shore,
To the call of the birds and the dip of the oar.

Farewell to the woods, the green meadows and
lanes,

To the patter and rush of the warm summer rains!
Farewell to the quiet of cool, shady nooks!

We'll "right about face" to routine and our
books.

Vacation is over: we'll settle to work,
And never a lesson or duty we'll shirk;
For Nature has taught us this lesson most true:
"Be honest and straight in whatever you do."

The Story of Little Fritz.

I.—A HOME NEAR THE FOREST.

DOWN deep in a secluded valley, surrounded by a chain of hills whose summits were crowned by wide-spreading oaks and beeches, lay the little village of Birkenrode. Huge columns of smoke rising from the adjacent forest told the traveller, even when miles away, that coal-burning was the chief occupation of its dwellers.

The most skilful collier of all this region was one Willebrand, a robust, jovial old fellow. Always happy and merry, he went singing to his work in the morning, and singing he came home at night. While he was engaged in the forest, his wife, a good, gentle woman, managed things at home, and tried to keep in check three roisterous, stalwart boys, who were always overflowing with fun and mischief. This

was no easy matter, you may be sure.

None of their comrades were so strong or fearless as they. Not one could run so swiftly or climb so high or jump so far; in swimming, leaping, and wrestling, none could approach them; and, alas! in torn clothes and scratched hands and faces, their poor mother knew to her sorrow that they had no equals.

Yet, though the very spirit of mischief dwelt in these three incorrigibles, all the villagers loved them; for they were kind-hearted boys, brimming over with good nature, and always ready to oblige.

If a neighbor said to Wolfgang, the eldest, "I am obliged to leave home to-night: will you not watch with my sick child?" the boy would go cheerfully and watch until dawn by the little sufferer, caring for it tenderly as a mother. If one said to Christoph, the second, "I have left my ax in the forest and have no time to go for it," Christoph would bound away like a wild deer and give himself no rest until the forgotten ax was restored to its owner. And Hans, the youngest of the three, was just as ready as his brothers to be kind and obliging.

When the eldest of these three young athletes was twelve and the other two eleven and nine respectively, they went one morning down to the trout-brook fishing. Just as Wolfgang was drawing a magnificent trout out of the water, heavy footsteps were heard, the bushes parted, and a great, strong man with an ax on his shoulder appeared. He wore a blouse of coarse dark linen, trousers of the same material, a broad leathern girdle around the waist, and heavy wooden shoes. The face of the man was not really handsome, for time had furrowed it; still it was a pleasing face, for goodness and cheerfulness were stamped upon it.

"Ho, you young rascals!" he cried.

"Throw down those fishing-lines and come with me into the forest. I have let you be idle long enough; now you must go to work and earn your living."

"Father," said Wolfgang, so intent upon his prize that he did not look up, "if we go to work to-day, you can't have any fish for supper. You wouldn't make us throw our lines aside now when we're having such splendid luck? Just look!"

"Yes, yes, I see!" said the father. "That's a pretty good haul."

"And there are plenty more where this one came from," exclaimed Wolf. "To-morrow, if you say so, we'll go to work; but let us fish to-day."

"Very well," said Willebrand. "But if you're not on hand bright and early to-morrow morning, I'll know the reason why." And, with powerful strides, he turned toward the forest.

The boys fished until noon; then they concluded to leave off, for three reasons: they had caught fish enough, they were hungry, and they must carry their father his dinner. Having eaten heartily of the smoking potato-soup that was awaiting them at home, they started out with a covered pail filled with the same for their father.

They could not miss him: he was always to be found where the coalpit was the greatest and the smoke rose highest. He greeted the boys with a pleasant smile; and, having seen that his coalpit was in order, threw himself down on the soft moss, under the shadow of a branching oak, to eat his dinner.

"Well, boys," he said, "you have been long enough coming. But never mind; the greater the hunger the better the feast. Let me see what you have brought."

The boys reached him the pail, and, taking off the cover, he exclaimed: "Ah, ha! potato-soup! That will taste good. But bring me my plate and spoon; they are there in the little hut."

The three boys bounded off as if they were running on a wager. Each would have the triumph⁷⁷ of bringing the plate

and spoon to his dear father. Wolfgang had the longest legs, and returned jubilant, waving the plate and spoon aloft as tokens of victory. As the old man saw the sad, mortified expression of the two younger boys, he could but laugh, yet he tried to comfort them.

"Never mind," he said. "Wolf has the advantage, because he is the oldest and the greatest scapegrace of you all. Now sit down, and while I am eating tell me what mother has been doing at home, and how many fish you caught."

The boys gave the desired information; and the kind father, while eating his soup, said: "It is a great pleasure to eat our simple food when hard work has given us a good appetite. There are, beyond these mountains, people who have so much money that, year in and year out, they never do a thing themselves, but let other people wait upon them. When they rise in the morning, their breakfast is ready. They drink coffee with sugar and cream, or tea or chocolate, and eat all kinds of rich food. Then, perhaps, they take a short walk, or go riding or driving in a magnificent carriage. Then they go home and take a second full breakfast, at which there is every delicacy. Then they kill time the best way they can until dinner, where there are more dishes than I can name,—sometimes six, eight, or more different ones at a single meal. Then balls, visits, and company fill up the time until supper. These great people think they enjoy themselves, but it is not so. They drift uselessly through the world, living only for the present. I tell you that people with nothing to do can not be happy. Who do you think enjoy life the more—these grand folk, with all their luxuries, or I with my potato-soup? Which tastes the better—their food or mine?"

"What a question that is, father!" exclaimed Wolf. "Of course baked meats and pastry must taste better than our meal-broth and soups."

"There you are mistaken, my boy. In the first place, these people have become

so accustomed to dainties that they do not enjoy them; in the second, they eat without appetite. How can a man have an appetite if he does not work? Hunger, child, is the best sauce. I have all my life worked hard, and eaten my simple meals with great relish. If you should ever live in a great city, do not be envious of the rich. A man with health and a good conscience need envy no living soul. Now, boys, as the dinner-pail is empty, you may carry it home. Take care that in some of your wild pranks you do not stave it in pieces."

"Good-bye, father!" cried the boys as they bounded off like young deer.

Old Willebrand went again to his work with strong arms and a cheerful heart. At sunset he flung his ax over his shoulder and hastened home through the darkening forest. He was content with himself and the whole world. He had done his duty, and God had blessed the work of his hands. As he walked under the arching branches of the forest, it was to him as if he trod in a great temple of the living God. All was still and peaceful; and, while he admired God's beautiful creation, his heart unconsciously went up in praise to Him.

Before he reached the village his three boys came springing out to meet him, dancing and jumping around him, and each pushing the other aside, so as to be first to seize his rough hand. The fortunate one walked proudly by the old man's side, heedless of the shoves of his brothers. Had he not the place of honor, won by his own skill and valor?

II.—COUSIN FRITZ.

Upon the oaken table, covered with a coarse but white cloth, stood a lighted lamp, a dish of delicious trout, and a plate of potatoes. The collier's family, with bowed heads and folded hands, sat around the table, and Wolf said the usual grace:

Come, Lord Jesus, be our guest,
And let this food to us be blest!

The words had scarcely passed his lips when a faint knock was heard at the door. "Come in!" said the father; and a pretty boy of some eleven years entered the room. Long, blonde locks surrounded his head, a pair of clear blue eyes lighted up his pleasant face, and his cheeks wore the glow of perfect health. The boy was elegantly built, and, with his slender, graceful figure, he formed a striking contrast to Willebrand's robust youngsters.

"Are you the collier Willebrand?" he asked timidly.

"Yes, my son," was the reply. "And who are you?"

The lad made no answer, but handed a letter to the collier's wife.

"We will finish our supper," said Willebrand; "then, wife, you can read the letter. Are you not hungry, my child?"

"Yes, sir, I am," answered the boy. "I have eaten nothing since morning."

"Draw your chair right up to the table, boy, and take supper with us."

The lad was only too glad to accept the invitation. He ate with that sharp hunger and perfect satisfaction known only to youth and health, seeming to forget all else save the delicious trout and potatoes to which he was bountifully helped by Frau Willebrand. Meanwhile the whole family were scanning him from head to foot, and the three boys were puzzling their small brains greatly with the momentous question as to who this new guest might be. Had he come down from the clouds he could not have been an object of greater wonder. The mother could not take her eyes from the boy's face: it seemed familiar to her, and still she did not remember that she had ever seen him before.

At last the meal was over, and Willebrand said: "Now, mother, read your letter, and tell us who this little boy is."

Frau Willebrand read the letter, and then, springing from her chair, she cried: "Why, this is my little nephew, my poor sister's son!"

She embraced Fritz, covering his cheeks

with kisses. The three boys sprang up and seized his hand, and the father said: "Children, I guessed who this little fellow was as soon as I saw him. He is the very image of his mother. Come here, my son, and give me a kiss. You are welcome under my roof."

Little Fritz went up to the old man, who impressed a fatherly kiss upon his lips. "Now, wife," he said, "what more is there in the letter?"

Frau Willebrand began to cry. "I must speak with you alone, dear husband," she replied. "There are sad tidings in the letter, and I am greatly troubled."

"What the dear God sends we must bear without a murmur," said the collier. "But let us go into the other room. There you can open your heart to me."

Then Willebrand rose, lighted a candle, and, telling the boys to get acquainted with their little cousin while he left them alone for a while, he led his wife into the little sitting-room and closed the door.

"Now, wife," he said, "we are alone; tell me what troubles you."

"My poor sister is dead," said the wife, sobbing, "and she has left nothing in the world but this little boy. Upon her deathbed she wrote me this letter, begging me to take the child and rear him as one of my own. You know that her husband died years ago, and that she had no relatives in the world but us. What shall we do?"

The troubled wife ceased speaking, and tears ran down her cheeks. The husband said consolingly: "Do not grieve for the death of your dear sister. The Lord has taken her, and it is well with her in the heavenly kingdom. For the boy we will care as if he were our own."

The wife fell upon her husband's neck and said: "Dear, good Willebrand, the Lord will reward you for what you do for this poor child! Your words have lifted a heavy burden from my heart; for I could not bear to think of sending the dear boy out into the wide world."

"Why should you have thought of such a thing?" exclaimed the good man, shocked at the very idea. "Did you take me for a heathen or a Turk? Are we not Christian people? Has not the dear Lord Jesus said: 'Be ye also merciful, even as your Heavenly Father is merciful'? And do you think I would send away this boy, whom your dying sister laid upon your heart? No, no! God would not look upon such a deed with gracious eyes. The child shall be dear and precious to me as my own; my house shall be to him like that of his own parents. Now dry your tears, and let the boy tell us all about his journey."

The father and mother found the boys chatting together like young magpies. Fritz listened with sparkling eyes as his cousins told him what nice times they had roving over the hills and through the forests, climbing the highest trees, hunting for birds'-nests, chasing squirrels; going fishing in summer, building snow-houses and sliding down hill in winter; leaping, wrestling, and running and playing all kinds of games with the village boys. Fritz, in his turn, told them of the great cities he had passed through on his journey, of the wonderful sights and throngs of people he had seen there, and of a hundred other things they had never heard of before; to all which recitals the country lads listened in open-mouthed wonder.

Father Willebrand seated himself in his great leather-cushioned armchair, called the boys around him, and said: "Listen to me, boys. Fritz is your own cousin; his father and mother are dead, and he is going to live with us. I want you to look upon him as a brother. He is not so large and strong as you, and you must play gently with him. I know that you would never harm him in earnest, but you must have sense enough to see that you can't beat and knock him around in sport, as you do one another. Promise me that you will not."

"Yes, father,—yes!" cried the three boys, full of glee. "We promise."

"And I," added Wolfgang, "will see that Christoph and Hans keep their promise. Anybody that gives Fritz a knock gets two from me. Remember that, boys."

All laughed heartily at this, and gave their hands to the new brother. "We will all love you, and be kind to you," they said.

So the bond was closed, and the father was rejoiced to see that the former brotherly unity was in no way disturbed. Then he turned to Fritz and asked him to tell all about his journey.

"After my poor mother's death," said Fritz, "I wept day and night, and no one could comfort me. A kind neighbor's family took me home, and were very good to me. They told me not to cry, and said that the dear God would care for me. After a while I became more cheerful. I thought that God had taken my mother; and if, as they told me, she was up in heaven with Him, and very happy, I must not cry any more. The good people who had taken me home had no children, and I thought they would keep me for their own little boy. They told me one day that they would be glad to have me live with them, but they were very poor. They said that all my mother had left would pay only the expenses of her illness and funeral; and then they gave me the letter I brought you. They said she wrote it a few days before she died, and they told me that you were good people, and would take care of me as if I was your own son.

"When I heard how far away you lived I cried a great deal. I wanted to stay where I was, and I was afraid to go so far out into the world, among strange people. But they found a man who was coming in his wagon to a little town five miles from here. He was a good man, and said he would take me with him for nothing. When I bade my kind friends good-bye, I could hardly speak for sobs; and the first day of my journey I cried all the time. But the man was very

good to me. Whenever he stopped at an inn he brought me something to eat. If I had been his own child he couldn't have taken better care of me. When we stopped at a town he led me by the hand through the great, wide streets, and pointed out to me all the fine houses and beautiful things. But the rivers and mountains and forests and fields and orchards we saw on the way were nicer than the cities. He told me that the beautiful country God had made must, of course, be a great deal nicer than the towns that had been built by man.

"When he left me he shook my hand and said: 'God bless and keep you, little boy!' Then he showed me the way to Birkenrode. It led right over a wooded mountain. He said the village was only five miles distant. It was early in the morning when I started. The sun shone brightly, the birds were singing, and the grass and trees were all sparkling with dew. I was at first in very good spirits; but the road was steep and stony, and before I had gone half the way I felt very tired. There were no steep hills around my home, and I had never climbed one before. I sat down under an oak tree to rest and eat my luncheon, and pretty soon I fell fast asleep. I did not waken until nearly sunset. I felt so much afraid that I should have to pass the night in the woods that I sprang up and ran as fast as I could. I was in the thick forest, and it began to grow dark. Sometimes my steps would frighten a deer or hare out of its hiding-place; and at every noise I heard in the bushes I trembled from fear. The darker it grew, the more afraid I became. The moon rose, and, as its faint light shone through the trees, I imagined I saw all kinds of strange figures. Now it was a crooked, humpbacked old woman, with a basket swung across her shoulders; now a great tall man, with a heavy beard; now a huge bird with outspread wings, or a great black bear just ready to spring upon me. Trying to run away from these fancied dangers, I met

real ones; for I stumbled against a great fallen tree, and fell into a ditch that lay hidden on the other side of it. As long as I live I shall never forget that awful night."

"But all your troubles came only from foolish fear," said Uncle Willebrand. "If you had kept your senses about you, dear Fritz, you would have known that all these crooked old women, bearded men, birds and bears were nothing but trees and bushes. You would have found that the forest has as few terrors by night as by day. Fear is a base, cowardly thing. It makes us blind and deaf; it exhausts our strength; and when courage might rescue us from real danger, fear sometimes leads us to destruction."

"But, father," said little Hans, timidly, "of what help is all the courage in the world against fairies and goblins, who at night rush through the woods like Hackelburg the hunter on his wild chase, or go riding through the air on broomsticks? What can you do against figures that have no body,—that bullets and swords and clubs can not harm in the least? Tell me that, father."

The father laughed heartily, and said: "Well, well! Who has told you all this nonsense, Hans?"

"Lots of people," said Hans; "and people, too, who have themselves really and truly seen fairies. Stephen over in the village says the woman in white has often swept by him when she came at night in her long, flowing robes out of the pool down by the brook. He says her face was pale as death, and her eyes stared horribly as she flitted past in the moonlight."

"Yes, father," said Christoph, "I have often heard him tell the same story; and old Just declares that he has often seen Hackelburg the wild hunter."

"All folderol!" exclaimed the old man, laughing. "I believe, young ones, you are trying to frighten me, but you won't succeed. The story of the white woman down by the pool is only an invention of timid people. I have passed by the pool

hundreds of times by night and day, but have never seen anything of her. I have often remarked that on moonlight evenings a white mist slowly rises out of the water and floats above it in a thick cloud. It does indeed at times take a shape something like that of a woman in long, flowing garments; and the timid Stephen and other chicken-hearted people, when passing that spot by night, have probably taken this appearance for a woman's ghost. Fear is apt to make the imagination lively; and in their terror it was very easy for them to fancy hands, face, and long, wavy hair where there was really nothing but mist. This fog, which rises out of the water by night, is a fine mist. It exists also by day, but is not visible; just as the breath from your mouth, not seen in summer, seems like a light cloud of smoke in winter."

"But what of Just and the wild hunter?" cried Christoph.

"Yes," said the father, "that can be just as easily explained. Perhaps in passing through the woods at night he disturbed a flock of crows, a pair of old owls, or a herd of deer; and, as they rushed past, the cry of the birds or the tramping of the deer so frightened him out of his senses that he took these innocent creatures and the tumult they made for something supernatural. Never believe such stories, children. They come either from a foolish vanity or from silly fears. No, no, boys, I shall never believe in goblins until you catch one and bring it to me. Now, Fritz, go on with your story."

"I have but a little more to tell," said Fritz. "I only know that I climbed out of the ditch and began to scream with all my might. Then I thought I saw a light a little way off, and ran for it and stuck fast in a bog. At last I got free from the bog, and followed the light, that went dancing before me, now here, now there. When I was so tired I could scarcely put one foot before the other, I heard a voice that came in answer to my cries. I shouted louder than ever, and soon saw a man coming

toward me. Just at the edge of the swamp he stopped and beckoned me to him. I went gladly enough, I assure you. I believe that his coming saved my life.

"He led me to his little cottage, about half a mile away. Here his wife, a good-natured old woman, took me in her arms, wiped away the sweat which ran in little streams from my forehead, and said many pitying, loving words to me. Then she brought me fresh water and towels, and gave me some supper. Nothing ever tasted so good to me as that bread and milk. I was very tired, and so sleepy I could not keep my eyes open. She saw this, and showed me to a nice, clean bed, where I slept like a king.

"When I got up in the morning I found that she had washed and dried my muddy clothes. She gave me a good breakfast, and the old man showed me the way to your house.

"'You lost your way in the woods,' he said, 'and must have travelled more than the distance between the town and your uncle's house. You are now no nearer there than when you set out. But if you mind what I tell you, you won't miss the way again. Try and get there before dark, and don't go chasing round after Will-o'-the-wisps as you did last night.'

"I thanked the good old people for their kindness, and again started for your house. You see I had the good luck to get here safely at last."

Soon after Fritz had ended his story, the family retired to rest, to gain in that slumber which attends only health and a good conscience strength for the labors of the coming day.

(To be continued.)

THERE are some very queer things in nature. The crickets' ear is in the tibia of the front leg, so that these insects literally hear with their elbows. The katydids and meadow grasshoppers have their ears similarly placed.

The Innkeeper's Son.

A poor man and his wife kept a little country inn in England. They had one son, of whose talents they were very proud; for he could draw offhand anything that he saw, and color it as well.

One beautiful day in early autumn, a fine carriage stopped at the inn and a gentleman and lady alighted. With them was their son, the future Lord Shaftesbury. The innkeeper, finding his guests very agreeable, entered into conversation with them, and told them of the gift his boy possessed. Expatiating on the facility of his drawing, and the marvellously lifelike effect of his coloring, the fond father finally wound up his eulogy with a request which, from one in his position, must have impressed his aristocratic guests as somewhat impertinent:

"Will you let him make a picture of your own lad?" he asked.

The time was heavy on the hands of the travellers, and they assented. The young artist came in modestly with his chalk and paper, and in a short time had drawn a portrait of the future Lord Shaftesbury that made his parents exclaim in wonder, and elicited the warm applause of the youthful artist.

"We must help such a genius!" they cried.

And they helped so well that the child of the poor innkeeper became one of the greatest portrait painters of all time, and is known to us as Sir Thomas Lawrence.

A Missionary's Discovery.

In 1679 Father Hennepin, a French explorer, marked the location of a coal mine on the banks of the Illinois River, near the present town of Ottawa. We do not know whether or not other explorers had discovered coal before Father Hennepin; he was certainly the first to make any record of the discovery.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—We welcome the announcement of an English translation of M. René Bazin's "Le Blé qui Lève," one hundred thousand copies of which were sold within a few months after its appearance in Paris.

—We learn with satisfaction that a new edition of the late Father Bridgett's "History of the Holy Eucharist in Great Britain," which has been out of print for a long time, is about to be issued in fine folio form by Messrs. Burns & Oates.

—"The Selected Poems of Francis Thompson"—the pick of "Poems," "New Poems," and "Sister Songs"—is among the latest publications of Messrs. Burns & Oates. Some desirable biographical notes have been supplied, and the volume will be all the more welcome for an unfamiliar portrait of the poet.

—The venerable Father J. S. Hilarius Dale, a retired priest of the archdiocese of Westminster, who passed to his reward on the 3d ult., will be remembered as the author of two excellent books which entitle him to the grateful remembrance of the clergy of English speaking countries—viz.: "Ceremonial according to the Roman Rite" and "The Sacristan's Manual," a little book of highest worth and usefulness.

—"Prayers at Mass for School Children" is an interesting, and, we are told, a successful attempt at keeping children attentive during the Holy Sacrifice, while at the same time familiarizing them with the beautiful and simple form of the liturgy. The booklet of thirty pages is published by the *Catholic Universe Co.*, and it is at the very least worth a trial by the average pastor. The Rev. E. P. Graham, of the diocese of Cleveland, is the compiler.

—The repeated editions of Mr. Charles S. Devas' "Political Economy" are a sign that there is a proper interest in economic questions, and that an increasingly large number of readers are seeking a solution of these problems from a safe guide. A book that possesses scholarship, critical insight, and withal a fidelity to Christian principles in matters of such moment, had long been desired. We are glad to have an occasion to say again that the work of Mr. Devas is all that could be wished for. His power makes the silence of that pen a real loss for the Christian world; for reliable writers along economic lines are not too numerous. The author had the pleasure of seeing, before his death, that a

number of views he advocated years ago are recognized as true; he saw clearly because he rested on a secure foundation—the Christian basis. To-day we need a book of this kind more than perhaps most people realize. Longmans & Co., publishers.

—The Rev. P. Pourrat's scholarly contribution to the *New York Review*, "The Teaching of the Fathers on the Real Presence of Christ in the Holy Eucharist," is reprinted in attractive pamphlet form by the Cathedral Library Association of New York. In these days of historical criticism and pseudo-criticism, this study will be especially useful to all whose business it is to talk or write understandingly of the central doctrines of Catholicity.

—It is no longer a surprise, though always a gratification, to see blunders in regard to ecclesiastical matters and historical misstatements concerning the Church corrected in secular journals. Reviewing a recent work by Mr. T. Stanley Ball, the *Athenæum* remarks:

We are sorry to say that Mr. Ball's short Introduction is not only inadequate, but also contains many blunders. In the first sentence as to pre-Reformation altar plate there is confusion between the ciborium and the pyx, and there is no reference to the pax. Two or three statements are perhaps the result of carelessness rather than ignorance; but, whatever may be the cause of the blunders, it is bewildering to read that "the celebrant priest, of course, alone received the blessed Sacrament"; or that in 1547 "it was enacted that the Communion should be administered to the laity, as being more conformable to the earliest practice of the Church."

There are historical misstatements also in these few pages. Mr. Ball believes that "in 1536 . . . inventories were taken at the instance of Henry VIII. of all the goods in the ancient churches throughout the country." Nothing of the kind happened. It was not until the last years of Henry VIII., when most of the vast sums acquired by the destruction of the monasteries were exhausted, that the King decided to spoil the churches, and the bishops were commissioned to take inventories of the goods of the churches and parochial chapels. We are reminded that Henry VIII. did not reap the whole benefit of the dissolution of the monasteries, as the "abbots and canons" obtained pensions varying from "4l. to 40l." It is, however, just as well to remember that, from one cause or the other, far less than half of the dispossessed religious got pensions of any kind. The varying amounts suggested are wrong: a large number of the monastic pensions amounted only to 40s., whilst several of the superiors of the larger houses who were subservient to Cromwell got far more than 40l.

—"Religious Unrest: The Way Out," is a series of comments, by Mr. James P. Lafferty of the Philadelphia Bar, on lectures by the Rev. Alfred G. Mortimer, D. D., a prominent Protestant Episcopal clergyman. The comments

attracted considerable favorable attention when they appeared originally in the *Catholic Standard and Times*; and the news that they have been revised and are now issued in pamphlet form will be welcome to many. Of one of Dr. Mortimer's allegations, Mr. Lafferty writes:

That the intellectual calibre of the rector of St. Mark's qualifies him to act as judge of the mental attainments of Pope Pius X. is a proposition which is at least open to question. The same can not be said of his statement that the present Pontiff is remarkable for his want of learning. There is no question about that. It is utterly untrue. That Pope Pius is of peasant stock is true, yet some of that class have developed into the greatest minds the world has known. Dr. Mortimer, in claiming Apostolic origin for his church, places himself at the feet of poor, ignorant fishermen.

His Holiness, however, is not the ignoramus the rector of St. Mark's assumes him to be. He was educated at Treviso and Padua. In 1875 he was chancellor of Salzano and an examiner of clergy in the diocesan seminary. In 1876 he was judge of the ecclesiastical tribunal, and his bishop made him vicar capitular. In 1884 he was created Bishop of Mantua, and in 1893 Cardinal and Patriarch of Venice. The books which he collected in Venice formed one of the finest private libraries there. He devoted many hours a day to scholarly pursuits, and the fame of his aesthetic tastes reached Rome. In 1880 he wrote several learned treatises on the authenticity of relics. He prepared a manual of prayers which has since been adopted in a number of Italian provinces. He wrote a number of poems to the Blessed Virgin, and is a very able and moving preacher, cultivating a simple style. All this, and yet Dr. Mortimer says the Pope is an ignorant man.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' price generally includes postage.

- "Political Economy." Charles S. Devas, M.A. \$2
- "Fraternal Charity." Rev. Fr. Valuy, S. J. 40 cts., net.
- "Priestly Vocation and Tonsure." Rev. L. Bacuez, S. S. \$1, net.
- "The Acts of the Apostles." With Introduction and Annotations. Madame Cecilia. \$1.25.
- "What is Life? A Study of Vitalism and Neo-Vitalism." Bertram C. A. Windle, M. A., M. D., etc. \$1, net.
- "History of Economics; or, Economics as a Factor in the Making of History." Rev. J. A. Dewe, A. M. \$1.50.
- "Rosette. A Tale of Paris and Dublin." Mrs. William O'Brien. \$1.25.

- "For My Name's Sake." From the French of Champol's "Sœur Alexandrine." \$1.10, net.
- "All about Salads." Mrs. Lewis Clarke Lucas. 75 cts.
- "The New Matrimonial Legislation." Rev. Charles J. Cronin, D. D. \$1.90, net.
- "Pentecost Preaching." Rev. Arthur Devine, C. P. \$1.50, net.
- "Stories New and Old, American and English." Hamilton Wright Mabie. \$1.50.
- "A Martyr of Our Own Day." From the French by the Rev. John J. Dunn. \$1, net.
- "Cords of Adam." Rev. T. J. Gerrard. \$1.50.
- "The Catholic School System in the United States." Rev. James A. Burns, C. S. C. \$1.25, net.
- "The Story of Blessed Thomas More." A Nun of Tyburn Convent. 80 cts., net.
- "The Eucharistic Heart of Jesus." \$1.
- "An American Student in France." Abbé Felix Klein. \$2.50.
- "Barnaby Bright." Father Bearne. 2 vols. \$1.60.
- "The Bells of Atchison." Rev. Andrew Green, O. S. B. 75 cts.
- "The Spectrum of Truth." Sharpe-Aveling. 30 cts.
- "The Church of the Fathers," "University Teaching." Cardinal Newman. 75 cts., net each.
- "A Child Countess." Sophie Maude. 75 cts., net.
- "Nemesis." S. A. Turk. 60 cts., net.
- "Christ among Men; or, Characteristics of Jesus as Seen in the Gospels." Abbé Stertillanges. 60 cts., net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. P. R. Bulfin, Rev. William Meehan, and Rev. J. L. Moloney, of the archdiocese of Chicago; and Rev. John Delgado, O. P.

Sister M. Martha, of the Community of St. Joseph; Sister M. Agatha, O. S. D.; and Sister M. Clotilda, Sisters of the Holy Cross.

Mr. J. H. Elstra, Mr. Charles Conrad, Mr. Henry Leiting, Mrs. Jane D. Pullis, Mrs. Elizabeth McFadden, Mr. J. R. Pack, Mrs. Sarah Flynn, Mr. Henry Heilmann, Mr. Cornelius Collins, Mrs. Anna M. Lee, Mr. William Bean, Mrs. Rose Paumier, Dr. M. W. Kelly, and Mr. Robert Laird.

Requiescant in pace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LXVII. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, SEPTEMBER 12, 1908. NO. 11.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C. S. C.]

On Our Lady's Nativity.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

DARK was the world, the hours with death
were shod;

No hope, tho' roses bloomed beneath the sky;
No joy, tho' brimming cups were lifted high;
The slaves that brought them writhed beneath
a rod

That threatened death; and at a Cæsar's nod
Vice virtue was, and holy truths were lies;
When women grow unholy all hope dies,
And there is left naught but the power of God.

Aspasia, Cleopatra, these thy love,
O ancient world! How wretched was thy fate!
Mercy and pity, purity were dead,
And all sweet acts that these are motives of.
Men looked to God and cried, "Too late! too
late!"

Then came the Virgin, angel-heralded.

An Unbeliever at Lourdes.

BY A. HILLIARD ATTERIDGE.

I.

THE late Emile Zola described himself as a "realist." He professed to use fiction only as a setting for facts. Each of his novels was, he said, a study of some phase of contemporary life based on careful observation. Unfortunately, he saw more of the evil than the good of the life around him, and revelled in descriptions of its baser aspects. An unbeliever, he closed his eyes to the

religious element in human things. He insisted on the part that heredity plays in shaping the characters and careers of men and women; but, as more than one of his critics pointed out, the warp in his mind, that made him look for evil rather than good, led him to trace in heredity only the transmission of vicious inclinations. He seemed never to have realized that the good as well as the bad tendencies can be inherited.

One of his most famous novels bears the title of "Lourdes." It was intended to present a picture of the city of pilgrimages and miracles, as viewed by a scientific observer. He was ready to grant at the outset that wonderful things happened there, but he endeavored to show that these wonders were in reality commonplace matters distorted into marvels by exaggerations and mistakes. The cures, if there were any, must turn out to be the result of merely natural causes, such as the counter-stroke of a new nervous excitement acting upon a diseased nervous condition. It was with his theories all ready-made that he visited Lourdes to see things for himself. It is not very generally known that Zola paid this visit to Lourdes before he wrote his novel. When the book appeared, he had so carefully described some of the invalids he saw there that it was easy to identify them under their changed names, and to see what use he had made of his observations.

Miracles, though frequent at Lourdes, are not everyday occurrences. It might easily happen that a visitor would spend

many days there without seeing anything that on investigation could be considered as certainly a miraculous cure. The most remarkable thing about Zola's visit is that while he was at Lourdes several extraordinary cures took place. He described them in his book, and tried to explain them away.

With all his claim to be a painstaking observer and a rigid realist, M. Zola was anything but accurate. There is a striking proof of this in a passage where he tries to harrow the reader by his description of the sufferings of the invalids brought by a pilgrim train. He tells how the station of Lourdes looks like a hospital as the sick are lifted from the carriages onto the platform, many of them lying on stretchers unable to stand. Suddenly there is a shout, "Clear the line for the express!" Those still in the train are hustled out, some of them crying aloud with the pain of being so roughly handled. The train is moved away, and then, with a thundering roar, the express rushes through the station, the poor invalids lying on the platform shuddering as it hurtles so closely past them. Now, if M. Zola had taken the trouble to look at a railway guide he would have seen that no express then ran through Lourdes. Every train stopped there, for the station is one of the most important in the Pyrenean district. His harrowing description was, then, not realism, but mere imagination.

At Lourdes there is an office with a staff of doctors, who carefully note and investigate every alleged miraculous cure. While the records of the office are open to all who wish to examine them, and while doctors visiting the place are welcome to be present when their colleagues are examining the invalids, ordinary visitors are, for obvious reasons, excluded from the consulting room. But it was considered that, on account of the importance attached to his works by so many persons, this rule might properly be waived in M. Zola's case. He was treated as a scientific investigator, and the doctors

allowed him to be present at their examinations.

Four marvellous cures were investigated in his presence. Three of these cases are mentioned in his novel. The names are changed, some of the incidents are altered, but enough is left of minute description to identify the cases. They are fully described—with an account of how M. Zola dealt with them—in a remarkable book on Lourdes by Professor Georges Bertrin, of the Paris Catholic Institute, which has been recently translated and published in English.* I propose to give a summary of these four cases for the information of the many who may not have the opportunity of seeing the book.

First, let us take a cure as described in the novel. Pierre, the hero, a young doctor, notices an invalid far gone in consumption in the pilgrim train on its way to Lourdes:

In the adjoining compartment, La Grivotte, hitherto stretched out, scarce breathing, like a corpse, had just raised herself up; she was a tall, slipshod, singular-looking creature of over thirty, with a round, ravaged face, which her fuzzy hair and flaming eyes rendered almost pretty. She had reached the third stage of phthisis. For five years past she had been making the round of the hospitals of Paris, and she spoke familiarly of all the great doctors. "They say that I have one lung done for, and that the other is scarcely any better. There are great big holes, you know. At first I only felt bad between the shoulders, and spat up some froth. But then I got thin and became a dreadful sight. And now I'm always in a sweat, and cough till I think I'm going to bring my heart up. And I can no longer spit. And I haven't strength to stand. You see I can't eat."

A stifling sensation made her pause, and she became livid. The La Grivotte of the novel was Marie Lebranchu, of Paris. She came to Lourdes in the last stage of consumption. The infirmarians

* "Lourdes. A History of Its Apparitions and Cures." By Georges Bertrin, Professor of the Paris Catholic Institute. Authorized Translation by Mrs. Philip Gibbs. With a Preface by the Rev. Stanislaus St. John, S. J. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. 1908.

at the Grotto thought she would die in the water, and begged her not to enter it. She bathed, and was cured. M. Zola was in the office when she came in to report what had happened. This is how he describes the cure of "La Grivotte":

All at once the office was turned fairly topsyturvy by the arrival of La Grivotte, who swept in like a whirlwind, almost dancing with delight and shouting in a full voice: "I am cured! I am cured!" And forthwith she began to relate that they had first of all refused to bathe her, and that she had been obliged to insist, and beg and sob, to prevail upon them to do so. She had not been immersed in the icy water for three minutes—all perspiring as she was, with her consumptive rattle—before she had felt strength returning to her, like a whip stroke lashing her whole body. And now a flaming excitement possessed her: radiant, stamping her feet, she was unable to keep still. "I am cured! I am cured!" Pierre looked at her, this time quite stupefied. Was this the same girl whom on the previous night he had seen lying on the carriage seat, coughing and spitting blood, with her face of ashen hue? He could not recognize her, as she now stood there, erect and slender, her cheeks rosy, her eyes sparkling, upbuoyed by a determination to live, a joy in living already.

He then describes how, for the first time in months, La Grivotte eats heartily, and follows for two hours on foot the torchlight procession. But, then, in the returning train, Pierre sees La Grivotte suddenly collapse. They have hardly left Lourdes when she is again a hopeless invalid, coughing, striving for breath, spitting up blood in mouthfuls, while her companions look on in horror. Pierre wonders how it can be explained. There has been no cure, only a temporary restoration by nervous excitement; but it is "a mystery of science" how even this much was possible.

Now, let us turn from fiction to hard fact. Zola well described the state in which Marie Lebranchu reached Lourdes. The infirmarians begged her not to bathe. She did bathe, and she was suddenly cured, and rushed to the office as soon as she had dressed. There she saw M. Zola and more than twenty doctors. Many of them carefully examined her.

The examination was repeated next day. Zola was present throughout, and questioned the patient and the doctors. Their verdict was that the woman was perfectly well, with no trace of disease. Yet that there had been disease was certain, and not merely from the obvious evidence of it her fellow-travellers had seen. She had left a Paris hospital to go to Lourdes. She had been ten months in the hospital, and the doctors certified that there was advanced consumption of the lungs, which were partly destroyed by the malady. She was really a dying woman when she started on her journey.

To M. Zola she gave her address in Paris, and invited him to come to see her there. He never came. He made her representative in the novel collapse in the train, but this was fiction. A year after, Marie Lebranchu made a thanksgiving visit to Lourdes. Again she was examined at the office. Her lungs were sound, the cure was permanent. A little later Dr. Boissarie, the chief of the Medical Bureau of Lourdes, was in Paris and saw Zola. "How did you dare to make Marie Lebranchu die?" he said to the novelist. "You know that she is as well as you or I."—"What has that got to do with me?" replied Zola. "My characters are my own. I can treat them as I like. I can make them live or die as I please. All I have to consider is the interest of my story." This argument might have been worth something if the story had not been announced as a realistic picture of Lourdes,—a scientific novel dealing with facts.

II.

The same train that brought Marie Lebranchu to Lourdes dying of consumption, there to be restored to health, brought a young girl of eighteen, named Marie Lemarchand, of Caen, in Normandy. Like Marie Lebranchu, she had diseased lungs and was spitting blood; and there were ulcerous sores on various parts of her body. Her face was so far consumed with lupus that she kept it thickly veiled

so as not to horrify those who saw her. She is the "Elise Rouquet" of Zola's novel. He describes Elise with "the cartilage of the nose almost eaten away, the mouth drawn all on one side by the swollen condition of the upper lip, the whole a frightfully distorted mass of matter and oozing blood." This is a description of the face of Marie Lemarchand.

Professor Bertrin gives us her photograph taken after her visit to Lourdes. There is not the slightest trace of disease. It is a pleasant, healthy face. When she entered the water on the Sunday afternoon after reaching Lourdes, she wore bandages on her head; for both cheeks were diseased as well as the nose and upper lip. At once she felt violent pains in her head and face. Then she tore off the bandages, which were discolored with matter from the sores, and cried out: "I am cured!" The infirmarian saw that the sores were gone. The skin where they had been was red,—a dry, new skin. She was taken to the office, where M. Zola was with the doctors. The lupus was cured. But this was not all: careful examination with the stethoscope showed the lungs were sound.

In his novel Zola makes the lupus on Elise Rouquet's face heal gradually, and one of his characters suggests that lupus may be of nervous origin. But here was lupus associated, as it so often is, with tuberculosis of the lungs. And, so far as the disappearance of all swellings, the cessation of suppuration, and the formation of a new skin go, the cure was absolutely instantaneous. The only thing that was gradual was the disappearance of the bright red color where the sores had been and the new skin had formed. There was the instant disappearance of the tuberculosis of the lungs. Marie Lemarchand had been treated by Dr. La Néelle, at the Caen infirmary. He wrote, after examining her on her return from Lourdes: "I am much touched by having come in contact with this absolutely

supernatural cure. Marie Lemarchand undoubtedly suffered from advanced tuberculosis,* and now I can find no trace of it."

And the cure was permanent. Next year when Dr. Boissarie gave a lecture on Lourdes to a scientific association in Paris, he read Zola's description of the face of "Elise Rouquet," and told his audience he would show them the girl who had been described under this name in the novel. And the audience saw Marie stand before them the picture of health, with only a slight touch of color to show where the sores had been. Years later, in reply to an inquiry, Dr. La Néelle wrote that he had last seen her in 1900, eight years after her cure, and there was no relapse. "I saw the invalid immediately on her return [from Lourdes]," he added. "I saw a graceful young girl coming toward me, instead of the mass of humanity, with a horrible and monstrous face, that I had seen ten days before." Professor Bertrin prints a letter from her, dated from Coubert (Seine-et-Marne), Dec. 1, 1905, in which she says she is quite well, married and the mother of several healthy children.

Here we have a case of terrible surface sores, besides internal disease. Zola had a test case, that even a layman could verify, and he had the further evidence of the doctors; but he simply closed his eyes to the facts, and talked of a gradual cure of lupus produced by the nerves. Yet it was a clear case of tuberculous disease eating away not only the lungs but the surface tissues also, and vanishing in an instant.

III.

Two such cases during one visit to Lourdes, and out of one pilgrim train, would be wonderful enough. But there were other miracles. On the same day as the miraculous cures of Marie Lebranchu and Marie Lemarchand, there was the cure of Clémentine Trouvé, the

* Lupus is a tuberculous disease.

"Sophie Couteau" of Zola's novel. She came from Rouillé, a country town near Lusignan, in the Department of Vienne. A journalist who saw her at Lourdes describes her as "hardly fifteen years old, with large blue eyes, a frank, intelligent face, and fair hair that shone as a golden aureole from underneath her little blue peasant's cap." She had been long suffering from disease of the right foot. There was caries of the bone of the heel, and this decay was accompanied by a large suppurating wound in the sole of the foot so that she could not walk. Here is Zola's account of the cure of "Sophie Couteau," as given by herself at the Bureau of Proofs:

All at once a smiling, modest-looking young girl, whose bright eyes sparkled with intelligence, entered the office. "Tell the gentlemen how it happened, Sophie." The little girl made her usual pretty gesture, as a sign to everybody to be attentive. And then she began: "Well, it was like this. My foot was past cure; I couldn't even go to church any more, and it had to be kept bandaged because there was always a lot of matter coming from it. The doctor, who had to make a cut in it, so as to see inside it, said that I would be obliged to take out a piece of the bone, and that, sure enough, would have made me lame for life. But when I got to Lourdes and had prayed a great deal to the Blessed Virgin, I went to dip my foot in the water, wishing so much that I might be cured that I did not even take time to pull the bandage off. And everything remained in the water. There was no longer anything the matter with my foot when I took it out."

This was just what happened to Clémentine Trouvé. The cure was instantaneous. The wound had closed. There was only a slight red mark and a little depression to show where it had been. She could at once put on a pair of boots, and she danced with joy as she made her way to the office. Zola was there. With the doctors he examined the girl's foot. He turned to Dr. Boissarie and asked: "Did you see the wound yourself before the cure?" Boissarie replied that he had not seen it, but many others had; and there was the certificate of the doctor who had attended her at Lusignan, Dr. Cibiel,

who was not a Catholic. This certificate, dated June 11, ran thus:

The undersigned doctor certifies that young Clémentine Trouvé, of Rouillé, suffers from osteoperiostitis of the calcaneum [heel bone], which has resisted treatment by incision and detergent injection. This disease can only be amenable to a radical operation on the part diseased, or to a long treatment based on local antiseptics and general analeptics.

Dr. Cibiel advised the operation. Zola objected that the certificate was given in June. It was now August. He overlooked or disregarded the fact that, Clémentine's doctor had stated that if there was no operation, the only other chance of cure was a "long treatment," and that so far the disease had "resisted" very vigorous treatment, including a minor operation ("incision"). A few hours ago the girl could not walk, and the wound was giving out matter. Here it was cured in a moment, and she walked like other people.

Zola expressed a wish that Dr. Boissarie had seen Clémentine's foot before she bathed it. The doctor pointed out that it was impossible to make examinations of every invalid who arrived. A thousand had come the day before. How could they be examined in twenty-four hours? Would such hurried examination of a hitherto unknown patient be satisfactory, and would not the doctors of the Bureau be accused of partiality? They preferred to take the evidence of the invalids' own doctors. In the case of an alleged cure, a thorough inquiry was made in the patient's own neighborhood. Surely this was a sound method. He invited Zola to join him in an inquiry at Rouillé, but the challenge was not accepted.

Dr. Cibiel was absent from Lusignan when Clémentine arrived at her home. On his return he examined Clémentine, and gave the following certificate of her cure, dated September 1, 1891:

The undersigned doctor certifies that Clémentine Trouvé, who has been suffering since June 12, 1890, from periostitic fistula of tuberculous origin in the sole of her foot, is at present cured,

and does not show any more trace of her old affection than some scars and a slightly increased development of the sole of her foot. He, moreover, certifies that any pressure on this point is not painful, and that the little invalid can stand comfortably on the bad foot.

"I am giving you the certificate you desire with the same sincerity that I gave the certificate stating the disease," said Dr. Cibiel to the curé of Rouillé. The curé asked him to add that the child was cured at Lourdes, and Dr. Cibiel quite properly replied: "No; you have witnesses to prove that. This is sufficient." Then he added: "Besides, you will pardon me, M. le Curé, if I say to you what I said to Madame Trouvé: 'Whether by the devil or the good God, the child is cured, and well cured, and I am pleased,—very pleased.'"

A year after, Clémentine returned with the pilgrims to Lourdes, with her foot quite well. When the novel appeared, and Sophie Couteau was identified as Clémentine Trouvé, there was much discussion of the case. In 1894, three years after the cure, a sceptic as to the case, who interviewed Dr. Cibiel, alleged that the doctor then said: "The last time I saw the bad foot (June 11, 1891) I was in a hurry, and did not thoroughly examine the sore. The child had been at the hospital of Lusignan twice and came out cured twice; the radical operation of which I speak in my certificate is the scraping of the bone, with antiseptic treatment and dressing. It would have meant treatment for some months. Probably the wound was cured at the time the child left for Lourdes, in which case a crust may have formed, hiding the cure, and this crust may have fallen off into the piscina. A simple footbath would have had the same result."

This is reported at second-hand, and one wonders if Dr. Cibiel ever said it; for his statement is in flagrant contradiction with his certificates. He remembered the date of the first, June 11. Let any one read this certificate (printed above), and say could it have been the result of a

hurried examination. The doctor speaks in it of the failure to cure the sore, which he must, therefore, have examined and handled again and again. He speaks of a "radical operation," or a long treatment, being the only hope. Probably his interviewer misreported him in one particular. Mere scraping and cleansing of the bone would not be a radical operation. Such an operation would be the extraction of the diseased bone, or the excision of part of it, with consequent lameness for life. Even to his interviewer he is reported to have said that the treatment must be an affair of "*some months*." But there was no such treatment. On June 11 he is talking of a radical operation for a disease that "resists" his treatment. In the hope of cure, the child goes to Lourdes in August. He sees her on her return and certifies that she is cured. The documentary evidence is complete. No vague talk like that attributed to Dr. Cibiel three years after the event can explain away his written evidence given at the time.

Another remarkable cure was that of Madame Gordet, of Henrichemont, who had been for years a hopeless invalid, and had been told that the only chance for her was a serious operation, for which she must go to Paris. She went to Lourdes instead, and was instantaneously restored to perfect health. Professor Bertrin gives a full account of her case, and of her interview with Zola. But the three cases described—those of the "Sophie Couteau," "Elise Rouquet" and "La Grivotte" of the novel—are sufficient to show what startlingly strong evidence was available to prove to the novelist that miracles do really happen at Lourdes.

A correspondent of the *Temps* had an interview with Zola, in which he asked him: "If you were eyewitness of a real miracle, under the specially severe conditions you ask for, would you then believe the teachings of faith?" Zola was silent for a few moments, then he said: "I don't know,—I don't think so. It is a question I have not put to myself. It

is left over." One sees here a glimpse of his state of mind. He did not want to be, he did not mean to be, convinced. With all his parade of scientific method, he was unscientific as well as irreligious; for he refused to face the question. 'He had not put it to himself. It was left over.'

We know how in the presence of the miracles of our Blessed Lord Himself the unbelievers of the day persisted in their unbelief. As a good Franciscan once said to me when we discussed the subject, "Even the greatest miracles do not abolish the freedom of a man's will. He can still act freely and shut his eyes if he likes." When a miracle leads to conversion there is a correspondence to grace. The man who means to persist in his unbelief can still snatch at some lame explanation, some vague talk of the unknown forces of nature.

One day, when Zola was talking to Clémentine Trouvé at Lourdes, she became suddenly silent. "What is the matter?" he asked. "Why do you say nothing?"—"I am praying for you," replied Clémentine. "Well, you are right," he observed; "I need it badly." It was the truest word he ever said; and if he had had a little more of the humility that is expressed in such a reply, he might have had the grace to face the question of the true meaning of these wonderful cures granted in answer to confiding and persevering prayer to Our Lady of Lourdes.

POST-MORTEM kindnesses do not cheer the burdened spirit. Tears falling on the icy brow of death make poor and too tardy atonement for coldness, neglect, and cruel selfishness in life's long, struggling years. Appreciation when the heart is stilled has no inspiration for the spirit. Justice comes too late when it is pronounced only in funeral eulogium. Flowers piled on the coffin cast no fragrance backward over weary days.

—James Russell Miller.

Phileas Fox, Attorney.

BY ANNA T. SADLER.

VIII.

NOTHING in what had been previously said had prepared Mr. Fox for the old lady's announcement, and it shocked his moral sensibility to the uttermost. It is a remarkable fact that the Catholic ideal as to the indissolubility of marriage takes so deep a hold upon the mind and conscience that even the most careless member of the Church feels a distinct sense of repulsion on being first brought face to face with one who has disregarded this fundamental law. Of course familiarity lessens this impression, but it is never entirely removed. It was proportionately strong in Phileas, who had been brought up in one of those Catholic homes which, like salt, purify the moral atmosphere, and are as refreshing to the mind as an oasis in a desert.

The confession thus made by one who had held so high a place in the fashionable world produced something like consternation in the inner consciousness of Phileas Fox. Perhaps if Father Van Buren had not been in the background, he would have been tempted to decline the unsavory case altogether; but as it was he hesitated.

When she had made this avowal, Mrs. Wilson let her head fall upon her breast, as though she were loath to meet the frank young eyes, wherein there must necessarily be astonishment, which was in itself severest condemnation.

"Yes," she continued, suddenly raising her head, "that is the strangest and, you will say, the most revolting part of my narrative. The information I had gained in various ways, the confiding affection of one who was once my dearest companion, placed at my disposal all the weaknesses of his legal position, and left him at my mercy. He had no means of opposing my nefarious suit; nor was he

personally, as I believe, much interested. Had it not been for the enthusiastic championship of a legal friend of his, an eminent solicitor, and for the sake of some relatives whose interests were at stake, he would have let the litigation go by default. Particularly after the divorce it was against his will that the suit was carried on, just as it was against his will, and in entire opposition to his principles, that I procured that divorce. I obtained it very cunningly: I retained the services of one of your profession, who was *not* recommended by Father Van Buren or any other reputable person. He was not so scrupulous as you, Mr. Fox."

She stopped to smile upon the young man—the remnant of a smile which, the latter could dimly perceive, had once been captivating.

"For, though you have said not a word, I can read within your mind the various emotions wherewith you have listened to my story; and you will admit—will you not?—that it has filled you with horror."

Phileas Fox squared his shoulders. This was no time for temporizing. He looked straight at the questioner, and the blue eyes flashed like steel points into the dark ones.

"It *has* horrified me," he said almost sternly; "and it must necessarily horrify any honest man."

The old woman bowed her head as if accepting the justice of the condemnation, which she had not, however, expected to hear pronounced so uncompromisingly. But she liked the young lawyer none the less for this show of strength, and the manifestation of those qualities wherein she had begun to fear he might be lacking. The stern young face showed precisely that quality which was most needed—justice. She sighed deeply, however, as she resumed.

"Nevertheless, Mr. Fox," she said, with a humility that sat strangely upon her, "there are in this case complexities beyond the reach of your experience, which con-

stitute, if not a shadow of justification, at least some semblance of an excuse."

She leaned toward him, resting both hands upon the arms of the chair; and there was an inflection in her voice that appealed once more to those sympathies that had been driven sharply into the background, as she said:

"When you are some years older, and have begun to understand the workings of feminine nature, you will be disposed to make allowance. I shall be by that time beyond the reach of your blame or your pity; but you will recall this memorable evening, and will accord perhaps to my memory some shadow of indulgence."

Despite the gentler promptings within him, Phileas' face was still fixed in unbending disapprobation. He even took out his watch and, with a murmured apology, regarded it, as if to intimate that his approval or disapproval was by no means vital to the question in hand; that time was pressing and the business of the hour was still in abeyance. The movement was not lost upon the quick-sighted old lady, who went on, in an altered tone:

"I shall be brief henceforward, Mr. Fox. Nor have I intruded upon you these personal details, excessively painful to myself, but from a desire to acquaint you fully and entirely with the facts in the delicate and possibly difficult case which has been entrusted to you. One remark, however, I feel called upon to make. When I spoke just now of feminine nature, I meant, of course, as it exists in the world about us, in all classes and conditions unrestrained by any higher law, indifferent to the very existence of such laws. The courts, the problem play, the very novels of the day, prove beyond the possibility of a doubt that woman above all, because of her keener susceptibilities, needs a sure light to guide her steps, and a definite authority to regulate her conduct. By that sanction only can she prove the undoubted superiority of her nature, on the spiritual side at least.

"With this remark, that is perhaps obvious, let me say it was not altogether for love of gain that I strove to circumvent John Vorst. I will do myself the justice to state that, unwilling as I should have been to give up part of the estate, and especially this house, I might have been induced to do so for the sake of one whom I sincerely loved, had not other elements of my nature entered into the conflict. The time came when the desire for revenge was part of the programme. I longed to avenge upon John Vorst wrongs which were purely imaginary, and an opposition to my schemes that sprang solely from fixed principle and the force of his convictions. And yet, through all the vagaries into which I was led by my capricious and undisciplined nature, and though it may seem a mockery to refer now to the existence of such emotions, I may tell you that I loved John Vorst,—I deeply and sincerely loved him."

The words rang tragically and almost weirdly through the apartment. It was as though a phantom had come back from the world beyond the tomb, to make known its share in earthly complexities. And, to add to the weirdness, the parrot in the hall, awakened no doubt by the sound of the familiar name, could be heard, through the closed, heavy door, with cracked notes rising high and higher:

"John Vorst! John Vorst!"

The passions and the sorrows that are intense in youth and tragical in middle-age, seem to be in the old but faint reflections. Nevertheless, there were upon that aged face traces of the agonizing conflict which must have rent that proud and imperious nature. Because of its very strength, these traces had remained as embers of a once glowing fire. As he looked, it flashed upon Phileas that in judging cases even of the most flagrant ill-doing, there is very frequently room for the exercise of the Christlike quality of mercy, from the suffering which that very ill-doing entails.

"But now that you know the chief

factors in this miserable story, and can probably guess at still more," cried the old woman, raising her head with some of her wonted energy and defiance, "we shall proceed to the immediate business that has necessitated your intervention."

She struck the silver gong sharply. It was answered so promptly by the Negro as to suggest enchantment.

"Cadwallader," said Mrs. Wilson, "I require my keys to open the safe."

The keys were brought and laid within reach of her hand.

"You may go now," said the mistress; "but I may want you again presently."

"Yes, Missis," responded the black; "and I shall be prepared to obey the summons."

The old woman turned from him impatiently, having long ceased to be amused by the Negro's pomposity, and barely waited till he had closed the door before she began to fumble amongst the keys.

"Even to Cadwallader," she said, "I have never entrusted the particular key that unlocks my safe."

She selected one long, thin and skeleton-like as the fingers which held it, extending both toward Phileas:

"That is the key," she explained; "and yonder is the safe that it will open."

The young man took the key from her outstretched hand, and, following her gaze, perceived what appeared to be a handsome rosewood structure fitted into the wall. He advanced somewhat helplessly toward it.

"Run your hand down lower," said Mrs. Wilson. "There! Do you not see a small keyhole?"

Phileas stood for an instant perplexed, since he certainly saw nothing. The old woman's cane tapped sharply upon the floor, and the thin, rasping voice cried:

"There! there! Don't you see? Surely you can find it."

"Oh, here it is!" exclaimed Phileas, with a distinct note of relief in his voice; for he was beginning to fear that his employer would find him hopelessly lacking

in most of the qualities she had seemed to expect.

"Good, yes! Turn the key once forward, and twice backward, and forward again. It is a little complicated."

Obedying these instructions, Phileas found that the key turned in the lock, and the door upon its hinges, revealing a safe extending far back into the wall. It had several shelves, the upper ones containing row upon row of cases, which, as Phileas surmised, contained jewels of great price; while the lower shelves were filled chiefly with documents stacked together in bundles, and probably comprising the history of the once celebrated case of *Spooner vs. Vorst*.

"There!" exclaimed Mrs. Wilson, her keen eyes penetrating over the lawyer's bowed head, and indicating with her cane the foremost bundles upon the lower shelf. "I think those are the parchments which we shall most immediately require."

As Phileas dropped upon one knee to secure the papers, he was disturbed by two sounds, perfectly distinct, but each of which broke the stillness with an almost weird effect. One was the voice of the parrot still ringing the changes upon a name that had once been familiar in that house; and the other was a feminine voice singing in high, clear tones a single line or two from a modern ballad.

"Shut the safe door, Mr. Fox," said the old woman, in accents that betrayed irritation, "and bring me here the keys. I never leave that safe an instant unlocked."

The lawyer did as directed, placing the keys, with the bundle of papers, upon the table, and resuming his seat. Mrs. Wilson, having inspected the bunch of keys as though she feared that one might have been abstracted, though probably more from force of habit than because she had any apprehensions on the subject, sharply rang the silver bell. On Cadwallader's appearance, she cried out:

"Go at once and cover that parrot's cage."

As the Negro was about to obey the order his imperious mistress gave another:

"Then knock at Miss Ventnor's door and say I should be obliged if she would discontinue her music for the present."

For some incomprehensible reason, Phileas felt this last command to be a personal grievance. It seemed so uncalled for, and, before a stranger, so discourteous a message. Moreover, though the voice possessed no uncommon quality, and was merely the outpouring of a joyous nature, it seemed so sweet a sound in the clogged and artificial atmosphere of that ancient dwelling, that he was loath to hear it cease. He could not, of course, give expression to his sensations, but fell to examining the cane that he carried, as though he had discovered something new and interesting in its manufacture. The Negro hobbled to the door, no doubt revolving in his urbane and kindly disposed mind some form of words which might render the message less offensive. But Mrs. Wilson suddenly arrested his steps.

"That last message about the music will scarcely be necessary. Say instead to Miss Ventnor that her presence is desired in the library."

While the high, clear notes still penetrated the apartment, Phileas was full of interest and curiosity. Here was a new element which might pleasantly relieve the monotony of that tragic story, whose interest lay in the past. For age, even though it has passed through the most thrilling experiences, can never entirely captivate the imagination of youth, always unconsciously looking for some link which shall bind one generation to another. The trills of the singer, which resembled nothing so much as the bird song pouring in rapture from the heights of tall trees, continued; while the old woman sat nodding and frowning. Phileas listened likewise, with a half smile upon his lips and a light of expectation in his eyes. Suddenly it became evident that the Negro had reached his destination; for

the song ceased, and the young lawyer felt as if a light had gone out. Unconsciously, thenceforth his gaze was fixed upon the door.

When it opened, there appeared upon the threshold a young girl apparently not more than nineteen or twenty years of age. She was very plainly dressed, though with an exquisite neatness and smartness that was more noticeable than any actual claim to beauty. With her coming it seemed as if a warm human interest had suddenly pervaded the apartment, which had hitherto been filled with shadows and the flotsam and jetsam, as it were, of an ideal world.

"Let me introduce Mr. Fox, my dear," said the old woman, addressing the newcomer. "Miss Ventnor, Mr. Fox."

The girl acknowledged the introduction by a bend of the head, and a smile that almost degenerated into a laugh, as at some thought of her own. Phileas remembered the remark which he had overheard upon the occasion of his first visit, and associated therewith the smile and the look of humorous intelligence in the eyes. He accordingly made his bow of acknowledgment somewhat stiffer and more formal than it would otherwise have been. Yet it was impossible not to feel in sympathy with a new and bright personality, that perhaps, in contrast with the old, seemed the more sunny and wholesome. Even the old woman, as he saw, regarded the girl with a very friendly eye, and her manner lost all trace of its previous irritation.

"I have sent for you, Isabel," she explained, "because I want you, like the good girl you are, to sort out some of these papers for me. Now that Mr. Fox and I have talked over those details which would be quite improper for young girls to hear, I will let you help us to disentangle this knot of legal documents."

She nodded and smiled at the girl as she talked, and added aside to the lawyer:

"Oh, she is a good little puss, quite

fresh from the convent and knows nothing of the wicked world and its ways!"

"Thank Heaven for that!" thought the listener. "For the older generation has monopolized more than its share of such knowledge."

The young girl meanwhile regarded them both with her laughing, steady gaze, taking in good part the old lady's raillery, and without the slightest trace of having been put at a disadvantage.

"Now, my dear," went on Mrs. Wilson, speaking with that tone which Phileas had not before heard from her—light, pleasant, cheerful,—"'sit down here at the table and sort out for me some of these musty documents.'"

Isabel took her place with quite a business-like air; and, slipping off the rubber band that held two or three of the documents together, read out the titles to Mrs. Wilson, who briefly directed her:

"Put that one here and that one there."

Phileas watched the long, slender fingers, delicately brown in coloring, sorting over the parchments, many of which were discolored from age, and recorded the strife of warring passions. Her movements were quick and deft. She scarcely spoke at all until after she had accomplished her task. Then she said, in the same light, half-petulant tone in which the lawyer had first heard her comment upon his own name:

"That John Vorst must feel his ears burning, for his name is repeated over so very often."

The old woman gave her a strange look, which was not lost upon the observer.

"Yes, his name is repeated over very often," she echoed. "You see, Isabel, he was the defendant in that suit."

"Why people should ever go to law," Isabel continued, "and waste so many words over their disputes, is a mystery to me."

Then she directly addressed the lawyer:

"Why don't you try, Mr. Fox, to find out a quicker way of settling matters?"

"That would not be nearly so advantageous for us," Phileas said, answering the smile in the clear eyes, and finding himself ever so much more at home with this new acquaintance than with the grim figure in the chair, who had made him feel so hopelessly young and inexperienced. "Those words, you see, are our bread and butter."

"You must have an abundant supply, then," retorted Isabel.

Mrs. Wilson meanwhile watched the two with an amused and interested glance, that softened the hard, skeleton-like contour, and brought it, as it were, within the pale of human interest.

"Have I sorted out all the papers that are to be delivered up to Mr. Fox?" Isabel presently inquired.

"Yes, I think you may give him this bundle to the left," Mrs. Wilson answered. "He will have occupation enough for the present in looking them over. Another time I may find some more work for your nimble fingers."

"Which means that I am dismissed," said Isabel; and, to the lawyer's great regret, she rose as she spoke, while the older woman smilingly nodded assent.

Isabel stood carelessly leaning upon the back of the chair; and, Phileas having likewise risen, the two confronting each other made a pleasant picture in the shadows of that old library. Isabel smilingly regarded the young man with a certain friendly interest, as remote as possible from coquetry. She had rather the manner of one who, leading a retired life, and full of the lively interest of her age in whatever is going forward, is glad of any interruption to the dull routine.

"I don't envy you, Mr. Fox," said, Isabel, "the reading of all those yellow and musty pages. The law must be a tiresome profession."

"Not always," replied Phileas. "From my short experience, I find that it is full of interest."

"Yes," admitted the girl. "That, I suppose, would be its redeeming feature:

meeting all sorts of people and hearing all sorts of adventures—"

"And finding criminals even where least expected," Mrs. Wilson interposed quietly.

"Oh, I should not like that part of it!" objected Isabel. "I detest criminals."

"Though they are not always entirely detestable," said Mrs. Wilson, a little wistfully, as her eyes met those of the lawyer. "Has not that been your experience, Mr. Fox?"

"My experience, as I said, has been very limited," answered the young man; "but I am sure that what you say is quite correct."

"For my part, I do not like them either in or out of fiction," persisted Isabel, still with the same laughing glance and the look of humorous intelligence in her face.

And Phileas felt that here was, indeed, a strange situation,—the unconsciousness of the one, with the full knowledge of the other, and both pitted against the critical observation of a third.

"Perhaps," said Mrs. Wilson, in a whimsical playing with the situation that struck Phileas as somehow incongruous and surprising, "when you are a little longer out of the convent, whence such monstrosities are banished, you will find, my dear, that they often walk the streets and are met with in drawing-rooms, and that their ordinary speech and bearing differ but little from the deportment of civilized men."

"Mrs. Wilson loves to astonish me with paradoxes," said Isabel, "or to propound riddles for which there is no answer."

"She propounds only the commonplaces of life," observed the old lady; "and they are more puzzling than any riddles."

Isabel shook her head, and, still smiling, and with a nod to Phileas, retreated toward the door.

"I am sure Mr. Fox will be better at riddles than I am," she said.

"It is part of my trade," laughed Phileas, as he opened the door for the girl to pass out.

Next instant she was heard in the hall

in animated converse with Cadwallader.

As the young man resumed his seat, Mrs. Wilson said:

"She is like perpetual sunshine, and I have kept her outside of the shadow in so far as possible. I thought it wiser."

"Oh, very much wiser!" exclaimed Phileas, and the unconscious warmth of his tone made the old woman smile and sigh. It was, in fact, an unintentional admission of the manner in which her story had impressed him, and there are few women so old as to be indifferent to condemnation.

"She is so ignorant of the whole affair that John Vorst is to her a mere name or abstraction, the defendant in some antediluvian lawsuit. She is no relation of mine; she is, in fact, the—"

A trifling interruption occurred. Cadwallader opened the door, and appeared upon the threshold to know if "ole Missis" had rung. Mrs. Wilson answered somewhat sharply in the negative; but even when the door was closed, and the Negro had withdrawn, she did not resume the previous subject of discourse. She forgot what she had meant to say, or perhaps she thought better of giving this young man information that could not concern him. Whatever was her reason, and somewhat to the lawyer's disappointment, she proceeded directly to business.

(To be continued.)

Tears.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

O TEARS of Youth, how free and fast,
Like torrents from the mountains!
Checked by no blighting, withering blast,
Sourced in no pent-up fountains,—
Wild tears of Youth!

O tears of Age, how still and slow,
In buried springs long hidden!
Ye have forgotten how to flow,
Or come when ye are bidden,—
Sad tears of Age!

Paracelsus.—A Renaissance Type.

BY JAMES J. WALSH, M.D., PH. D., LL. D.

(CONCLUSION.)

IT was Paracelsus' introduction of chemistry into medicine that constituted his greatest contribution to medical science. He realized, to a degree far beyond any of his predecessors in medicine, the illuminating truth that the operations of the body are mainly chemical by nature. When bodily functions are disordered, he reasoned, they may often be corrected by the prescription of chemicals to restore chemical equilibrium. Before this, men had used plants on much more general principles. Fancied resemblances had been quite sufficient to suggest curative powers. At the present time the Chinese use ginseng in large quantities, because of the fancied resemblance of the forked root of the plant to the human body. It is supposed to be able to cure the ills of humanity for no better reason than its crude reminder of man's bodily appearance. This sort of empiricism went out in Europe as the result of Paracelsus' work. He knew that he could obtain the active principles of plants, and that these would have a definite effect on the chemism of the human functions. Of course in the infancy of chemistry and pharmaceutics he was not able to proceed far along this line; but the leading thought that was to underlie all medical advance for four centuries was thus laid bare by him and very marvellously developed.

Sir Michael Foster says in his lectures: "The doctrines which he taught with such intemperate zeal were, as I have said, in the main the doctrines of Basil Valentine, the Benedictine chemist and monk of the preceding century;* but these were enlarged and developed by the new light which he had gained by his own researches and studies. He discovered many new

* See "Life of Basil Valentine," in my "Catholic Churchmen, a Science." The Dolphin Press, Philadelphia. 1906.

chemical bodies and introduced many new remedies. He had a great hand in the spread of that drug which perhaps more than any one drug has influenced the fortunes of mankind—namely, opium,—the use of which, in the form of laudanum, is said to have been due to him. He was emphatically not an anatomist, not a physiologist, but a pharmacologist. He paid little heed to the doctrines of Galen, and cared little or nothing for anatomy. He was a chemist to the backbone; and his pathology was based, not on changes of structure and their attendant symptoms, but on the relation of diseases to drugs. He insisted that the diseases ought to be known by the names of the drugs which cured them,—*morbis Helleborinus*, and the like. In this he was a forerunner of an errant school of therapeutics in modern times."

Because he had reached this new idea of the chemism of the body in health and disease, Paracelsus thought, like every other reformer, that most of the old ideas must be wrong; and no wonder his contemporaries grew bitter against him. While in one set of ideas in medicine he was more correct than his contemporaries, he put himself, by his condemnation of all previous medical knowledge, in danger of rejecting precious previous experience, and was likely to harbor many more false ideas than his opponents. With an innovator's conceit, he insisted that others must give up all they had learned before, and accept his system. This was too much for human nature, and they refused to see even the truth of what was new in his ideas, since there was so much of falsity in his absolute condemnation of all the old principles. This has been only too often the way of the innovator, and his intemperate zeal has many times served to undo him.

It is rather surprising that, somehow, Paracelsus did not fall under the ban of the ecclesiastical authorities of the time. He had many queer notions with regard to religion as well as medicine, and he

did not hesitate to air them. It was a dangerous period in which to do this; for government was supposed to be at one with religion in that age, and heresy was looked upon as anarchy is now. This was true in all countries, whether Protestant or Catholic. Within ten years of Paracelsus' time, Servetus was put to death by Calvin at Geneva for errors on the Trinity,—errors that are contained in a book which also presents the first description ever written of the circulation of the blood in the lungs. The burning of Servetus was approved by practically all the reformers of the time, even by the ordinarily mild and gentle Melanchthon. Servetus was another of the original thinkers,—right in one thing, sure therefore that he was right in all, and unfortunately quite convinced that all others were wrong in all points where they disagreed with him. It was this temper of their own minds, much more than religious intolerance, that served to light the fires of persecution against such men.

Had Paracelsus been persecuted for his aberrant religious ideas, it would almost surely have been said in our day that all the troubles of his lifetime—and they were many—were due to ecclesiastical opposition and intolerance. As it is, he somehow escaped religious persecution, but suffered much from brother physicians. He is another example of the fact that whenever anything new is introduced, it is sure to meet with determined opposition. It matters not how valuable the idea may be; if it is new and contradictory of old notions, then the thinker is sure to suffer for it. If it is an ecclesiastical authority whose conservatism is first aroused in opposition, then this is set down to religious intolerance. But physicians can be quite as intolerant as ecclesiastics, and, alas for human nature! have always been so in history.

Paracelsus' great contemporary, Vesalius, learned this lesson to his cost in Italy, as well as his colleague in Switzerland and South Germany. Because Vesalius

claimed to have made advances beyond Galen, he incurred the enmity of all the medical profession around him in Italy, and life was made very unpleasant for him. Vesalius is often said to have been persecuted by ecclesiastics for making dissections; but of this there is not the slightest proof, though of persecution by his colleagues of the medical profession there is abundant evidence. A century after the work of Vesalius and Paracelsus was accomplished, when Harvey announced his discovery of the circulation of the blood, he received at the hands of his medical colleagues treatment similar to that of his great predecessors. He lost much of his ordinary practice and nearly all of his consulting practice, because brother physicians could not think that any one in his right senses would talk of the blood circulating.

Paracelsus is in many ways a type of the men of his day. He was of an intensely inquiring disposition, and boasted of accepting nothing on authority. It might be expected that such a man would find himself sadly out of joint with the institutions and methods of the men before his time, in which authority stood for so much, not only in religion but in teaching of all kinds and even in natural science. Such a man would be expected, according to the ordinarily accepted notions, to break entirely with the authority of the Roman Church. He evidently saw many abuses that had crept in among the ecclesiastics of his time, and he did not hesitate to berate them roundly for their neglect of duty. In this, however, he was doing no more than many another man of this period, who yet did not think it better to try to reform the Church from without than from within. For a time Paracelsus seems, by his expression of many opinions, to have been quite without the pale of the Church; but it must not be forgotten that this was half a century before the Council of Trent, and many religious truths were not so clearly defined as they afterwards became.

As might have almost been expected in the midst of the troublous times of the religious revolt in Germany, there is no doubt that Paracelsus for some years of his early manhood wandered far from strict adherence to the Catholic Church. He always retained his deep devotion to the Blessed Sacrament, however, and has expressed it in many of his writings. For him there could be no other than the literal meaning of the words, "This is My body, this is My blood." And he not only held the opinion, but, in those days of such bitter controversy, maintained it strenuously against those who considered that there was question of symbolism only in the words, and that the ceremony of the Holy Table was but a memorial ever to be cherished of Christ's sacrifice. He always maintained, too, deepest respect for the Blessed Virgin, and never derogated from his training as a son of Einsiedeln, where, because of the famous shrine in her honor, devotion to Mary, the Mother of Christ, was especially characteristic of the people. In some of his writings, indeed, during the middle of his career, he was considered to have gone even too far in his zeal in trying to do her honor.

With the formal Protestantism of the time, in spite of the independence of his views, he would have absolutely nothing to do. His attitude especially toward Luther and Zwingli was expressed very forcibly by him on more than one occasion. His lack of sympathy with the movement of the so-called Reformers in general was often proclaimed. He frankly called them "heretics and sectarians,—false prophets who were setting themselves up in place of the Popes, but without any shadow of the authority that was theirs." He was unsparing in his denunciation of the abuses within the Church, as indeed were many other distinguished thinkers of this time, who still remained firm adherents of the Popes; but he added that, far as Catholicity might have degenerated from early Christianity, the members of the new religions were still more distant from

it. On one occasion he remarked: "God has sent prophets to you, but not Luther nor Zwingli nor Botzer nor Lamartin, since they are the children of those who have shed the blood of the prophets." In another place he declared that "until all of Luther's and Zwingli's false teaching has been unlearned, it matters not how much time a man may spend over the Scriptures, he will not receive the message of God."

In the light of the anomalous position occupied by Paracelsus, it will be of special interest to recall what his biographer and editor has written with regard to his religious state of mind at the end of his life. Hufer probably knew more about Paracelsus than any one that has ever attempted to account for this wandering genius. He had collected all his writings, and had gathered, in the actual scenes of Paracelsus' life, all the information that was available with regard to him from surviving contemporaries and the immediately succeeding generation. He wrote in the dedication of the great collected edition of Paracelsus' works in 1589—that is, within fifty years after Paracelsus' death—that his master had died a faithful son of the Church. He says: "It will be a source of suspicion with regard to Paracelsus' religious opinions, that he has in a number of passages spoken harshly of church abuses. In my opinion, it would be wrong to consider him a heretic on this account. With regard to his faith, we know that he was not separated from the Holy Roman Catholic Church; but, on the contrary, remained her obedient son. The special evidence for this is a foundation created in his will for a special series of devotions to be conducted for him after death at the shrine of the Blessed Virgin at Einsiedeln,* and the fact that he was

buried in consecrated ground with all due church ceremonial." At this time in South Germany they were very strict in the matter of not allowing heretics to be buried thus, and his interment points to his having received all the sacraments in due form before death.

A passage from Paracelsus' last will and testament will serve to show how ardent his faith was at the time of writing this document, when he felt himself in the presence of death, and will demonstrate how thoroughly he entrusted himself at this supreme moment to the mercy of his Creator. The passage runs thus: "In order that I may not depart from this life without a testament and direction as to my goods, I, the same Doctor Theophrastus, with chosen words and free expression, with the full possession of my senses, and under compulsion from no one, make this last will, having duly prayed for help therein, according to all the forms and regulations as it is hereafter set down. First, I commit my life to death and my immortal soul to Almighty God, in whose eternal mercy I have an unalterable hope that the bitter passion and death of His only-begotten Son, our Saviour Jesus Christ, will not be allowed to be unfruitful nor be lost in my regard."

Then he directs that his burial should take place with all proper ceremonial at St. Sebastian's, and that in his parish church there shall be due commemoration of his death on the first, seventh and the thirteenth day after his demise; that High Mass shall be celebrated on all these three occasions, and that a penny shall be placed in the hand of every poor man who comes to the church for these memorial services. This last clause refers to a custom quite common in Catholic countries before Paracelsus' time: that alms should be

* Those who may think the shrine of the Blessed Virgin at Einsiedeln of little importance, and who may wonder at the prominence thus given it, will be interested in the testimony with regard to it of one who visited it almost in

Paracelsus' time, and whose prominence as a churchman and a saintly personality, as well as the fact that he was an Italian, makes his views as to the opinion that should be held with regard to it all the more striking. During a

distributed to all the poor who come to the funeral and commemoration services.

It is the consideration of Paracelsus' relations to his contemporaries that will make us understand the great chemist-physician's career. His death in the Catholic Church, from which he never seems to have entirely departed, shows that, despite his denunciation of ecclesiastics, he realized her mission, though he also appreciated that the human instrument of that mission had derogated in many ways from the high purposes and ideals which should direct them. He knew, too, that not all clerics were to be included in the condemnation. Some of the ecclesiastics of his time indeed, as we have already seen, were personal friends and magnificent teachers, to whom he looked up with reverence, and of whom he had pleasantest memories.

If these men of the Renaissance are judged in their relation to the Reformation, we shall hear much less of the inevitable reform movement which arose at this time because, it is supposed, that great minds could no longer be kept in bondage to the Church. The bonds were light enough, and it was not the supremely great minds who wished to break them. The artists, scholars, writers, and scientists, who, like Paracelsus, are the greatest types of the Renaissance, lived and died in the Church.

trip through Switzerland in August and September, 1573, St. Charles Borromeo, Cardinal Bishop of Milan, one of the most intellectual and influential churchmen of his time, paid a visit to the shrine at Einsiedeln, and wrote thus about it to his cousin, the Cardinal Bishop of Constance: "I have many things to tell you about my trip, but for the present I shall mention only the great devotion with which I prayed at the monastery at Maria-Einsiedeln, a two-days' trip beyond the mountains, where, in the centre of a large church, there is a chapel that was consecrated by angels, the miracle being attested by a Papal Bull and the testimony of many bishops. I assure you that, with the exception of the Holy House at Loreto, I have never known a place more full of inspiration; and I heartily wish it were possible for you to celebrate Mass there without travelling so great a distance."

Sibyl's Awakening.

BY BEN HURST.

"**D**EAREST LAURA:—No, our friendship is not broken, but you will have guessed the reason of our waning correspondence. You will have understood how difficult it is to feign. Oh, what is the use of a friend if one can not be with her perfectly sincere,—if one treats her as one treats the rest of the world? I have resolved to profit by the great boon I have in your love, and to relieve myself on your breast. I am so sick of excusing, explaining and pretending to everybody but myself, that I must share with you all the bitter pills of my awakening.

"It was a foolish thing to go away forever with a man of whom I knew so little, since I knew only himself, and not the land, customs, and people which were the greatest part of himself. I have been perfectly miserable since I settled down here. Commend me for smallness and loathsome humdrum detail to an East German country life. The possible brighteners are an offence to one's common-sense. Still, I can not blame myself: I could not have foreseen the reality. Or was it not, rather, that Siegfried put all else in the background? Well, my dear, he does so no longer; and, what is worse, he has become part and parcel of the whole miserable business. He is the outcome of his surroundings, which are ignoble to an American girl.

"I do not complain of the mud. There is mud in America too. But steady rain has kept us as in an inaccessible island for the last four days, and I have leisure to study my companion and contemplate his emptiness. Dear! that such a man could become my husband! I feel a cold rage against him for the simple reason that he was ever born. Do not fancy that he is dull. Not he! It is I who am dull and very weary. For the hundredth time he has rearranged all the furniture, displacing

the pictures, making the men shift side-boards and cabinets. Remember, we went through all this six weeks ago! His restlessness is a disease. If he takes up a book, it is to throw it down again in five minutes, yawn, and take up another.

"You know the quiet little body I am. I can sit for hours and enjoy repose and silence. He is not acquainted with either. If I have the luck to get him out of the room for an instant, he is back again before I quite realize it, clattering the fire-irons, telling some stupid joke, humming and hawing to himself if I pretend to read. Was this what we used to call 'charming manners'? Is it a dream that we admired his 'liveliness'? My dear, he is only noisy and vulgar. The scales have fallen from my eyes. Tell me what to do next.

"Thank God we are not Catholics! We can divorce. His craze for bric-a-brac alone would justify it. If you saw the trays of little fancy objects with which our home is encumbered, you would despise him as I do. Shilling curiosities from North Britain towns stand side by side with priceless Eastern vases. He has a 'knack' of picking up things wherever he travels. I myself am the ostensible apology for many of these horrors.

"Laura, he pretexts that these inflections give me pleasure! At first we passed hours in sorting and arranging them. But I have lost heart. In this house nothing is definite. Oh, I am sick, sick! We shall go on moving till we move apart. He is going to build a new dining-room.

"This is the accursed season for the winter preserves, and he is not above taking an interest in them. Pickled cucumbers, quince jelly, and stored apples are the staple food—in a double sense—of these parts. You should hear himself and his mother when they meet! And I am expected to listen and not look bored. In a few years I shall have fallen to it, if you do not take me away. Oh, when, my Laura, and how will you deliver me? He is walking up and down, whistling.

There is not a thought behind that forehead but of what he is going to do when the weather clears up. He will try the new mare, and ride over to Brösenich's to find a two-wheeled cabriolet for me! The old one, with which I was perfectly satisfied, is to be sold. The mare, which was meant for the saddle, is to be driven! Think of it!

"Still, this restlessness, this chronic state of fidgets, is an index to the dull monotony of our lives. My Laura! *he* will never escape from it; for it is his duty to go on giving dinners to the stultified nobility of the neighborhood and improving the family estate. I feel almost sorry for him when I picture him to myself fumbling and twisting in this small space to the end of his days, until I remember that it is from himself, more than from his surroundings, that I want to escape. So why should I care?"

Sibyl threw down her pen, and her momentary exaltation subsided into the calm, dogged rancor that had been accumulating in her heart during the last month. She leaned her head wearily on her hand and gazed through the window at the darkening sky. Much cogitation on the most feasible mode of obtaining her release had not bettered the situation. The most awkward part would be the beginning—the breaking of the news to Siegfried himself.

She turned round with the impulse of a sudden decision. He was gone.

"Of course he could not have remained quiet so long!" she thought bitterly. "I might have known that he was gone, by the absence of clatter. What a relief when I shall be altogether rid of him!"

Her thoughts flew to future possibilities. She made plans for the disposition of her new, unencumbered life. She would return to America and resume her artistic studies. Mixing with thousands, she would again partake of the intellectual treasures of superior humanity. She would become her real self once more, and the centre

of a circle of smart, up-to-date people. The very shape and tint of the dresses in which she would make her reappearance in society floated before her eyes.

Lost in reveries, she was not aware that she had been, half unconsciously, watching the movements of unfamiliar figures at the bottom of the lawn. Burglars? Simultaneously with the thought, the word "Siegfried!" rose to her lips. She repressed it angrily, alarmed at what it betokened of feminine fears and helplessness. With one hand on the bell, she rose to watch the strange group shuffling in the dusk. At last they advanced, and she saw that they were carrying a burden.

Something on a stretcher. What could it be? She made her way slowly to the main entrance to meet them; but was forced to stop and sit down in the corridor, owing to the violent throbbing of her heart. What would confront her in the entrance hall? She knew it, as she leaned her head against the closed door, listening to the indistinct murmurs at the other side.

Suddenly she turned the knob and entered. Yes, release had come; for he lay livid before her, blood issuing from a wound on the brow. Was this the release she had prayed for? Her mind recoiled in terror from the written lines that would condemn her as if they had connection with the catastrophe. Then she forgot all but the scene before her.

"Thrown?" she formulated with white lips, from which no sound came.

The doctor nodded and proceeded with his bandaging. Her husband's friends gathered round her with apologies and explanations. 'They had meant to break the news gently, but they forgot that she would be watching for his return. The case was not hopeless: there were, probably, no internal injuries.' She answered nothing, but stood with clasped hands and bent head. As the doctor moved away, she leaned forward and pressed her lips to the wounded man's pallid ones. They were cold and unresponsive. She knelt

down near him and hid her face in his sleeve.

Suddenly she started and went out, walking quickly to the room she had left. If only the record of her contemplated unfaithfulness was safe? Yes, there it lay,—the letter which seemingly had brought down the vengeance of Heaven upon her. She fell on her knees and held it aloft, praying in a hoarse voice that fell on her ear like that of a stranger.

"Why didst Thou allow me to think it or write it, my God?" she asked heavily. "The crime is known only to Thee and to me. Forget it, and give him back to me."

She threw the paper into the brightly-burning flame and watched it disappear.

"I will kneel to Thee every morning and every night of my life, as when I was a child, if Thou wilt restore my husband to me!" she murmured in an anguish of dread and remorse.

Then she rose to her feet and went slowly upstairs to the bedroom where they had laid him. Again she met the dumb reproach of that unconscious face, and again her heart overflowed. Somebody drew her onto a chair beside the bed, and she sat long, holding one of the motionless hands between her own. The words she had penned an hour ago faded from her memory as something distant and unreal. The silly outburst was no longer worth a thought. All that mattered now was that he should live to be the brightener of all her days. How had she been so blind as to dream that she could exist in joy without him?

The marriage tie stood revealed in all its terrible tenacity to her higher nature. The man before her was part of herself; and even death, in her new comprehension, would not free her from lifetime obligations. If the worst took place, she would continue to live here, striving to accomplish his wishes, to fulfil his aims. With a gush of passionate tears, she remembered the mother and sisters who would share her grief. But no loss could equal hers, for whom knowledge had come only with

the blow. Again she leaned forward and laid her wet cheek on his. The touch seemed to revive him.

"What is it, Sib?" he muttered faintly.

"I can never leave you!" she whispered dazedly, and then fell swooning on the floor.

DEAREST LAURA:—It was so good of you to propose coming to me during all those dark weeks I have gone through! But I shall be better pleased to have you, now that things look brighter. Siegfried finds I want a change, though I myself am less inclined for it than I was before his accident. He proposes that I go back with you, and then he will come to fetch me; but I decline to start without him. I have discovered that marriage is a weighty bond, my dear; and, after the shock I have had, I shall never leave him while I live.

Besides, there is something new in my life just now. I have often felt bitterly the want of some stern and inflexible authority to shield me from myself or the caprices of fate. So I have decided to adopt the Roman Catholic religion, and am already under instruction. Siegfried has no objection. He says he is not clever enough for me; and, between ourselves, dear Laura, I am afraid he is not. Come soon to your devoted

SIBYL.

THE Twelve Apostles are by some writers thought to have been typified in the books of the Old Testament by:

1. The twelve sons of Jacob, prefiguring their authority.
2. The twelve fountains of Elim, prefiguring their preaching.
3. The twelve stones on the high-priest's breastplate, prefiguring their example.
4. The twelve loaves of proposition, prefiguring the spiritual nourishment given by the Apostles.
5. The twelve stones taken by Josue from the Jordan, prefiguring their constancy.
6. The twelve oxen upholding the brazen sea, prefiguring their strength of union.

A Great and Growing Evil.

THE multiplication of books dealing with spiritualism and occult phenomena—as many as four appear among the new publications of one firm in London—is proof not only of a growing interest in psychology, but of the spread of spiritualism among the thoughtful, educated and scientific classes. A quarter of a century ago, the number of spiritualists in America and England was comparatively small; and they were confined, with few exceptions, to the ignorant and credulous. The books published by converts to the sect were not, for the most part, such as appeal to educated men, and consequently exercised no great influence. In recent years all this has been changed. The professed spiritualists now number several millions; and among them are men of national reputation,—distinguished scientists, jurists, authors, physicians, etc.; with a great many clergymen, not a few of whom are still identified with Christian denominations. It will doubtless be a surprise to some readers to learn that there are in existence numerous well-sustained papers and magazines entirely devoted to spiritualism, and that its list of platform speakers runs into the thousands. Its bibliography has become so extensive that one firm advertises over seven hundred volumes in its list. A great many of these books, especially those of more recent publication, be it said, are of undeniable ability,—clear and candid discussions of a most vital and absorbing question.

There are powerful indictments of spiritualism in all its least reputable phases. The so-called "mediums," male and female, with their organized system of imposture and their unscrupulous charlatanry, to be found in every large city, have been exposed so often and so completely that to many minds spiritualism is synonymous with imposture. But there is another class of mediums coming to the

front, and the phenomena which they produce have baffled the most competent investigators. "A little exercise of the divine gift of common-sense," writes an eminent spiritualist, "would teach the opponents of our philosophy that what was exposed was fraud, not spiritualism; and that a doctrine which thrives in the midst of bitterest opposition and grows in the fires of persecution must have some measure of truth in its keeping to give it vitality."

The prepossessions of many who have dealt with spiritualism, and occult phenomena generally, destroy the value of their conclusions. Only those who have investigated the various phenomena with absolutely open mind deserve attention. Among the one hundred converts to spiritualism whose testimony as to the reality of things seen and heard and handled at séances is given in a book that recently came under our notice, are some investigators of the latter category. The phenomena witnessed are remarkably well described by them. We can not now consider the extraordinary character of many of the manifestations. No wonder the number of converts to spiritualism is everywhere on the increase.

What surprised and saddened us most in reading the book just referred to was to find that a number of those who have been beguiled into the practice of necromancy—for modern spiritualism is nothing else—were formerly Catholics. Their apostasy goes to show that as yet the subject of spiritualism has not commanded due attention from our religious guides. Indeed it has been generally ignored. In view of the rapid spread of this dangerous cult, it behooves Catholics to be on their guard against all that may be generally described as dealing with the dead. It is high time, it seems to us, that the warnings of Popes and Councils of the danger to faith and morals, health and reason also, arising from necromancy should be sounded from every pulpit in Christendom.

Notes and Remarks.

Mr. E. Walter Maunder, of the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, is recognized as an earnest and careful student of historical subjects connected with astronomy. Although some of his conclusions are at variance with those of Catholic scientists, we heartily endorse a remark which he makes in his recent work on "The Astronomy of the Bible." It is in reference to the difficulties which have been raised concerning the six days (or periods) of creative action not being in exact accord with the teachings of science. He says:

It seems indeed scarcely conceivable that it should have been the divine intention to supply the ages with a condensed manual of the physical sciences.

"What, then," asks Mr. Maunder, "is the significance of the detailed account given us of the works effected on the successive days of creation? Why are we told that light was made on the first day, the firmament on the second, dry land on the third, and so on?" The answers to these questions are well worthy of consideration:

Probably for two reasons. First, that the rehearsal, as in a catalogue, of the leading classes of natural objects might give definiteness and precision to the teaching that each and all were creatures, things made by the word of God. The bald statement that the heavens and the earth were made by God might still have left room for the imagination that the powers of nature were coeternal with God, or that other powers than God had worked up into the present order the materials He had created. The detailed account makes it clear that not only was the universe in general created by God, but that there was no part of it that was not fashioned by Him.

How little we know, after all, of the condition of the Church in any but English-speaking countries, or where there are missionaries who write our language! It should be the ambition of Catholic newspapers, especially of periodicals devoted to foreign missions, to have a reliable

correspondent in every country of the world. A yearly report of the progress of religion in each one would be of general interest, and have the effect of multiplying alms for missions that are ill sustained. We have often noticed that the most promising ones apparently get least support. What an effect might be produced in Russia at the present time by the general circulation of Catholic literature dealing with the claims of the Holy See! The London *Standard* reports that "since the promulgation of the religious tolerance edict of October 30, 1905, the conversion of Orthodox Russians to Roman Catholicism has been of quite an intensive character. In the Government of Vilna alone, 30,000 of the Orthodox have gone over to the Catholic confession, and a large number of Orthodox rectorships and curacies have been closed. In the Governments of Siedlee and Liublin, in the diocese of Cholm, 200,000 Orthodox and a large number of Orthodox rectors have joined the Catholic Church."

Few clergymen in this country have better earned the right to speak frankly to teaching communities than Philadelphia's superintendent of parish schools, the Rev. Philip R. McDevitt. The hint mildly given in the following extract from his annual report should accordingly arouse no ill-feeling:

In speaking of the sources of our schools' efficiency, the annual report has more than once emphasized the necessity of having our teachers well trained and made thoroughly competent. Fine buildings, well-graded curricula, numerous pupils count for little unless the teachers represent the lifegiving principle. As a body, our teachers are efficient. Men and women more self-sacrificing than are given us by the religious communities could hardly be found; they present to the world an object lesson of the highest and noblest Christian service. With truth it can be asserted that our schools are blessed with instructors who have no superiors either in knowledge or professional skill in their special field; yet there are some who lack the preparation necessary for success in the class-room. This lack is more apparent in some

communities than in others. Until those in charge of such communities take cognizance of existing faulty conditions, and realize their great responsibility to Catholic education and the future of the Church, it is hopeless to look for the improvement so necessary to turn out good religious and efficient teachers. One important element in correcting this weakness will be a readiness to seek an increase of light and knowledge from every possible source. Nothing is more opposed to true progress than self-satisfied conviction that one is doing so well that nothing remains to be learned in the great work of education.

This is stating the case with admirable force and lucidity. The best teachers are never through learning; the worst are often apt to plume themselves on knowing all that is to be known of the educator's business.

The Rome correspondent of the London *Tablet* gives the following version of an interview which Cardinal Gibbons, during his recent visit to the Eternal City, granted to a representative of the *Corriere d'Italia*. His Eminence discussed very freely, but with his usual tact, the conditions of the Church in the United States as compared with those in the Catholic countries of Europe. It was a plain statement of facts, going to prove that, things being as they are, the Church is incomparably better off under such a government as ours than where union with the State exists. The condition is not, of course, ideal; but, then, his Eminence was dealing with realities, as he took care to explain to his interviewer:

He ascribed the flourishing state of the Church in the United States, humanly speaking, to three principal causes: (1) the separation of Church and State, (2) the activity of the clergy, and (3) the economic organization of the Church in America, by which the people themselves, and not the Government, contribute directly to the support of religion. With regard to the first point, the Cardinal was careful to explain that he was not at all speaking of the theory of union: what he meant was that the state of freedom as enjoyed in America is infinitely preferable and more fruitful for religion than the kind of "union" which prevails to-day in the Catholic countries of Europe. The Cardinal declared

that, while the Government in America leaves the Church free, it does not ignore it; on the contrary, the Government looks with sympathy on the success of the Church, knowing that thereby the forces of order are strengthened. He quoted some instances to prove that the civil authorities are always willing to show their respect for religion. . . . His Eminence then paid a glowing tribute to the zeal and the exemplary conduct of the clergy of the United States, and declared that no small share of the prosperity of the Church is due to their unwearied activity and their close touch with the people.

Discussing the custom of securing the means of subsistence for the Church directly from the people, the Cardinal admitted that immigrants, especially from Italy, and more especially from Southern Italy, are not altogether easily habituated to this system, but that they all come to realize it in time. "In fine," he said, "in a country where the Church is without official endowments and revenues, the economic question is the one which causes least anxiety. And this, too, is very consoling; for it shows the realization of the Gospel maxim: 'Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His justice, and all these things shall be added to you.'"

The average American is probably unaware of the percentage of Catholics in our navy. Out of four thousand men who obtained shore liberty on a recent Sunday when our fleet was at Sydney, N. S. W., as many as twelve hundred, including one hundred and thirty-four officers, proclaimed their religious belief by attending Solemn High Mass in the cathedral. Our Boston contemporary, the *Republic*, comments thereon:

The Catholics of America are estimated at a little more than one-seventh of the entire population of the continental United States. What a proof of their courage and patriotism that they constitute more than one-fourth of the fleet!

Archbishop O'Connell of Boston having stated in the course of a recent sermon that "the leaders of Protestantism are now proclaiming that, unless all signs fail, the churches may soon close their doors," the *Boston Transcript* replied: "Catholics are still outnumbered manifold by those of non-Catholic creeds."

The reply is scarcely adequate; as the

Sacred Heart Review remarks, the critic missed the prelate's point. That *Zion's Herald*, the noted Methodist organ, did not miss it is evident from this paragraph from the *Herald's* pages:

As we read after the Archbishop, . . . we were led to ask if, after all, this Church [the Catholic] might not become the hope of the world as the repository and conservator of the essential fundamentals of the Christian revelation. Certainly, Protestantism—the Protestantism of this old New England—has now too little fibre in it, in doctrine and works, successfully to compete with the Roman Catholic Church. We believe too little, and hold that little in too weak and colorless a solution, adequately to evangelize and church the multitudes. It still remains true that Protestantism in New England is being outranked by the Roman Catholic Church; and the reason lies conclusively in the fact that it does not believe, as does the Catholic Church, in the essential certitudes of the Christian revelation. Protestantism in our midst, in substituting for a hearty, loyal, passionate faith in Jesus Christ as Saviour, Redeemer, Lord, a naturalistic, philosophic creed, adjustable and constantly in need of readjustment, has shorn itself of evangelistic power and divine certification.

It is scarcely questionable that the really farsighted among the leaders of Protestantism hold the foregoing views as strongly as does the editor of *Zion's Herald*. Many reasons account for their very general failure to have the courage of their convictions.

An interesting study in the *American Ecclesiastical Review* quotes Monsignor Moyes on the position of the Church in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. There are therein 49 bishops, including 7 archbishops, of whom one is a cardinal, and, in addition to these, 6 auxiliary or coadjutor bishops; 7392 priests—viz., 3524 in England, 552 in Scotland, and 3316 in Ireland. The number of Catholics in Ireland in 1901, he says, was 3,308,661. Catholics in Scotland are estimated at 515,625; those in England at more than a million and a half. The *Daily Mail Year Book* for the current year is in substantial agreement with these estimates: Catholics in Great Britain,

about 2,180,000; in Ireland, about 3,320,000,—numbering in all about five and a half millions.

"Adding to this the British colonial possessions outside the United Kingdom," proceeds Monsignor Moyes, "we have the Catholic Church as it exists in the British Empire. For this area the numbers are: Catholic Church in the British Empire: 140 bishops, 13,000 clergy, 12,000,000 people." The precise numbers in relation to the clergy, however, he says are higher. By adding to the British Empire the United States of America, we have an area which comprises broadly what is called the English-speaking world. The position of the Catholic Church in this area would be expressed by the following figures: the Catholic Church in the English-speaking world: 230 bishops, 30,000 clergy, 24,000,000 people.

So far as England in particular is concerned, it will hardly be considered unduly optimistic to predict that the coming Eucharistic Congress in London will exert a notable influence, during the next few years, on the number of accessions to the true fold of Christ. The magnificent object lesson presented to the non-Catholic English clergy and laity can hardly fail to be productive of sentiments and emotions which later on will crystallize into definite belief and correspondent action.

They have no University of Chicago professors in England, but they have clerics who could qualify for chairs in that institution. Arthur Machen contributes to the *Academy* his opinion of the class in general and of one in particular:

But the clergy—I should explain that, out of deference to the liberal, broad-minded spirit of the age, I include Dissenting teachers under this term,—the clergy have a still wider license. Not only may they preach without having mastered the first elements of the art they profess, but they have also liberty to utter nonsense wholesale, to preach and to write in such sort that if they had lived in the days of the Scholastic Philosophy they would all have received the title of "Master of Contradictions."

And no farrago of obvious fallacies, of absurdities, of false reasonings, seems to have the slightest effect on the position that these persons may have attained. Take the case of Mr. R. J. Campbell, of the City Temple. He wrote a book which proved to be a mass of contradictions and mutually-destructive statements. I am not going to fall into the fallacy of concluding from this fact that Mr. Campbell's cause is evidently a bad one. The cause may be a very good one; what is evident is that in Mr. Campbell it has found a most atrociously incompetent advocate. This there is no gainsaying. And yet, so far as I am aware, the publication of this volume of absurdities has had no appreciable effect on the preacher's position. I don't suppose that he is the poorer by a single pew-rent; one sees his name still quoted with respect, his views on this or that are to be read in the newspaper, his alliance is welcomed in various quarters.

We quote the foregoing merely as an instance of the difference between a really competent critic's estimate of a given work and the fulsome praise lavished on the same work by scribblers. There are a good many Mr. Campbells in this country; we wish each of them had an Arthur Machen to expose his absurdities.

About as gratifying a bit of news concerning France as we have seen in a long while is this, from a radical organ of that unhappy land:

Thirty-six thousand communes have now been invaded by this octopus, whose myriad tentacles threaten the strangulation of our republican system of education.

The "octopus" referred to is religious education. One of the rallying cries in France just now is "Catholic schools for Catholics"; and one of the most effective means for translating that cry into corresponding action is the plan called "Associations of Fathers of Families." Mgr. Henry, of Grenoble, states that he purposes establishing such an association in every parish in his diocese; and, with evident foresight of probable governmental action, adds:

In view of the iniquities which are now rampant, I am resolved not to yield. I may pay, or refuse to pay, the fines imposed upon me. I will even go to prison, if I find it inevitable to do

so. I feel sure that things will be changed in France on the day when a bishop faces imprisonment in order to fight against the iniquitous laws which have been hatched in the brain of these wretched ministers.

We are inclined to think that Bishop Henry has correctly diagnosed the malady. Bishop Laurans, of Cahors, is of the same opinion, and expresses himself quite in the same vein as his brother prelate. And M. Oscar Havard declares:

On the day when our eighty-six bishops shall resolutely dare, like Mgr. Henry and Mgr. Laurans, to defy the prisons of the Republic, and shall undertake an offensive campaign against the corruptors of our youth, the anti-Catholic lay-school will feel its deathblow.

Mr. F. R. Lee, a son of the late Dr. Frederick George Lee, writing from Taung-gyi, Burma, reminds the editor of the *Lamp*, our esteemed Anglo-Roman contemporary, that the Association for the Promotion of the Unity of Christendom founded a few years ago is not the first organization of this kind, as many persons have been led to believe. The Society for the Union of Christians was established on the Feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin, 1857. Dr. Lee and Ambrose Phillips de Lisle, both of whom died within the Fold, were among the founders. *Par nobile fratrum*. No life of the former has yet appeared, but there is an adequate biography of Mr. de Lisle in two octavo volumes, a work full of interest and edification. Both were distinguished, even while Anglicans, for their tender devotion to the Blessed Virgin. Dr. Lee was the author of a learned book in defence of the Immaculate Conception, and in his later years became a frequent and favorite contributor to THE AVE MARIA. (R. I. P.) Mr. Lee writes as follows:

Enclosed in the May number of the *Lamp* just come to this distant place was the introductory address to the Anglo-Roman Union in New York. With the aims of this Union I am in sympathy, for it is clear that no effective resistance can be made to the forces of modern infidelity unless Catholic-minded Christians unite under one flag. But on reading in the address

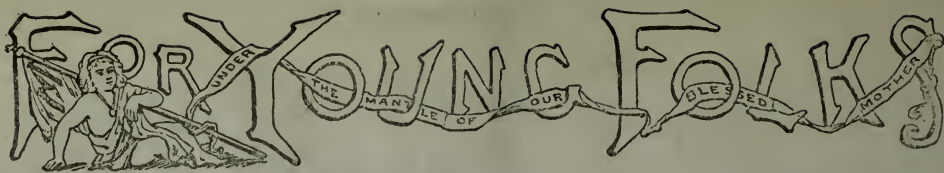
that "the initial stage of agitation and of preparing the soil has now gone on both here and in England since 1900," I feel that this statement needs amplification. This is no new work. Let me remind you that in England, at any rate, other laborers have been working in the self-same soil. The field has been ploughed and sown ever since the day of the foundation of the Association for the Promotion of the Unity of Christendom. I have before me as I write a little book of devotions—the "Thesaurus Animæ Christianæ"; on the fly-leaf is inscribed: "*Reverendo Presbytero Dño: F. G. Lee, Ex dono Auctoris in memoria diei in quo Societas Pro Unione Xtianorum inaugurata fuit. Die 8 Septembris, MDCCCLVII, in festo Nativitatis B. V. M.*" The names of two now gone to their account are here linked together as workers in the cause of Reunion—Frederick George Lee and Ambrose Phillips de Lisle. Before their death they seemed to see the failure of many of their hopes and plans. The A. P. U. C., founded as a society for prayer, still continues; but the Order of Corporate Reunion, a practical body, was attacked on all sides and succumbed. The Rev. F. G. Lee, the last surviving founder of the O. C. R., died in 1902, having at the last taken that step which he had all his life hoped would be not an individualistic but a corporate movement shared by a large body of Anglicans. To him at least the advocacy of Reunion brought nothing but obloquy and financial ruin (he hardly expected anything else); but it is due to his memory to remind you that no less than fifty years ago he and others were pioneers in the work which you in America, and Mr. Spencer Jones in England, are now nobly carrying on.

The latest attack on two theories which were upheld by many eminent scientists not so many years ago is Dr. George Paulin, who admits no struggle for existence in the Darwinian sense, and also attacks Darwin's theory that the prime factor in evolution is natural selection. Dr. Paulin says:

The day has not yet come, which I am assured shall come, when science will make the discovery that the farther it departs from the conception of a moral order pervading and informing the universe, and from the acknowledgment of a Creative Mind supreme in beneficence as in power, the farther it will plunge into bogs, morasses, and quicksands of error.

The work from which we quote is entitled "No Struggle for Existence: No Natural Selection."

FOR YOUNG FOLK



Thy Blessed Name.

BY S. M. R.


LOVE to think, O Mother mine!
The stars upon the heavens scrolled,
To those who read their meaning right,
Thy blessed name in light unfold.

And flowers that hide in shady nooks
Or in the golden sunlight flame,
In color and in fragrance weave
Across the earth thy holy name.

And sparkling waters, as they flow
Through meadow bright and lonely glen,
Repeat thy name in silvery song,
While night-winds softly breathe "Amen."

The Story of Little Fritz.

III.—THE LITTLE ARTIST.



MORNING broke. The sun still lingered below the horizon, but the rosy beams of the eastern sky heralded his speedy coming. In field and forest all was silent. The birds' songs were hushed, for the warblers were still fast asleep in their downy nests; the deer and rabbits reposed upon their leafy beds, and only the murmuring of the restless forest brook disturbed the deep repose of slumbering Nature.

In Uncle Willebrand's house, however, a pair of busy hands were already at work. The collier's wife had risen, kindled a blazing fire, and was preparing the simple family breakfast. The collier also, whom the loving wife had tried not to waken, knowing how much the hard-working man needed rest, was now also astir. Coming out into the kitchen where the industrious

housewife was at work, he wished her a hearty good-morning, as he proceeded to wash his face and hands.

"I must waken the boys," he said; "they are going to help me in the woods, and must eat breakfast with us. It is high time they were learning to earn their daily bread. I told them yesterday that their loafing days are over."

"But you will not take little Fritz with you?" asked Frau Willebrand, anxiously. "I have just been in the bedroom, and the poor little fellow was fast asleep."

"No, no! I would be the last one to want to waken him. Let him sleep all day if he will. He is pretty well tired out. I think he is too delicately built for hard work such as our boys must follow. I doubt if he will ever be able to handle an ax right skilfully. But, then, it isn't necessary that all the people in the world should be colliers. There wouldn't be work enough to go round, if they were."

So saying, the father went into the room where his sons were still sleeping soundly, wakened them, and told them to dress and get ready to go with him to the woods as quick as possible. The boys, delighted with the idea of working in the cool, leafy forest, sprang out of bed with merry shouts of laughter. In a few minutes they were washed and dressed; and, with hair smoothly combed, they took their places at the table. In their eagerness to be off, they scarce took time to swallow their breakfast.

"And now march!" cried their father, who came in with ax and saw on his shoulder. "Right-about-face, boys, and march into the green woods. The earlier we begin our work, the sooner it will be done." Then, turning to his wife, he said: "Little Fritz can bring our dinner if he wakens in time. If he isn't there with it by noon, Hans can come for it."

Then, nodding a cheerful good-bye to his wife, the collier walked away with powerful strides, the three boys leaping and springing at his side. Soon they reached the place where they were to work, and without delay they set to building a coalpit. The boys worked bravely, and the pit was soon ready.

While the father and sons were earning the daily bread for the family, the mother, as usual, cared for everything at home. She went out into the garden, watered the flowers and herbs, weeded the beds, and swept the paths. Then she picked and prepared some beans for dinner. Going back to the house, she found plenty of things to keep her busy; but now and then she would leave her work and go in to look at Fritz, who still lay in a deep slumber. Knowing that sleep is a sweet balsam for wearied limbs and muscles, and that nothing so soon restores lost strength as this wonderful gift of nature, she let him sleep on.

Just before noon Fritz opened his eyes. Upon a chair beside his bed lay his clothes, brushed and cleaned from mud stains. Near them was an earthen washbowl filled with water, from the clear surface of which the sunbeams that came in through the little round window-shutters were reflected as in a mirror.

"How long I have slept!" he said to himself. "I am so ashamed! What will Uncle Willebrand think of me?"

He quickly rose, washed and dressed, and then knelt down to say his morning prayer. This and the evening prayer his mother had taught him almost in infancy, he never forgot. Frau Willebrand met him as he left the bedroom.

"Ah, little sluggard!" she exclaimed, laughing and raising her finger in a mock-threatening manner. Then she patted him on the head, and looked into his face with such smiling eyes that he knew she meant no reproach. "Well," she said, "I am glad you are wide awake, for I want you to carry your father's and brothers' dinner."

"Dinner!" echoed Fritz in dismay. "It isn't dinner-time, I hope!"

"Oh, yes, nearly! But never mind. I am glad you had such a good sleep. You needed it. Now eat your breakfast and then you can go. There is no hurry."

While Fritz ate his breakfast he told Frau Willebrand many things about his dead mother which she was very glad to hear; then he took the great covered dinner-pail, filled to the brim, and blithely started on his way to the forest.

The first part of the way led through an unshaded path, and the sun's rays were very hot. But when Fritz reached the dense, green forest, and walked under the shadows of the leafy trees, the coolness was refreshing, and he had no desire to hasten his steps. The path led amid grass and flowers, along a brook, whose clear waters rippled on over smooth pebbles. Some sunbeams broke through the thick lattice-work of the over-arching trees, and the lights and shadows played with most charming effect through the endless vistas of the forest. Birds sang in the branches, or gayly flitted from limb to limb; bright-hued lizards darted to and fro; and the breeze now rustled, now lightly whispered in the green, leafy crowns of the giants of the wood.

Our Fritz was so full of delight and happiness that he almost wished the coalpit were miles away, so that he might longer enjoy the beauties of this forest solitude. But he already discerned, in a clearing, the smoke of a coalpit mounting upward and darkening the clear, blue sky; he heard the resounding blows of the ax, and soon the voices of the collier and his sons. In a little while he emerged into the clearing, and was joyfully greeted by his new father and brothers.

"You came just in time," said Father Willebrand. "We have worked hard, and the dinner will taste good. Come, boys, lay aside your axes, let us wash our hands, and then go and sit down under that broad oak."

The three boys soon threw themselves

at full length on the grass beneath the shadowy branches of the oak. The spoons and plates were brought out, and the hungry laborers began to eat their simple midday meal with such hearty appetites as invigorating toil alone can give.

"Will you not eat with us?" asked the father, turning to Fritz.

"I thank you," replied Fritz, blushing; "but, I am ashamed to say, I have just eaten my breakfast. Hours after you were here at work I was asleep in bed."

"Yes, yes," said Father Willebrand, "we have been right hard at work; and it has given the boys a fine appetite for their dinner, you see. 'In the sweat of thy face must thou eat bread,' are the words of the Lord, and the words must be fulfilled. 'He who will not work, neither shall he eat.'"

Fritz became very red; and Willebrand, remarking it, said good-naturedly:

"Oh, no, my little son, my words were not for you! You are too small and weak to work as we do. For that one wants stout bones and muscles, like my young ones. Such work isn't for you, Fritz. But tell me, my little man, what you have learned, and what you think you will be when you grow up."

"Ah, Uncle Willebrand," sighed Fritz, "I haven't learned much! My mother was so poor that most of the time she couldn't send me to school. I know a bit of reading, writing, and arithmetic, and I can draw and paint. An old painter who lived near our house taught me that."

"Ah! How did that happen?" asked Father Willebrand.

"When I was six or seven years old," said Fritz, "I sat one day on the stone bench before our house, and had nothing to do and no one to play with. I wanted to do something, I hardly knew what; so I broke a piece from a great lump of coal that was lying in the street and began to draw figures on the white wall of our house. First, I drew a pair of doves that were picking up their food on the street; then a horse, then a pair of hounds,

and then I began to draw the neighboring houses. I was very busy at my work when all at once the old painter—Lindemann was his name—tapped me on the shoulder, and in a friendly voice asked me who had taught me to draw. I was frightened, for I thought he would punish me for spoiling the clean white wall; and I began to cry. But the old man patted me on the head and said that I should certainly not be punished. Then he gave me a big red apple, and said: 'Tell me, little boy, who taught you drawing.' When I told him that I had had no teacher, he shook his head as if he did not believe me, and pointed at the doves, horses, dogs, and houses on the wall.

"Where is your mother?" he asked.

"I said: 'She has gone out, but will soon be back.'"

"I will come and see her this evening," he said, and then went away.

"I played around in the yard, and thought no more of my pictures or the painter until my mother came home and made me remember them in a way not very pleasant. She was angry because I had blackened the nice white wall. She took a rod, and the strokes had begun to rain over my back in a pretty lively way, and I was screaming with all my might, when Herr Lindemann came into the room.

"Stop that, my good woman!" he said. 'Let our little artist go, and listen to what I have to say to you.'

"My mother hung up the rod in the usual place, and sent me out into the yard. She didn't have to tell me twice to go, I assure you. I was glad enough to escape the whipping, and didn't trouble myself about what the old painter had to say to her. I don't yet know what he said, for my mother never told me; I only know that after this I went four or five times a week to Herr Lindemann and took lessons in drawing and painting. In a year the good old man died, and I was left to practise by myself.

"He always said that if I was indus-

trious I would make a celebrated painter; and if he had lived he would have done a great deal for me. I never believe that I could make a great painter; and often, when I compared my pictures with his, I became so discouraged that I would throw my pencils, paper, and paint-box at the wall. For this I often got such a box on the ear from the master that I would think for a few minutes my sight and hearing were gone forever. Then if I would work on industriously for a quarter of an hour, he would praise me again, and I would be his darling little son as before."

"Now, Fritz," said Father Willebrand, "if you are so expert at drawing, show us a specimen of your skill. Plenty of coals lie around here; and if you can find a great, smooth stump, the thing is soon done."

Fritz looked around for a stump with a flat, smooth surface. It was easy to find one suited to his purpose; for Willebrand usually sawed the trees asunder instead of cutting them down with an ax. He soon found just such a one as he wanted, and took a bit of charcoal and began his work.

With a steady hand he moved the coal back and forth, and drew line upon line, wave upon wave, stroke upon stroke, until the stump was covered with a beautiful picture. In the foreground one saw the blazing, smoking coalpit; at the right, under the old oak, Willebrand and his three sons; in the background, the rushing brook; and all around, the leafy forest, which inclosed the picture as in a frame.

"Now I am ready," said Fritz after half an hour. "Come and see."

Willebrand and his three sons did not wait for a second bidding. With dilated eyes they gazed upon the picture, whose like they had never seen before. For a time they stood as if spellbound; then they broke out into loud exclamations of delight.

"Isn't it splendid!" cried Wolf.

"Who would believe anybody *could* make such a picture!" said Christoph.

"Nobody ever did before," echoed Hans, shaking his head.

"There you are, Chris," said Wolf; "for all the world just as you live and breathe, only your nose is a little too big."

"Yes, and there you are, too, Wolf; and there are father and Hans and the coalpit and the trees, just as plain as life. If I hadn't seen it with my own eyes I should never believe that anybody could make such a picture"

So the boys went on, giving vent to their wonder and delight in all sorts of exaggerated phrases. Father Willebrand had not spoken a syllable; still his face expressed great pleasure and astonishment.

"The thing is not bad," he said at last. "It does Fritz great credit. I see that we shan't be able to make a collier out of him; we shall have to let him go his own way. It is a pity that the nice picture must so soon be spoiled. The first rain will wash it all away. I wish we could take it along and show it to mother."

"But, father," cried the boys, "we have the saw with us; why can't we saw off the top of the stump?"

The father was pleased with this idea, and soon the great saw was in motion. In an hour the picture was detached from the stump, upon a board about an inch thick, that could easily be carried to the house.

The boys carried it in triumph through the village, where all the children gathered around them, wondering, admiring, and lauding little Fritz to the skies. That evening, in Birkenrode, the young artist and his wonderful picture were the topics of general conversation.

Frau Willebrand was no less surprised and delighted with the picture than the rest. When she heard that Fritz was the artist, she raised both hands in wonder. It seemed as if she could not see enough of the drawing. But at last she locked it up in a desk for fear it might get spoiled.

Fritz, astonished at the excitement his rough coal sketch had created, said: "If such pictures please you, I will draw as many as you want."

And so the boy drew and painted from morning until night. His Uncle Willebrand brought him from the next town a box of colors and drawing materials, and let him go on his chosen way in peace, not asking him to take part in the rough labor of his own sons. When the neighbors made remarks at this, he said good-naturedly: "All children can not be managed alike. Do the best you can with yours, and I will try to do the same with mine."

The village boys, who had at first called our little hero "Willebrand's Fritz," now called him "painting Fritz," and often made sport of his quiet, refined ways, and his pursuits, so different from their own rough work. But Fritz painted on and never minded them. If their jokes became annoying, he had only to give a hint of this to his three doughty champions—Wolf, Christoph, and Hans,—who very well knew how to stop all meddlesome and jesting tongues.

(To be continued.)

A Famous French Lighthouse.

The twinkling red and white lights of the stately tower which stands on the Corduan rocks at the mouth of the River Gironde can be seen over the waters of the Bay of Biscay for a distance of thirty miles. The bay bears an evil name, and many a good ship of the old days that had triumphantly rounded the Cape of Good Hope went to pieces among its breakers.

Over seven centuries ago, Bordeaux was a thriving seaport, and its merchants combined together to erect a tower on the long reef of rocks at the mouth of the Gironde. The tower, however, was of no great height; and the fire, lighted and guarded by four men nightly, could not be seen at any great distance.

The victories of Poitiers and Cressy gave Edward the Black Prince, of England, a hold over France. He determined to

erect a new lighthouse on the Corduan rocks, and in a short space of time the tower he planned uprose. It was almost fifty feet high, and on its top was a wide platform on which an enormous fire burned at night. This fire was attended to by a holy hermit, for whose benefit a chapel was erected close by the tower. Years passed on, and the tower began to yield to the force of the wind and waves, till at length in the year 1584 a celebrated French architect began the remarkable building which now stands on the Gascon coast.

The architect, whose name was La Foix, not only planned a lighthouse, but a church and royal palace. From the stone platform the tower rose in stages or divisions, each one smaller than the one beneath. The first was the palace, sculptured and decorated in the most magnificent fashion; next came the chapel, with lofty roof and double range of windows, and tall marble columns. Above was the lighthouse proper, with its flashing lights, which for almost four centuries have warned sailors of the jagged rocks and treacherous sand-banks of the Gascon coast.

Giants.

One writer says that no recorded height of any giant known has reached ten feet. The historian Josephus, however, tells of a Jew who stood ten feet and two inches. Kintolochus Rex was said to be fifteen feet and six inches high. The famous John Middleton was nine feet and three inches tall. His hand was seventeen inches long and eight and a half broad. Turner, the naturalist, declares that he saw in Brazil a giant twelve feet in height. But of Og, King of Bashan, tradition says that one of his bones was used to bridge a river, so he must be awarded the palm for size,—unless we remember that there are very small rivers which in dry times are just a thread.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Congratulations are due to whoever is responsible for the issuing, in convenient booklet form, of "Our Parish School," the excellent and timely pastoral letter of Bishop Hartley, of Columbus, Ohio. We hope it may have many new readers.

—The latest volume of the Early English Text Society is the "Promptorium Parvulorum," the first English-Latin dictionary, c 1440, edited from the MS. in the Chapter Library at Winchester, with Introduction, notes and glossaries, by Mr. A. L. Mayhew.

—An English translation, from the second (corrected and enlarged) edition, of "Heortology: A History of the Christian Festivals from their Origin to the Present Day," by Dr. K. A. Heinrich Kelner, of the University of Bonn, is a welcome announcement. The translation is by a priest of the Diocese of Westminster.

—A booklet that will be, or ought to be, welcome to all parish priests not already provided with something similar, is the "Little Manual of St. John Berchmans' Altar-Boys Society," published by J. Schaefer, New York. Its forty-eight pages contain much that can not fail to influence, beneficially, all young servers of the Adorable Sacrifice, whether or not they are organized into a regular society. But the book should have been more attractively produced, and stitched with thread instead of wire.

—Not a few of our readers in different parts of this country and Canada will be pleased to learn that Seumas MacManus (his fame warrants our dropping the Mr.) is to make a third American lecture tour during the season 1908-09. The titles of his lectures will be: Irish Life and Character, Stories of Irish Fairy and Folk-lore, The Irish Revival, and Readings (chiefly humorous) from his own prose and verse. Mr. MacManus has made his own place in the hearts of a large portion of the American public and he will doubtless, during the coming tour, repeat his previous successes.

—The study of Shelley by the late Francis Thompson necessitated a reprinting of the number of the *Dublin Review* in which it appeared. This paper is referred to by the *Review of Reviews* as "the glory of the *Dublin*." The effect of its publication has been to make our great English review known to thousands of new readers and to remind perhaps as many more that Mr. Ward's quarterly is not to be ignored. The editor of the *Review of Reviews*

goes so far as to declare that "one of the best preparations for the Protestant ministry would be a regular perusal of the *Dublin Review*: charity would be more: bigotry would be less."

—Ruskin was not always considered a prophet either in his own country or in other lands, but the following prediction as to the outcome of the tendencies he observed in the fiction of his day is rapidly becoming verified:

The pleasure which we may conceive taken by the children of the coming time in the analysis of physical corruption, guides into fields more dangerous and desolate the expatiation of an imaginative literature; and the reactions of moral disease upon itself, and the conditions of languidly monstrous character developed in an atmosphere of low vitality, have become the most valued material of modern fiction, and the most eagerly discussed texts of modern philosophy.

Apropos of the foregoing, the Rev. Dr. William Barry contributed, some time ago, to the *National Review* a vigorous indictment against much of the current fiction. We quote one especially strong passage:

The serious Briton seems to be developing into a light-brained creature who gambles, looks on at football matches, plays bridge, and shirks responsibility. He does not want to be a father; his wife declines to be a mother. He is at once the victim of nerves and cold to impersonal or religious motives. If not "sullenly incredulous," he is quite indifferent to Church and Bible. He wants money, pleasure, and show. A bundle of sensations, with vanity pricking him on, when he is rich he gratifies every fancy; while he is poor he scamps work, lives on somebody else, and gets intoxicated at the public expense. Apply all this to the woman of the period; and you will own that if I am drawing a popular type, Ruskin's foreboding was justified.

—Messrs. Kegan Paul & Co. announce a new and revised edition of "Roads to Rome," by J. Godfrey Raupert, author of "Ten Years in Anglican Orders," etc. It is a book full of interest, a human document of high value. Few works of the kind have been more favorably reviewed by the non-Catholic press of England than this excellently conceived and happily entitled volume. The *Scotsman* refers to it as "a curious and interesting book," and adds: "In its pages some sixty-five persons, most of them neither quite eminent nor quite obscure, but nearly all giving their names, have put on record the steps, so far as they can recall or define them, by which they were led to embrace the doctrines of the Church of Rome. . . . The volume provides much suggestive reading to the serious student of religion and of the working of the human mind. . . . There is much sincere, devout and thoughtful writing in this book. . . . High Church Anglicans, in particular, may note with a chastened spirit how their

scorn for the 'orders' and practices of the rankest dissenter is as nothing compared to the scorn of these various writers for the orders and ordinances of even the 'highest' of the Anglicans." The *Daily Chronicle* is not less appreciative. "The volume has many merits, and of these not the least is its good taste. There is no offence in it, and though the writers are concerned to show the impossibility of Protestantism for them, all sects can read it without fear of being hurt by coarseness or repelled by ungenerosity. . . . Some of the papers are excellent. The best of all is that by Mon-signor Robinson. It is terse, lucid and vigorous. It is a plain statement by a clear thinker, and has the merit of being written in keen and lively language. Many of the converts acknowledge that the subtle spell of Newman drew them in; some state Dr. Littledale's 'Plain Reasons against joining the Church of Rome' had the effect of driving them directly there. . . ." "This is not a book of emotional explosions," remarks the *Western Morning News*, "but the candid record given by some sixty-five persons of education from various creeds and classes, who have during recent years in England submitted to the authority of the Church in communion with Rome. . . . As a collection of reminiscences and facts, as sketches of many minds, all ending in the same conclusion, these narratives can not fail to have an interest, whatever be the opinions and criticisms of those who may peruse them."

The Latest Books. A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' price generally includes postage.

- "Political Economy." Charles S. Devas, M.A. \$2.
 "Fraternal Charity." Rev. Father Valuy, S. J. 40 cts., net.
 "Priestly Vocation and Tonsure." Rev. L. Bacuez, S. S. \$1, net.
 "The Acts of the Apostles." With Introduction and Annotations. Madame Cecilia. \$1.25.
 "What is Life? A Study of Vitalism and Neo-Vitalism." Bertram C. A. Windle, M. A., M. D., etc. \$1, net.

- "History of Economics; or, Economics as a Factor in the Making of History." Rev. J. A. Dewe, A. M. \$1.50.
 "Rosette. A Tale of Paris and Dublin." Mrs. William O'Brien. \$1.25.
 "For My Name's Sake." From the French of Champol's "Sœur Alexandrine." \$1.10, net.
 "All about Salads." Mrs. Lewis Clarke Lucas. 75 cts.
 "The New Matrimonial Legislation." Rev. Charles J. Cronin. D. D. \$1.90, net.
 "Pentecost Preaching." Rev. Arthur Devine, C. P. \$1.50, net.
 "Stories New and Old, American and English." Hamilton Wright Mabie. \$1.50.
 "A Martyr of Our Own Day." From the French by the Rev. John J. Dunn. \$1, net.
 "Cords of Adam." Rev. T. J. Gerrard. \$1.50.
 "The Catholic School System in the United States." Rev. James A. Burns, C. S. C. \$1.25, net.
 "The Story of Blessed Thomas More." A Nun of Tyburn Convent. 80 cts., net.
 "The Eucharistic Heart of Jesus." \$1.
 "An American Student in France." Abbé Felix Klein. \$2.50.
 "Barnaby Bright." Father Bearne. 2 vols. \$1.60.
 "The Bells of Atchison." Rev. Andrew Green, O. S. B. 75 cts.
 "The Spectrum of Truth." Sharpe-Aveling. 30 cts.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Louis Gagnier, of the diocese of Springfield; Rev. Stephen J. Donoghue, diocese of Indianapolis; and Rev. H. T. Nears, C. S. P.

Sister Olivier, of the Daughters of Charity.

Mr. Leon Moret, Mr. Charles Cantillon, Mr. Thomas Fox, Mr. Peter Heib, Mrs. N. F. McMahon, Miss Gertrude Modler, Mrs. Margaret Heaney, Mr. George V. Hart, Mr. John A. Noon, Miss Caroline Thomas, Mr. John F. McKagney, and Mr. Richard Wilson.

Requiescant in pace!

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For three needy foreign missions:

Mrs. H. E. B., \$6.70; Rev. T. F., \$5.10.
 J. M. D., \$1.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LXVII. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, SEPTEMBER 19, 1908. NO. 12.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C. S. C.]

God Does Not Forget.

BY BRIAN O'HIGGINS.

THE world will strip your failings,
And hide the good you do,
And with its sharpest thorns
The ways you walk bestrew;
You'll toil for men—they'll curse you;
'Twas thus, and thus 'tis yet,
And thus 'twill be forever,—
But God does not forget.

The hours of silent grieving
For some one loved and lost,
The hours of self-denial,
'Twere hard to count their cost;
The falling soul uplifted,
The sorrows bravely met,—
All are on earth forgotten,
But God does not forget.

His eye is ever seeking
The wee things done for Him;
And they shall light the shadows
Where Death waits, stern and grim.
So lift your burden gladly,
Nor falter, fear nor fret;
For heaven is in the distance,
And God does not forget.

The Modernist as I Knew Him.

BY THE REV. H. G. HUGHES.

BEFORE the appearance of the Encyclical *Pascendi*, one might have heard it said not unfrequently, "Are there really any Modernists? I have never met one." Those who spoke thus were taking into account, of course, only their own experience; and the question is not likely to be repeated, now that the attention of the whole world has been so forcibly called to the actuality of the errors proscribed by the Holy See. The ready recognition of Modernism in the future by all who come into contact with it is one of the many blessings that will assuredly result from the careful and systematic exposition of the subject which the supreme authority in the Church has given us.

The present writer had the fortune, good or bad, to meet and converse frequently with more than one real live Modernist some years ago, when Modernists shared the name of "Liberal Catholic" with others who, though treading a dangerous path, would not have gone, we may piously believe, to the extremes to which "out-and-out" Modernism has carried its adherents. But even at that time some of those of whom I speak had gone the whole way; or, rather, had accepted the fundamental theories of Modernism as we know it now.

IF cultivated people would only hold their tongues, if they would only let their weaker brethren enjoy themselves in their own way,—but they never will. According to their own showing, they live in a constant state of acute suffering from the atrocious tastes of people around them.

—Anon.

Those of us who listened to Modernist

talk at the time to which I refer, and to whom the ideas put forth were entirely new, probably failed to grasp the full significance of what they heard. The new notions sounded bad enough, however, to call forth emphatic protests, and we were fully persuaded of their utter incompatibility with Catholic Faith. It was interesting afterward to recognize in all one read on the subject, and finally and most of all in the Encyclical, the tenets and fundamental principles enunciated continually and enthusiastically by a few chance acquaintances of former days.

It may prove interesting to the readers of THE AVE MARIA to have described to them the ideas of individual Modernists of some years ago, who were quite in the secret of the movement. Needless to say, I shall mention no names. None of those, moreover, whom I have in mind have been prominently before the public of late in the character of liberal thinkers. I shall run no risk, therefore, of injuring any one's reputation. I will speak of the persons in question under the general term of "The Modernist as I Knew Him"; and this abstract being shall truly and accurately represent the views expressed by actual individuals whom I met.

The Modernist as I knew him might well have been described as an anticipator of the "New Theology" concerning which we have heard so much of late; for he had many principles in common with the exponents of that system, as well as with all "Liberal Christianity." His distinguishing peculiarity was that, unlike the avowedly Protestant liberal theologian, he called himself a Catholic, and endeavored to bend the existing and ancient scheme of Catholic dogma to meet the exigencies of his own thought. The very last thing he wished to do was to leave the Church, for which he expressed unbounded admiration and respect. It took some time to understand his attitude as a persistent claimant of the name and status of a Catholic, holding as he did opinions wholly at variance with the

Church's authentic teaching. We did not, perhaps, suspect the distinction, well exemplified in our friend, between admiration for the Church and docile submission to her as the messenger of God. There was at the same time another and most unpleasant feature about the Modernist as I knew him, which was very difficult to reconcile with professed veneration for the Bride of Christ. I refer to a certain scornful and sarcastic disdain for all ecclesiastical authorities, not excepting the highest.

Our friend carried on an energetic propaganda, chiefly by means of conversation. It was impossible to be in his company for more than ten minutes without his steering the talk round to the great subject. Since most of these conversations took place in Rome, amongst students who were full of the delight of first impressions every day renewed in the unique Catholic surroundings of the Eternal City, occasions for the introduction of the new views were never lacking. Some one would speak with admiration of a lecture delivered that day in the schools by a leading professor of theology. A meaning smile would appear on the Modernist's countenance, and forthwith he would launch out into a disquisition on the futility of trying to bolster up religion with old-fashioned Scholastic arguments, or with texts of Scripture which modern critics had shown to have no reference whatever to the doctrines they were supposed to support.

Any appeal to an authoritative decision revealed the fact that, to our friend, the dictum of a savant, and preferably of a Protestant or an unbeliever, was worth more than any number of decrees of Roman Congregations or even of the Pope himself, short of a definition *ex cathedra*. Definitions themselves were subjected to interpretation, the nature of which was not at first clear. In fact, the ultimate basis upon which our Modernist's astounding propositions rested was not revealed for some time. Yet he was not reticent.

There was in his case no "economy," no *disciplina arcani*; none of that silent and almost imperceptible leavening of others with Modernistic thought, such as we have been told will inevitably spread and eventually bring round the "official" theology of the Church to views which at first it blindly condemned.

As may be supposed, so modern and "up-to-date" a theory as that of evolution was an important part of our friend's general theory of religion; and that explains the pose of long-suffering patience with which he received any pronouncements of the Church unfavorable to his ideas. The setback given by the "official" guardians of Tradition was only a necessary stage in the ebb and flow of the evolutionary tide. An irresistible oncoming wave would inevitably carry the waters far higher along the sands of time than the point at which for the moment they had receded. At the same time it must be confessed that the Modernist temper got strangely out of control on some occasions, when authority interposed to do its part of the work.

To go back to his methods. The Modernist as I knew him was intemperate and loud, yet withal in deadly earnest. He was assured that Catholicism, for the time at least, was a lost cause if the forward movement which he represented and espoused were checked. His history would seem to have been that of a keen inquirer with a profound and engrossing admiration for the particular kind of intellectual ability that is exemplified in the empirical scientist. With this he had considerable contempt for the great representatives of abstract thought,—a contempt thinly veiled under the concession that they were men who did their best with the poor materials at their command. That a great critic or a modern philosopher or historian had said a thing was enough. All else must adapt itself, under pain of extinction, to the dicta of these pundits. Consequently, as was natural and inevitable, all traditional

views and teaching were suspected, meeting at most with a tolerant appreciation as being the best expressions of the truth possible in an unscientific age, or in surroundings so inimical to true science as the schools of official theology. Prescription, instead of constituting an argument in favor of any thesis, told, on the contrary, against it. Ancient authorities were quoted indeed, but only when anything they said might be made to exhibit them as enlightened anticipators of Modernist discoveries,—Modernists before their time, not witnesses of Tradition.

Conversation does not lend itself to systematic exposition; and, in truth, we have had to wait for the Encyclical *Pascendi* to get Modernism reduced to a straightforward statement of principles and their consequences. It is no wonder, therefore, that we did not understand at first the ultimate basis of our friend's theology. On the other hand, a man will express himself more freely in speech than in writing, and we certainly got more from his spoken words than we could have gathered from any Modernist publications that we might have met with in those days.

Our friend's philosophy came out in his constant insistence upon the impossibility of our knowing any absolute truth; his history, in subversive statements concerning the origins of Catholicism, of the hierarchy, and of the sacramental system. The subject of holy indulgences provoked something like scorn. But the most alarming part of the mental equipment of the Modernist as I knew him was his theology. This played havoc with our most cherished beliefs. The grounds of faith, on our friend's theory, seemed to have disappeared, and religious convictions to rest upon empty air. We had not grasped the curious distinction between the believer and the student of history, with his corresponding double set of tenets, the one sort derived from history—as *he* reads it,—and the other from what he called "faith."

One failed at first to see any conceivable process of argumentation by which a man could persuade himself that he was a loyal Catholic and yet assert that "the Incarnation is merely the highest exemplification of the fact that the Divine is human, and the human is Divine"; that in the Blessed Sacrament "there is a reality, but we know not what it is"; that "indulgences are a pious bribe, and nothing else; they have no basis in fact"; that "no doctrines or dogmas are imposed from without: they all come from within." Such propositions were surprising, to say the least, when first heard; and it was difficult to reconcile with such statements of opinion the assertion of willingness to subscribe to any profession of faith required by ecclesiastical authority.

Early in our acquaintance, the Modernist as I knew him affirmed that "no convert who thinks can remain a Catholic on the same grounds upon which he became one"; and, in the same connection, that a Catholic can not and does not lay aside the right of private judgment in matters of religion. We often thought that our friend claimed what Cardinal Newman has called the "private right of judgment."

Since the illustrious author just mentioned was often appealed to as a pioneer of Modernism, one may be pardoned for recalling in the present connection these well-known words of the "Apologia": "From the time that I became a Catholic, *of course* I have no further history of my religious opinions to relate. In saying this I do not mean to say that my mind has been idle, or that I have given up thinking on theological subjects, but that *I have had no variations to record*. I have been in perfect peace and contentment." And, speaking of the fact that, for a Catholic, faith is settled once for all, the Cardinal writes, in one of the "Discourses to Mixed Congregations": "No one can be a Catholic without a simple faith that what the Church declares in God's name is God's word, and therefore true. A man

must simply believe that the Church is the oracle of God. . . . When a man has become a Catholic, were he to set about following out a doubt that has occurred to him, he has already disbelieved. . . . This, then, is the direct and obvious reason why the Church can not allow her children the liberty of doubting the truth of her word. He who really believes in it now, can not imagine the future discovery of reasons to shake his faith; . . . *Let a man cease to inquire or cease to call himself her child.*"

The infallibility of the Church and of the Supreme Pontiff was a subject that, I imagine, caused our friend the Modernist some little trouble. He claimed above all to be a loyal and sincere Catholic, professing to accept as infallibly true every decision of the Holy See that could be shown to be *de fide*. Decisions of a lower grade than that of matters *de fide*, even though emanating from the Pope himself; condemnations also of propositions with a censure less severe than the note of heresy, he did not pretend to acknowledge as binding on his conscience. The idea of an assent of religious obedience as distinguished from the assent of faith, and due in those instances where the speculative truth or falsity of a proposition remains undefined, he treated with scorn as an ingenious invention of theologians designed to cover mistakes of Popes and Roman Congregations in matters that they ought to have left alone.

But, claiming to be a Catholic of the best, and better than others on account of his enlightened appreciation of the true inner meaning of Catholicism, he could not throw over the idea of infallibility altogether. It was subjected, therefore, to a process of manipulation which left the observer considerably in the dark as to the precise nature of the resultant. To begin with, much was made of the fact that the Vatican definition does not decide all questions concerning the extent of the "object" of infallibility. Hence such things as "dogmatic facts" and the

canonization of saints were removed from the scope of the infallible magisterium. Then, as regards the "subject" in whom the prerogative resides, our Modernist spoke always of the "infallibility of the Holy See" in preference to the "infallibility of the Pope." The idea of personal infallibility as attaching to the occupant of the Chair of Peter, even in the well-understood sense in which the term is accepted, was very repugnant to him.

With this bias, it is not surprising that our friend would sometimes ask: "Well, who, after all, knows what infallibility really is?" What was surprising was the assertion, often made, and seemingly inconsistent, that the pronouncements of ecclesiastical authorities must be treated with respect, "because they sit in Moses' seat." The implication is not complimentary to the authorities in question. The manipulating process which I have mentioned came in when we discussed the conditions under which the gift of infallibility operates. Sometimes the result of the debate would be to draw out the question, put forth in a tired way, "When is infallibility made use of?"—with the answer, supplied by the questioner himself, "Perhaps once in every four or five centuries; and then it is difficult to say on what occasions."

At other times a definite theory was advanced, to the effect that the Holy See is infallible when, and only when, voicing the religious feeling of the universal Christian consciousness. It was implied that the Pope is often not really doing this when he is supposed to be, but that many Papal decisions are merely the opinions of a clique of theologians who have in some sort "cornered" the Supreme Pontiff, and think they have "cornered" his infallibility as well. The first announcement of this notion was calculated to make the unsophisticated hearer's

Knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end
Like quills upon the fretful porpentine.

It clearly involved the proposition, lately condemned in the decree *Lamentabili*, to the effect that, in defining truths, the office of the Teaching Church is limited to registering and sanctioning the common persuasions of the Church Taught. (Prop. 6.)

The principle chiefly insisted upon by the Modernist as I knew him was that of the alleged impossibility of what he termed "external" Revelation, already mentioned above. It lay at the root of his conceptions of the nature of Revelation itself, of faith, and of dogmas. Our friend denied that even our Blessed Lord Himself taught any doctrines not already existing implicitly in the religious consciousness of mankind. Jesus Christ came only to express—better indeed than they had ever been expressed before, and at the right "psychological moment" in the history of the race—doctrines which had gradually evolved within man's spirit, and attained in Himself a supreme development. So, too, the Catholic religion was always described as being the "best expression of the religious consciousness of the mass of men," and therefore the one to be chosen out and adhered to amongst all the religions of the world. All religions, however, are in their measure true. Thus, the doctrines of a follower of Mahomet are as true *for him* as those of the Church for a Catholic.

This appeared to us to be simply making black white; but we did not know the assumptions underlying such statements. To a Catholic, Revelation is the communication by God to men of divine truths and facts; faith is their acceptance by man's intelligence aided by a supernatural grace given to the believer; doctrines and dogmas are the expression in human language, either by God Himself or His messengers, of revealed truths which are sufficiently, though not comprehensively, enunciated thereby. Religious living, piety and morality are the consequence, in men of good-will, of the faith that is in them. Not so with our Modernist friend.

It turned out that his mystifying assertions about the impossibility of an "external" Revelation were founded upon nothing less than the Kantian theory of human knowledge, according to which we can not know the things about us as they really are in themselves, but only as they appear to our subjective consciousness,—as "phenomena," that is, not as *noumena*. Our knowledge is therefore wholly limited to our own subjective impressions, and the "ego" alone of all things can have the character of the absolute for each one.

Applying this to religion, man can look for absolute truth nowhere else than in his own consciousness. For truth is not what Catholic philosophy and common-sense have always understood it to be, since there is no bridge by which the intellectual faculty can pass from the concept within to the reality without; or, rather, by which the objective reality of things can be brought into the mind. Truth, then, is a matter of inward experience; it may be "lived" but not known. A man's personal religious experiences that he has individually felt are for him the only religious truth available. The Revelation of God is thus made wholly within man, and can not be made otherwise; it is the stirring of the "religious sense" by the divine that is in all alike. We have in our souls a need of God, an aspiration toward the divine; and this felt need leads us of necessity to an attempt to pass the narrow limits of possible knowledge fixed by the very constitution of our minds and to stretch out toward the Unknown and Unknowable One, if haply we may find Him. This sentiment of need and this feeling for God constitute "faith."

Thus all that can be called religion and religious truth comes from within ourselves; the individual conscience alone is, or can be, the final court of appeal in religious matters. We are necessitated, also by a law of our being, to the attempt at formulating, in terms of intellect, an account of the religious experiences and

sentiments which all alike may naturally have. Such mental formulations constitute doctrine, and they can have but a relative truth. The assertions of Holy Scripture, the doctrinal utterances of our Blessed Lord Himself, and the defined dogmas of the Church, are in no sense statements of absolute truth concerning things divine. Religious consciousness and its formulation in teaching reached their highest perfection in Jesus Christ; and His unique experiences are the legacy that He has left to the Church, in whom the impulse He gave to her still lives and acts; and this it is that justifies her claim to superiority. At the same time she may not claim exclusiveness in the possession of religious truth.

It will be seen from all this how natural it was for our Modernist friend, when asked why he remained a Catholic, since on his own admission it was not for the same reasons which first made him a Catholic, to reply: "Because Catholicism is the best and highest, though not the only, presentment of truth." One might, with equal justice, have asked him why he still professed Christianity. Had he been asked first why he selected the Christian religion amongst so many, and secondly why Catholic Christianity from amongst the various bodies of professing Christians, he would undoubtedly have said: "I profess Christianity because it was founded by Christ, in whom religion attained its highest point; I profess Catholicism because in the Catholic Church the religious experiences of Christ have been carried on from generation to generation, and communicated from soul to soul. I do not expect nor hope to learn from the Church any truth, as ordinary Catholics understand it, either about God or my soul; for the words of the poet are but too true:

Much less this dreamer, deaf and blind
Named man, may hope some truth to find
That bears relation to the mind.

The only truth that I can have is that which is within me. The Church is a useful

and necessary means for ensuring a working unity found to be needful as things are in this world."

A sorry substitution, indeed, for the "pillar and ground of the Truth," the glorious mother of us all, to whom we trust alike for the words of eternal life delivered to her by her Lord, and for the means of grace whereby the merits of His Precious Blood are applied to our souls!

On his theory of knowledge, and with those peculiar notions of the nature and attainability of truth which correspond thereto, it is difficult to see what the Modernist as I knew him wanted with a visible, external Church at all. One thing at least is easy to see, and it is that his theory of Catholicism would be of no use to the multitude of souls who look to the Church for definite teaching, for help in their difficulties, for consolation and strength and salvation. "So be it," the Modernist would say. "Let them go on believing as they do for the present; enlightenment will come by degrees." And to a priest he would say: "Do not preach these things from the pulpit; keep to the 'current theology' for the present. You know better, and you have the true interpretation of dogma and sacrament, of revelation and faith, of truth and holiness. The time is not ripe yet for communicating our secret to the world at large."

Such, in fact, was the attitude taken up by the Modernist as I knew him. It may be confidently hoped, now that the Church has spoken through the mouth of her Supreme Pastor and Teacher, that we shall never know by sad experience what would be the effect of Modernist teaching if adopted by any considerable body of the faithful; but this much can be said: that, viewed as my acquaintance the Modernist viewed her, the great Church Catholic would be, to any but the Modernist mind, as great a delusion as are, if we accept the philosophy of Kant, the world itself and all things therein.

Phileas Fox, Attorney.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

IX.

AFTER Isabel had withdrawn, Mrs. Wilson, in clear, businesslike tones, that were once more a surprise to the lawyer, proceeded to give a synopsis of the various documents, refreshing her memory by a glance at the outside of each packet.

"We shall have to procure in some manner the reversal of these decisions," she said. "You will know the proper steps to take; for I am quite convinced that John Vorst will not consent to a compromise, nor accept anything in the nature of a favor at my hands. You will study the case in the light of whatever new information you may find in those documents, and then make your report to me. Everything must be done with the most scrupulous legality, to protect the rightful heirs from possible litigation on the part of the Spooner or Wilson connection."

Phileas asked permission to run his eye hastily over the most important of the documents, so that he might have his client's enlightenment upon points that seemed obscure. The eye that had been merely frank and smiling became astute and thoughtful, and the expression of the face such as to elicit from Mrs. Wilson the mental comment:

"A natural lawyer, and one who is sure to succeed."

The few and pertinent remarks that he made as he proceeded, still further provoked her admiration. She nodded each time approvingly.

"A cool head, an admirable judgment for one so young," she thought. "I shall have more respect in future for that particular color of hair."

"I think," said Phileas, when he had concluded that cursory examination of the documents, "that I should, as the

first step, ask for an interview with Mr. Vorst's legal representatives."

An expression of alarm crossed the old woman's face.

"Have nothing to do with his representatives. Avoid them as you would the plague,—at least," she added, modifying the expression, "at this stage of the proceedings. They will suppose that we are merely making a new move in the game, and will endeavor to block up every avenue of information."

"How about John Vorst himself?" inquired the lawyer. "There are cases in law, as elsewhere, where absolute frankness is best. Could I not see him and explain your present ideas?"

"Mr. Fox," said the old woman, "there is an old and very vulgar proverb which will best answer that question: 'Catch your hare, then cook him.'"

Phileas looked up from the papers he was studying, with a new gleam of interest and intelligence.

"Why, how is that?" he asked eagerly.

A look as of acute suffering passed over the aged countenance as Mrs. Wilson said:

"It has been impossible for several months past to discover even the slightest trace of John Vorst or his whereabouts. We have made our inquiries as judiciously as possible, but nothing whatsoever has transpired."

Here was a complication with a vengeance.

"Whether he has heard in some manner of a new activity upon our part," said Mrs. Wilson, a frown of anxious thought puckering her brows, "or whatever is the reason, the defendant in that celebrated case has apparently disappeared."

Phileas Fox hesitated an instant before he asked the question which immediately occurred to his mind:

"Have you any reason to suppose that—that the defendant in this case is—dead?"

The look of pain that crossed Mrs. Wilson's face was now so distinct that it fairly startled the attorney.

"I have this much reason to think otherwise," she said, in a low voice, wherein were the traces of a deep emotion: "that no possible evidence of his death is to be found; and surely there would be no special cause for concealment if such were the case."

"No," assented Phileas, "in so far at least as we can determine. But many men make eccentric wills and leave unusual instructions to their legatees."

"I do not believe he is dead!" cried Mrs. Wilson, passionately, striking her cane vehemently upon the floor. "After all my tears and supplications these long and weary months, Heaven would not condemn me to bear that burden to my grave. And yet, Mr. Fox," she said, after a pause, with a sharp drawing in of her breath, "I deserve that,—I deserve anything that may befall. But God forbid that I should never in this life be enabled to let him know that I had repented!"

Phileas bent over the papers, appalled by the agony that he saw betrayed before him, and feeling how altogether commonplace had been his own experience of life, its happenings, its vicissitudes; above all, how deep and terrible are those recesses of the human heart, wherein a strong nature wrestles with its despair, its anguish, and its remorse. When she spoke again it was in a composed and natural tone of voice.

"So you begin to see, Mr. Fox, the difficulties under which we labor?"

"Yes," agreed Phileas; "and to my mind it seems evident that the first step to be taken is to discover the whereabouts of John Vorst. Such discovery might preclude the necessity for any further litigation."

"I am not quite so certain of that," commented the old woman; "but, as you say, it might."

"It would, in any event, simplify everything, or at least show us where we stand. In fact, Mrs. Wilson, either his discovery or the certain proof of—"

He hesitated to mention that word

which had already given his client so keen a distress; but she herself calmly finished the sentence:

"The proof of his demise. Yes. Failing all else, we must obtain that for the sake of those others."

"Then," said Phileas Fox, "I shall, of course, as you suggest, examine all the papers, and acquaint myself as fully as possible with the case; but I believe that all my activities must be in the direction of what I have just stated."

"And you are hereby fully authorized to take any step, to expend any reasonable sum of money—and that part of it I leave entirely to your own honesty,—to discover John Vorst. Remember, Mr. Fox, that is one of my reasons for selecting a young lawyer who could not possibly be busy. You see, I believe that absolute frankness and the absence of all pretence between us is best. It was not my only reason for choosing you. The others were, Father Van Buren's estimate of your perfect integrity, and the intelligence, ability, and legal aptitude which he believed you to possess. But the point I wish to emphasize is this. Take any necessary time, if need be take any journey, and I will make it worth your while, so that such time or such absence may be no loss to you. And you will be liberally paid, besides, for whatever service you may render. Are you willing to accept those terms?"

"I will be frank enough to say that they are almost too munificent, and that, so far, there is nothing to prevent my giving the chief portion of my time to your affairs."

"Very well, then; so much is settled. Study the case, if you will; but, above all, seek out a clue and follow that with all diligence and discretion. I might, indeed, have put upon the track detectives who would, no doubt, have discovered the missing defendant; but such a course of action is distasteful to myself, and would be particularly so to him."

"May I ask another question?" said

Phileas,—“though no doubt I shall find the answer to it in some of these documents. But, wherever possible, I prefer to be informed by word of mouth.”

"Ask any question that occurs to you," replied his client, readily.

"Was this claim of John Vorst a result of his marriage with you,—anything in the way of a matrimonial settlement?"

A faint flush as of shame mantled the withered cheeks.

"I might rather say," she answered, "that my marriage with John Vorst was, to some extent, the result of his claim. It dated back a generation; there had been litigation about the property in the time of John's father; there was much friction; there were interviews, and what not; and it all ended in a manner that could scarcely have been foreseen. Plaintiff and defendant in these earlier lawsuits were two hotheaded and romantic young people. This was temporarily settled by our marriage; at least the matter remained in abeyance; though John Vorst had some visitings of conscience, being uncertain as to whether or not he should prosecute his claim with a view to the rights of others. The lawsuits which, in fact, followed at the instance of other heirs, were the occasion of long and bitter quarrels between my husband and myself; since he had concluded that he was bound to make common cause with the claimants, and that he could in nowise countenance the retention of their property."

Phileas took a note of this new aspect of affairs, upon which, however, he made no comment.

"He finally went away, because our life together had become intolerable; and he hoped that, when the friction of daily existence was removed, I might be led to see the justice of his conduct. In my rage at the obstinacy of his resistance no less than at his departure, I consulted the attorney of whom I have spoken. He advised me to take advantage of John Vorst's absence to procure a divorce

upon the grounds of desertion. When the papers were served upon him, John Vorst wrote to me, saying that he could not be a party to such an iniquity; that, however the law might decide, we were man and wife, and as such must appear before the eternal tribunal."

Mrs. Wilson gave herself an instant wherein to draw breath; and Phileas, sitting with folded arms and head slightly bent forward, waited in silence for her to resume.

"The divorce was, nevertheless, procured, and the rest you have already heard. And, O Mr. Fox, what a scourge to this land of ours are those facile lawyers and execrable divorce courts! Apart from their ethical and moral aspect, what misery and remorse do they too often engender! Think, for instance, of my own example, and the agony of heart and conscience which I have endured, simply because I found an easy means of gratifying my ungovernable temper and my passion for revenge."

"Divorce is the scandal of our country!" exclaimed Phileas. "Apart from religion, every man who has a spark of patriotism in him should wish to see the divorce laws made as stringent as possible."

As nothing further of moment could be arranged at that interview, Phileas took his leave, being escorted to the door, with many courteous expressions, by old Cadwallader. On this occasion there were no bolts and bars to be withdrawn, for the door was open.

"Miss Isabel," explained the Negro,— "she's out thar taking the air, and the door is left ajar so that she can conveniently come in at any time. And," he continued impressively, "while she walks about I always keep an eye upon her; for these premises, sah, they's by no means secure from trespass. This neighborhood is not what it was when this residence was built."

"I can well believe that, Cadwallader," said Phileas, gravely, repressing the smile that rose to his lips as he compared the

old man's bent and enfeebled frame with the fine physique and quick, alert movements of the young woman of whom he had constituted himself protector. And he added, turning back from the steps: "I think you are wise."

For something in the darkness of the place, shut in, save for the expanse of lawn, by the thickness of many trees, gave him a swift impression of extreme isolation that was not altogether pleasant, considering the lawless elements of society, and the haunts of evil that lay in close proximity with that solitude.

As he stepped forth into the night, he hoped that he might perceive the trim and agile figure of the young girl strolling about upon the smooth grass; for the thought of a chat with her was by no means disagreeable. At first, however, he could see nothing. He went down the steps, and stood on the gravel path leading toward the gate, breathing the freshness of the air that blew up from the river, and luxuriating in the greenness and freshness around him. He stopped to light a cigarette and to look about, wondering whither Miss Ventnor could have gone. The grounds were extensive, continuing downward to the adjoining street at least, and no doubt the young girl's stroll had extended to their farthest limits. Of course he could not follow her. He had no precise reason for speaking to her at all, and she might even prefer to keep out of his way. For, as he reflected, an attorney, with the uneuphonious name of "Fox," who was merely received at the great house as Mrs. Wilson's legal adviser, could not be a very interesting personage in the eyes of a young girl fresh from school. Nevertheless, Phileas felt a curious sense of disappointment, at which he smiled next moment, reminding himself that he had seen Miss Ventnor only once.

As he was proceeding toward the gate, he suddenly heard the sound of light, quick footsteps, literally flying over the gravel behind him. He turned, and,

somewhat to his surprise, saw Isabel advancing toward him at a run. He stopped, and even in the dimness of the starlight he saw that she was pale and breathless.

"Mr. Fox," she cried, laying an agitated hand upon his arm, "I am so glad you are not gone yet! I have just got such a fright."

"What is it?" inquired the lawyer, throwing away his cigarette and turning toward her with concern. Even in that instant Isabel noticed, with a sense of security, the broad shoulders and compact, athletic build of the lawyer.

"Listen!" said Isabel, in the same low whisper, but withdrawing her hand from the young man's arm, as if she had just realized her action. "I often walk about the grounds here after dark, in spite of Cadwallader's warnings; but I have never seen anything until to-night. Just now, as I came round that corner of the house near the library, where it is darkest, I saw a man. I think he is there still."

"Where?" cried Phileas, starting toward the spot indicated; asking over his shoulder as he went: "Did he annoy you in any way?"

"No," answered the girl, in the same hurried whisper. "He didn't see me at all. He has climbed up on one of the garden chairs, and I think he is looking in the library window. He may have been trying to hear what was being said in there, and did not know that you had come out."

"Go into the house, I beg of you," said Phileas, hastily, "and let me deal with this fellow."

He led her toward the steps, but she would not go in. She stood nervously upon the lower step, saying:

"You had better take care; he may be armed. I think I ought to telephone for the police."

Phileas laughed as he grasped his stick and disappeared round the corner of the house. He walked as lightly as possible; for he was anxious to catch the fellow in

the act, and to discover what manner of prowler it was that had been interested in listening to a conversation. The fellow still stood as Isabel had seen him, with his back to Phileas and his ear glued to the window; though it was evident that Mrs. Wilson's precaution in causing the curtains to be drawn had prevented him from discovering that the room was empty. Phileas stole up behind the figure, which was tall and slouching. Seizing him securely by the collar, he dragged him to the ground; and the miscreant, taken by surprise, made not even the faintest attempt at resistance.

"You miserable hound!" cried the lawyer, shaking his captive as if he had been a terrier. "I have a great mind to break this stick over your head. If you ever enter these grounds again, I'll give you the best thrashing you ever got, besides a trip to the Island for trespass."

He hurried his captive along, as he spoke, toward the gate at so accelerated a pace that the man began to breathe hard, struggling the while to escape from the strong grasp. When he was about to eject him forcibly onto the sidewalk, the light from a neighboring electric lamp fell upon the sinister face, and Phileas, with a start, recognized it as that of the would-be client who had come to his office with a nefarious proposal. The face of the wretch, ghastly with fear, was turned toward him, and the baleful eyes met his own.

"On second thoughts, my man," said Phileas, sternly, "I'll put you where you'll be safe for a while, and until we can find out what brought you spying about these premises."

In his first surprise at the rascal's identity with his visitor of the office, he slightly relaxed his grasp of the fellow's collar; and the latter, taking advantage of that momentary loosening of his adversary's hold, released himself by a desperate effort, fled round the corner with astonishing agility, and down in the direction of the river. Phileas attempted no pursuit, but instead rejoined Isabel, where she

stood upon the steps, still white and trembling.

"You should not have touched him," she declared; "he might have had firearms or a knife hidden about him."

"He had no chance to use it," laughed Phileas. "I caught him unawares. I'm only sorry I didn't give him a drubbing. But I don't think he will trouble you again."

"This is such a low neighborhood," Isabel said; adding, after a pause: "I hope he will not try to get in to-night."

"Miss Ventnor," said Phileas, quickly, "you may set your mind at rest on that score. I happen to have some knowledge of that rascal in a professional way; and, whatever his purpose in coming here, robbery, or at least house-breaking, has no part in it. He is simply curious and in quest of information, though why I do not precisely understand."

This explanation did not satisfy Isabel.

"It seems to me," she said in a low voice, "that this house is full of mysteries, secrets of all sorts."

"All old houses are," replied Phileas; and his frank, genial tone was somehow reassuring.

Isabel, afterward thinking the whole occurrence over, acknowledged to herself that she almost forgave the lawyer his red hair and uneuphonious name, for the tone of his voice no less than for his prompt and manly action.

"All old houses are," he repeated; "and this is a splendid old place, and worth a dozen modern dwellings."

"Yes," she assented. "And I suppose as you say, this is some tramp who wants to find out what people are doing, I must tell Cadwallader to shut the gates at night. Inside, we have burglar alarms and the telephone, of course; though at first Mrs. Wilson objected to their being put in; and we have the number of the police station at the very top of the telephone card. In addition to all that we have a watchman, who begins his rounds when honest people are asleep. So you need

not be anxious about us, Mr. Fox. As Cadwallader says, 'we have got the powerful protection of the law.'"

Isabel had apparently quite recovered from her fright, save for a slight pallor; and the humorous expression had returned to her eyes and the smile to her lips.

"I shall not tell Mrs. Wilson," she said more gravely, breaking into an irrepressible laugh as she added: "Nor Cadwallader either, or he would patrol the halls all night."

But Cadwallader had already heard; and, as Isabel mounted the steps and the lawyer waited, they presently caught sight of the Negro upon his knees within the vestibule, praying "the good Lord to watch over this dwelling."

He arose slowly at his young mistress' approach, and she perceived that he was trembling violently. She set herself to reassure him, calling upon Mr. Fox for corroboration of her statements that the prowling vagabond was in no way dangerous to life or property. The lawyer found something very attractive in the picture which she made,—her young, slender figure and conspicuously youthful face forming a charming contrast to the feeble frame and ebony face and grizzled hair of the Negro. Indeed the old man looked up to her with something that was appealing and at the same time protective.

"You're not hurt, honey?" he asked anxiously.

"No, no!" cried Isabel; and it seemed to Phileas that it was a pretty sight to see the grave earnestness with which she strove to set at rest the old man's fears both for herself and for his personal safety.

Suddenly realizing that the lawyer still waited, she called out:

"Good-night, Mr. Fox, and thank you!"

"I am very glad that I chanced to be here," Phileas answered simply, as, raising his hat, he walked down the path, pursued already by the sound of bolts and bars being instantly drawn by the alarmed Cadwallader.

As he walked to the cars, however, he was thoughtful; for, though he had minimized the matter to Isabel, he could not precisely determine what the wretched presence portended. He was not, he felt sure, an ordinary burglar,—unless, indeed, that the diamonds, if he knew of their existence, might have tempted his cupidity. It seemed more likely that he was in quest of some information, or had dogged his own footsteps; and for the first time the villain's threat against himself recurred to his mind.

(To be continued.)

The Pathfinders.

BY THOMAS WALSH.

OVER the hills fly the schoolboys' kites;
The windmills signal to cloud and storm;
Keen are the blasts on the outer heights,
But the heart of the earth is warm.

Down in the valleys the grandsires doze
Round their logwood hearths; each graybeard
knows

That his barns are filled and the day's work done;
In the vaults is hoarded his gold hard-won;
The roads are dug that his sons may ride,
And the grime of the struggle put aside.

"We planned our towns," "We fostered trade,"
The elders tell. "We journeys made

By chartless plains and seas, and brought
Earth's trophies home," "We toiled and fought
That Law might stand." "We took the weak
To shelter, taught the wronged to speak."

And one peers out where o'er the hills
The star its evening rite fulfils.

"And we," he murmurs, "kept alight
The lamps of faith, of love, of right;

Through every valley that we go
They greet us in the casement's glow;

At dawn, at sunset's touch of fire,
They speak from chimney, roof, and spire."

The schoolboys tug at their broken kites;
The windmills groan in the grip of the storm;
Keen are the blasts on the outer heights,
But the heart of the earth is warm.

His Lordship.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

HARRY'S father had been only the "Captain," and no one expected during the Captain's lifetime that Harry would ever be Lord Iniscraig. By half a dozen unexpected happenings, however, the title came to Harry when he was five years old. That was the year the Captain was killed away in the wars; and Mick Flynn, his foster brother, was killed beside him. Sure, as the country people said, the Captain couldn't get kilt without Mick getting kilt too; for Mick had adored his foster brother, and had followed in his footsteps with loyal devotion from the cradle to the grave.

Harry had very little actual memory of his father, but what little he had was helped out by the miniature which his mother showed him every day. "You must never forget papa, Harry," she would say, going on to tell the boy, in her soft, pathetic tones, of how kind and meek and strong and brave and good papa had been; while Harry leaned on her lap and stared hard at the bright, fair face of the miniature with its golden curls and happy blue eyes.

Harry was not likely to forget papa. He could not remember a time when mamma had not talked to him about papa just as regularly and faithfully as she taught him his prayers. The thought of papa was, indeed, a part of Harry's prayers. Papa was in heaven now, a soldier of God as he had been a soldier of the king, gay in scarlet as he was in the miniature, and always very anxious that his little boy should grow up true and honest and generous and brave, as he himself had always been.

Harry and his mother were very poor, although Harry was Lord Iniscraig. The title had come to him without any fortune; and he had heard his mother say, between tears and laughter, that it made it worse

for a little boy who was always shabby and "down at heel" to be Lord Iniscraig. The far-away cousin who had had the title during the Captain's lifetime had impoverished the estate almost to extinction to provide for his large family of daughters. That would have mattered less to his heirs who were rich without the title; but when those heirs disappeared one after another, and the title came to a shabby little boy in a ruinous old house in Ireland, empty as it was, it was rather a discomfort than otherwise.

To Harry, Templecarrick Lodge, as the house was called, was a fine place, with nothing lacking. To be sure he had seen nothing else but the cabins of the peasants, compared with which the long, white house, with its green outside shutters, and its soaked lawns, darkened by overhanging trees, was indeed a palace. People coming in from the outside world found Templecarrick a sad place, but not so Harry. He never discovered that the rooms were dark and smelled of damp, that carpets and curtains were threadbare. He never found the shut-up rooms eerie. He saw no lack in his mother's cheap gowns, in which her gentle beauty shone with an undimmed lustre. He loved the long corridors, the up and down rooms, into which one always went by a step or two. The shut-up rooms had a magic and mystery for him. He loved to peep into them and see the chairs and sofas hidden in Holland, to catch the glimmer of a heavy chandelier, or a gleam of sunlight from the shuttered window across the portrait of some beautiful lady on the wall. After he had peered within these damp recesses, it was so comfortable to run away to the nursery, where Nannie, his nurse, sat patching and darning; or to his mother, in her own little room, which Harry thought the most beautiful room in the world, finding nothing lacking in the faded chintzes and the dim wall paper.

Nannie was the widow of Mick Flynn, who had died heroically trying to carry the Captain out of the thick of the battle.

There was a great bond between her and Harry's mother, and she had been the tenderest and sweetest of nurses. She had a child of her own, a thin, pale little boy, who had been born with a twisted foot. "What matter for that?" many people said; for young Mick could get about to where people with their feet all right couldn't get. There wasn't a peak in the country he hadn't scaled, nor a cave in the cliffs he hadn't penetrated. No one would have supposed him to be adventurous, to look at him when he sat hugging his knee, a favorite attitude of his, by his mother. Poor Nannie was half proud, half fearful about the doings of her Mick. Only as time passed and nothing happened to him, she took consolation from the people, who said he carried a charm about with him that kept him safe.

It was not always easy to keep the "little Lord," as the people called him, from participating in Micky's adventures. Indeed, oddly enough, the little Lord's mother did not forbid the expeditions. "His father's son ought to be brave," she would say; and it was observed with wonder that he was encouraged to swim, to ride, to climb,—to do all manner of things which are usually forbidden to an only child by his mother.

Occasionally, if the children were out late, her brightness—the brightness which had something brave and forced about it—would suddenly give way to panic. Then Nannie would soothe her. Nannie adored her mistress.

"Sure nothing could happen to him," she said. "Wouldn't Micky give his life for the little Lord, the same as his father would for the Captain?"

"And *did*," Mrs Adair would correct, a smile breaking the haggard anxiety of her face like winter sunshine over a bleak landscape,—"*and did*, Nannie; but couldn't save him, after all."

"There's a blessing over the lame child," Nannie would say. "Sure the angels always held up the queer little foot, or would he ever have walked, let

alone climbed as he's done? Isn't he as safe as a mountain goat, glory be to God?"

Despite the poverty, little Lord Iniscraig had the most sunshiny life. There was only one shadow on it, and that was cast so seldom that it was hardly worth while considering it.

Perhaps once a year or so Mrs. Adair would have a visitor. Harry had always understood that this gentleman was a "cousin" of papa's. His name was Mr. Austice,—"Jocelyn," mother called him. Harry used to sit and stare at him, trying to find some likeness to papa; but there was none in this black-browed stranger. Once Mr. Austice turned about suddenly and asked him why he was staring.

"You're not in the least like papa," seven-year-old Harry said frankly.

"I never was, as your mother knows—eh, Mildred?" Mr. Austice's laugh was so disagreeable that Harry wondered how he had offended him. The man went on to say something about Hyperion and a satyr, which Harry did not in the least understand. "For the matter of that, you are not very like him," he observed, after a pause, during which Mrs. Adair had looked down unhappily at her plate. "You're the image of your mother."

"His hair curls like his father's, and the expression is often wonderfully like," Mrs. Adair said, looking up.

"I can't see it," Mr. Austice answered.

"I am going to be exactly like my father," Harry said, his small bosom swelling with indignation. "I am going to be a soldier like him, and to be—"

But Mr. Austice had turned away, as though he were no longer interested in Harry.

After that a very fine drum came for Harry, and a suit of armor, and a sword, and a magnificent box of soldiers with cannon that you could really fire off; and he was told that they came from Mr. Austice.

Nor were these the last of Mr. Austice's

gifts. As the years went on he sent many things,—books which Micky and the little Lord read together; for Micky had found time to become a scholar in addition to his other attainments. The books were nearly always books of adventure, and nearly all had to do with soldiering. As Micky read and Lord Iniscraig listened, lying full-length on the floor or the grass, or in a sheltered place under the lee of a boulder on the sands, the hearts of the two sons of soldiers swelled within them.

"'Tis grand you'll be," Micky would say, putting down the book at length, "when you march off with the drums beating and the bugles blowing, leaving me behind. 'Tis a terrible thing I couldn't be going with you, as my father went with the Captain."

One day his Lordship had a great piece of news to impart to Micky. He had heard Dr. Spillane, who had come to pay a friendly visit to Mrs. Adair, tell her about a wonderful doctor in Paris, who was curing just such feet as Micky's, breaking the tendon that held them together and cramped them, and setting the muscles at liberty. Mrs. Adair had sighed. "It would be a very expensive treatment?" she had asked. "At the present moment, ma'am," the Doctor had responded, "his hands are as full as they can be with the children of millionaires. To be sure he does the same for the children of the very poor in his hospital. But it's a six months' job till the broken foot is made over again."

"I'll tell you what, Micky," the little Lord said, with his eyes as big as saucers. "I'll ask Mr. Austice. He's coming next week. I know he's awfully rich. Wouldn't it be beautiful if we could go into the army together? It must be the Connaught Rangers, since that was papa's regiment."

He did ask Mr. Austice, in a little space when mother was out of the room. He had been very hopeful before he began; then about midway of his speech he faltered; something of amusement in Mr. Austice's

eyes, almost of mockery, repelled him.

"Go on, my boy," Mr. Austice said, with his cold smile. "So you want me to send Micky to Paris for six months to get his foot mended? You don't know how much you ask. It would cost a pretty penny."

At this moment Mrs. Adair came into the room.

"What do you think the youngster has asked me to do, Mildred?" inquired Mr. Austice. "To send that precious foster brother of his over to Paris, to the new man Latour, to get a new foot! He seems to know nothing of the value of money—nor of me. I am so given to quixotic generosity, amn't I?"

"Harry did not know," Mrs. Adair began; while Harry blushed hotly, and then felt cold again. The sneer in the voice was like a lash on his skin.

"All the same," Mr. Austice went on, in the cold, even voice, "I have a whim to do as Harry asks me. I can please myself, as I have no one to come after me to grudge my spending my money. When can the boy be ready? I'll take him myself."

For a second the little Lord stared at him incredulously. Then, with a joyous bound, he sprang on Mr. Austice and flung his arms about his neck.

Mr. Austice gently but firmly disengaged himself from the clinging embrace. Yet, to Mrs. Adair's surprise, he had flushed and smiled, and for the moment his gloomy face had quite altered.

Six months later Micky came back from Paris, walking like anybody else, and full of wonderful new experiences. He was still a little pale from the confined life, but he soon recovered from that; and the old adventurous outdoor life began again for Micky and Lord Iniscraig, who had missed his playmate dreadfully during his absence.

The winter months went happily. The two boys were so occupied that at first Harry did not notice that his mother was more unhappy than of old; but little by

little it came to him that her eyes constantly showed traces of weeping; and once or twice, coming in unexpectedly, he had found her in tears.

He was troubled about it and could not understand it. For himself, his life had grown happier of late, what with Micky's new foot and the comfortable thought that now they need not be parted when the time came for Lord Iniscraig to enter the army. Also of late he had quite reconsidered his old hostile feeling toward Mr. Austice, who had been loading him more and more with gifts, and showing an interest in his tastes and desires; so that those visits which used to leave a shadow on Harry's mother, and by reflection on himself, had become pleasant and joyous things. Micky also was devoted to Mr. Austice, and thought no one in the world like him.

It was just before one of the visits—Harry was approaching his eleventh birthday—when his mother told him something that seemed likely to make a great change in his life.

"You like Mr. Austice, Harry?" she said.

"He's no end of a jolly good chap. He knows the things a boy likes. I can hardly believe now that I used not to like him because he made you cry. Why did he make you cry, mother?"

Mrs. Adair did not answer the question, but her lip quivered.

"Would you like to go and live with Mr. Austice, Harry?" she asked. "He is very wealthy; he has everything heart could desire. We are very poor. I can't even educate you, my boy. He wants to send you to Eton. If you will go to live with him, he will adopt you as his son. All he has will be yours."

"But *you* would come too, mother?"

"I'm afraid not. You would come back to see me once or twice a year. But you would be his and not mine. All he says is true. There is nothing for you here but to grow up a peasant. Even the army,—I don't see how we could manage it. We can barely live."

"So that is why you have been crying?" said his Lordship. "Tell cousin Jocelyn that I will not go. I wonder what papa would have said to such a thing as that I should leave my mother? I am very sorry to disappoint cousin Jocelyn, but *I will not go.*"

"Oh, but you *must* go, Harry!" said the mother, with a frightened look. "He is quite right. Lord Iniscraig must not grow up a peasant. And Mr. Austice is very fond of you. He will be good to you. Perhaps papa would say that you ought to go. And long ago papa and I did your cousin Jocelyn a great injury. We couldn't help it,—it had to be so. And they were very fond of each other. It always grieved papa. Cousin Jocelyn was changed after that. He used to be as bright and happy as papa himself."

"Tell him, mother, I will not go,—not without you," Harry said, walking away from her.

It was the morning of the day on which Mr. Austice was to arrive. The boy's thoughts were in confusion. Was it possible that he would have to grow up as a peasant, without education, and to forego his dream of the army? He felt stunned at the thought, yet not for a second did he feel that he could leave his mother.

Micky waited for him outside, too excited over something to notice the trouble in his foster brother's face.

"Iniscraig!" he said,—"*Iniscraig!* Do you know what I have found? I have been at it this many a day. 'Tis the way up from the sea to the old castle."

"You have found that way?" the little Lord cried, forgetting his trouble. "And how have you found it, Micky Flynn?"

"'Tis open at low tide. I found it three weeks ago,—the big rock that's covered with seaweed. 'Tis up and up through the dark it goes, but at last 'tis light. Come and see for yourself. 'Tis the low tide. Don't be wasting our time talking."

The two boys ran to the seashore. They lifted the heavy curtain of seaweed that

had kept the aperture a secret, and wriggled their way in underneath it. Micky went first, encouraging Harry to follow. For a while the way was clammy and wet; seaweed grew within the passage as without; and evidently the sea was in it at full tide. But presently they were clear of the seaweed, and in a flagged passage which permitted of their standing upright. They could feel the walls on either side, and knew that they were dry.

It seemed a long time to Harry before he felt a rush of fresh air in his face and saw a glimmering of light in the distance. But at last they were there. They emerged into a little square chamber. Overhead they could see a hand's breadth of blue sky beyond a maze of flowers and briars.

"Up there is the old castle," said Micky. "We can get out that way. I found the box handy to get up by. I wonder what at all they made it for, unless 'twas for a prison?"

But Lord Iniscraig was not listening to him. He was staring at the lid of Micky's "box." It was covered with mortar, bits of stone, dust and débris of all sorts; but, where Micky's ascension had kicked a space clear, some lettering showed itself: "*Faites votre devoir. . .*"

"Why, it belongs to us!" cried the little Lord! "It has our arms and motto. Help me to lift the lid, Micky. It is very heavy. Supposing it was the treasure Don Diego gave Sir James Adair when he was dying, after the wreckers had brought his galleon on the cliffs by means of false lights? Sir James swam out himself and brought the Don to shore, and rescued the Don's daughter, Donna Mercedes, and married her. But the treasure was lost afterward in the wild days of the Desmond rebellion."

The lid of the chest was very heavy. It was Micky who thought of slipping one of the fallen flagstones of the roof under it to prop it open. The chest was full of coin of some sort. Lord Iniscraig thought it must be gold, but was not certain.

He took a handful of the coins, and they climbed out of the chamber by means of the roof, and up the steps in the

tower,—the high, narrow tower that was so old that no one knew why it was built.

If this was indeed the Don's treasure! His Lordship forgot the significance of the discovery to himself, till, as he rushed across the grassy lawn, meaning to enter his mother's little morning room by the ever-open window, he heard the voice of Jocelyn Austice. Then a sudden grief struck him. Why couldn't they all be together? To be sure he couldn't leave mother, but he would have liked to be with cousin Jocelyn too. He had been discovering that cousin Jocelyn had a keen understanding of the things that delighted boys, as well as a soft heart toward himself. He could not have believed that he should come to be so fond of cousin Jocelyn.

Then he heard his own name.

"I should have been disappointed in Harry," cousin Jocelyn was saying, "if he had not refused. Perhaps I wanted to try the boy. Anyhow, Mildred, I shall see to his future. He will go to Eton and into the army, and whatever I have will be his one day. You must lend him to me sometimes, so that he may know his future property and people, and understand his responsibilities toward them. I could not really have separated mother and child."

Then Harry was in the room with his wonderful discovery.

"But indeed I *shall* need you," Harry answered, flinging an arm about his neck. "Couldn't we all be together, cousin Jocelyn?"

"There is only one way," Mr. Austice said, and his face was very pale. "Your mother will not take that way. I shall come to see you very often. I shall look after you, youngster, and keep a tight rein over you."

"Doublons and pieces-of-eight," Mr. Austice said. "If there are enough of these, Harry will not need me."

"Couldn't we all be together?" Harry repeated, looking at his mother.

With an expression he had never seen on her face before, she put her hand on Mr. Austice's arm.

"Let me make up to you for long ago," she said,—"even now, after all these years."

Then Harry saw how very handsome Mr. Austice really was. He had been growing young and handsome, indeed, for a good while back,—ever since, in fact, Harry had grown fond of him. But now he looked radiant.

"Are we to be all together, Mildred?" he said. "Am I to be rewarded at last?"

"Harry will have it so," she answered gently.

Told by a Dying Penitent.

A WELL-KNOWN and beloved priest of Sydney, N. S. W., relates that while attending an old man in his last illness he could not help noticing the unusual appearance of the Scapulars which he wore. They were very thick and seemed to be only a small bundle of tiny patches. It was evident, however, that the dying man greatly treasured them; and the priest determined, when the Sacraments had been administered, to ask an explanation, feeling sure that there must be some special reason for clinging so tenaciously to a pious object that could so easily, and should long since, have been renewed. This was the dying man's story, told with every mark of sincerity.

On leaving his home in Ireland as a boy, many years previous, his pious mother put the Scapulars on him for a parting gift; and invoked in his behalf the protection of the Mother of Our Lord, that, happen what might, the faith of his sainted forefathers should ever be his most cherished possession, and that he might have the great grace of dying at peace with his Creator. The Scapulars were faithfully worn until one day the boy was called upon to help in reloading, for her distant voyage to Australia, the ship in which he had embarked. In working dress, with his shirt open at the

neck, the Scapulars were conspicuous, and through false shame the owner took them off and put them away in his box, where they remained forgotten.

About halfway of the voyage, which had been prosperous enough until then, the vessel took fire. A little puff of smoke coming from the hold, which at first caused no great alarm even to the captain, was succeeded before long by raging flames. It was mid-ocean, the ship was crowded, and the number of life-boats altogether insufficient. The captain explained the situation, declaring that there was no hope for those who would be forced to remain on the ship.

The Irish youth was almost in despair. He realized that he was likely to be of the number of those left behind; and, remembering about his Scapulars, felt guilty of having denied his religion. But the impulse to pray was soon felt, and, though without hope of preserving his life, he begged God to pardon his transgressions and receive his soul. Rushing back to the cabin, the part of which where his berth was situated not having as yet been attacked by the fire, he secured the neglected Scapulars, and while replacing them round his neck prayed fervently to the Mother of fair love and of holy hope, imploring her forgiveness for his unfaithfulness, and resolving that, should his life by any chance be spared, never again would he break the promise made to his pious mother.

Some miles distant from the burning ship, a Spanish vessel was sailing. The captain's wife, a devout Catholic, was on board with him, and it was her custom about eleven o'clock every morning to retire to her cabin to recite the Rosary. During her devotions she heard, or fancied that she did, the booming of a gun, and the conviction was borne to her mind that help was needed for the relief of a shipload of imperilled passengers. Hurrying to the deck, she inquired of her husband if he had heard a gun, or could see a vessel anywhere. He declared

that he had heard nothing, and that no ship was in sight from any quarter. To satisfy her, however, he ordered a sailor aloft, and finally went himself to ascertain if a vessel could be seen. He had just come to the conclusion that his good wife was the victim of an hallucination when in the distance he discerned a line of smoke against the sky, and realized that a ship might be on fire. Directing his course toward the smoke he soon reached the burning vessel and managed to rescue all on board. A half hour later the greater number must have perished.

A simple narrative, a thousand times duplicated. But the doomed ship carried no gun. How the sound of one was conveyed to the Spanish woman's ears, resulting in the rescue of all the passengers of an ill-starred vessel that could not at first be sighted, remains a mystery.

The old man's Scapulars were buried with him, and so ends his story. It reminds one of Tennyson's oft-quoted line: More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of.

The Annals of Donegal.

THE old chroniclers of ancient Ireland were careful to record in manuscript the events of their own times, and they also recorded the accounts of various important events handed down to them by more ancient writers. Among these old annals none are more important than "The Annals of Donegal," or, as they are more commonly termed, "The Annals of the Four Masters." These annals were compiled in the Franciscan monastery founded by the first Hugh Roe O'Donnell and his pious wife for the sons of Saint Francis. The house stands at the very head of Donegal Bay, just where the stormy waters narrow to a broad river; but it is now a mere ruin, only the eastern gable remaining standing.

The edict of Cromwell and his master for the suppression of the religious had

no footing in the wild northwest of Ireland; yet there was an O'Donnell in Donegal false-hearted enough to seize the Franciscan abbey in the name of the English Government. By some mischance, the abbey was blown up and partly destroyed. About the beginning of the reign of King Charles I. some Franciscans were tacitly permitted again to take up their abode in their ruined home; and on the 22d of January, 1632, the Four Masters, Michael O'Clery and his two brothers, with their kinsman, Fergus Mulconry, began their labors "for the honor of God and the glory of Erin." They had made a wide collection of the best and most discursive of the ancient books of Ireland, and proceeded to collect and arrange the Lives of the saints and scholars, kings and sages, chiefs and warriors of the land:

Yet I hear them in my musings,
And I see them as I gaze—
Four meek men around the cresset,
With the scrolls of other days;
Four unwearied scribes who treasure
Every word and every line,
Saving every ancient sentence
As if writ by hands divine.

The Masters were engaged in their labor of love for over four years, and during that period the poor Franciscans provided them with food and lodging. At length their work was done. Seven large volumes, translated into English by Dr. John O'Donovan, give us of the present day some idea of what the Masters accomplished, under many difficulties,

In that abbey by the sea.

It is a good thing to believe, it is a good thing to admire. By continually looking upward, our minds will themselves grow upward; and as a man, by indulging in habits of scorn and contempt for others, is sure to descend to the level of what he despises, so the opposite habits of admiration and enthusiastic reverence for excellence impart to ourselves a portion of the qualities we admire.

—Matthew Arnold.

Notes and Remarks.

It is always a pleasure to quote with approval the *Church Times*. Refuting the still current assertion that opposition to what is called "simple Bible teaching" is in reality opposition to all Biblical instruction, our Anglican contemporary says: "It is not the Bible that we object to, but a particular way of treating it. To us it seems a travesty of Christian teaching to use the Bible as either a purely literary classic, or a collection of books on the history and geography of an Oriental people and country, or a storehouse of moral precepts not necessarily related to belief and to membership of a Divine Society. The committee of the Lambeth Conference, which considered the subject of religious education, put the case, from our point of view, with admirable definiteness when it affirmed that 'Bible teaching misses even its true educational value when it does not definitely aim at preserving faith in God through our Lord Jesus Christ, and living fellowship with the Church of Christ.' Our children are taught that they are introduced into this fellowship in Baptism, and it follows that the rest of the teaching which is required by them must continue to be built up on this basis. Its aim must be to inculcate the belief that, for them, the highest ideal is to live the Christian life under the laws and in the society of the Catholic Church. . . . We must insist upon our own right to do what we know to be best for our children."

The characterization of "admirable definiteness" applies with appropriateness to the words of the *Church Times* as well as to those of the Lambeth Conference committee.

In a private audience granted to Monsignor Fréri, director-general of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith for the United States, and Father John

Dunn, director in the Archdiocese of New York, his Holiness, after expressing cordial gratification at the flourishing condition of the Society, especially in New York and Boston, said with deep feeling: "How much more could be accomplished if those who possess the Faith would only make a little additional sacrifice! Tell American Catholics that I look to them for a generous support of the work of the Propagation of the Faith, which is pre-eminently the work of the Church."

These words of the Vicar of Christ should be repeated whenever and wherever a collection is taken up in this country for the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, the support of which in the future will mainly devolve upon English-speaking Catholics.

On a subject concerning which there is bound to be considerable diversity of opinion in Catholic circles, whether lay or clerical, the London *Catholic Times* has this to say:

At a time when the Holy See looks with so much favor on fresh developments of missionary zeal, and, according to intimations from Rome, hopes for the most excellent results from sermons to non-Catholics, the merits of the system of approaching Protestants known as open-air preaching will, we may assume, be fully considered by the ecclesiastical authorities. Of course, if it were conducted, as it very often is by Protestants, without careful preparation, the result might be harmful rather than beneficial. Indifferent elocution, slipshod utterances, and assertions wanting in accuracy, would not attract, but repel. But if the campaign were carried on after the manner of the Anglican Bishop of Manchester's seaside mission at Blackpool, we see no reason why it should not be the means of bringing many within the Catholic fold. Dr. Knox's discourses on the seashore have been listened to respectfully by large crowds. He has handled many subjects, and, in answer to questions addressed to him, imparted much information. When he had concluded the final sermon on Saturday evening, he was besieged by men, women, and even little children of tender years, all anxious to grip his hand; and his lordship confessed that words could not describe

the happiness he had derived from his experiences during the mission. If a well-equipped Catholic lecturer did not meet with an equally pleasant reception, he might, at least, feel sure of a goodly number of eager inquirers for the truth.

There is doubtless much to be urged in favor of the *Times'* view; but we opine that the connotation of open-air preaching in the minds of most American Catholics is the Salvation Army, which, while an excellent organization in some respects, hardly commends itself to the rank and file of our Catholic people.

In the August issue of the St. Vincent de Paul *Quarterly* we find an extended account of the Diamond Jubilee conference of the Society, held at Richmond, Va. Among the eloquent and instructive addresses delivered on the occasion, not the least notable was that of a non-Catholic, Virginia's Governor, the Hon. Claude A. Swanson. This paragraph is only one of many inspiring passages in his effective speech:

When privilege, caste, and aristocracy ruled the world, and the feudal lords oppressed it, and birth and blood were the passports to position and power, the voice of the Catholic Church was heard loudly proclaiming the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, and that every individual, whether prince or peasant, would ultimately be weighed and measured by his moral worth. The highest and most potential dignitaries of the Church were selected from the humblest ranks. The Church in this age of exclusion and ostracism furnished alone the avenue by which character and capacity could climb to heights. During the dark ages of blood and rapine, this Church alone furnished a refuge for the weak, the unfortunate, and the oppressed. The Church found woman the plaything of the passions and caprices of man, and lifted her and made her his equal. It abolished the Roman and pagan idea that marriage was a mere civil contract, surrounded it with the religious sanctity, and made woman in every respect the equal of man. In this age of luxury and wealth, when men are seeking to return to the policy of the pagan world, which permitted divorces from whims and caprices, I wish to commend the Church which still places around the marriage vows the sanctity of religion, and stands as a barrier

in the path of those who would destroy marriage, and with it the home, the main source of modern progress and civilization. May the Catholic Church ever uphold the sacredness of the nuptial bond, upon which are dependent individual and national happiness and prosperity!

The cynical reader of the foregoing may possibly attribute this eulogy of the Church to an easily intelligible desire on the part of the Governor to say pleasant things to his Catholic fellow-citizens; but there is no need to look further for his motive than a true man's recognition of genuine worth wherever he sees it.

The recent unveiling, at Würzburg in Bavaria, of a memorial to Professor Hermann Shell has emphasized the truth that the Papal Encyclical and Bull against the Modernists have been entirely successful in stamping out their insidious heresy. Leading German journals—non-Catholic journals at that—are now convinced that “the battle of the church authorities has been waged and won, and that Modernism as such is now practically dead in the fold of the Church.” The wish being father to the thought, some Protestant papers still hold that the present quiet is only the indication of a renewal of the contest in fiercer proportions; but this is merely a concession to the wounded self-love that prophesied the conquest, not the ignoble collapse, of Modernism. The really marvellous thing about the whole matter is the rapidity with which the heresy has been routed.

While the English people, as a whole, are not particularly noted for their readiness at repartee, occasional Englishmen are happy enough in this respect to raise a question as to their having an Irish strain in their blood. Mr. William Crooks, Labor Member of Parliament, was discussing the English Licensing Bill at a public park meeting not long ago. While he was telling how some people spent their money on drink, an interrupter cried exultingly, “You don’t pay it, anyway!”—

“Now, there’s a fool!” said the Labor Member, solemnly, with sad but definite conviction, pointing to the questioner with his forefinger. “Why, he pays only for the beer. We have to pay for the prisons, the workhouses, and the lunatic asylums, caused by his bad habits.”—“The people of England don’t want this bill!” cried somebody else. Mr. Crooks shook his head, and said: “I know those people of England. He is a man who chloroforms himself on a Saturday afternoon, comes out of the slum where he gets his air and sunlight in haporths, comes here to get lost in tens of thousands of sensible temperance reformers, and then calls himself the people of England. God save him!”

Obviously, Mr. Crooks is not the kind of platform orator who is seriously disturbed by the audible dissent, or the hackling, of his hearers. His characterization of the “people of England” is worth preserving as a companion bit to the classic of the three tailors of Tooley Street.

The preliminary investigations destined, it is thought, to lead to the introduction of the Cause of Pope Pius IX. have revived the memory of many incidents in his career, which, at the time of their occurrence, inspired deep veneration for Pio Nono. *Rome* relates that, while yet a Cardinal and presiding over the diocese of Imola, he was one day in his room, engaged in reading some ancient book of Catholic doctrine, when his secretary came to announce that a lady, dressed in black and wearing a veil, was in the antechamber and desired an interview with him. The Cardinal replied, “I will go in a minute,” and he rose and went into his private chapel to pray. But the minute grew into a great many moments; the visitor showed frequent signs of impatience, and three times the secretary went into the chapel to remind the Cardinal that he was awaited, but only to be told each time: “I will go in a minute.”

When the secretary returned a fourth time, the Cardinal, with pale face and trembling voice, answered: "I speak with the living and not with the dead." The secretary had no idea of the Cardinal's meaning; but he returned to the ante-chamber to convey the message, such as it was, to the visitor. When he entered the room, he found the woman lying dead on the floor! The police were at once called in, and they discovered that the person dressed in woman's clothes was a man armed with a dagger, certainly meant to end the days of the Cardinal who was destined to be the longest-reigning of all the Popes, with the exception of St. Peter himself.

The miracles necessary in case of a canonization have to be, of course, far more obvious than this occurrence. The Cause of one servant of God whom we have in mind has been indefinitely postponed because of difficulty in proving that he practised virtue in an heroic degree, though any number of remarkable incidents about him are related.

Bretagne has been one province in France which, better than most others, has preserved the love of God, and the enlightened patriotism on which the love of God is based. A Breton senator, M. Jenouvrier, at the Eucharistic Congress of Faverney, thus upheld the traditions of his people:

One event dominates all history. Bowed down by the iniquities of centuries, humanity was powerless to raise its head. Then came belief in Christ, in His divine word, and new virtues appeared. There is now no hour without its prayer, no fault without its expiation, no sorrow without its solace. Whereas, in other days the most intelligent were the most sceptical, at present the brightest geniuses are the firmest believers. Poets, painters, doctors, warriors, have prostrated themselves before the Blessed Eucharist. . . . Proudhon acknowledged that the Church is indestructible because it believes in God. It is not only because she believes in Him, but because she has Him in her hands and distributes Him to her faithful. And this God is the Living God to whom all

owe the cult of their adoration and the homage of their obedience. . . . What our modern society demands above all is equality. As it can not make all that is low ascend, it wishes to make all that is high descend. It desires to equalize all by a monstrous levelling. These dreams of equality, chimerical elsewhere, are realized only in Catholic festivals.

M. Jenouvrier is one of the French laymen whose life and works warrant one's hopes of better times in France.

The London *Academy* is nothing if not outspoken. In either its commendation or its denunciation, its language is frankness itself. When it deals with Women's Suffrage, it goes almost to the verge of impropriety; and when it has anything to say of Socialism or its upholders, it proceeds in this fashion—with the clergy of the Church of England in mind:

No clergyman has a right to be a Socialist; and if his mind is so unfortunately constituted that he feels irresistibly drawn toward Socialistic theories, he ought, if he is an honest man, to resign his position as minister of the Church. The theory that Christianity is compatible with Socialism is one which can be entertained only by men who are sunk in materialism and who have utterly failed to grasp the spiritual nature of the teaching of the Gospels. Christianity teaches the duty of charity and of giving alms to the poor,—that is to say, it recognizes the principle of property; for how is it possible to give alms unless the existence of individual property is admitted? Socialism proposes to pass laws which ultimately depend for their execution upon armed force, whereby the property of individuals may be, against their will, taken from them. In other words, it proposes to set up a system of legalized theft. The whole theory of Socialism is repugnant to Christianity. The vast majority of Socialists readily admit this; and it is part of their creed to declare that Christianity is a lie, and an outworn convention fostered by capitalists and the rich generally, in order to enslave the poor. This is the current cant of Socialism. It is cant, and nauseous cant; but, at any rate, it is more or less frank. But for a clergyman of the Church of England to lend his name and influence to the propagation of such crude and fatuous claptrap is both dishonest and dangerous.

Just such frank, straightforward talk is not at all superfluous at this time, when

so many of the underdone sociologists are coquetting with what our London contemporary rightly calls "a system of legalized theft."

It was a favorite saying of the late Bishop Curtis that no work is small if done for God, and that it is the little things that count. His whole life was an exemplification of this maxim. How his zealous, self-sacrificing labors were blessed in one instance—how a little parish which he established and long served has grown into a flourishing congregation,—is told by the Rev. Father Mickle in a private letter, from which we are glad to have the privilege of quoting the following passages:

Bishop Curtis was one of the most humble of men. In undertaking the charge of a diocese that was not only destitute in its poverty, but of which the greater part had never known the ministration of any priest, he himself became the leader in its evangelization, bravely bearing every burden and enduring every hardship. At one town, a hundred miles distant from Wilmington, the seat of his See, he had built a little church, though there was but one Catholic family, very poor and indifferent, in the place; the only other Catholics being an old man and a good old woman, an invalid. The Bishop attended this mission once every month, setting out Saturday morning and going by rail to within six miles of the place. There he invariably left the train and made the rest of the journey on foot, in all sorts of weather. He returned on Monday in the same way, as he considered walking the most Apostolic manner of travelling. While at the mission he slept in the sacristy, making up his own cot, sweeping out the church, and in the winter cleaning the stove and kindling the fire. (Needless to say there was no sexton.) Before leaving Wilmington, he would put some crackers and cheese and apples in his pockets, and this served as his only food until his return home.

The congregation at Mass was sometimes two and rarely more than five or six souls. After an hour or more spent in catechising a class of three, he would pass the rest of the afternoon in prayer before the Blessed Sacrament. In the evening a number of Protestants would come to hear him preach. All this he did *for years*, with no apparent fruit of his labor other than that he thus became an example to his priests,

whom he always led rather than commanded. I must not forget to state that the little mission so inauspiciously begun, where the Bishop uncomplainingly endured so many privations, has become quite a flourishing parish.

It is to be hoped that before long this holy prelate will have a competent biographer. The lesson of such a life should not be lost. His surviving contemporaries of the Anglican ministry, as well as the priests with whom he labored for so many years after his conversion to the Church, could tell many interesting and edifying stories of Bishop Curtis, whose piety and spirit of penance were indeed remarkable. One, now departed this life, who received ordination at his hands, often told us that it was something never to be forgotten to see Bishop Curtis say Mass and administer Holy Communion. His faith and reverence and devotion were so saintlike as to inspire a feeling akin to awe.

In the course of an able paper, "Science—or Superstition," contributed to the current *Catholic World*, Mr. Thomas F. Woodlock deals rather effectively with some statements made by Dr. Henry S. Pritchett regarding the effect of modern scientific research on the religious faith and the philosophy of life of the civilized world. Trenchantly exposing the sham and the cant of "science" and "culture" and "free-thought," as employed by innumerable half-educated scribblers, Mr. Woodlock concludes with this pertinent reflection:

To the present writer it rather seems as if it is not so much a matter of a new "science" as it is of a new "superstition"; and that modern "civilized men" (as Dr. Pritchett calls them) would be none the worse for a little less knowledge of things that are not so, and a little more knowledge of the use of reason; also a little more intellectual humility. They could not then perhaps be—as to a large number—contentedly wallowing in a morass of ignorance, all the while under the impression that they are standing on the mountain-tops irradiated by the noonday sun of all truth, for the first time in the world's history.

FOR YOUNG FOLK

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

A, B, C of Schoolboys' Qualities.

BY X Y Z.

Attentive at both work and play,
 Busy all the livelong day;
 Courteous at home and school,
 Diligent to keep the rule;
 Earnest in whate'er you do,
 Friendly with your classmates true;
 Generous of hand and heart,
 Honest in life's every part;
 Innocent of aught that's mean,
 Jolly as a king or queen;
 Kind where'er your footsteps roam,
 Loving to the ones at home;
 Merry in the sun and rain,
 Neat in dress, but never vain;
 Orderly in desk and books,
 Pious, more in deeds than looks;
 Quiet when 'tis time to be,
 Ready others' needs to see;
 Steady in your every aim,
 Truthful, though it bring you blame;
 Untiring in the way of right,
 Vigorous in temptation's fight;
 Willing others to befriend,
 Exemplary to the end;
 Youthful till life's set of sun,
 Zealous till the crown is won.

The Story of Little Fritz.

IV.—AN UNWELCOME VISITOR.



UMMER had gone; the autumn storms had stripped the leaves from the trees; and Winter, with his white mantle covered the earth. Over mountain and valley he had shaken his snowy flakes; the once green oaks and beeches he had clothed in a crystal garment, and had bound in icy fetters the once free, rejoicing streams. All the paths were blocked up with snow; and Willebrand and his three sons must sit at home, hovering over the fire, instead of going to their work in the grand, beautiful forest.

One evening the family sat around the oaken table, in the centre of which burned a lamp. The mother spun as usual; the father was sharpening his ax and saw; Wolf, Chris, and Hans were deep in the mysteries of some boyish game; and Fritz was drawing all kinds of figures upon a sheet of paper. The three brothers soon became weary of their game and yawned in concert.

"Winter is a miserable season," said Wolf.

"And why so?" asked his father.

"Well, because the roads are all snowed up, so we can't go out into the woods; and the brook is frozen over, so we can't fish any more. Then these long, cold evenings, when we have to stay moping around the fire, are so disagreeable. The schoolmaster has been telling of lands beyond the sea where winter never comes, where the trees are always in leaf, and the flowers always in bloom, and the birds are singing the whole year round. There I mean to go when I am a man."

"My son," observed Father Willebrand,

THERE is no other cordage fibre so valuable as Manila hemp. For more than a hundred years it has been an important article of commerce, although the first shipment to the United States was not made until the year 1824. It has been found that this hemp can not be successfully grown anywhere in the world except in the Philippine Islands, probably on account of the peculiar soil and climate. One province in Luzon produces about one-fourth of the total crop.

"there is no better place in the world than that where one is born and reared. If you leave your native land, you may search a long time before you find another as good. For my part, I don't call winter a dreary season. Every time of the year has its pleasures."

"I think winter is nice," said Hans. "What better fun is there than building snow-houses and snow-men, and sliding down hill? Answer me that, Wolf."

Before Wolf had time to reply there was a loud knock at the door. Wolf sprang to open it, and a man entered the room. He received a polite but not very cordial greeting from Father Willebrand.

"Ah, Master Sharp," he said, "to what do we owe the honor of this visit? It is a long time since you have been to see us."

Master Sharp, a master-mason from the city, and a distant cousin of collier Willebrand, had in former years been in the habit of paying frequent visits to his country relatives. Beginning poor, he had now amassed great wealth, and had grown proud and haughty in consequence. His visits to the collier's house had yearly become more like those of the angels, "few and far between," until at length they ceased entirely. Why he came this evening was a mystery to all.

"I had some business in this region," he said, "and thought I would take the opportunity to pay my dear cousin and his wife a short visit. You are all well and happy, I see."

"Yes, thank God!" said Willebrand. "If we are as healthy in soul as we are in body, we are certainly in very good condition."

"But you have one child I have never seen before. Is it your youngest?"

"No," replied Willebrand. "This is my dear nephew Fritz from B. His parents died, and the little one wandered here to us. He is as dear to us as our own sons."

"Ah, hem! Yes, I suppose so," returned Master Sharp, eyeing the boy from head to foot. "I have heard of him. Is he not known through all this region as the boy who draws and paints so beautifully?

Show me some of your sketches, my son. I understand such things a little, as my business has much to do with drawing and painting."

Fritz took his portfolio from the desk and handed it to Master Sharp, who, putting a pair of spectacles on his long, red nose, and drawing the lamp forward, opened the portfolio and began to examine the drawings. The longer he looked at them, the more brightly twinkled his little green eyes. He kept all the while talking to himself, and nodding his head as if in approval of Fritz's work.

"Not bad—very good—excellent!" he murmured. "Something might be made of the boy; he has much talent; 'twould be a profitable investment. Well, well, we will see."

When he had carefully examined all the drawings, he deliberately closed the portfolio, took his spectacles off, and looked at his cousin Willebrand with a glance that spoke volumes.

"Listen to me, cousin," he said. "The boy does not draw badly, and if he were placed in the right hands he might do something in the world. What say you to my taking him to the city? He has so skilful a hand that I'd take him without apprentice fee to learn fresco painting. I have two good fresco painters in my employ, and they could teach him. Here in this little village he can make no progress; if he does not go out among people from whom he can learn something, his talent will be thrown away."

Willebrand reflected a few minutes upon this offer, and then shook his head.

"Perhaps you mean well, cousin," he said; "but I should not like to have the boy leave us. I believe he would rather remain with us than go with you. But what do you say, Fritz?"

Fritz had anxiously listened to the conversation, and his mind was made up.

"I will stay here, Father Willebrand," he said. "I am very, very happy with you,—happier than I could be anywhere else in the world."

"You hear, cousin," said Willebrand, with a smile of intense gratification. "I did not think the little fellow would like to leave us, we all love him so. Stay with us, Fritz; draw and paint as before, and give yourself no further trouble. If you are industrious, you will succeed; I have no doubt of that. Nature is a very good teacher, and in this region she is full of beauty."

Master Sharp put on a sour face, but he said nothing, and the subject was dropped. Soon the conversation turned upon other things; and the visitor, when he retired for the night, seemed to have forgotten all about his disappointment.

But he had *not* forgotten. When he started home the next morning he requested his cousin to accompany him a little distance. The good-natured Willebrand consented; and as they went over the hard, crisp snow together, Master Sharp again began to speak of Fritz.

"Cousin," he said, "I have thought about that boy of yours the whole night long. I am interested in him, because I really think he has talent. In this out-of-the-way place, and without an instructor, he can make no real progress, and will never become a painter. Send him to me. I will not only receive him without fee, but will pay him wages. Do not reject my offer, for it is well meant."

"Master Sharp," replied Willebrand, "you have with your own ears heard Fritz's decision. I would not apprentice the boy to any one against his will, and least of all to you, for I know you. You have the name of treating your apprentices badly. You beat them, overwork them, and allow them no pleasure. Nobody stays with you long. I know very well that Fritz would be of great service to you and that you want him badly; but you can not have him. He has good times with me. Here he can go on in his own way and develop his talent. Thus a solid ground will be laid, and sometime he may be able to get good instruction. But with you he would have to work from morning

until night, to bear blows and reproaches, and still learn nothing right. Fritz shall be no color-dauber, no wall-besmearer, but a regular artist. That is my view of the matter, cousin; and we may as well drop the subject."

As he heard these words, Master Sharp's face grew black with passion, and his little green eyes had a savage gleam. Still, he restrained his anger, and said very gently:

"Cousin,—dear cousin, how can you believe what bad people say about me? It is pure slander. I mistreat my apprentices! I would sooner suffer ill-treatment myself than inflict it on them. No, cousin, such statements are falsehoods. Don't believe a word of them. Now, if I took this boy you would be relieved of a burden you are not able to bear. Of what use is he to you? None at all. Still you must feed and clothe and care for him. Send him to me; and every year that he remains with me, besides supporting him and placing him under good instructors, I will give you fifty dollars. Ah, that pleases you, I know! Say, cousin, will you not accept my liberal offer?"

He held out his hand, but Willebrand drew back.

"This is the temptation of the Evil One," he said. "No, I am no soul-seller. I have still enough of conscience and the fear of God not to betray for filthy lucre the sacred trust that Providence has confided to me. As Heaven has hitherto helped me and mine, it will help us still. We are indeed poor, but we have never gone to bed hungry; we have always had clothes and shelter. If Fritz adds a little to our cares and expenses, what of that? I and my three boys will only work a little harder. What we do for this child is nothing but our duty. We are the only relatives he has in the world. So leave us to go our own ways in peace, Master Sharp; and farewell!"

The parting was short, and Willebrand soon returned to his house. When he entered he had already forgotten his

vexation, and in a jovial manner told of Master Sharp's liberal offer and great anxiety to relieve them of Fritz.

"There is more in the boy than we thought," he said that evening to his wife. "Who knows but he may sometime become as great and famous as that Raphael and Leonardo da Vinci, and those other artists the little fellow has told us about? Well, we have only to wait. If it is in him, God will yet bring it to the light."

V.—THE FOREST ON FIRE.

Six months had passed, and Master Sharp and his visit were almost forgotten, when, one hot summer day, collier Willebrand and his three sons went as usual to their work in the forest. The old man led his boys up a mountain, which on one side descended so abruptly as to form a precipice; while on the three other sides it sloped gradually down to a green, beautiful valley, through which flowed a murmuring brook.

Far up on the summit of the mountain the trees had been felled and their trunks cut in pieces, and Willebrand told his sons to pile the chips and branches in a heap, and thus clear a place for a coalpit. He himself went to his work farther into the depths of the forest, promising to return toward evening.

The boys set bravely about their task. The sun mounted high in the heavens and sent down a scorching heat; but they would not retire to the forest shade to rest, so anxious were they to do a good day's work before their father's return.

They must have worked two or three hours when the air seemed filled with a fine, dry vapor, increasing every moment in density. At length the sun's rays came feebly struggling through a thick mist, and the atmosphere grew so oppressive that the boys began to pant and gasp. Not a breath of air was stirring, and a strange silence lay over the whole region.

Suddenly a huge column of smoke mounted upward and circled around the summit of the mountain, enveloping the

whole forest in a dusky shroud. Filled with terror, the boys let fall the trunk of the tree they were trying to remove, and threw searching glances down into the valley, which was also enveloped in smoke, while a sound like the muttering of an approaching storm arose from the whole forest. The boys gazed into each other's faces in mute astonishment.

"What is it?" asked Hans, the youngest, at length. "I can scarcely breathe, and I can't tell you how my heart beats."

"And I feel as if I was in a burning oven," said Chris. "How awfully hot and close the air is!"

"And what a horrible smoke!" cried Wolf. "I am afraid there is danger, but I don't know what or where it is."

As they stood watching the ever-blackening clouds of smoke, they heard an anguished voice ringing loud through the forest.

"It is Fritz!" they exclaimed in concert.

"Wolf! Chris! Hans! where are you? Answer,—oh, answer!" cried the voice. "The whole forest is in flames, and you must run for your lives."

Now they knew only too well the meaning of the mist, the blinding smoke, the heavy, oppressive air.

"Here we are!" answered Wolf, who was the first to recover from his terror so as to find a voice. "Here! here!"

Then they heard a quick step advancing through the bushes and underbrush, and Fritz, pale, frightened, and breathless, stood before them.

"For God's sake," he cried, "why do you stand here idly staring at the clouds of smoke instead of trying to save yourselves by flight? While I was coming to you the fire roared all around me. The whole mountain is in flames. Only one spot where the fountain gushes from the rock and flows down into the valley was free from the fire as I passed along. Come now, follow me as fast as you can."

Roused from their strange apathy, and driven forward by a blind impulse to save their lives, the boys sprang after Fritz

down the mountain. In a few minutes they reached the rocky grotto out of which the fountain gushed, and walked along by the stream which, flowing from it, watered the valley.

Great clouds of smoke enveloped the mountain, and for a long time concealed the flames from their eyes; but soon through the darkness leaped forked tongues of lurid fire, now red, now yellow; and ere long in mighty columns they rose on high like avenging furies, dealing destruction and death to all things that came in their way. The boys gazed with horror on the grand and awful spectacle, and redoubled their efforts to escape from the fiery death that threatened them.

Still their path was free. As they walked along by the little brook, it seemed to them the open portal from despair to hope, from deadly peril to perfect safety; as the waters rippled on with their pleasant murmur, they sang a glad song of deliverance. And deliverance, they thought, was just before them.

But when they came to the edge of the forest, to the only place where egress had been possible, right across the path they found a heap of dry underbrush, which, from its lying on the other side of the brook, had until now been protected from the flames. Just before they reached this spot a gust of wind had driven the flames over the narrow brook, and the underbrush had caught fire. The dry wood burned like tinder, and in a few minutes was enveloped in flame. At this sight the boys stood still and raised a cry of horror; then, glancing around, they saw that they stood in the midst of the fiery element, which, like a wild beast greedy for its prey, leaped with lightning swiftness from twig to twig and from tree to tree.

"What shall we do now?" asked Wolf, with trembling voice, as he stared around, his hands frozen in despair.

"We must go back," said Fritz, decidedly. "Perhaps we may be able to climb down the rocky side of the mountain. It is our only hope."

The boys saw that to remain where they were would be certain death, and quickly retraced their steps. Soon, breathless, they reached the summit of the mountain. Here they had a wide prospect; and, as danger did not so nearly threaten them, they glanced back into the hissing flames which were spreading with lightning swiftness, and seemed to wrap the whole region below them in one seething, raging sea of smoke and fire.

The sight was grand and beautiful as it was fearful; and the boys, especially Fritz, who did not for a moment lose his presence of mind, stared now with horror, now with admiration upon the sublime spectacle. The fiery tide was advancing nearer and nearer, and Fritz kept peering through the smoke that shrouded the mountain summit for some way of escape. He found none, and soon the horrible truth dawned upon him that they were entirely hemmed in by the flames.

"We must climb down this precipice," said Fritz at last to his companions in misfortune. "Let us do our best to save our lives. And now we will pray God to help us."

The four boys sank upon their knees, folded their hands, and prayed as they had never prayed before. Around them lowered clouds of smoke. The roaring and crackling of the flames, the crash of falling trees, the howling of the fierce winds that had risen, driving the flames before it, blended with the fervent, supplicating words of their prayer. At length they rose and walked to the edge of the precipice. Shuddering, they gazed into the yawning depth.

"We can never get down there alive!" cried Wolf; and the horrified faces of his brothers said the same. Fritz alone did not lose courage. Carefully scanning the steep cliff, about thirty feet from the place where they were standing, he discovered a flat, projecting rock, large enough to hold them all. If they could only reach this they were safe from the flames, and might remain upon it until help

came, which certainly could not be long. "Wolf," cried Fritz,—“have courage, V'olf!” And Wolf, who was sitting on a stump weeping and moaning, ran to see what source of encouragement Fritz could possibly have found.

“If we can not climb to the foot of this rocky wall, we can at least reach that shelving stone. It can't be more than thirty feet,” said Fritz.

Wolf wiped away his tears and looked down.

“Ah, yes! that would be a safe enough place,” he said, “if we could only get there without breaking our necks. But the rock is smooth as glass. There isn't a thing we could hold on to in climbing down.”

“We must tear our clothes in strips, make a rope of them, and so let ourselves down,” said Fritz.

“Yes, we can do that,” said Wolf, brightening. “That is a clever thought, Fritz. God gave it to you, I know. But we must hurry.”

Without delay the boys pulled off jackets and trousers, which Wolf's knife quickly cut into strips. The others braided these strips firmly together. The approaching flames and the danger every moment growing nearer, made their fingers move swiftly, and before long the rope was ready. They tested its length, and found that it reached several feet below the shelving rock.

“Now we are all right,” said Fritz. “The fire may burn and roar as much as it pleases, but it can't touch us.”

With great care the rope was fastened to a projecting rock at the summit of the cliff, and was ready for them to descend. The brothers hesitated: neither wanted to be first to make the venture. At length Fritz bound the rope firmly around his body, grasped it with both hands, and slowly and successfully let himself down. When he felt himself upon secure ground, he unbound the rope and cried to the boys to draw it up.

“Don't be afraid!” he said. “You have seen that the rope won't break, and to let

yourselves down here is the easiest thing in the world. Hurry up!”

The near approach of the flames had more persuasive power than Fritz's words. It was better, they thought, to dare a threatening danger than to run into the arms of certain death. Hans descended next, then Chris, and finally Wolf; and at last they all stood securely upon the shelving stone.

(To be continued.)

A Boy's Invention.

When the steam-engine was first used, the valves necessary to keep the machine in motion had to be worked by hand, and a boy was engaged to attend to them. He had to make fourteen changes a minute, but it seems that he was able to study his machine and think while at work. One day he astonished his employers by leaving the engine and running off to play. The wonder was that the engine kept on working just as well as when the boy was there. This boy's name was Humphrey Potter.

When Humphrey's employer entered the engine room, he expected to find some of the workmen attending to the valves. What was his surprise to discover that the boy had arranged a contrivance of sticks and strings so as to enable the walking-beam to open and close the valves, thus making the engine self-acting.

In Olden Times.

Here is the programme of the day for students in the early part of Queen Elizabeth's reign: “The boys went to church at six o'clock, studied Latin until eleven, dined from eleven to twelve, had music from twelve to two, French from two to three, Latin and Greek from three to five, then prayers, supper, and ‘honest pastimes’ until eight, then music until nine, and so to bed.”

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Among the new and forthcoming Catholic books of Messrs. Kegan Paul & Co. we note "Sermons on Modern Spiritualism," by the Rev. A. V. Miller.

—The latest addition to the excellent Science of Life Series (Burns & Oates) is "The Maxims of Madame Swetchine," selected and translated with a biographical note by I. A. Taylor. The series includes Mrs. Craigie's little book, "The Science of Life" (the initial volume), and "Health and Holiness," by Francis Thompson.

—"Ideals of Charity," by Mrs. Virginia M. Crawford, just published by Messrs. Sands & Co., has informative and suggestive chapters on training, co-operation, district visiting, mothers' meetings, children's holidays, retreats, homework, poor-law problems, and similar subjects, all of which are treated in a manner to deserve the attention of social workers.

—It is gratifying to see that the demand for the Rev. W. S. Kress' "Questions of Socialists and their Answers," appreciatively noticed in these columns on its first appearance, has warranted the Ohio Apostolate in bringing out a second edition of that excellent and timely work. This new edition has been revised and considerably enlarged. Paper covers, 216 pp.

—The late M. Alfred Giard, professor at the Sorbonne and member of the Académie des Sciences, was one of the most eminent of French zoölogists. He was born on August 8, 1846, and died on the anniversary of his birth. He was professor of natural history at the Institut Industriel of Northern France, 1873, and of zoölogy at Lille, 1880; and maître de conférences at the Ecole Normale, 1887; whilst the chair of "Evolution des Etres Organisés" was created for him by the city of Paris. In 1896 he was elected president of the Entomological Society of France. He published several learned works, and contributed many papers to the *Bulletin Scientifique du Nord*, of which he was the editor.

—"The Queen's Daughter," by Joseph J. Wynne (The Angelus Publishing Co.), is a thoroughly good, as well as an interesting, Catholic story. Alice Kendall is a charming Child of Mary, a genuine daughter of the Queen of queens, and a type which, we like to believe, is less uncommon than some pessimistic sociologists are disposed to imagine. There is realism in the conversation and deportment of the shop girls in Hough & Halstead's department store;

and the incidents of the tale are sufficiently numerous to hold the attention to the close. Containing fewer than thirty thousand words, the narrative is a long short story rather than a full-fledged novel; but it can be cordially commended (as many a current novel can *not*) to Catholic readers, young and old.

—Two recent issues of the American Book Co.'s series of Eclectic Readings are: "Chinese Fables and Folk Stories," by Mary Hayes Davis and Chow-Leung; and "Gulliver's Travels for Children," by James Baldwin. The first-mentioned volume is something of a novelty, if, indeed, it is not unique, containing the English rendition of stories never before printed in our language. As for the second book, Mr. Baldwin has effectively performed the necessary abridging and deodorizing process, retaining all that can interest, and eliminating all that could injure, the youthful reader.

—With admirable zeal and forethought the English C. T. S. had ready for the Eucharistic Congress in London, during which Mass according to the Greek rite was celebrated in the Cathedral, a translation of the Liturgy of St. John Chrysostom, edited by the Rev. Dr. Fortescue, with an account of its history and present use, an explanation of the vestments used, etc. The Society has also published "The Greek Fathers," by the same learned author, a volume containing Lives of St. Athanasius, St. Basil, St. Gregory of Nazianzos, St. John Chrysostom, St. Cyril of Jerusalem, St. Cyril of Alexandria, and St. John of Damascus; to each being appended a full bibliography. This volume is the first of a set which will include The Apostolic Fathers, The Apologists, The Latin Fathers, and The Eastern Fathers.

—In a publishers' note which serves as a preface to "Marotz," by John Ayscough (G. P. Putnam's Sons), we are told that the author of this novel had grave doubts as to the reception with which it would meet. "Would American and English readers care for a story in which the point of view was at the widest removed from their own, for a story drenched in Catholicism?" After a somewhat careful perusal of the book, we are not at all surprised to learn that the readers *have* cared for the story; that, "welcomed by the general public and by exacting critics, it has achieved success." The Catholic reader more particularly will find nothing in "Marotz" that will call for any special denun-

ciation, and will discover much to elicit his cordial approval. The author's tone is sympathetic throughout. Considered as a story, "Marotz" has novelty of plot, characterization, and incident; the narrative is uniformly interesting; while the style possesses that undefinable quality of graceful power or powerful grace which cultured readers recognize and admire as literary distinction.

—There is much for many American husbands and wives to learn from Mr. Robert Herrick's new novel, "Together." (The Macmillan Co.) But its lesson is not needed by Catholic readers, and we fear it will be missed by most others. The book requires closer attention than the majority of persons are disposed to bestow upon the best fiction. "Together" is superior in not a few respects to most novels; though it is not without defects, the chief of which is the overcrowding of the canvas. Unless read at one sitting, many readers will be apt to confound the numerous characters. Then again the story is altogether too gloomy to be thoroughly convincing. If one could be sure that it would reach only those likely to profit by it, one would not hesitate to recommend "Together"—with some qualifications, however,—in spite of its audacity and exaggeration. Current fiction must, of course, be avoided by novelists, but it is a pity that Mr. Herrick could not have read Paul Bourget's "A Divorce" before writing his own book.

The Latest Books. A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' price generally includes postage.

- "Marotz." John Ayscough. \$1.50.
 "The Queen's Daughter." Joseph J. Wynne. \$1.
 "Political Economy." Charles S. Devas, M.A. \$2.
 "Fraternal Charity." Rev. Father Valuy, S. J. 40 cts., net.
 "Priestly Vocation and Tonsure." Rev. L. Bacuez, S. S. \$1, net.
 "What is Life? A Study of Vitalism and Neo-Vitalism." Bertram C. A. Windle, M. A., M. D., etc. \$1, net.

- "The Acts of the Apostles." With Introduction and Annotations. Madame Cecilia. \$1.25.
 "History of Economics; or, Economics as a Factor in the Making of History." Rev. J. A. Dewe, A. M. \$1.50.
 "Rosette. A Tale of Paris and Dublin." Mrs. William O'Brien. \$1.25.
 "For My Name's Sake." From the French of Champol's "Sœur Alexandrine." \$1.10, net.
 "All about Salads." Mrs. Lewis Clarke Lucas. 75 cts.
 "The New Matrimonial Legislation." Rev. Charles J. Cronin, D. D. \$1.90, net.
 "Pentecost Preaching." Rev. Arthur Devine, C. P. \$1.50, net.
 "Stories New and Old, American and English." Hamilton Wright Mabie. \$1.50.
 "A Martyr of Our Own Day." From the French by the Rev. John J. Dunn. \$1, net.
 "Cords of Adam." Rev. T. J. Gerrard. \$1.50.
 "The Catholic School System in the United States." Rev. James A. Burns, C. S. C. \$1.25, net.
 "The Story of Blessed Thomas More." A Nun of Tyburn Convent. 80 cts., net.
 "The Eucharistic Heart of Jesus." \$1.
 "An American Student in France." Abbé Felix Klein. \$2.50.
 "Barnaby Bright." Father Bearne. 2 vols. \$1.60.
 "The Bells of Atchison." Rev. Andrew Green, O. S. B. 75 cts.
 "The Church of the Fathers," "University Teaching." Cardinal Newman. 75 cts., net each.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rt. Rev. Monsig. Heenan, of the diocese of Hamilton; Rev. Cornelius Klomp, diocese of Birmingham; Rev. Joseph Brophy, diocese of Brooklyn; Rev. Anthony Durkin, C. P.; Rev. Joseph Jerge and Rev. Harmar Denny, S. J.

Sister M. Josephine, of the Community of St. Joseph; and Sister M. of St. Magda'len (Kiernan), Sisters of the Holy Cross.

Mr. Jules Simoneau, Mr. M. W. Greene, Miss Margaret A. Follen, Mr. James Bigane, Mr. Edward Larkin, Mr. Everett Carlisle, Mrs. Mary Powers, Mr. James Clark, Mrs. M. Loch, Mrs. Catherine Casey, Mr. Joseph Bigley, Mrs. J. K. Maria, Mr. William Snyder, Miss Rose M. Creighton, and Mr. Edward Stanton.

Requiescant in pace!

ST JOSEPH'S ACADEMY
TORONTO

No. _____



OUR LADY IN CONTEMPLATION.
(GUIDO RENI.)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LXVII. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, SEPTEMBER 26, 1908. NO. 13.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C.S.C.]

Our Mother's Compassion.

IN the sea of bitterness that swept
 Over Mary's loving heart,
 While she stood beneath the Cross and kept
 Vigil o'er the dying One,
 Holy vigil o'er her Son,
 Every human grief had part.
 Whate'er grief has sealed your inmost life,
 Mary's soul has felt its power.
 Rings her cry above the storm and strife:
 "Is there sorrow like to mine?"
 Ah, Gethsemani's red wine
 Was our Blessed Lady's dower!
 Standing 'neath the Cross, our Mother felt
 Deepest grief the heart can know.
 When beside the sepulchre she knelt,
 All her joy was buried there.
 Then she took us to her care,
 For her heart knew all of woe.

Our Lady of Lourdes' Golden Jubilee.

BY THE COUNTESS DE COURSON.

FIFTY years have now passed by since the Queen of Heaven deigned to appear to a little peasant girl in a small town of southern France. It was inevitable that the child's story of the beautiful Lady who wished a church to be built on the banks of the Gave should, at the outset, be received with unbelief and derision; indeed, it was best that this work of God should spring to fame through difficulties of no common order. Our American readers

know how, in spite of official and religious opposition, Bernadette's tale was at last credited; how her simple, straightforward, self-forgetting sincerity impressed all those who came into contact with Our Lady's favored little servant; and how in a comparatively short time the hitherto obscure and unknown Pyrenean town became the most famous pilgrimage place in the Catholic world.

A splendid basilica now crowns the rocky cave where stood the gracious, white-robed figure; and year after year thousands of pilgrims from every quarter of the globe kneel on the sacred spot, where the veil that divides the seen from the unseen seems for one brief hour drawn aside. The eager pilgrims, whom faith, gratitude or sorrow draws to Lourdes, are quickly pervaded by the atmosphere of the place; their Heavenly Queen's presence seems to them so close that they can almost feel the touch of her motherly hand. Under the eyes of their brethren, the crippled are made straight, the blind see, the sick are healed; and, more wonderful still, those whose bodily ills are not removed join with glad hearts in the hymns of praise that echo far and wide through the "land of miracles."

This summer, in honor of Our Lady of Lourdes' Golden Jubilee, the National Pilgrimage that every year leaves Paris toward the end of August, was unusually important. On one day alone, twenty-nine trains, bearing twenty-four thousand pilgrims, started for the Pyrenean shrine. During the previous day, over forty thousand pilgrims, belonging to organized

groups, had passed before the Grotto; and about an equal number came there independently. The departure from Paris of the famous White Train, with the *grands malades*, took place on Wednesday, August 19; and the Austerlitz railway station, on the Orléans line, presented that evening a pathetic and impressive picture.

Exactly one hundred and sixty-six sick and infirm persons—of whom one hundred came from Paris, the rest from the provinces—were gathered together in the large station, that seemed for the time being to have become an immense hospital. Some of the patients came on crutches, others were supported by anxious relatives; some, the worst cases, lay on the floor on stretchers. Every form of disease and suffering was represented among these men and women, whom the incompleteness of human science was driving into the arms of the gracious Mother, so rightly and lovingly called *Salus Infirmorum*.

Around them hovered the guardian angels of the *train blanc*,—the heroic little Sisters of the Assumption, the nurses and servants of the poor. Those amongst us who have had occasion to visit the poor inhabitants of the Paris suburbs know the extraordinary influence, the unbounded and universal popularity, enjoyed by these sweet-faced, gentle women. They are at once the sick nurses and the servants of their destitute neighbors; it is they who, when the mother of a family is ill, do the marketing, cook, wash, dress the children. Many among them are women of good birth and refined education, whose lives are spent in joyful drudgery for the love of Christ.

Together with the Sisters, and working under their direction, might be seen the ladies belonging to the Association of Notre Dame de Salut, who every year make it their duty to accompany the sick pilgrims. With them were the *brancardiers*, who are enrolled in the same Association, and who undertake to convey the stretchers into the train in Paris, and at Lourdes

to carry the sick and infirm to the holy Grotto. They perform their task with infinite love and reverence. Among them are men well known in society, some of whom bear historic names that once echoed on the battlefields of the land, and whose owners now reap truer and more lasting glory in the realm of charity.

Strange to say, the atmosphere of this temporary hospital is not one of sadness, but of gentle pity, eager charity and helpfulness. If the misery and pain are great, the love that seeks to relieve them is greater.

Before the train started, the Archbishop of Paris entered the station. He moved here and there among the sick, encouraging with words of hope those whose thoughts were now fixed with painful tension on the far-off mountain shrine.

At that shrine itself, the customary programme of festivities was repeated this year with more solemnity than usual. The crucial moment of the day is, our readers know, the procession of the Blessed Sacrament, when sixty, seventy or eighty thousand voices echo the prayers that two thousand years ago were breathed on the highroads and byways of Palestine: "Lord, help me! Lord, if Thou wilt Thou canst cure me! Son of David, have pity on me!" The Blessed Sacrament is laid on each suffering head, and some favored ones rise and walk, while the joyous *Magnificat* rends the air.

Scenes like these, though familiar to Lourdes pilgrims, never lose their solemn and pathetic meaning. This Jubilee year they were made more impressive by the presence of a group of *miraculés*,—persons who during the last few years had been cured at Lourdes, and who formed a compact body of three hundred and sixty-four hale and hearty men and women. Many more *miraculés* might have been there, but were kept away by different reasons: home duties, poverty, etc.

The privileged group, each one carrying a banner, formed a distinctive and deeply interesting feature in the great procession.

Among these happy ones might be noticed a man named Gargan, whose past infirmities and subsequent cure were officially certified by the railway company in whose service he had been injured; a woman, Aurélie Huprelle, cured thirteen years ago, when in the last stage of consumption; Madame François, who, nine years past, was cured of cancer; and many others.

The evening of Sunday, the 23d, the last day of the National Pilgrimage, stands out with peculiar vividness in the memory of the Lourdes pilgrims of the Jubilee year 1908. The whole place—church, city, fortress, and mountains—was a blaze of light; a brilliant cross loomed up on the heights of the *grand Jer*, hymns of praise and thanksgiving filled the air. No one present seemed to feel hunger or fatigue; many pilgrims spent the whole night between the Grotto and the basilica, unwilling to lose one minute of their stay in the "land of miracles."

At the Bureau des Constatations, where the miraculous cures are duly verified by medical authorities, there was, as usual, much going to and fro. Dr. Boissarie, who presides, was at his post, courteously inviting the scrutiny and criticisms of any physician desirous of investigating the cases brought under his notice; anxious, above all, that there should be perfectly open dealing and fair play in so delicate a matter. As our readers know, Dr. Boissarie, a practical Catholic, is by no means in a hurry to believe in miracles; and his careful prudence in this respect can not be too highly praised. He admits that a miracle has taken place only when time has set its seal upon the case in hand; and his common-sense and caution are equalled only by the liberal spirit with which medical men of any nation and any creed are allowed—nay, encouraged—to be present when the *miraculés* report themselves to the Bureau.

Among the pilgrims noticed to visit the Bureau this year was Father Robert Hugh Benson, the well-known convert and

writer, whose "Confessions of a Convert" delighted the readers of THE AVE MARIA in 1907.

Many important cures are reported to have taken place during the month of August. Thus a Norman peasant from Falaise, Alphonse Alliaume, was badly wounded last year by a bull. On Saturday morning, August 22, the wound in the stomach from which he suffered was discharging copiously; a few hours later, when he had bathed in the fountain, it was found to be completely healed. The patient, who during a whole year had swallowed only liquid, asked for some sausages, and ate them with relish.

Euphrasie Bosc had tumors on both knees, and was brought to the Grotto on a stretcher. She was cured during the procession; her wounds are healed and she can walk freely. The doctor who attended her observed, when she left Clermont-Ferrand for Lourdes: "Well, if you are cured, I shall be obliged to believe in miracles."

Another woman, Madame Bossignol, was suffering from an ulcer in her stomach, and for months had touched no solid food; she, too, was cured, and is doing well. So is Mlle. Durand, a Parisian, who was carried to Lourdes in an osier cradle, being unable to walk, owing to abscesses on her hip and the stiffness of one knee.

Several children were among the privileged few. A boy of twelve, Roger Gaudry, was cured of paralysis; a little girl, Marguerite van Delaliegle, who was born with a clubfoot, and could only hop, now puts her foot to the ground and walks easily. And so the list goes on. Over thirty most striking and well-authenticated cures are said to have taken place during the pilgrimage; but, before certifying that they are supernatural, Dr. Boissarie wisely waits till some months have passed by.

It is a long-established custom that the National Pilgrimage, on its return from Lourdes, should visit the sanctuary of Notre Dame des Victoires in Paris. It was our privilege to be present on

Wednesday evening, August the 26th, when the Bishop of Chalon, in an eloquent discourse, welcomed the pilgrims from Lourdes to the time-honored Paris shrine. The ceremony was to begin at half-past seven: at six o'clock the church was well-nigh filled. Special places, in front of Our Lady's altar, had been reserved for the sick,—for those to whom, in His infinite wisdom and love, the Master refused the bodily health they desired; but on whom, we may believe, His choicest spiritual blessings will surely descend. It was pathetic to see a sick woman borne up by two sturdy *brancardiers*; a little boy, white as snow, carried in his father's arms. And, to check a regretful thought, we had to remember that "God knows best."

The stirring Lourdes hymn, with its spirited verses, echoed through the crowded church. The setting of the picture was different from that of Lourdes. Outside the church, instead of the snow-capped, silent mountains, were the noisy, restless Paris streets; but the spirit of the kneeling multitude was the same. Faith, hope, love, and filial confidence were expressed in the voices and attitude of that closely packed crowd. Men and women of all rank and age, priests and laymen, peasants from the distant provinces, noblemen and bourgeois, great ladies and workwomen, here met on common ground.

The ceremony at Notre Dame des Victoires is no unworthy epilogue of the great National Pilgrimage that brings the representatives of Catholic France to the holy Grotto. It seems to carry into the sceptical and frivolous atmosphere of Paris a breath of higher and purer thoughts, bringing its inhabitants in touch with the prayerful multitudes that day and night besiege Mary's throne at her favored shrine.

At the present moment, when the powers of evil seem unchained and are doing their best to unchristianize France, these public manifestations have a peculiar significance. They bring before us more

vividly the fact that, underlying the surface, there is still a strong foundation of faith in the French people. Prayer is never wasted; and surely the earnest, vehement, ceaseless petitions offered up by thousands of faithful souls must, in God's good time, draw down a blessing on the country wherein is set, like a beacon of hope, the great white Basilica of Our Lady of Lourdes.

Phileas Fox, Attorney.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

X.

NEXT morning, Phileas, who had sat up half the night looking over the papers, drew up a résumé of the case, in so far as he understood it, and began to cast about in his mind for some clue to that first and most arduous undertaking of discovering John Vorst. As he looked at the chimney tops, whence rose a haze of blue smoke, and downward into the crowded maze of streets, it seemed as if it were useless to try to find any trace of a single individual who had chosen to disappear from the public eye.

One thought that forced itself into his mind, always keenly observant, was: "Why did that wretched creature try to spy upon the mansion on Monroe Street?" His thoughts turned to a paper which lay upon his desk, the lease between the widow, described by the smart clerk as "a slippery customer," and the agent for a big estate. There had been some delay in the affixing of the signatures, and the two were to appear to-day, at eleven precisely. He looked at his watch: it wanted but five minutes of that hour.

As he waited he was painfully pondering the difficulties which lay in the way of the settlement of that special case that was to be so lucrative and so advantageous from every point of view. There had been little progress as yet; but the young

lawyer had made the success of that undertaking the subject of simple and earnest prayer, as he had done with everything, from his school examinations to his admission to the bar. While thus pondering, he heard the clock on a neighboring tower strike eleven; and almost at the very moment, as by enchantment, a knock came to the door. It was the widow, deprecating, apologetic with the harass and worry, and the other circumstances that had made her "a slippery customer," written legibly upon her face.

"Good-morning, sir!" she said.

"Good-morning!" answered the lawyer, cheerily. "I suppose you are the tenant mentioned in this lease?"

"Yes, sir, I am Susan O'Rourke."

"The conditions," said Phileas—for something in her appearance touched him,—“seem to me rather severe.”

The widow twisted her hands and eyed him as if uncertain what to say. She did not care to admit that she had frequently found it hard to get a house on any conditions, and that she was anxious to retain the one of which she was already in possession.

"You're not the gentleman that owns it?" she inquired.

"No, not at all," replied Phileas. "I have been merely instructed to draw up the lease. My name is Fox,—Phileas Fox."

The change that passed over the woman's face was instantaneous and perceptible. The sound of that name struck with a chill upon one who had grown accustomed to catch at straws, and attach an almost superstitious importance to the veriest trifles.

"Fox! Fox!" she repeated over to herself. "And a red fox at that! O the Lord help me for the people I'm getting in among!"

She shrank into herself, sitting helplessly on the edge of a chair, and apparently disinclined to utter another word.

"Are you prepared to accept these conditions?" Phileas asked kindly. "If you wish I'll read them over to you."

"Oh, what's the use?" broke forth the widow, fearing some snare on the part of this legal personage, whom she now regarded as a new adversary. "I'll have to accept them, whatever they are."

"But," said Phileas, "you should be aware of what obligations you are contracting." He spoke with a touch of severity, for it occurred to him that since she accepted conditions so recklessly she had no mind to keep them.

"It's this way, Mr. Fox," she said, pronouncing the obnoxious name with reluctance. "I want to keep the house I'm in. It suits me, and I'm used to it, and houses are always hard to get. The agent has made up his mind to raise the rent and to add new conditions, and I'll have to abide by them whatever they are, and do the best I can. It would ruin me entirely to leave the place."

"Well," said Phileas, "I have warned you, and I think you ought to hear these provisions read aloud before the agent comes, and to make up your mind if some less expensive house might not suit you better."

"Oh, that's it, is it, Mr. Fox?" said the woman, suddenly becoming aggressive, and pronouncing the name in a tone of such contempt as plainly conveyed her meaning to the lawyer.

Petty as was the offence, the young man reddened with vexation.

"You've got another tenant in your eye; and just because I'm a poor widow, you're trying to get out of the bargain. Oh, I knew what would happen the minute ever I heard your name!"

Despite the abusive tone, and the injustice of the charge, Phileas was moved to pity at sight of the thin, worn face.

"You are altogether mistaken," he said. "I have nothing at all to do with the matter, except that I was instructed to draw up this lease and procure the signatures."

The poor woman breathed more freely, resuming the seat which she had vacated; though still eyeing the young man with

a suspicion that was at once aggravating and amusing.

"I ask your pardon, sir!" she said. "But I'm that put about, with the fear of losing the house and all my lodgers with it, that I scarce know what I'm saying."

"Oh, I think you can keep the house all right!" said Phileas. "But, if you have the means of paying for it, you ought to get it on easier terms."

The wistful intentness of the widow's gaze, the pitiful contraction of the mouth, touched him to the quick.

"I'll see what I can do for you," he said impetuously.

"And you won't be charging me too much?" the woman asked anxiously.

Before Phileas could reply the door was thrown open with the barest suspicion of a knock, and a burly, red-faced personage advanced into the room, with a barely perceptible nod to the woman, and paused beside Phileas at the desk.

"I have been referred to you by Place & Atwater," he said briefly, as if he were unwilling to waste a syllable. "Have you got the lease ready to close this affair?"

"Take a seat, if you please, Mr. Grant," answered Phileas, disregarding the other's peremptory manner. "There is a word or two that should be said, on behalf of my client here."

"Your client! What the—" began the agent roughly; and the widow cast a startled glance at the lawyer. When she had chanced to be called by that title heretofore, she had paid dearly for the privilege.

"I should recommend a little more patience and civility, Mr. Grant," said Phileas, opening the lease. "They are never wasted."

He cast his eye over the various provisions of the lease, making a red mark here and there with a pencil.

"Before I can advise my client to sign, Mr. Grant," he said, "I must object to these provisions."

Mr. Grant, who was too shrewd a man of business to waste time in argument, took the document thus amended.

"What do you propose?" he asked.

Phileas, in a few, clear and forcible words, the form of which met with the other's approval, gave what he believed to be a fairer presentment of the widow's case.

"Before we go any further, Mr. Fox," the agent objected, with a spiteful glance at the woman, "you must know that this tenant is a notorious side-stepper when it comes to paying rent. She has been ejected more than once from houses, and is registered on several offices as bad pay. I myself have had trouble enough with her."

"Still," said Phileas, his sensitive face flushing at hearing the widow thus characterized in her presence, "if you accept her at all, it must be on fair conditions. Why do you try to make payment more difficult for her? If she fails to pay, of course that will be another matter; and, besides, you are free to reject her altogether."

"Oh, don't do that, Mr. Grant!" cried the widow. "Never heed him. I'm ready to take the house on any conditions."

The agent glanced from the woman to the young lawyer at the desk. There was something in this affair that he did not understand, and he wondered why Place & Atwater had chanced to transfer this particular case to a stranger. Nevertheless, he saw that Phileas had certain qualities which he did not care to antagonize, and he had no mind to deserve the reputation of being unduly hard. Moreover, it suited him to have a tenant for a house that would require much repair to render it desirable.

"Make it out as you will," he said; "and be quick about it. I have an appointment in twenty minutes."

Phileas set to work. Mr. Grant produced from his pocket a newspaper, to the perusal of which he devoted himself; and there was no sound in the office save

the scratching of the lawyer's pen. When Phileas had made the necessary corrections, the smart clerk from Place & Atwater's was called to act as witness, and the two principals affixed their respective signatures. This done, the clerk disappeared with surprising agility, followed by the agent, with a barely civil nod to Phileas, and an admonition to the tenant to look out for herself and come up to time with her rent. The widow stood twisting her hands and gazing doubtfully at the lawyer.

"Well," said the latter, cheerfully, "the conditions of payment are somewhat easier, and the agent has promised to pay for some of the repairs that may be required. I hope you will be able to meet your obligations."

"I'll do my best," promised the widow. "And now, sir, what have I to pay you?"

"Pay me!" said Phileas. "For what?"

"For those things you did,—the writing and all to that."

"For the writing, nothing," answered Phileas. "There is of course a fee payable by the tenant for making out the lease."

"I know that, sir," said the woman. "I have it here."

For, in fact, she was too fatally familiar with those minor forms of law, which her various experiences of house-renting had necessitated. She drew from her pocket a worn and shabby purse, and from its scanty contents took a bill.

"Never mind that!" said the lawyer. "Keep that for part of your next rent."

It was a quixotic action upon the part of a young man, who was rather hard pressed to make all ends meet. To his astonishment and somewhat to his dismay, the widow burst out crying,—not a demonstrative sobbing, but a quiet flow of tears, which she wiped away with a handkerchief of doubtful propriety.

"I'm twenty years at the business," she said, as soon as she had controlled her emotions, "and I never met with the like before. May God reward you, sir, for all you've done this day!"

"It's nothing,—not worth mentioning," Phileas protested.

"Nothing," repeated the woman, "to make that skinflint loosen his claws, and to charge me nothing for that lease and the work you've done! Oh, it's too much,—it's too much!"

"Well, perhaps you'll do *me* a good turn sometime, if you have the chance," responded Phileas. "And let me advise you again to be as punctual as you can with your payments. That agent is a hard man."

"He is that," assented the widow; "and I've met with many of them in my time. Oh, if you knew, sir, what it means to keep lodgers in New York city, with the sharks that are going about and the dead beats and frauds of every kind!"

"I suppose," remarked Phileas, with a sudden impulse of curiosity which he could scarcely have explained, "that you happen upon a good lodger occasionally?"

"If I didn't, sir, what would become of myself and my children?" the widow answered with emphasis. "There was one gentleman I had that was the best of all."

"Old or young?" asked Phileas, idly.

"Old enough," responded the woman, whose face, now relieved momentarily from the acute symptoms of worry, suggested a bygone comeliness, and whose tongue was loosened almost to garrulity by her joy in the solution of her difficulties. "About sixty I'd judge him to be."

"Was he in comfortable circumstances?" the lawyer inquired again.

"He was that, sir, and open and free-hearted; and, not like most of them, he was a real, tony gentleman."

A sudden gleam of genuine interest shot into Phileas' eyes.

"Had he any relatives?" he said eagerly.

"None that ever came next or near him," answered Susan O'Rourke, decidedly; and, being now launched on what was evidently a favorite topic, and gratified by the lawyer's interest, she went on: "And I may say to you, Mr. Fox, what I wouldn't say to another." (She looked

all around her and dropped her voice to a whisper.) "Sometimes it did appear to me that the poor gentleman might be in hiding."

"In hiding?" echoed Phileas, trying to conceal how profoundly he was moved by a statement which seemed to fit in with a possibility that had occurred to his mind. "But why should a gentleman such as you describe be in hiding?"

"Not from any fault of his own," said the woman,—"I'd stake my life for that. But maybe it was from some one he was afraid of or that had wronged him."

"Do you remember his name?" asked Phileas, breathlessly.

In a moment the widow's former suspicions had returned to her mind, and she answered dryly:

"He never told me his name, Mr. Fox, and I never asked him."

She watched the lawyer furtively as she spoke; for it is one of the penalties of living in a mean and sordid atmosphere that the suspicions are ever active and the whole being permeated with the poison of distrust.

Phileas insisted no further. Bidding the woman a cheerful "Good-morning!" he dismissed her. He, however, took a careful note of all that she had said concerning her mysterious lodger, and resolved to prosecute his inquiries in that direction at a more fitting opportunity. It was not for some time later, though, that he heard anything more of Susan O'Rourke. He was afraid to approach her in the matter too soon and too directly; for he had gauged her turn of mind, and felt convinced that her suspicions had been awakened by his too lively interest in her narrative, and especially by his question as to the name.

The hard and aggressive landlord unwittingly did him a favor. Calling at the house to collect the first month's rent, he delivered a tirade against the young attorney who had thrust his nose into other people's affairs, and who had made things so easy for the tenant and

cheapened the property. When the woman had informed the agent with futile garrulity of the lawyer's generosity, the agent had launched forth against soft-heads in general, and that one in particular. This abuse, coupled with Mr. Fox's genuine kindness, had somehow served to dispel her suspicions and to transform her into a partisan.

She transported herself once more to the tall building in Pine Street, passing with the continuous stream of people through the wide entrance, with its floor of tessellated marble, and up in one of the numerous elevators—wherein she was the only female passenger—to the fourteenth story. There she alighted; confused by the similarity of the offices, she took a wrong turn and stood looking helplessly around. Finally she made up her mind to inquire for the whereabouts of Phileas Fox at one of the doors, inside of which the men were all busy, looking out at her from high-railed desks, or up from low ones. She addressed her inquiry to an elderly clerk with a bald crown, who came forth from a half-glass door and escorted her to her destination. As they went, he observed by way of conversation:

"They say he's a right smart young feller, that Fox."

Mrs. O'Rourke threw up her hands.

"The smartest ever you met!"

"A regular fox, eh?" said the bald man, chuckling at his own joke. "Why, his name is a first-class advertisement for him, as most folks want a foxy lawyer."

"Indeed, then, he belies his name," replied the widow, with warmth. "He's the best-hearted young man that has crossed my path in many a day."

"Is that so?" commented the bald man, turning a scrutinizing glance upon his informant, as if to judge of her ability to form an opinion. "I may give him a call one of these days myself. I'm in search of an honest lawyer."

The pair had by this time reached their destination; and the bald man, with a wave of the hand to deprecate thanks, and

with the ejaculation, "There you are!" departed upon his way.

Mrs. O'Rourke had to wait for some moments in a tiny anteroom beyond the curtain, as Mr. Fox was engaged with one of the clients who had begun to arrive in respectable numbers within the last week. She was presently admitted, however, and provided with a chair beside the lawyer's desk. Phileas was in truth both surprised and pleased to see her, having pondered for several days on the advisability of paying her a visit. Greeting her cordially, with a jesting allusion to her landlord, he strove to put her at ease. She sat still, however, for some moments, with a painful twisting of her fingers that denoted agitation. Finally she said:

"Mr. Fox, sir, I'm afraid I was sharp with you the other day. A lone woman who has her way to make gets to be suspicious."

"Oh, said Phileas," it was perfectly natural! You were quite right to keep your lodger's secret, if he had one."

"It was all an idea of my own," said the widow, "that he wanted things kept secret. He never said so much to my face. But I was wondering, after I left you, if you had any reason for putting the questions you did."

Phileas hesitated, and the bright blue eyes gave forth their steel-like glint as he in turn questioned the speaker's face. It was shrewd of her to have surmised that he had some special motive in making inquiries; and he wondered if it were, indeed, gratitude or a desire to apologize that had brought her hither. All at once he came to a decision, and it was one in harmony with his natural disposition. It was in favor of dealing frankly with his visitor; for it must be owned that the investigations he had been conducting in various directions had utterly failed to "locate" the missing defendant in that once celebrated case. If the surmise which had flashed into his mind with the force of an intuition should be correct,

then this woman would be in a position to give him valuable information, or at least to furnish him with a clue that might be followed.

Phileas therefore answered truthfully that he had desired to learn the name of her mysterious lodger, because it had occurred to him that that personage might be identical with one of whom he was in search.

The woman hesitated, peering with her wistful, faded eyes into the lawyer's face; then she said slowly:

"If I thought it would do him harm what I'm going to tell you now, I'd be torn into bits before I'd breathe a syllable."

"If he be the gentleman I'm seeking," replied Phileas, eagerly, "he will greatly benefit by my discovery of his whereabouts. In fact, there is question of an act of justice to be done by a certain client of mine,—only I must ask you not to mention this to any one."

He made the latter suggestion merely as a precautionary measure, scarcely hoping that Susan would restrain her tongue under provocation to the contrary. But, after all, as he argued, very little harm could result if she did repeat this conversation to the wrong person; whereas there was a possibility of material gain by inducing her to tell what she knew.

Instead of going on with her story, she surprised the young lawyer by posing him a question in her turn, and one which might have seemed irrelevant to the subject.

"Tell me," said she, gazing earnestly into his face, "are you a Catholic, Mr. Fox,—one, I mean, that goes to his duty regularly?"

Phileas laughed.

"That is a very personal question, Mrs. O'Rourke," he responded. "But I don't mind telling you that I am a Catholic, and that I *do* go to confession."

"Sure I thought so!" the woman cried exultingly. "I knew it from the first."

And, having thus indulged in this slight deviation from accuracy, she declared: "Well, then, I'll tell you what I never thought to tell any one. It's something I found out."

She drew her chair closer; turning again, before she began her story, to scrutinize the room, as if she feared a listener. Susan, once launched upon her narrative, told all that she knew or surmised concerning her mysterious lodger. He had left her within the last half year, because, as she had gathered from a chance remark, he had been tracked to her house by some one whose observation he had wished to avoid. It was her opinion that the person in question was rich, or that at least he might have been so but for the machinations of evil-disposed relatives. Her prolix recital included the encomiums bestowed upon her dwelling and her system of keeping lodgers, coupled with vague theories as to the unknown one's condition, prospects, and supposed enemies. While Phileas listened, it had frequently occurred to him that the whole might be a very ordinary and sordid affair,—a good paying lodger transformed by Susan's lively imagination into a "real tony gentleman"; and that the man's reasons for secrecy might be of the most prosaic, if not disreputable, nature.

Nevertheless, in some secret corner of his mind he cherished the hope, extravagant as it might appear, that the former tenant of Mrs. O'Rourke's best room might turn out to be the very individual of whom he was in search. At all events, it was with a stirring of the pulses that he received from Susan's hand a torn and ragged scrap of paper, which had been rescued from the sweepings of the room after the lodger's departure. Susan believed the address thereon inscribed to be the gentleman's actual place of abode. She protested again and again that she would not have given this information to any one in the world but Phileas, and hoped that he would not think

she intended to betray a trust. Phileas, on his part pledged his solemn word of honor that nothing but good should accrue to her late boarder, should he prove to be the personage whom he sought; and that in any case the knowledge so obtained would not be used to his disadvantage. The lawyer thanked her warmly for the service she had rendered, and promised to pay her a visit and acquaint her with the result of her disclosure.

(To be continued.)

Hymn for the Holy Father.

BY EMILY HICKEY.

PRAISE to the Lord who ne'er forsook
His own, nor will forsake!

Praise to the Guardian sleeping not,
But evermore awake!

Praise to the Lord who gave His fold
To one true Shepherd's care,
That beast of prey and evil thief
Might never enter there!

Praise to the Lord who laid on him
The charge supreme to keep,
In threefold love, in threefold grace,
To feed His lambs and sheep!

Thou God of might, Thou God of Love,
As due it is and meet,
We pray for him Thy hand hath set
Upon this royal seat.

From rage and wile of fiend and foe
Guard Thou Thine holy one,
Anointed king of Christendom
By Thine anointed Son.

O Father, bless the fatherhood
Thou bidd'st Thy children own!
O Master, bless the lordship true
That is from Thee alone!

Glory to God the Three in One,
To God the One in Three;
As aye hath been, and so is now,
And evermore shall be!

St. Vincent de Paul and "Les Oiseaux."

HAVING one day, not long ago, rendered the last solemn tribute of respect to a dear friend laid to rest in Mont Parnasse Cemetery, I stood before the adjacent terminus, about to step into a tramcar homeward bound, when I thought of wending my way to the Rue de Sévres, in which quarter recent events have wrought so many painful changes. So I passed down the Rue de Rennes, and turned into the old Rue St. Placide, where lived and died the writer Huysmans. Going thence to the Rue de Sévres, a few moments later I entered, at No. 95, the church of the Lazarist Fathers and their world-famed home, from whose threshold saints have gone forth to reap harvests of souls for Christ, and to win for themselves, amidst unheard-of sufferings, the martyr's crown of immortality. There one may visit the "Salles des Martyrs," where lie gathered together the countless instruments invented by barbarian minds for the torture of these holy missionaries.

To the right on entering the church, is the chapel dedicated to Blessed Jean Gabriel Perboyre, whose long-drawn-out martyrdom was eloquently described in THE AVE MARIA. If one may judge of the power of his intercession by the number of *ex-votos* covering the walls, surely he must be a potent pleader in all necessities. To the left of the entrance is an altar unique, I believe, in Paris. It is the oratory of the "Agony in the Garden." At its foot fervent souls are constantly sending to Heaven supplications, that happier days may come after the cruel period through which we are passing. All the centre of the church is reserved for the Fathers, long double rows of stalls occupying each side. A small part only of the edifice is left for the faithful, being divided from the Fathers' sanctuary by a high carved-oak screen. Above the aisles runs a gallery, in which are always to be seen some of the Fathers praying.

Many, many times had I visited this church. How was it that to-day it seemed changed, as if a veil of sadness hung over the place? What did it mean? What gave this martyrs' cradle the appearance of a being from whom the soul had fled? The answer is not difficult to find. The relics of the great St. Vincent de Paul are no longer here. Above the high altar is the shrine of that glorious apostle of the poor. Hitherto I had always seen it brilliantly lighted by innumerable votive lamps. Now all is dark. The precious relics no longer repose among the religious, who looked on them as their dearest inheritance. The relics—like so many of those who constituted all that was best, purest, most generous and self-sacrificing in France—have gone on the dolorous road to exile. The presiding spirit, after God, of the Lazarists' home no longer dwells among them; it is not to be wondered at that the church bears a different aspect.

It is more than useless to inquire where the relics have been taken: no information will be vouchsafed. Even Sisters of Charity, personal friends of mine, declare their "superiors" have not given any indication. It is believed, however, that they have been translated either to Liège or to its neighborhood. In any case, it was the Bishop of Liège who received them on foreign soil. They were brought away in the greatest secrecy, and had left France before any one knew a word of the intended change. How they crossed the frontier, how they passed through the *douane* under the observation of lynx-eyed custom officials, constitutes a double mystery.

Surely no saint's remains have ever known such wanderings as those of our dear St. Vincent de Paul. His relics can scarcely be said to have enjoyed any *requiescat in pace*. They primarily reposed in the first convent of the Lazarists, who, it is well known, took their name from the "St. Lazare" convent. Cardinal de Noailles, accompanied by the Bishop of

Tulle, came there in 1712; and, the coffin being opened, "Monsieur Vincent," as the saint was familiarly called, was found almost intact. The body, after careful examination, was robed in sacerdotal vestments and placed in a reliquary. This was subsequently opened several times,—first, to replace the linen alb by another of a silk-woven tissue; then for the purpose of ornamenting, or gilding, the reliquary; and perhaps also on a third occasion.

At the Revolution in 1789, the mob broke into the convent, where even St. Vincent's humble room did not arrest their fury. They threw his venerated image on the ground, fixing the head on a pike and carrying it along the streets, through crowds of the ungrateful population whose best friend he had been, finally throwing the head away. From his room they carried off the carefully cherished objects which the great benefactor of humanity had used,—his old worn-out clothes, his stick, his straw-seated chair, his old hat, together with other treasured souvenirs.

In 1792 the commissary of national property visited St. Lazare, claiming all the church's silver ornaments and the shrine. The missionaries, forced to abandon the latter, claimed the precious relics. The commissary consented to make over to them all that remained of the great apostle of the poor. The relics were placed in a box and carried to the residence of François Daudé, a relative of the procurator general of St. Lazare. Thence they were transferred to the house of Clariret, notary of the Congregation, where they remained till the close of the Reign of Terror. In 1796 they were taken to the Rue Neuve St. Etienne, and, for greater safety, hidden away in a wall. In 1806, in presence of the vicar general of the newly re-constituted Congregation, the relics were entrusted to the care of the Sisters of Charity, then in the Rue du Vieux Colombier.

In the course of all these changes, the heart of the glorious saint had been

taken out, Madame d'Aiguillon * devoting a large sum for a splendid reliquary. During the Revolution, the heart was sent to Turin, being brought back to France by General Menon at the special demand of Napoleon. On the 23d of June, 1815, the body was transported from the Rue du Vieux Colombier to 140 Rue du Bac, then the mother-house of the Daughters of Charity. At this time Mgr. Dubourg, setting out for New Orleans, obtained a fragment of the precious remains.

The large old residence of the De Lorges family having become the head establishment of the Lazarists in 1816, to this house—95 Rue de Sévres—the body of the saint was solemnly translated in 1830. The case was again opened, the remains examined anew, and a portion of the relics bestowed on churches which had claimed them almost as a right. Richer vestments were substituted for those in which the remains were robed in 1712, and in the hands was reverently placed the crucifix with which it was believed the saint had blessed Louis XIII. at the moment of death. From this last resting-place the relics of one of France's greatest saintly glories have again gone forth. Let us hope that one more journey awaits them—a happy wandering,—when, the storm of religious persecution having calmed down, they may return to Paris evermore to remain.

Saddened, I left the old church, after praying for the far-off missionaries, as well as for those among their brothers who still remain here; for only Heaven knows what yet awaits them. I stood irresolute in the busy street. Should I return home or further explore the quarter, and see what havoc the tyrants now *mis*-guiding our destinies have made among all the splendid souvenirs of the

* Marie Madeleine, Duchesse d'Aiguillon, was the niece of Richelieu. Having become a widow after a few years of married life, she devoted all her time and immense fortune to charitable works. She died in 1658.

past? One used to meet at every step such souvenirs in this old quarter, soon, when all the convents are confiscated, to be a quite up-to-date place, from which, I fear, much of the oldtime "peace and sweet content" will have fled forever.

Up the street I went, and very soon found myself opposite the world-famed convent of "Les Oiseaux," now in the hands of the *liquidateur*, and, for the time being, let out in apartments, the tenants paying a purely nominal rent. No lease is made, no guarantee given that the tenants may not receive notice to quit at any quarter. There on the front, hanging from the small window balconies, were signs informing the public that "apartments" and "single rooms" were "to let." The immense building, with its splendid park and gardens, stands at the corner of the Rue de Sévres, occupying Nos. 84 and 86—and runs far along the Boulevard des Invalides.

I crossed the street, rang the bell, and the huge door opened. I entered and a tall old man, straight as an arrow despite his seventy-nine years, came from the porter's lodge, where in past days used to sit the "Sœur Tourière." "I see you have apartments to let," I said. "I *had* apartments," he answered, "but as soon as the signs were put up the entire place was let in forty-eight hours. The rents are so cheap, everyone wanted to come here." Then, after looking at me in a scrutinizing manner, he continued: "Perhaps you are an artist, a painter; if so, I have yet remaining something magnificent that would suit for a studio. If you are a sculptor, there is the grand reception salon, thirty metres long. Will you come and see? There is also the fine dormitory on the first floor, exactly over the grand salon. And, yet again, if it might suit you better, there is the chapel."

"The chapel!" I exclaimed, with horror. "You don't mean to say that the wretched *liquidateur* lets the chapel to tenants?"

"He turns everything into money," was the brief reply.

"But surely no one has offered to take the chapel?"

"I beg your pardon! A doctor came as soon as the signs were up. He wanted the chapel very badly."

For a moment I felt somewhat relieved, supposing that the doctor wished to transform God's sanctuary into a clinic, wherein suffering humanity might seek and find relief. Such a destiny seemed less a profanation than another would have been. This thought crossed my mind rapidly; but before I had time to speak my guide inquired:

"You could not guess to what use he meant to turn it?"

"A clinic?"

"No, indeed!" said the good man. "He wanted it for a tennis court! The doctor explained that during the winter weather his daughters and their friends were deprived of this favorite amusement. He believed the chapel would do them nicely; under its shelter they would be all right. But he was sadly disappointed to find that the shape would not suit at all."

This was enough for me. To change the conversation, I told the old man that I was a "friend of the house," who had come to visit it again before it disappeared forever; that the nun I knew and cherished most of all the community was Mère M. This name acted as a magic spell; the ice was broken; at once we became friends.

"Ah, you knew that good, kind lady?"

"Yes. When I was a child in dear old Erin, she, as a grown-up girl, returning each year from her Paris convent, was an object of great envy to me. It seemed such a splendid thing to be at school in a Paris convent. Then when fortune cast my lot in fair France, I found her a holy nun in Paris."

"She was a *saint*," rejoined the doorkeeper. "The going away nearly killed her. She was a very *grande dame*. Sometimes the English Ambassador and his wife used to come to see her. But she

much preferred her own poor Irish folk to these grand English people."

Then we chatted over convent affairs. The community spent three years preparing everything for the departure and the removal of all their earthly belongings. The good man with whom I spoke had been thirty-six years gardener in the place; the *liquidateur* kept him as *concierge*.

Every plant in the gardens, greenhouse and conservatory had been given away,—distributed among the families of the pupils. In their English home at Westgate-on-Sea, whither sixty-five French pupils have accompanied them, and whence, on fine, clear days, the coast of France can be descried, the nuns have built a chapel, a duplicate of the Paris sanctuary. To it they brought all their church decorations and ornaments,—exact copies of those in the exquisite Sainte Chapelle.

The old man again spoke of Mère M., and told laughingly how, each returning spring, she used to come, in the rhubarb season, inquiring: "*Eh, bien, Monsieur François!* Is the rhubarb ripe? You know our Irish pupils are waiting impatiently for their pies." And with a huge armful she used to hurry off to the kitchen, there to help the French Sister in the pie making. She always brought some pie to Monsieur François; but he never tasted it. It looked a "queer dish," he confided to me; adding that foreign cooking must be *very* strange.

While we chatted, future tenants came to take measures for carpets, curtains, and other furniture; and M. François was obliged to look after them. He told me that, if it would give me pleasure, I might wander through the house and enter any room the door of which I found unlocked. Gladly I roamed about the dormitories, class-rooms, study-halls, play-rooms, in which so many generations of nuns and pupils had worked and enjoyed themselves together. They interested me much when years ago Mère M. first showed them to me. Still more, if sadly, interesting were they to-day as I went through

them, thinking of the *dispersées*, of the wrenched hearts, as, one after another, they left the old walls behind,—those walls which had sheltered nuns and pupils bearing the most illustrious names of France,—not forgetting those who from distant lands had flocked to Les Oiseaux. Everything in the place told of comforts bestowed on the pupils, of simplicity in all connected with community life; the nuns' refectory being a poor, low-roofed, tile-floored room, their dinner service of the commonest brown earthenware.

The solitude and silence soon became painful in this great convent, where I used to come amidst the busy hum of life on "parlor days," when at every step one met a smiling, happy nun, or heard a joyous, girlish laugh. Quickly I rejoined M. François and thanked him for his gracious courtesy. Then, as a special favor, he allowed me to take a turn in the gardens and park, under whose trees so many merry games were played.

Here likewise reigned solitude and silence, unbroken save by the blithesome warbling of the birds, unconscious of the sad changes around. Unconscious? Perchance not wholly so. Surely they must miss the joyous sound of the merry *rondes* so often sung by childish voices or danced by pretty, glancing feet. The garden Calvary was gone; the Lourdes Grotto remained; but Mary's radiant image no longer smiled down on the visitor. The chapel door was locked, though nought remains save the bare walls.

On coming back, I found M. François alone. He could give no certain information as to the final destiny of the place. There was a question of using the building for State offices; but the house was old, far from central, and consequently inconvenient. The property is of immense value, so we may safely auger that it will all be sold, that the convent will be taken down and large houses erected; the beautiful gardens and park will disappear to make place for overcrowded modern dwellings.

I confessed to an interest in M. François himself. What would become of him? Alas, he had hoped to end his days peacefully in the house which so long had been his home! The good God had ordained otherwise. Happily, his two daughters, dressmakers, assured him that, so long as they live, *petit père* would ever have a roof to shelter him. "You don't think the *liquidateur* will help you?" I asked. M. François only shook his head. The great Lacordaire observed that sometimes "silence is more eloquent than words." This old man's silence seemed fraught with meaning.

As I did not feel any scruple when speaking of this ill-reputed *liquidateur*, I thought I would give M. François some information concerning him,—information which, I wickedly hoped, would be "balm to his heart," as the French put it. So I related how this dreaded *liquidateur*, carefully brought up by Catholic parents, had trampled on all the holy teachings received in youth, and had come a poor young man to Paris, determined to make a fortune. This he has achieved; the liquidation of the religious Orders—their spoliation, we should say—has made him a wealthy man. In his Department, the Vienne, he had left his now aged parents and many friends. Near the home of his youth he purchased a lordly estate and chateau, furnishing the dwelling magnificently. But when he and his wife went to take possession, the *liquidateur* learned that his parents and relations had disowned and cast him off forever, that every door was closed to him and Madame. So, finding life unbearable in the country under such circumstances, the couple returned to Paris, where the husband continues his dishonest work, but where, from a social standpoint, they are lost in the crowd. "God is just," answered M. François. "Even in this world chastisement sometimes comes."

I shook hands with the kindly old man, saying not "Good-bye," but *Au revoir*, as I promised to look him up the first time

I returned to his quarter. He was so pleased to gossip over the past joys of Les Oiseaux.

I retraced my steps down the Rue de Sévres, again passing before the Lazarists', until I came to the old convents of St. Thomas de Villeneuve and the Abbaye aux Bois, purchased in 1719 by the nuns of Notre Dame aux Bois. The story of the latter may be written some day, as much of deep interest hovers around its precincts. It is levelled to the ground to make way for the triumphal march of the great Boulevard Raspail. A small portion of the chapel walls still remains erect,—the chapel where I was privileged to assist at the profession of a niece of that great champion of Catholic rights, Louis Veuillot. On a wall, under the arms of the convent, may be read: *Notre Dame de Tout Aide, protégez-nous*. Elsewhere the ivy still clings to the crumbling walls, its vigorous branches seeking ever to climb, despite the ruins beneath. Among its leaves I discerned the mural inscription: "Let our eyes be ever turned toward the grave, our heart fixed in heaven, our hands ever doing the work of God."

The community of St. Thomas de Villeneuve has found a home at Neuilly-sur-Seine, one of the large residences formerly belonging to the Orléans family having been bought. This community is allowed to exist, as the nuns do not "pervert" youth by religious training. Their vocation is to receive boarders—ladies who late in life find themselves alone in the world. The old "Pavillon de Madame Adélaïde" is undergoing complete repair. A chapel is being built, the sanctuary of which is to receive the miraculous image of Notre Dame de Bonne Délivrance, the great treasure of this community. Their old convent—it stood almost opposite the Abbaye aux Bois—is likewise knocked down. On its walls may yet be deciphered, here and there, various inscriptions, one of which particularly attracted me: "The perfection and happiness of man consist in ever

doing the will of God." Surely this motto has been the watchword of those legions of religious cruelly sent adrift from their peaceful convents. Could Christian resignation degenerate into a defect, surely the religious of France, men and women, have put it into practice. Never did I hear a murmur, never a word of repining. *Fiat voluntas tua!* from one and all.

As I came homeward, the vision of a nun's cell in Les Oiseaux rose before me. On its whitewashed wall hung a large printed card,—gladly would I have carried it away. The words inscribed thereon remained engraven in my mind. "Woe to those who do the work of God negligently!" And I reflected, asking mentally what dire woe a just and avenging God holds in reserve for those who, with such unremitting perseverance, such premeditated cruelty, such utter want, not merely of every chivalrous feeling, not merely of consideration for the aged, helpless and defenceless, but with such complete disregard for the most elementary honesty, have undertaken and still pursue unrelentingly the work of Satan!

EBLANA.

The Faith amid the Polar Snows.

ALONE, among the faiths of the world, the religion of Jesus Christ is catholic; it finds itself as much at home among the most primitive races as in the midst of the highest civilization. Alone, among religious societies, the Church that is ruled by Christ's Vicar in Rome knows no limitations of race, color, or condition. It only is the Universal Kingdom; within it alone there is no question of Jew or Gentile, bond or free, rich or poor, because it alone possesses the unity of Christ, who is all in all.

Nothing brings this sublime truth more strikingly to the Catholic mind than the study of the missions of the Church throughout the world. It is a study which should find more eager students than it

does at present. In spite of the vast tracts as yet unwon to Christ, the conquests that are being gained for Him in every part of the world form a magnificent picture of heroic devotion and self-sacrifice, of triumphant faith and most splendid charity.

In a recent number of the intensely interesting *Katholischen Missionen*, published at Freiburg im Breisgau, there appears a short account, from the pen of Father Joseph Bernard, S. J., of what the Church is doing in the northern part of Alaska. He writes from Nome, the most northern town in America. "Nome," he says, "lies on the Arctic Circle, near Behring Strait. Our mission, church, school, and dwelling house, stand compactly on the seashore. Behind us rise the needle-like peaks of a great range of mountains; no tree or bush is to be seen: it is a truly desolate landscape. It is said that our mission is the most remote from Rome. In any case, our communication with the central point of Christendom is a very difficult matter.

"There is nothing tropical about Nome. Even in summer one needs only to dig one metre deep to meet with ice. Above this lies auriferous soil—which does not, however, alter the fact that we live in poverty.

"Winter lasts eight months. It is the time of the long polar night. The sun shows only his rim above the ice of the Behring Sea toward ten o'clock; the sight does not seem to please him, for toward two o'clock he sets again. The moon therefore does her best to make amends for the conduct of her hasty spouse. She turns her full face to us with a smile, shining like burnished metal. But, in spite of all, the temperature sinks to fifty degrees below zero. By the end of October the sea is covered with its icy mantle, which it does not put off before the middle of June.

"From October to February there is no post up here, and we are entirely cut off from the civilized world, buried under

a thick covering of ice and snow. From February to March the dog-post goes, marking a great advance. There are in this country innumerable dogs, which in winter take the place of horses.

"This dog-post is managed thus. The letters are brought by steamer to Juneau, in south Alaska, on the Pacific coast; from thence they are brought northward on sledges. The brave beasts have to run as many as one thousand kilometres, through a boundless waste of snow, before they reach Nome. The journey lasts two months. Naturally enough, these post journeys are not without mishap, and many letters are lost,—how, it is often impossible to say. From April to the middle of June we are again without a post. When the sea is now at last open, the steamers appear, bringing us stores, letters, and parcels. This is the time to let our dear ones in Europe or America know that we are still alive.

"That is the material side of our life up here; one gets at last quite used to it. Now for a word about our Eskimos, on whose account we have come here.

"The Nome mission is already four or five years old, and was founded, in the first place, for the Eskimos of this district. They are found all along these coasts, and also in Siberia, which lies opposite to us, only one hundred kilometres away. The Eskimos of this part belong to the best Alaskan stock. Peaceable, entirely uncorrupted from without, thoroughly awake, and of a bright disposition, they give us every proof of a truly good will.

"We now count one hundred and fifty Catholics among them. Please do not look contemptuously on this number; for, though it seems so small, it is an excellent result in consideration of our circumstances here. Remember that our present superior, Père La Fortune, of the Canadian Province, had to take extraordinary pains for fully two years in order to learn the difficult language. When one can speak it fluently, the real mission work may begin.

"Since Easter we have had to record

forty baptisms. No one is baptized until he is thoroughly familiar with the prayers and catechism. But since the people can not read as yet, and books must first be printed in their language, to learn so much costs them sufficient labor. Every evening we give Christian instruction, in which the pictures of the 'good news' render us excellent assistance. As yet only one Father speaks the language fluently; I trust there will soon be two."

This slight sketch of one of the most remote and inhospitable outposts of the Church should appeal to every Catholic reader. Its very simplicity is eloquent. To those who can read between the lines, it is a record of marvellous self-sacrifice *ad maiorem Dei gloriam*; all the more wonderful because so utterly devoid of self-consciousness. Here, as elsewhere, the sons of St. Ignatius are waging a peaceful warfare, grand in its matter-of-fact heroism, certain in its issues.

The good Father gives the "Hail Mary" in Eskimo, as a proof of the linguistic difficulty which the missionaries have to face. It certainly does not convey the impression that the Eskimo tongue is one that a man would take up as the recreation of his spare hours. Here it is:

"Koyèsugin, Mary, ummatin imékaktok nakosumik, angayutikut illipniittok; nakosutin arnénin illoknaéni; katunraragin Jesus.—Holy Mary angayutin Arnak; wagut atchiukupta angayuti, karrumap-tiut pakmamé tchuli tokulrata rupta. Amen."

If it is true, as we are told, that "Time is the stuff that life is made of," then wasting time is wasting life, and stealing time is stealing life, and "killing time" is a kind of suicide or murder,—perhaps both; for an idler very commonly steals another's time with which to kill his own. These time-thieves are nearly all out of jail and are to be found in the best society. I would rather meet a pickpocket.

—Josiah Strong.

Notes and Remarks.

It was eminently proper, and prudent also, that Archbishop Bourne, in deference to a suggestion of Premier Asquith, should omit the outdoor procession of the Blessed Sacrament, arranged to be held during the Eucharistic Congress in London. In making public announcement of this disappointing change in the programme, the Archbishop is reported to have said that, while as a loyal Englishman he "felt it was his duty to conform to the publicly expressed wishes of the constituted authorities, he was not prepared to submit to the bigoted dictation of the Protestant Alliance." He firmly refused to regard Mr. Asquith's communication as a private intimation, declaring that the Premier must take the responsibility of making a public request. And the Premier had to do this, in spite of his very evident reluctance. It is to be hoped that the Archbishop's action was greeted with a loud "bravo" by every Catholic in Great Britain.

We venture to predict that when the next Eucharistic Congress is held in London, the howls of bigots will have become so faint as to attract no attention, and all danger of unpleasant scenes during a public procession of the Blessed Sacrament will forever have disappeared. Meantime let us take to heart these words of Bishop Hedley:

No golden banners, no flowers, no festal music, no incense, can honor the Holy of Holies like the devotion of a loyal Catholic multitude. No glorious High Mass or outdoor procession can be so worthy of Jesus Christ as the ceaseless coming and going of rich and poor, young and old, in the sanctuary where He waits to give Himself to His children and to transform them into Himself. With this we may be well content, whilst we wait for better times. But truly the times will be good and acceptable when the devout frequentation of daily Mass and daily Communion shall have formed the great Christian body into a compact, resolute, and disciplined army of Jesus Christ, clear-sighted to the things of this world, militant on behalf of the Kingdom of Christ, and not afraid to lose even life itself that life may be found. When

such times have come—and may we not say they are in sight?—it will not be long before another great world-movement takes place, and the Holy Eucharist is once more put in possession of the outward glory which is Its right.

The *Univers*, of Paris, is authority for the statement that King Edward VII. did make an effort to do something to stop Clemenceau and Briand in their orgies of persecution of religion in France, and that he refused to further the famous *entente cordiale* without a formal guarantee that the churches of France would not be closed by the French Government. There is some reason, apart from the Parisian journal's declaration, to believe that the story is quite true; and there is no doubt at all that at one stage of the discussion of the Separation Law the French Government had fully decided to devise clauses which would have in a short time turned all the churches in France to secular use. That they have not as yet done so is, of course, no guarantee that such a course will not yet be adopted; but in the meantime one may hope that the world-wide condemnation of anti-religious abominations in France may give pause to Messrs. Clemenceau and company.

It may not be generally known that the State of Louisiana maintains an asylum for lepers which it has given in charge to Catholic Sisters. (We are not aware that Protestants of any denomination have ever objected to this action on the part of the State government, or claimed the right of sharing in the Sisters' service.) The institution is governed by a Board appointed by the Governor. From all accounts, the asylum is admirably managed; nothing being left undone to ameliorate the sufferings of its unfortunate inmates, some of whom, it is asserted, have been much benefited by the expert medical treatment afforded. Concluding a notice of the Lepers' Home, as it is called, the New Orleans *Picayune* says:

But it is not proposed that Louisiana shall undertake to care for all the lepers in the nation.

Other States can do as Louisiana has done. And as for the United States Government, it is its bounden duty to take care of its own soldiers and sailors who have become infected with the disease while on foreign service; and this care should be extended to all civilians who worked for the Government in those foreign stations.

The American people are going to wake up to the fact that their territorial possessions in tropical countries will in the course of time produce a numerous crop of lepers in the various States—North, South, East and West.

This warning was sounded years ago by Mr. Charles Warren Stoddard,—long before we had acquired the territorial possessions referred to. The number of unsegregated lepers in the United States even then was alarming; and meantime the dread disease has greatly increased in many parts of the civilized world, especially perhaps in South America and Norway. Mr. Stoddard wrote:

It is not impossible—yea, it is not improbable—that at some future time in these United States it may become necessary to enact special laws for the protection of the people at large, and the segregation of those who have fallen victims to the most dreadful of all scourges.

The seeds of the plague are sown in the track of the Chinese cooly, and the fact should be considered in season; for anon we may hear the hopeless cry ringing from shore to shore: "Too late, too late!"

We have more than once commented on the plain speaking, on any and all subjects, of the London *Academy*; and we have more than a score of times within recent months been tempted to reiterate the comment—and give patent proof of its justice. The following proofs are typical:

When an Englishman makes comparisons between the Parliamentary ways of his own and other countries, he never fails to lay stress on one great difference between, let us say, France and England. "In France," we are informed, "enemies in the Chamber are more or less enemies in private life. You do not see an anti-clerical Radical dining amicably with a Legitimist Catholic. How different it is in England!" etc. And the implied or expressed conclusion is that our own system is infinitely creditable to our good temper and our common-sense. This sort of thing has been repeated again

and again; it is the standing dish of comparative politics; and, so far as we are aware, no one has pointed the real moral of the case. The Legitimist and the Radical will not dine together because each has a sincere belief in the righteousness of his own cause, and as sincere a belief in the utter villainy of his opponent's opinions. If one loves God, or tries to love God, one does not make oneself agreeable to a person who has "kicked the Christ" out of the schools. If one believes that religion is the curse of humanity, one does not take one's *apéritif* with militant clericals. In England it is different? Certainly; and the reason is that English politics is a fetid hypocrisy. All sincere and honest conviction has long departed from the political field, and neither the average Conservative nor the average Liberal has the faintest belief in the opinions which he expresses.

Anent a recent book, designed to perfect the understanding between the peoples of England and America, an *Academy* reviewer says:

Our own view is that the "peoples" concerned understand one another quite sufficiently. We do not believe for a moment that any appreciable body of persons in America is in the least likely to look to England for inspiration or direction in the conduct of life. America will persist in her own pyrotechnics, and her own shouting, boastings, and "ideals," and in her contempt for our slow, effete, feudal England, no matter how much culture she obtains or how much sight-seeing she may do. We in England, on the other hand, have most strenuously to entrench ourselves against the American spirit in matters of business, in matters of letters and art, in matters of politics and government, and even in matters of morals. Until the Americans change their spots—a feat which they are little likely to accomplish—it behooves England to be aware of those spots. And in our opinion attempts to rub them out or to chalk them over, after the manner of the author of this book, render both parties a disservice.

The following extract from a pastoral letter published by Bishop Hedley, on the occasion of the Eucharistic Congress in London, is of general interest:

This is going to be the characteristic note of the coming epoch of Catholic history—frequent and daily Communion. At first, it is possible that even good Catholics may be somewhat surprised, or even scandalized, at what seems to be an encouragement to laxity. On reflection, they will see that a Christian who partakes of

the Body of the Lord in a state of sanctifying grace, and with the actual devotion of a conscious good intention, can not be irreverent to the great Sacrament, and at the same time gives to his Saviour the occasion and opportunity which He has ordained and arranged for increasing the spiritual life of the soul and drawing it ever nearer to Himself. We may look forward to a generation of Catholics who will be far more thorough than ourselves or our predecessors. The daily communicants, who will be the great majority of those who keep free from mortal sin, will be more zealous for the Church and the Faith, more assiduous in daily prayer, and less ready to compromise with the world and the devil than we are. Good Catholics will be braver, simpler, and more self-sacrificing than they are now. They will more habitually put their religion before everything, stand up for the Holy See, and teach their children to be proud of being Catholics. For this good prospect we may confidently trust to the present advance in the Church's use of the great Sacrament of life and strength.

As can not too often be insisted upon, the primary purpose of the Holy Eucharist is the conferring upon its recipients of strength to resist sensual passions, to cleanse themselves from the stains of daily faults, and to avoid the graver sins to which human frailty is liable. Frequentation of the sacraments has ever been the hall-mark of the exemplary Catholic; but frequent Communion will mean for the next generation of the faithful—and let us hope for very many of the present generation—approaching the Holy Table, not merely every month or every week, but five or six times a week, if not daily.

Mount St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg, Maryland—or "The Mountain," as its alumni like to call it,—is the only establishment in the United States having under the same management a lay college and an ecclesiastical seminary, and owned and conducted by priests of various dioceses, and laymen from different parts of the country, Cardinal Gibbons being president of the Board of Trustees. Mount St. Mary's was founded in October, 1808, by the Rev. John Dubois, afterward Bishop of New York; and its centennial

is to be appropriately celebrated on the 14th and 15th of next month. That there is abundant cause for rejoicing on the part of the president and faculty is clear from the statement that five hundred priests of many different dioceses hail Mount St. Mary's as their mother; thirty members of the hierarchy, including a cardinal and several archbishops, recognize her as their *Alma Mater*; and thousands of men in every department of civil and military, professional and mercantile life owe to her their spiritual, physical and intellectual training. Among the more prominent of her sons may be mentioned: Cardinal McCloskey, Archbishop Hughes, Rev. Dr. Charles Constantine Pise, Gunning S. Bedford, M. D., all of New York; Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte and Charles Carroll Harper, of Baltimore; and Archbishop Purcell, of Cincinnati.

The Catholics of this country, irrespective of State limitations, may well re-echo the praises of Mount St. Mary's, and, on the approaching festival, breathe a fervent prayer that the blessings of God may be as copiously poured upon it during its second century as has evidently been the case during its first.

In an extended review of a Life of Ramtanu Lahiri, the great Bengali educationist and reformer, who died in 1898, the *Athenæum* quotes this specimen of the "tawdry rhetoric" of Macaulay, who, it seems, was the first to misrepresent the Bengali:

What the horns are to the buffalo, what the paw is to the tiger, what the sting is to the bee, what beauty, according to the old Greek song, is to women, deceit is to the Bengali. Large promises, smooth excuses, elaborate tissues of circumstantial falsehood, chicanery, perjury, forgery, are the weapons, offensive and defensive, of the people of the Lower Ganges.

It is a distinct service, we think, to show how mischievous and misleading generalizations of this sort usually are. Macaulay is only one of many historians to indulge in them. That the ordinary English estimate of the Indian character is founded

on ignorance and prejudice there can be no doubt. Says the *Athenæum*:

Writing, two centuries before Christ, of the Hindus in the neighborhood of Patna, an educated Greek selected as the leading feature in their character their honesty and integrity in the ordinary relations of life. This is in a great measure true of the Hindu villager of to-day. The Hindu broker, before he was corrupted by contact with Western civilization, thought it an insult to be asked to reduce his contracts to writing. Contracts for immense sums were made on verbal security, and were kept. Long subjection to foreign masters has no doubt affected the Indian character. The chicanery, perjury, and forgery to which Macaulay referred were due to the atmosphere of the courts during Mohammedan despotism. The Bengali has bitterly resented the taunt of cowardice which Macaulay hurled at him; and it showed a lamentable want of tact for a member of the Government of India to speak a little time ago of the transformation of the timid Bengali. The Bengali was never a coward in any common sense; and a young generation, resenting the accusation of cowardice, have striven to repair their physical weakness.

Civilization is demoralization in numerous instances. Like many other people under the domination of foreign masters, the Bengali will be civilized in the true sense only when they have got rid of much that has been forced upon them under political sway.

At eighty-five years of age, Dr. Edward Everett Hale has apparently lost nothing of the Unitarian dogmatism with which for some decades past he has been condemning a Church which he has either failed to study or has consciously misrepresented. Writing recently in the *Christian Register*, the doughty octogenarian said:

To an ecclesiastic, religion means machinery, statements of doctrine, lists of church members. It means the architecture of the steeple. It means the dress of a priest. It means the amount in a contribution box.

The Boston *Pilot* supplies an excellent commentary on this rather comprehensive statement:

Somehow or other, this contemptuous fling at the contribution box seems to remind us that

Mr. Hale himself has never been slow in asking people to lend a hand and to pass around the basket. Or perhaps at some time or other, when Mr. Hale wishes to complete his education with regard to the things which are happening about him, he may be persuaded to go a few times with the members of the Conference of St. Vincent de Paul on their errands of mercy, and then he may have a different view of the work which is being inspired and supported by ecclesiastics.

Apologizing for Dr. Hale's reference to an omission commented on by ourselves some months ago, the *Pilot* remarks:

Mr. Hale seems to make much of the fact that President Jordan in his account of the "Religion of All Sensible Americans," published in the *Hibbert Journal*, sees fit to make no mention of the work of the Catholic Church in the United States. This is clever, but too transparent. It is too late in the day to ignore the existence and work of the Catholic Church in this great community. Not only here, but in other great civilized countries where the names of Mr. Hale and President Jordan have not yet been heard of, the work of the Catholic Church is steadily going on, and will not be impeded by such puerile tactics as commend themselves to the minds of men like Mr. Hale and President Jordan.

Writing, in the *Missions Catholiques*, of the Domkirke, the Protestant church in Roskilde, Denmark, the Abbé Dubillot deplores the fanaticism which long ago irreparably injured the building's interior. Horror of the Blessed Virgin and the Saints led the Protestants of other days to cover with repeated coats of whitewash the beautiful mural painting that originally adorned the edifice. Attempts have been made of late to restore those fine frescoes, but ineffectually: they are ruined beyond hope of repair. The Abbé recounts, among other incidents of his sojourn at Roskilde, the regular ringing of the Domkirke's bells at morn and eve; and, moreover, during the day at ten, two, and five o'clock. In reply to his inquiry as to the purpose of such ringing, he was told that it was a custom preserved from pre-Reformation times. The bells call to the church, but, alas! there are few to accept their invitation.

Notable New Books.

The Catholic Encyclopedia. Vol. III. Robert Appleton Co.

The editors of this great work are to be congratulated not only on their success in bringing together so much valuable information, but on the manner of its presentment. The present volume is not less interesting or attractive than its predecessors, and affords many proofs of a determination to maintain the high standard of excellence aimed at when the Encyclopedia was begun. Careful readers will observe that the articles of greatest importance, with some few exceptions, were entrusted to very competent pens. It is not easy, indeed, to see how some of these articles could be improved upon. Each one concludes with a comprehensive bibliography, which will be of great assistance to the student who wishes to extend his studies beyond the limits of an encyclopedia.

The volume opens with a notice of Dr. Brownson by the only person who could have furnished certain of the facts set forth. The same may be said of numerous other articles. Especially satisfactory are those contributed by Dr. Fortescue, Father Thurston—it would be invidious to mention a few names among so many. It was very wise, we think, to allow ample space for such subjects as Buddhism and burial, casuistry and celibacy. Where could a general reader find a more adequate account of the Roman Catacombs than is furnished by Mgr. de Waal, or a better notice of Chaucer than the one which Miss Guiney contributes? But again we must guard against invidiousness. There are a great many other articles deserving of special praise for both fulness and freshness. It is impossible, indeed, to do anything like justice to so comprehensive a work in the short space at our disposal.

If one were disposed to be fault-finding, one would take exception to the lack of proportion here and there apparent. Bishop Bruté deserved a fuller notice (in view of the fact that no Life of him has yet appeared in English); and many will think as we do that a great Catholic scientist like Carnoy should have had at least as much space as Giordano Bruno. But one is *not* disposed to pick flaws in a work of such general high excellence, so admirably planned and produced. We have already suggested how criticisms of the Encyclopedia should be made, and how they might be profited by.

The work is creditably printed and got up, with many excellent illustrations (twenty-four being full-page), and five good maps. The three colored plates—of a mosaic in the Narthex

of St. Sophia, a bust of Christ in the Catacomb of Pontianus, and of the chalices of St. Gozlin and St. Remi—are most interesting and appropriate embellishments of this volume.

History of the German People at the Close of the Middle Ages. By Johannes Janssen. Vols. X. and XI. Translated by A. M. Christie. B. Herder.

It is just six months ago since we noticed in these columns* Vols. VII., VIII., and IX. of this excellent translation of Janssen's exhaustive history, improved and added to by Ludwig Pastor. The appreciative comments then passed on the intrinsic merit of the work, and on the notable skill displayed in the translation, are equally apropos as regards these later volumes; and, accordingly, it is necessary only to indicate their contents. Vol. X. narrates events leading up to the Thirty Years' War. It corresponds to Book II., Vol. V., of the fifteenth and sixteenth German editions, and deals specifically with the influence of religious controversy on the people and on the empire up to the year 1618. In Vol. XI. (Book I., Vol. VI., German edition) we have an extended exposition of the civilization and culture of the German people from the end of the Middle Ages to the beginning of the Thirty Years' War. Of the two sections—"Plastic Art, Music, and Church Hymns," and "Popular Literature,"—into which this volume is divided, the latter will probably be found by the general reader to be the more interesting.

The inequality in the size of the books, commented on in the case of the three preceding volumes, is still more noticeable in these later ones. Vol. X. contains 650 pages; Vol. XI., 410 pages. Each volume is equipped with a good table of contents and an exhaustive index.

A Short Defence of Religion. By the Rev. Joseph Ballerini. Translated from the Italian by the Rev. William McLoughlin. M. H. Gill & Son.

Although the title-page of this goodly-sized volume contains the announcement that it is meant "chiefly for young people against the unbelievers of the day," and although the author states in his preface, "I do not address myself to the public in general, or to the learned in particular, but to the studious young people of our schools, whose faith is to-day so much endangered by attacks made in the name of science, history, and criticism,"—we have no hesitation in cordially recommending the book to our readers generally. And, instead of dwelling on its manifold excellences, we shall devote the space allotted to this notice to the reproduction *in extenso* of its discussion of

Our Lord's miracles. The author's method and lucidity, as well as his translator's efficiency, will thus speak for themselves:

Here we may reduce to three the chief points on which Rationalism at present dwells in impugning the miracles of Christ: (a) ignorance of the times in which the evangelical miracles happened; (b) the fascination of the religious power of Jesus on believers in His time; and (c) the very nature of miraculous facts, which escape all natural certainty.

1. *Ignorance of the Times.*—The evangelical miracles happened at a time in which there was not yet an exact and precise idea of a miracle, such as was afterward formed by a progressive knowledge of the laws of nature and their value; at a time in which every extraordinary fact, every fact of great importance, was a miracle, though naturally produced like all others; at a time in which facts the most ordinary were magnified by the popular fancy, especially when there was question of personages who exercised a certain fascination on their contemporaries. Are not these the reasons why every religion that is lost in the darkness of past ages had its prophets and wonder-workers? Such, in short, are the views of Harnack, whom all the critics and hypercritics of Rationalism follow in a chorus of approval. But the answer is easy.

i. Here the question is not to know what were the thoughts of the Apostles and Evangelists, or what judgments they formed on the works of Christ; but what were the works actually wrought by Christ. Were they such that even to scientists of to-day they are presented as altogether supernatural—yes or no? The fact, for example, of the resurrection of Lazarus, and that of the resurrection of Christ,—are they or are they not true miracles? Are they or are they not of such a nature that at every time, and in spite of every progress, they will always remain naturally inexplicable? ii. The question is now placed in its true terms. And once the authenticity of the Gospels is admitted, or even the compilation of them in the first Christian generation, as modern materialists would make out, the cause of these men is lost forever. iii. To speak of magnifying or altering the evangelical facts in presence of the enemies of Christ and His Apostles, or after the testimony of blood that these latter rendered with their lives to those facts, is simply to become ridiculous. iv. And it remains for us to see also how ridiculous is any comparison between the miracles of Christ and those of the pretended wonder-workers of other religions that are lost in the darkness of past times.

2. *The Fascination of the Religious Power of Jesus on Believers in His Time.*—A religious soul, says Harnack again, is persuaded that the natural laws are preordained to a higher end; and that man, by means of an inward force that comes to him from the divinity, can improve the course of natural events. And although this persuasion may be only a thing of fancy or imagination, it can give rise to phenomena truly wonderful and surprising. We see that, even in the life of the body, a firm will and a strong faith produce phenomena that have something miraculous. Let hypnotic facts speak. When, therefore, we regard, on the one hand, the psychical religious power of Christ, and, on the other, the fascination that He should naturally exercise on believers in His power—because He always required faith, and a lively faith, before working His miracles,—we easily understand the secret of all His prodigies including the expulsion of devils from the bodies of the possessed, who were nothing but poor people suffering from nervous diseases.

This is the thesis of old Rationalism cobbled up anew. But here again the answer is easy. i. Before all, Christ not only cured the sick, but He calmed the storm, He multiplied the loaves, He raised the dead to life, and He wrought other like miracles, to explain which no fascination or fancy is sufficient. And the refutation of these miracles only because they are superior to natural powers, and therefore naturally inexplicable, taking from the Gospel merely what suits the

principles of Rationalists, is certainly not a good historical method. ii. In the second place, the cures of the sick that Christ performed were not the effect of any fascination. He never put any one asleep before working His miracles, but a simple sign of His will was enough to effect, even in persons far away and never seen, the prodigies asked of Him. Nor did He require faith as the cause of a miracle—for He often wrought miracles even in those who did not ask them of Him,—but simply as a confession of His divinity, and of the supernatural power that ought to be recognized in Him. iii. As for the cures of the possessed, in which Rationalists see only so many cases of epilepsy or nervous disease, it is enough to refer to one single fact—that which occurred in the country of the Gerasens and of which St. Matthew speaks (viii, 28-34). . . .

3. *The very Nature of Miraculous Facts.*—A reinforcement to Rationalism came lately from Loisy and his companions. i. Loisy pretends that supernatural facts, though as sensible as can be wished, are not an object of history, of science, or of natural certainty, but only of religious faith. It is the same sophism already brought against the resurrection and the divinity of Christ. But the answer is that everything that falls under our senses, whatever its origin may be, natural or supernatural, is certainly an object of history and of natural knowledge. It pertains to the intellect to judge of this origin; but the intellect could never make such a judgment, if it had not first a knowledge of the fact. ii. The same answer holds good also against the defenders of immanence, who, in miracles taken generally, and in those of the Gospel taken particularly, recognize nothing but a moral value, similar in all respects to the religious faith of Loisy.

The Popes and Science. By James J. Walsh, M. D., Ph. D., LL. D. New York: Fordham University Press.

One of the most notable literary tendencies among Catholics of our day and country is the impulse to compile into single volumes a multiplicity of coordinate and correlated facts hitherto available only in scattered works, many of them beyond the reach of the ordinary reader. The resultant books may not be original in the sense in which that term is applied to a great creation of the poet or the novelist; but they are very often equivalently original, inasmuch as they contain matter quite new to the great majority of their readers. Such a book is this one of Dr. Walsh's,—the history of the Papal relations to science during the Middle Ages and down to our own times.

Were any justification of the volume needed, it would be supplied in the vogue that has long attached to Dr. Andrew D. White's work, "On the History of the Warfare of Science with Theology in Christendom." The amount of misinformation which Dr. White deals out to his readers is inexplicable on any other ground than that of crass ignorance or most unscientific religious prejudice. Dr. Walsh quietly dissects the extravagant statements which have gained currency in this matter, and, documents in hand, proves their uniform untenableness. The work forms a handsome volume of 400 pages, and is supplied with a good table of contents and an excellent index.

"And then another locust went in, and carried off another grain of corn; and then another locust went in, and carried off another grain of corn; and then another locust went in, and carried off another grain of corn—"

The king listened with unconquerable patience six months more—though he cut short the time of the story-telling—when he again interrupted his companion:

"O friend, I am weary of your locusts! How soon do you think they will have done?"

To which the story-teller made answer:

"O King! who can tell? At the time to which my story has come, the locusts have cleared away a small space,—it may be a cubit, each way round the inside of the hole; and the air is still dark with locusts on all sides. But have patience, and no doubt we shall come to the end of them in time."

Thus encouraged, the king listened on for another full year, the story-teller still going on as before:

"And then another locust went in, and carried off another grain of corn; and then another locust went in, and carried off another grain of corn; and then another locust went in, and carried off another grain of corn—"

At last the poor king could bear it no longer, and cried out:

"O man, that is enough! Take my kingdom; take anything, everything; only let us hear no more of your abominable locusts!"

And so the story-teller received a fortune, and was declared heir to the throne; and nobody ever expressed a wish to hear the rest of his story; for he said it was impossible to come to the other part of it till he had done with the locusts.

The Story of Little Fritz.

VI.—THE PERIL.

THE death by fire was escaped, and the danger that now threatened the collier's boys and Fritz seemed small in comparison. But there yawned beneath them an abyss of more than five hundred feet, and the stone on which they stood was very narrow. It is no wonder that one of the boys was seized with a sudden dizziness.

"Everything swims before my eyes," said Hans; "my head is heavy as lead, and something seems drawing me down,—away down to the very bottom of these frightful rocks."

With these words the poor boy tried to cling to the wall of rock for support; but his trembling fingers, the deathly paleness of his face, and the fixed stare of his eyes, which, by some irresistible power, seemed drawn to the yawning abyss, led his companions to fear the worst for him.

"For God's sake," cried Fritz to Wolf, who sat nearest to his brother, "hold our Hans fast, so that he may not fall. And you, Hans, pluck up courage and shut your eyes,—quick, shut your eyes and lean back, so you can't see what is before you!"

This cry came too late; for Hans had already lost consciousness, and was about falling over the edge of the rock when, happily, Wolf, at just the right moment, put his arms around him and held him fast, though himself trembling with terror. Hans was pushed back against the wall, and all immediate danger was passed. But Fritz could not be content with this.

"We must do something to prevent this happening again," he said. "If we could only bind ourselves fast to the rock, then if one of us became giddy he couldn't fall."

All saw the wisdom of this idea, but how should they get at the rope? Wolf, the last to let himself down, when loosening it from his waist had let it go, never

THE seven great champions of Christendom are: St. George of England, St. Andrew of Scotland, St. David of Wales, St. Patrick of Ireland, St. James of Spain, St. Denys of France, and St. Anthony of Italy.

dreaming that they should want it again. Now, moved by the wind, the rope swayed back and forth over the abyss at some distance from the extreme edge of the rock on which they sat. Who could be skilful or venturesome enough to grasp it? Even Fritz, who up to this moment had showed so much courage and presence of mind, trembled and grew pale at the thought of this new danger. And still it must be dared.

The boy had a violent struggle with himself. He weighed carefully the danger of such a venture, and felt that, even if he had the boldness to undertake it, it might not succeed. Upon the other hand, he thought of the perilous condition of his companions, knowing that he was the only one who had presence of mind to do anything to rescue them. He *might* succeed in the attempt, which would be sure death to any one of the brothers.

He thought of the great kindness of his adopted parents,—how, though poor people, they had fed and clothed him, and treated him in all respects as their own child, never letting him hear an unkind word from their lips. All their gentleness and goodness, their loving deeds and words, passed in review before the soul of this poor orphan boy. He had a tender, grateful heart, and his decision was soon formed.

"I will do it," he said to himself,—
 "I will do it, even if it costs me my life. God sees my heart. He knows that I make this great venture not out of vanity or foolhardiness, but out of love and thankfulness. May He protect me!"

After Fritz had made up his mind he at once set about his perilous undertaking. Summoning up all his strength of body and soul, he prayed that, if he was about to lose his life, God would forgive his sins and receive him into His heavenly kingdom.

"We must have the rope, and nothing shall prevent me from doing my best to get it," he said, as his cousins tried to hold him back.

He laid himself flat upon the rock, and slowly and with great caution crept toward the projection before which the rope was swaying to and fro in the wind. While he remained upon the main body of the stone where his companions stood, the danger was not great; but when he neared the projection, which was scarce wider than his body, he shuddered at the thought that he must creep several feet forward before, with outstretched arms, he could succeed in reaching the rope.

When he reached this tongue of rock, his heart for a moment stood still and his courage wavered as he looked down into the grim abyss into which he must certainly fall if he made the least false move.

The feelings of the brothers, who knew that for their sakes Fritz was risking his life, may better be imagined than described. Fear and hope alternated in their souls, and their anguish was so great that each seemed to hear the beating of his own heart.

Now Fritz neared the extreme edge of the tongue of rock. Before it the rope swung to and fro in a semicircle. He was near enough to seize it with his hand whenever the wind should waft it toward him. But to do this he must exercise the greatest caution, for a single false move would make him lose his equilibrium and fall from the rock. Now the rope came near, and he grasped after it, but the same instant the wind bore it beyond his reach. Again and again the same thing happened, the wind seeming to deride the boy's every effort. But he at length succeeded in grasping the rope. A cry of joy from the brothers celebrated that happy event, and Fritz's next effort must be to regain his place by their side.

"Bind the rope around your body, Fritz," said Wolf, who, with increasing anxiety, was watching his cousin's movements. "Bind it around you," he repeated; "then if you fall it will hold you up, and you can easily swing yourself back."

Fritz saw the wisdom of this advice and hastened to follow it. He bound the

rope under his arms and around his waist and fastened it securely; then, more confidently, but still very cautiously, he began his backward journey. But soon a large piece of rock, undermined by rain and storm, fell off and rolled crashing down into the abyss. For a moment Fritz clung to the main rock with all his might. At length his strength gave way, and he fell headforemost, and, like the tumbling rock, vanished from the eyes of his companions. One long, loud cry of agony rose from their trembling lips; then they were still, and no sound was to be heard save the rushing of the winds and the roaring and crackling of the distant flames.

Fritz now swung between the heavens and the earth, swaying to and fro over a deep abyss. His life literally hung on a thread. The boy trembled, and for some minutes his courage utterly forsook him. But he closed his eyes and prayed; he prayed to God until his heart ceased its wild beating, and the blood that had seemed frozen with terror once more coursed freely through his veins. Then, opening his eyes, he looked around for some way to rescue himself from his painful situation.

Where the rock had broken off, a niche had been formed. If he could only reach this and swing himself within it, he could very easily creep to the place where his cousins stood. He made many attempts, and at length succeeded, as he came near the niche, in grasping at a portion of the jutting rock. He held it fast, and then with his free hand grasped after another and another, and at length he was upon the solid rock. Heaven helped him, and he reached the wished-for goal in safety.

His hands and knees were torn and bleeding from contact with the sharp rock; he was breathless, faint, and weary; still his heart arose in thankfulness to God who had rescued him from so great peril, and who, through his efforts, might save the lives of his companions. Creeping on all fours, he reached the place where the three boys were huddled together. They

welcomed him with beaming faces and silent pressures of the hand more eloquent than words.

The greatest peril was over, and it was an easy matter to swing the rope under the arms of the four boys and bind them firmly to the rock. This done, there was no danger of their falling; and they united in a prayer of thankfulness to their Father in heaven, who had not permitted them to perish.

VII.—THE RESCUE.

We must now turn to the collier Willebrand. Without any knowledge of the danger impending over his sons, he left them to pursue his work at some distance in the depths of the forest. He labored as usual very diligently, the mighty blows of his ax awakening echoes far and near. When the sun, having mounted to the zenith, told that noon had come, he threw himself, hungry and weary, under a wide-spreading beech to wait for his dinner, which Fritz usually brought.

A quarter of an hour passed and Fritz did not appear. The old man could not account for the delay; and, gazing about to see if the boy was not in sight, he for the first time remarked the dense cloud of smoke which enveloped the horizon and obscured the sun. An undefined apprehension of danger took possession of his soul, and his first thought was for his children. He sprang up and with rapid strides climbed the mountain where he had left his boys. The nearer he came, the denser grew the clouds of smoke, the more oppressive the sweltering heat; and he knew that a portion of the forest was on fire.

Such an occurrence was not rare, as careless persons often kindled fires there without taking the necessary precautions. In a dry season the flames spread with frightful rapidity, defying all efforts to keep them in check.

Thinking of this, and fearing that the place where he had left his sons might be already in flames, he trembled and became deathly pale. But he hastened

on, and soon reached the summit of a hill opposite the scene of the conflagration. There at a glance he took in the fearful spectacle, and anguish for his children froze the blood in his veins. Almost bereft of his senses, the strong man staggered and would have fallen had he not leaned against a tree for support. For some moments he stood there, fainting, breathless, and in mind and body weaker than a child. At last, by a powerful effort, he roused himself and calmly and deliberately reviewed the whole situation. First of all he must ascertain if any portion of the mountain yet remained free from the flames; but after the most diligent search he found none.

"The boys are old enough and have sense enough," he said to himself, "to get out of the way of danger. They must have seen the fire before it had made much progress, and have hastened home. But why did they not come first to me?" he asked himself, his former anxiety all returning. "The place where I was at work lay directly in their way."

Then he concluded that they must have taken the nearest path to the village to seek for help. In any case, he thought the best course would be to hasten home, where he had a firm hope of finding the boys. He hastened down to the village; and when he arrived there, breathless from anxiety and excitement, he learned to his surprise that no one knew anything of the fire. Rushing into his cottage, he found his wife calmly busied about her household duties, not dreaming that anything unusual had taken place.

"Wife, where are our boys?" he asked in a low, agonized voice.

The wife, horrified at the wild, deathly appearance of her husband, forgot to answer his question.

"Where are our children?" he cried frantically. "Where is Wolf? Where are Christoph and Hans?"

"For heaven's sake, husband, why do you ask? I do not know. You took them into the woods with you this morning.

What is the matter, dear? Has anything happened?"

Willebrand covered his face with both hands and sank powerless upon a chair. Only in words broken by sobs could he tell of the calamity he had, before feared, but which he now felt sure had come upon them.

"The children are burned," he said. "It must be so. Fool, fool that I was to leave them! O God, what will become of us?"

Mother Willebrand, though no less frightened than himself, did not give up in despair, and sought to awaken some hope in the heart of her husband.

"Who knows," she said, "where the boys may have run to? As you did not see them on the mountain-top, they must have gone to some place of safety. They would not be so foolish as to rush into the flames. And then Fritz had gone out into the woods to keep them company; and he is such a wise, thoughtful boy! No, no, our children are not dead,—they can not be dead! God would not send such a calamity upon us. Be comforted, dear husband. Before evening the boys will be here."

Willebrand sprang from his chair.

"I will at least try to find them," he said. "It is possible that in wandering around the wood seeking for some safe place, they may have found one. I will call the neighbors to aid me in my search."

With these words he went forth, telling the neighbors of the peril of his children, and begging them to accompany him into the forest. Not one refused assistance to the stricken father, and soon the forest swarmed with men and resounded with the loud cries of human voices, rising above even the roar of the flames and the crash of falling trees. Willebrand led the search, calling the names of his boys in piteous accents and words of love that brought tears to many eyes. But nowhere did they find a trace of the lost ones; no voice answered their call.

The fire upon the mountain was burning low, and Willebrand made many efforts

to ascend; but the wind blew the flickering flames in his face, and the smoke and heat drove him back. Night came—a dark night, obscured by black clouds, which portended a storm,—but still the search for the lost boys had been unavailing; and with a heavy heart Father Willebrand slowly bent his steps homeward, accompanied by many sympathizing friends, all of whom had given up the hope of finding the children alive. But Willebrand did not quite despair. He thought of the steep mountain wall, and the shelving stone down to which it was barely possible the boys might have climbed; and to this last faint hope he caught as the drowning man grasps after a straw.

The night gathered blackness, and in the distance were heard the low mutterings of the approaching storm. Willebrand went home with a fixed determination to renew the search at break of day, and the neighbors cheerfully promised their assistance. The fire upon the mountain had abated, because it had consumed every tree and shrub, and had nothing upon which to feed. Only a glowing bed of coals remained.

Willebrand and his wife did not close their eyes that night. The mother had given up all hope, and the horrible death of her darlings was ever before her. She seemed to hear their despairing cries, to gaze upon their last agony, and she could do nothing but wring her hands and reply in low moans to her husband's faint attempts at consolation. When he spoke of his last hope—the steep, rocky mountain wall,—she shook her head sadly. She knew the place well, and did not think it possible that any human being could descend it alive.

The husband, too, began to believe that he had clung to a false hope; and now the only solace of these sorrowing parents was in prayer.

The long, long night had passed, the dark clouds had dispersed, and the eastern sky was flushed with the welcome beams of returning day. Willebrand rose from

the place where he and his wife had sat for hours with bowed heads and clasped hands, and in a silence broken only now and then by faint moans. He took his cap and staff and went forth to assure himself of the fate of his lost children. Many of the neighbors accompanied him, and tried to soothe his crushed heart by well-meant words of consolation. But the father only shook his head mournfully, and walked with rapid steps toward the scene of the conflagration.

Smoke still rose from the smoldering ashes, but the rain during the night had so far quenched the fire that they could ascend the mountain without danger. Now the mountain summit was reached; now the anguished father neared the edge of the precipice. There he paused and sent a silent prayer to Heaven, begging for support if this last faint hope should fail him. Now, fearfully, almost despairingly, he looked down into that awful depth. There were the four boys closely huddled together, each leaning his head upon the other's breast, and sleeping,—they slept over that dread abyss, at the very edge of the grave yawning to receive them.

A cry—one single cry of mingled ecstasy and horror—escaped from the father's lips, and then he sank senseless to the earth. His good friends hastened to his assistance. They bathed his face with water, and with some difficulty brought him to consciousness.

"Help,—oh, help my children!" were his first words.

Then he rose, and, bending down over the edge of the precipice, gazed upon the still sleeping boys. In that glance were blended love, gratitude, ecstasy, and still anxiety for the unconscious sleepers.

At length, collecting his thoughts, he began to consider how the boys could be rescued from their perilous position. Ropes above all things were needed. He sent for them, begging the messengers to call on the way and tell the glad news to his wife, and then to return immediately.

Sympathy lent wings to the footsteps of these true friends. At the foot of the mountain they found the mother, who could not remain in her solitary house. Sounding the glad tidings of her boys' safety in her ears, they ran to the village for ropes, ladders, and hooks.

Soon after their departure, Willebrand discovered the rope by which the boys were tied, and saw that they were in no danger of falling.

Still the boys, wearied with the exertions of the day before, slept on peacefully, as if in their beds at home. When a rope had been let down by means of hooks, and was swung securely around the whole sleeping group, and no more danger was to be feared, Willebrand awoke them.

"Ho, Wolf! Hans! Christoph! Fritz!" he cried. "Wake up,—wake up! Stir yourselves, I say."

The boys roused themselves, rubbed their eyes, and glanced up to where their father and the neighbors stood.

"Sit still,—sit still!" cried the father. "Wolf, you may first bind the rope around your waist and let us draw you up. Don't loosen the rope now around you until this is firmly secured. Be very cautious."

"Father," replied Wolf, "there is no danger now. But Fritz must go first; we owe our lives to him."

Then a generous contention arose among the boys as to who should be first to ascend. At length Fritz very decidedly declared that he would not move from the rock until the others had been drawn up.

"You might get dizzy," he said; "but there is no danger of me. I must be here to help bind the rope around you, or you may fall. Wolf, mind your father."

So the strife was at an end; and, with Fritz's assistance, the rope was bound securely around Wolf, and he performed the short aerial journey in safety. Then followed Christoph, then Hans, and last of all Fritz. And so, with God's help, the boys were rescued. With joyful hearts they hastened down the mountain and were soon in their mother's arms.

At the head of a sort of triumphal procession, the young heroes passed through the village; and many brought out food and drink to the half-famished children, who had tasted nothing for twenty-four hours.

Then they had to tell their story; and Wolf, being the eldest, was spokesman. He told the whole truth, dwelling upon the courage and self-sacrifice of Fritz, and causing the boy to be loaded with thanks and caresses from the father and mother, and admiring praises from all. Fritz was very much embarrassed.

"How could I have done otherwise?" he said. "Dearest parents, you must not praise me when I owe you so much more than I can ever hope to pay."

The father and mother again embraced the boys, and then went into their little chamber to return thanks to Heaven. But before they left the room Willebrand said:

"Now, mother, can we not see plainly how the Lord has rewarded our love and care for this fatherless boy? What would have become of our children if we had not taken Fritz to our home and done all for him that our humble resources would permit? Let us thank God that He has inclined our hearts to good, and pray to Him daily still to give us strength to do our duty and obey His commandments."

(To be continued.)

Johnny Cake.

The name "Johnny cake" for ordinary corn cake is a corruption of "journey cake," which was the name given to the corn cake that the early emigrants to the Mississippi valley made and baked on a board beside a rude fire as they camped from day to day. The same cake baked beside the cabin fire by the Negroes of the South they called "hoe cake." In the language of the cabin, hoe cake was known as "Johnny Constant," while the wheaten loaf, less frequently enjoyed, was called "Billy Seldom."

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—A new book on California by George Wharton James, author of "In and Out of the Old Missions," etc., is announced by Little, Brown & Co. It is entitled "Through Ramona's Country," and deals with the picturesque California of Mrs. Jackson's famous novel, and the incidents from which she constructed her story.

—"Plain Words on Socialism," an excellent lecture delivered in Edinburgh some two years ago by the late C. S. Devas, M. A., and published by the C. T. S. of Scotland, has been reprinted by the *Messenger*, Fordham University, and forms Nos. 9 and 10 of the "Catholic Mind." These 16-page pamphlets are well printed on good paper.

—The versatility of Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, F. S. A., is hardly less remarkable than his industry. The books which he has written or edited form a little library in themselves. And he is a poet and playwright, also a sculptor. From the *Glasgow Observer* we learn that a fine statue of Boswell, the *alter ego* of Dr. Johnson, lately unveiled at Lichfield, is from Mr. Fitzgerald's chisel.

—In a slender volume of a score of pages, the Rev. Dr. Edward McSweeney reprints, from the *Records* of the American Catholic Historical Society, his very interesting memoir of his deceased brother, the Rt. Rev. Patrick Francis McSweeney, Ph. D., S. T. D. A model of its kind, this biographical sketch wins one's admiration by its artistic reticence, no less than by its sympathetic, not to say affectionate, appreciation of a noble life lived for God.

—The first paper in "Gleanings after Time," a collection of articles from the *Antiquary*, just published by Mr. Elliot Stock, is an entertaining short treatise on "A Thirteenth-Century Book of Etiquette." It consists of an account of a brief manuscript concerning the courtesies of the table, by a monk of Lombardy, which is extant among the many treasures of the Ambrosian Library at Milan. The happy suggestion is made that it is bad manners to criticise food unduly, or to make such remarks as "This is badly cooked, or too salt." Another hint not infrequently needed at the present time is "Do not, while eating, fondle dogs or cats or other pets; it is not right to touch animals with hands which touch the food." Yet another piece of advice is excellent at all times: "Do not tell at table doleful tales, nor eat with a morose or

melancholy air, but take care your words are cheery." A few of the hints take us back to the customs of the period when they were written, reminding us of the time when each guest carried at his girdle his own serving-knife. "When eating with others," remarks Fra Bonvesin, "do not sheath your knife before everyone else at table has done the same."

—The posthumous essay upon Shelley, by the late Francis Thompson, published in the *Dublin Review*, has received many appreciative notices from the secular press of England, none being more so than that of the *Sunday Observer*, which refers to the essay as "a memorable masterpiece of English prose." And the writer adds: "Brilliant, joyous, poignant are these pages of interpretation, and sensitive and magical as the mind of one poet ever lent to the genius of another." Of Francis Thompson himself the *Observer* says:

There are doubtless many who still ask "Who was Francis Thompson?" There are probably more who, mistaking knowledge of a poet for familiarity with his name, would do well to ask "Who was Shelley?" The essay in the *Dublin Review* answers both questions equally. As in all the highest work of that kind, its author divines the secrets of another nature by the certainty that his own was akin to it; and sympathy inspiring pure vision reveals the seer as well as the seen. That the essay should appear at last instinct with the first freshness of life—that the expression of the inward glory of a man's youth should become his own rich epitaph,—this is perhaps worth all the years of oblivion out of which a masterpiece has been redeemed.

—In a letter to Mr. Julian Harris, editor of *Uncle Remus' Magazine*, founded by the late Joel Chandler Harris, to whose memory beautiful tributes are still being paid, President Roosevelt says:

I don't know whether the purely literary critics would object to what I am about to say; but from the standpoint of our common American citizenship it seems to me that the ethical quality of your father's writings was quite as important as their purely literary value. I never have subscribed, and I never shall subscribe, to the doctrine that a man of genius is to be admired when he so uses his genius as to do evil and not good to his fellowmen; on the contrary, the greater the artist the more heartily he is to be condemned if he uses his power for mischief, and this for the very reason that the man of the pen or the brush has at least as much effect upon national character as the man whose profession is statecraft.

Now, your father was a genius; and furthermore he was a man who, in his private life, in its modesty, its simplicity, its kindness and refinement, illustrated the very quality which we must all of us like to see typical of the homes of the nation; and, finally, he never wrote anything which did not make the man or woman reading it feel a little better—feel that his or her impulses for good had been strengthened, feel a more resolute purpose to do with cheerfulness and courage, with good sense and charity, whatever

duty was next to be done. No writer was ever less didactic; but, quite unconsciously, every reader of his writings learned to set a new and higher value upon courage, upon honesty, upon truth, upon kindly generosity, upon all those qualities that make a man a good man in his family, a good neighbor, a good citizen in peace or war. The whole country is the debtor of your father.

Mr. Harris was all that his admirers say of him—a man of the noblest character. The ethical quality of his writings, which the President emphasizes, was simply the reflection of his life. What Mr. Harris seemed to be, he really was. In all that he did he was guided by conscience. His son relates that during the first eight months of his magazine's existence he unhesitatingly rejected more than \$20,000's worth of advertising which he considered unfit. "The advertising columns of the magazine must be kept clean and sweet and wholesome, just as its literature must hold to the same standard," was his reiterated statement; and he added that it was his intention to keep the entire magazine clean, or to call in the sheriff and have the doors of the building nailed up. By the way, there are numerous advertisements in the current number of *Uncle Remus*, but we have searched in vain for one that should hold a conspicuously permanent place in this magazine—a complete list of Mr. Harris' books.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' price generally includes postage.

- "*Lourdes: A History of Its Apparitions and Cures.*" Georges Bertrin. \$2, net.
- "*The Popes and Science.*" James J. Walsh, M. D., Ph. D., LL. D. \$2.15.
- "*History of the German People at the Close of the Middle Ages.*" Johannes Janssen. Vols. X. and XI. \$6.25, net.
- "*Marotz.*" John Ayscough. \$1.50.
- "*The Queen's Daughter.*" Joseph J. Wyñne. \$1.
- "*Political Economy.*" Charles S. Devas, M.A. \$2.
- "*Fraternal Charity.*" Rev. Father Valuy, S. J. 40 cts., net.
- "*Priestly Vocation and Tonsure.*" Rev. L. Bacuez, S. S. \$1, net.

- "*What is Life? A Study of Vitalism and Neo-Vitalism.*" Bertram C. A. Windle, M. A., M. D., etc. \$1, net.
- "*The Acts of the Apostles.*" With Introduction and Annotations. Madame Cecilia. \$1.25.
- "*History of Economics; or, Economics as a Factor in the Making of History.*" Rev. J. A. Dewe, A. M. \$1.50.
- "*Rosette. A Tale of Paris and Dublin.*" Mrs. William O'Brien. \$1.25.
- "*For My Name's Sake.*" From the French of Champol's "*Sœur Alexandrine.*" \$1.10, net.
- "*All about Salads.*" Mrs. Lewis Clarke Lucas. 75 cts.
- "*The New Matrimonial Legislation.*" Rev. Charles J. Cronin, D. D. \$1.90, net.
- "*Pentecost Preaching.*" Rev. Arthur Devine, C. P. \$1.50, net.
- "*Stories New and Old, American and English.*" Hamilton Wright Mabie. \$1.50.
- "*A Martyr of Our Own Day.*" From the French by the Rev. John J. Dunn. \$1, net.
- "*Cords of Adam.*" Rev. T. J. Gerrard. \$1.50.
- "*The Catholic School System in the United States.*" Rev. James A. Burns, C. S. C. \$1.25, net.
- "*The Story of Blessed Thomas More.*" A Nun of Tyburn Convent. 80 cts., net.
- "*The Eucharistic Heart of Jesus.*" \$1.
- "*An American Student in France.*" Abbé Felix Klein. \$2.50.
- "*Barnaby Bright.*" Father Bearne. 2 vols. \$1.60.
- "*The Bells of Atchison.*" Rev. Andrew Green, O. S. B. 75 cts.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Angelo Chiariglione, of the diocese of Mobile; Rev. John R. Daly, diocese of Sioux City; and Rev. John Baudinelli, C. P.

Sister M. Arino, of the Sisters of St. Dominic; Sister M. Cleophas (Dineen), Sisters of the Holy Cross; and Sister Emilda, Sisters of Charity.

Mr. John Tolster, Mrs. Mary Reitz Fendrichs, Mr. William Casey, Mr. Charles Boniface, Mr. Francis McClain, Miss Alice Simpson, Mrs. Martin Egan, Mrs. Alice Quinlan, Mr. Julius and Mr. Augustus Brown, Mrs. Anna McCabe, Mr. T. J. Birkley, Miss Mary McNeelis, Mr. Henry Ginther, Miss Catherine Kane, Mr. John Andrew, Mr. James Nolan, Mr. Francis J. Best, Mrs. Ellen Gunn, and Mrs. Joseph Le Fleur.

Requiescant in pace!

Young Ladies' Library

ST JOSEPH'S ACADEMY
TORONTO

No. _____



ST. FRANCIS IN ECSTASY.
(FRANCESCO GESSI.)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LXVII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, OCTOBER 3, 1908.

NO. 14

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C. S. C.]

October's Queen.

BY DENIS A. MCCARTHY.

WHEN the grass was springing,
When the fields were gay,
When the winds were singing
All the happy day,—
Then we gathered 'round thee,
Mother dear, and crown'd thee
With the brightest blossoms
Of the meads of May.

Now that winds are grieving
Over summer dead,
All the woodlands reaving
Of their riches red,—
Once again we're kneeling,
To thy heart appealing,
Twining other garlands
For thy holy head.

Rosy crowns we wrought thee
In thy month of flow'rs,
Rosy crowns we brought thee
From the Maytime bow'rs.
But when roses fail us,
Rosaries avail us;
'Tis with *these* we crown thee
In October hours.

HAS your religion any difficulty in it, or is it in all respects easy to you? Are you simply taking your own pleasure in your mode of living, or do you find your pleasure in submitting to God's pleasure? In a word, is your religion a work? For if it be not, it is not religion at all.

—Newman.

St. Francis in Art and Literature.

BY MARIAN NESBITT.



THE religion of St. Francis was pre-eminently a beautiful religion; his spirit was essentially one of gentleness,—a spirit to attract and to influence, and, by its "fascinating combination of tenderness and strength," destined to leave its mark not only upon his own followers, not only upon the Umbria he so loved and upon Italy, but upon all Europe. This great servant of God taught men to live "literally and boldly in *veritas*, in hope of immortality." His preaching and example had wrought an almost marvellous change in the state of society; and nowhere, perhaps, is the seal of his personality more distinctly traced—in on the art and literature of his age.

To begin with the former. We can not but feel that "the chevalier of the Crucified, the standard-bearer of Christ, the leader of the holy host of God," as St. Francis was called, must, in his own person, have lent an extraordinary impulse to art. Indeed, few saints have been more frequently reproduced by great masters. It was not his physical attractiveness alone (though this had a most compelling charm), but "his inexpressible sweetness," his intensely human sympathy; his brightness, "which shed supernatural sunlight over his whole life"; the pathos

and romance of his perfect selflessness, and rigid poverty in the midst of a luxurious and pleasure-seeking world,—these things inspired men's brushes and pens.

What more fitting subject for a painter's skill than the incidents in such a career! What more noble figure than this humblest founder of a new order of chivalry, this "protector of the poor, the great captain fighting against wrong"? "For art," as a modern writer on this subject has truly said, "is the expression of ideal things,—that is, of things as they are; not in the always shallow, and often foul, realistic presentation of them so popular in our times, which means the merely external expression of the worst accidents of substantial things."

One of the most interesting, though not the most pleasing, portraits of the Seraphic Saint was that painted in his lifetime by a Benedictine monk of Subiaco. It is somewhat crude and stiff, but the fact that it was one of the earliest pictures of St. Francis invests it with a special value in our eyes. Guido da Siena, Giunta Pisano, Cimabue, Giotto,—all these great names will be associated as long as time shall last with the "humble poor one of Assisi." It was their privilege and their pleasure to adorn with the choicest examples of their art the churches dedicated to his name, or forever connected with himself and his first companions and the earliest beginnings of the Order. Over the entrance to the little Chapel of the Portiuncula is a fine fresco by Overbeck; and the fact that we know this to be the original building—the tiny edifice so dear to the heart of Francis, who set himself to restore it, as he had done St. Damian's, with his own hands—arouses feelings beyond the power of words to describe. Behind Overbeck's fresco there is another by Perugino.

A chapel has also been built over the cave where St. Francis used to meditate for hours on the sufferings of his Divine Redeemer; and here are exquisite paintings by Tiberio d'Assisi; whilst in another

small chapel erected by St. Bonaventure over the cell in which St. Francis died, we find pictures by Lo Spagna.

But perhaps it is the great Church of St. Francis which, more clearly than any other, demonstrates the extraordinary effect he has left upon art. Noted painters from every part of Italy, "especially Siena, Perugia, and Arezzo," hastened thither to present the votive offerings of their genius. The greatest Florentines also, and indeed "all artists of renown, have prostrated themselves in succession, and have left on the walls of the sanctuary the pious tribute of their pencil." But it is in the lower church that we discover those examples of the higher life of art which were undoubtedly and directly inspired by "the great saint of the century." We refer, of course, to the celebrated frescoes of Giotto, who, it has been beautifully remarked, "may be said to have written the poem of St. Francis on the walls of the church of Assisi."

This great master was not only a man of extraordinary originality and power, but of strong religious feeling,—a member of the Third Order from his youth, and consequently a son of him to whom, after Our Lord, he consecrated his great gifts. He is, in point of fact, pre-eminently the Franciscan painter. The marvellous skill and devotion with which he has depicted the different incidents in the saint's career seem to make him live once more before our eyes, despite the ravages time has wrought in dimming the beauty of these remarkable frescoes. The youth of St. Francis, his religious vocation, his renunciation of his earthly heritage and his father's home, his union with Holy Poverty,—all are shown; whilst the representation of his death is, says a modern writer on this subject, "as pathetic as any representation of a death that has ever been painted."

Truly it is a moving picture. In it we see St. Clare, between whom and St. Francis there existed a friendship so ideal and so perfect, a love so noble and so

purely spiritual, that it is even beyond the dreams of less saintly souls. Indeed, we can not imagine a holier or stronger or more beautiful example of mutual affection than theirs. It was so elevated, so absolutely heavenly, so to speak, and at the same time so tender and so true! Giotto depicts St. Clare standing with her hands resting upon the open bier; she has just come out of the Church of St. Damian to look her last upon the face of him who had been the light and guide of her life.

It has been suggested that this scene is not in accordance with historic fact, seeing that St. Clare could not leave the strict enclosure of St. Damian's, whither the body of the Seraphic Father was carried, and placed in front of the grille, in order that the little door or window, through which Holy Communion was administered to the nuns, might be opened, and thus enable the assembled community to look once more upon their holy founder. Great artists, however, like great poets, must be allowed a certain amount of liberty in these matters, especially in such a case as this, where a beautiful idea has been so beautifully and reverently carried out. "No one," says the Abbé Léon le Monnier, "could better have indicated the bond, stronger than death, which united those holy souls."

Giotto also painted a charming fresco of the saint preaching to the birds; and, whilst he carried on his own wonderful work at Pisa, Padua, Naples, Avignoni, and elsewhere, a new and famous school of painting arose in Italy,—a school due to him and to his teaching, but inspired, it must be remembered, by the humble and loving saint, "who had brought down in his own person the living Christ into his century." St. Francis laid his hand, so to speak, upon Italian art—that art to which Europe has ever since owed so much,—transforming it, re-creating it, filling it with the true Franciscan spirit to a degree which makes it impossible to define the limits of his influence upon this wide field of human effort.

After Giotto follows a long procession of great names: Cavallini, Taddeo Gaddi, Botticelli, Ghirlandajo, Perugino, and many others. Nor must it be forgotten that Fra Angelico loved to portray the sweet Saint of Assisi, whose figure appears in several of the famous Dominican's best works,—notably in those masterpieces, "The Apparitions of St. Francis," in the chapter house at Arles, and in the world-renowned "Crucifixion" in St. Mark's at Florence. It has been well said that Fra Angelico "possessed Giotto's gifts and power, together with infinite tenderness."

Before finally dismissing the subject of art, properly so called, it may not be out of place to give a description of St. Francis, written by his contemporary historian, Thomas of Celano, who tells us that he (Francis) was of middle height, somewhat small and slender in build, but singularly graceful, and delicately proportioned; indeed, his refinement of figure and movement suited well with his striking refinement of mind and manners. He had an oval face, a smooth brow, wonderful dark eyes, a finely chiselled nose, and exquisitely beautiful mouth. His skin was white and exceedingly fine in texture, his hair dark chestnut, and his beard dark and close. He possessed a most melodious voice, and his speech was clear, animated, and pleasant. Always gracious, gentle, bright, sympathetic, and courteous toward all men, his extraordinarily winning personality attracted hearts and gained souls, so that not only his fellow-creatures but the very brute creation "loved him as soon as they knew him."

Such was the saint whose person and character left such an impress upon Christian art, and, we must add, upon architecture also. The enthusiasm shown by Francis, in the very beginning of his religious vocation, for church restoration, and the zeal and energy he displayed in the rebuilding of St. Damian's and the beloved little Chapel of the Portiuncula, the cradle of his Order, undoubtedly aroused a measure of corresponding

enthusiasm in the hearts of the people, particularly when they saw him carrying the stones with his own hands, and aiding the good work by every means in his power. It has been said that "the thirteenth century witnessed the erection or restoration of some of the most stately ecclesiastical buildings of the Middle Ages"; and it is none the less true that this greater architectural activity was to a very large extent influenced by the Franciscan movement, and the example of the saint and his followers. We must now pass on to the influence of St. Francis in the wide domain of literature.

The age was an age of worldliness, luxury, and pleasure-seeking. Morality was at a low ebb; the very foundations of religion were shaken; scepticism, and even atheism, stretched out poisonous roots, reaching to the very vineyard of the Lord; "side by side with strong belief there was a creeping infidelity." Under such conditions, it was inevitable that literature should suffer. It reflected the colors of its environment. And then St. Francis came, with his bright, sunny temperament, his poet's soul, and extraordinary love of God and man and nature; and it was not the least achievement of this greatest of religious and social reformers that he raised the literary standard of his day unconsciously, yet none the less surely, from the very fact that he was what he was—"an example *par excellence* of the development of affection by the power of Christianity among the Latin nations." Furthermore, he not only raised the literary standard, he almost created a new literary world.*

No one who reads the *Paradiso* can fail to remark how deep an impression the Seraphic Father had made upon the mind of "the greatest of Italian poets, probably the greatest of all poets," Dante, who has given us so beautiful and detailed a description of Assisi, who has written so lovingly of the saint himself, and immor-

talized some of his earliest followers, notably Bernard of Quintavalle, the first-born of the Franciscan family. It was Bernard who saw his beloved master rise suddenly one night and kneel down with hands and eyes uplifted to heaven, whilst he repeated slowly, in a sort of rapture of divine love, those ever-memorable words: *Deus meus et omnia!* ("My God and my all!") It was Bernard, too, of whom Brother Egidius said: "He is like the swallows who feed while they are flying. He is always about on the roads and on the mountains and in the valleys, and as he goes he is able to meditate and nourish himself with heavenly consolations."

Illuminato, who was the companion of St. Francis when he went to Egypt, and Agostino, who is said to have died at the same moment as his Seraphic Father, and to have accompanied him to his eternal home, are also both mentioned by Dante, as well as Egidius, whom Francis used to call "our Knight of the Round Table." Indeed, Egidius possessed in a remarkable degree the chivalrous spirit of the age; "he was acquainted with all the most beautiful songs of the troubadours," and at the same time he was one of the most perfect examples of the true Franciscan spirit—full of brightness, tenderness, charm, and strength. St. Bonaventure thus describes him: "With my own eyes I have seen this holy Brother; his life was more that of an angel than a man; he was continually absorbed in God."

Dante was, moreover, largely influenced by Franciscan literature; such, for instance, as those incomparably beautiful and simple traditions which, collected, have come down to us under the charming title of the "Fioretti di San Francesco," or "Little Flowers of St. Francis." They are, in truth, prose poems, word pictures, that paint for us in the most exquisite language the saint who "loved rocks and forests and harvests and vines, the beauty of the fields, the freshness of fountains, the verdant gardens, the earth, the fire, the air, the winds"; seeing in creation a divine

* "De la Poésie Provençale-Italienne," by C. Fauriel.

poem, in which the Creator has written something of Himself,—a poem always open to the eyes of men, and requiring only a pure heart to interpret it.

We learn, too, how this great servant of Jesus Christ not alone saw his God everywhere in nature, but how he loved the birds and beasts with a most tender and poetic love; how the sight of the sun, moon, and stars filled him with rapture, and the beauty and fragrance of flowers enchanted him. Indeed, "a little garden was made within the great one for the cultivation of bright-colored, sweet-smelling blossoms"; whilst the border of the large garden was, by his orders, sown with grass sprinkled with daisies; the grass being "to remind the brethren of the beauty of the Father of the world; the flowers, to give them a foretaste of the eternal sweetness of heaven." Many charming incidents are related in respect of his exquisite tenderness to everything that suffered; and, side by side with his compassion for the sick and sorrowing, we read sweet stories of the hunted hares and pheasants that ran to him for protection, and hid themselves within the folds of his habit. Can we wonder that such a mind as this influenced the mind of others in no ordinary degree? Or that it has been said, "Without Francis, no Dante"?

We must now consider some of the most remarkable literary figures of the Order, who, dominated by the spirit of their founder, have left us the written words which remain for all time a lasting expression of their thoughts either in poetry or prose. First amongst these must be mentioned a certain celebrated man, "who was called the King of Verses, because he was considered the prince of contemporary poets." Indeed, his fame was so great that on one occasion he received from the hands of the Emperor of Germany the poet's crown, a distinction subsequently conferred upon Petrarch and Tasso. He, we are told, came by chance with some friends to San Severino, where St. Francis was preaching; and, hearing

the sermon, its eloquence and power, combined with the personality of the preacher, was so moved that he "fell into a sort of rapture"; and in that state thought he saw the saint transfixed by two luminous swords in the form of a cross. Then, feeling that the compelling hand of God was urging him to some great work, the poet sought a private interview with the saint, from whose hands he received the habit the very next day, and with it the name of Brother Pacificus. Later on, this same Brother, who, with his poetic soul and fervent zeal, was after Francis' own heart, established a house of the Order in Paris, even then one of the chief centres of intellectual activity.

Another remarkable Franciscan, whose literary work was filled with the spirit of the seraphic founder, was Jacopone da Todi. This singularly gifted man was born in the little city of Todi, on the borders of Umbria, during the first half of the thirteenth century, became a student at the University of Bologna, took his doctor's degree in law, and for a time lived a life of worldly prosperity. But the sudden death of his wife, a virtuous, wealthy, beautiful, and high-born woman, turned his thoughts to loftier things. He became a Tertiary of St. Francis; later on he begged to be received into the First Order, wherein he evinced extraordinary fervor and sorrow for sin, combined with a "love of God which was pushed to the utmost limits of human effort."

Grief for the wife to whom he had been so devotedly attached became truly, in his case, "a solemn scorn of ills." Trials met him in the cloister also; but he flung himself heart and soul into the religious life, and, to the very end, preserved amidst all difficulties his Christian enthusiasm,—an enthusiasm which, like his poetry, it must always be remembered, was inspired by St. Francis. Jacopone da Todi is indeed a true poet; his works, amongst which we find the immortal *Stabat Mater*, bear the indelible stamp of genius, and place him amongst God's singers upon earth.

He had "learnt in suffering what he taught in song"; and therefore his poems, which deal with the greatest problems and mysteries of our holy Faith, went straight to the hearts of men, and

Drew them back to Heaven again.

We now pass from poetry and literature generally into the higher realms of theology. Here, again, we find that St. Francis exerted a power, both in his life and after his death, undreamed of by those who have not given attention to the subject. Indeed, some writers have even gone so far as to say he was an enemy of learning and science, but this view is wholly unsubstantiated by historic fact. It is true that during the infancy, so to speak, of his great Order, Francis laid particular stress upon the virtues of poverty and simplicity; urging his disciples to give up all things for Christ; to lead actually the apostolic life; to share and understand the lot of the poor, the weak, and the sinful; to possess high and abiding convictions of the inexpressible wonder and hope of human destiny, yet always to reduce those elevated beliefs to the plainest and most practical precepts.

Such had been the saint's cherished ideal; but he was essentially a man of his age, ready, as soon as the occasion arose, to meet the needs of his time. Hence, when it became advisable to found a school of theology, he desired that a certain number of the brethren, who seemed most qualified both by nature and grace, should be admitted; and he placed at the head of it one whose unique mental gifts were more than equalled by his beauty of soul and character. This, needless to add, was the glorious St. Antony, the Hammer of Heretics, as humble as he was great, "the saint not of Padua only, but of the world."

Both naturally and supernaturally, Francis was endowed with singular penetration, broad-mindedness, and a deep-rooted humility that made him ever ready to acknowledge and do honor to the ability of others; and it is undeniable that the

teaching and preaching of Antony gave an impulse to his own ideas on the subject of science and the part it plays in the life of the Christian and of the Church. He loved and venerated Antony; and in founding a school of Franciscan theology with such a man at the head, he planted a seed which was eventually to bring forth "doctors distinguished among all others."

First on the list of these eminent men we must place St. Bonaventure, surnamed the Seraphic Doctor, because his writings seem all on fire with divine love. He, in his turn, was the pupil of another most distinguished Franciscan — Alexander of Hales, the Irrefragable Doctor, — an Englishman, and a native of Gloucestershire, who, having studied in Paris, became a professor and doctor of philosophy. He joined the Franciscan Order in 1222, and was the teacher not only of the Seraphic Doctor St. Bonaventure, but also of the Angelic Doctor St. Thomas Aquinas. Indeed the latter, as also St. Albert the Great, another celebrated Dominican, are both deeply indebted to Alexander of Hales, whose important *Summa* undoubtedly prepared the ground for their own works. It is interesting to note that St. Thomas, who was called by Pope Leo XIII., of happy memory, "the prince of theologians," gratefully acknowledges, in a letter to one of the friars, that the best method of study "consists in rigorously following the lessons of the great English master."

Another Franciscan doctor, not so well known, but still worthy of a high place in the rank of learned men, was Jean de la Rochelle. Then, at Oxford, we find Adam de Marisco, who, with Bishop Grossetête, shares the distinction of having practically founded that venerable University, where, "before Henry the Third's reign was half over, the predominance of the Franciscans was almost supreme." * The learned and pious Robert Grossetête, who afterward became Bishop of Lincoln,

* "Coming of the Friars," by Dr. A. Jessop, pp. 44, 45.

was the venerated teacher, patron, and protector of the friars; and it was at Oxford that he became the intimate friend of the great Roger Bacon, who by his advice renounced the world and became a mendicant friar of the Order of the humble St. Francis. Roger Bacon, *Doctor Mirabilis*, as he was called, "anticipated," says an able writer of our own times, "in a marvellous manner more modern forms of learning; he studied mathematics and optics and medicine, as well as Arabic and Greek. He stands alone in his age as a great experimental philosopher and a scientific man."

Besides these, there have been a number of other remarkable Franciscans whom space forbids us to mention; but no account of the learned sons of St. Francis would be complete without reference to that wonderful genius of the Middle Ages, the Venerable Duns Scotus, whose subtle mind, keen intelligence, extraordinary originality, and equally great personal holiness, have made him one of the most brilliant gems in his Seraphic Father's crown. Duns Scotus spent almost his entire life at Oxford, where his teaching was very favorably received. He is rightly termed the "leader of the Franciscan school of theology," and his triumphant vindication of Our Lady's unique prerogative—her Immaculate Conception—has rendered his name world-renowned for all time; whilst his scholarly statement of the doctrine, his clear and irrefragable arguments, and his masterly refutation of objections, not only established it securely in his own University of Oxford and in that of Paris, but undoubtedly led to its ultimate formal definition as a dogma of the Universal Church.

With this true son of St. Francis and devout client of our dearest Mother we close the long list of famous men whose minds have been, directly or indirectly, influenced by their founder. Under such teaching we are not surprised to learn that "the English Franciscans became the most learned body in Europe; and

that character they never lost till the suppression of the monasteries swept them out of the land."

Nor must we forget, when considering the influence of St. Francis and his children on art and literature, that they were dedicated in a very special manner to Our Lady. Under the protection of Mary Immaculate, the beloved patroness of the whole Order, they lived and worked, studied and wrote; and it was doubtless to her, after their Divine Lord, that they owed their success.

The Coin of Sacrifice.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

I.

SITTING on a vine-shaded veranda, in the cool of the summer evening, her white draperies falling softly around her slender figure, and her gray hair carefully dressed above her delicately-featured face, with its dark eyes and well-defined brows, Mrs. Maitland made a charming picture, as redolent of refinement as a white rose, to the gaze of the man who mounting the steps came toward her.

He was a middle-aged man, with a lean, muscular frame, a strong face indicative of mental ability and tenacity of purpose, and the crisp auburn hair which accompanies a temperament formed for action and success. Both active and successful in the most complete sense Richard Wynne had been. He had managed large affairs with consummate skill; he had amassed by modern methods a great fortune in a comparatively brief period; and the only thing in which up to this time he had failed was in persuading Mrs. Maitland to become his wife. He had been an intimate friend of her dead husband; and when she was left a young widow, with an encumbered estate and two children to educate, he took the management of everything into his capable hands, lifted from her shoulders the burden of

financial care—that burden so terrible to a woman who has never been trained to face the world,—gave his time and effort unreservedly to her service, and for ten years had, in old-fashioned phrase, courted her persistently. It was understood that his persistence had so far succeeded that she had promised to marry him some day—when her children were settled in life, she had, in fact, told him,—and that day seemed near at hand now, since her daughter had recently been married, and her son was successfully making his way in the business world.

They met like the old friends they were; and as Wynne sat down and pulled the ears of the fox-terrier who came and laid his head on his knee, Mrs. Maitland regarded him with a glance which spoke of affection and trust. “You look tired,” she said sympathetically.

“I *am* tired,” he replied. “I have had a very busy day, and matters have arisen of such importance that it is necessary I should go abroad immediately. Helen”—he leaned forward with an air of eagerness,—“can’t you make up your mind to come with me? Let us be married without further delay. I have waited so long; and now that Alice is married, you have no excuse for making me wait longer.”

“You have been very patient,” she told him gratefully; “and I should blame myself for the long delay of which you speak if I had not always been frank with you—if you had not understood—”

“Oh, yes! I have understood, and I have no cause of complaint,” he interrupted. “I have always told you that I would rather wait a lifetime for you than marry any other woman. But the point is that there seems no reason for longer waiting now.”

She did not answer immediately, and as he watched her his heart sank. He had come, resolute and hopeful, determined to carry his point and make an end of the delay; but now he perceived that some further obstacle intervened, and that the woman for whom he had

waited with patriarchal patience was not yet ready to unite her life with his.

“What is it?” he asked at last. “I see that something is the matter.”

It was clear indeed, in the expression of the eyes which met his own, that something was very much the matter. There was pain as well as deprecation in their glance.

“I am so sorry,” Mrs. Maitland said; “but I don’t feel as if I could consider my own life—yet. It is true that Alice is married, but there is John—”

“How on earth does John need you? You don’t have to chaperon and look after him.”

“I am afraid he needs looking after just now very badly indeed. He has fallen desperately in love; and while I know very little of the woman he wants to marry, I am extremely doubtful about her—”

“Who is she?”

“A young widow, a Mrs. Raynor, who has lately appeared in society here, and made quite a sensation.”

In his surprise, Wynne uttered an exclamation which made the fox-terrier growl.

“Unless I am misinformed,” he said then, “that young woman is not a widow, but a divorcée.”

“A divorcée!” Mrs. Maitland gasped. She grew pale as she looked at him with a dilated gaze. “Oh, can it be possible? How terrible!” she said. “I have feared something like this.”

“Have you?” Wynne seemed astonished. “I should not have thought so. You have brought your children up as such strict Catholics.”

“Ah, but think of the world in which they move!” she cried. “Think of the laxity of its morals, the lowness of its standards, the absolutely pagan tone of its atmosphere! The faith must be very strong which does not suffer in such an atmosphere. And I’ve feared—oh, I’ve feared for some time that John’s faith has grown weak!”

“Not his faith, but only his practice of it, I fancy,” Wynne said consolingly. “He

isn't in the least likely to cut himself off from the Church by marrying a divorced woman. So you can surely set your mind at rest about *that*."

But Mrs. Maitland shook her head. "I am afraid I can not set my mind at rest," she said. "I understand now many things which I have noticed lately, and which have made me vaguely uneasy about John. I must see what I can do. And, dear Richard, I am sorry that there is no hope of my being able to go abroad with you."

"So I perceive," Wynne said a little dryly. "I wonder if the time will ever come, Helen, when you will put me, instead of your children, in the first place in your consideration?"

"If I married you," she said gravely, "I should have to do so; and that is the reason why I have never been willing to run the risk of a divided and conflicting duty. These children whom God gave me have seemed to me to come first,—that I have no right to think of myself or my own happiness as long as they have need of me. And it appears that they have need of me yet."

"And always will have need of you, I think," Wynne observed gloomily.

She looked at him wistfully. "It is possible," she said; "and, being so, it might be well, Richard, for you to think of making a life for yourself apart from me."

He uttered a short, unmirthful laugh. "It is late in the day for that suggestion," he said. "No, no, Helen: you can't get rid of me now in any such fashion. There hasn't been a woman in the world for me but you for ten years past; and if you keep me waiting ten years longer, the story will be the same. I have no choice but to wait; and I see that at present I have no choice but to go abroad alone. It is a great disappointment." He rose to his feet. "I think I must go and gather up my courage to endure it alone. The prospect seems to be that I shall have to face everything alone hereafter."

It is possible that he did not utter the last words as a reproach; but it was

nevertheless with very reproachful meaning that they lingered in Helen Maitland's ear long after his figure had passed out of her sight. She sat quite still for several minutes, gazing before her at objects blurred by a mist of tears; and then, suddenly dropping her face into her hands, she groaned aloud.

"Why, mother!"

The astonished tone in the voice made her lift her head with a start, to meet the amazed, interrogative eyes of her son, who was standing before her.

"John!" she gasped. "I didn't know you were here. When did you come?"

"A moment ago," John Maitland said. "I passed Mr. Wynne at the gate. What has he been saying to annoy you?"

"He—Richard Wynne? He never says anything to annoy me,—at least intentionally. You ought to know that."

"I know that he was looking uncommonly glum, and spoke to me very shortly. So I imagined something was the matter before I came and found you crying."

"I was not crying: you are much mistaken."

"Not very much, I think." He glanced suspiciously at her wet lashes, as he sat down in the chair Richard had vacated, and patted the dog, who had meanwhile been leaping upon him demonstratively. "At all events," he went on, "you were groaning as if in pain; and it's not like you to do that without cause. So you might as well tell me what is the matter."

"Nothing of importance," she answered, pulling herself together. "It was only that Richard had mentioned that he finds it necessary to go abroad immediately, and—and—"

"He wants you to go with him." John Maitland leaped to the obvious conclusion at once. "Well, you know I've always been very jealous of him. No fellow likes to see his mother marry again. But if you are going to marry him, I suppose you oughtn't to keep him waiting any longer, and this seems a good time to take the step. You'd like to go abroad."

Mrs. Maitland did not answer for a moment. And as she sat regarding her son—the boy whose passionate devotion to her had made him jealous for years of the man whom otherwise he had every disposition to like and admire,—she was conscious of a pang sharper than that under which she had groaned a few minutes before, in realizing that at last he was ready to let her go. More than ready, indeed; for a woman's keen intuition told her that there was relief as well as willingness in his tone.

"You are right," she said. "He did ask me to go with him; but I—"

"You didn't refuse!"

As the words burst out in a tone of irrepressible disappointment, her heart contracted with a pain which almost forced her to cry aloud. He *wanted* her to go! He *wanted* to be rid of her! There was no longer a question of that.

"I told him," she answered, "that there are reasons why I can not do what he wants—now."

"And those reasons?" her son asked. "I don't see what they can be."

"You don't see—John! Do you think I would go away and leave you alone?"

"My dear mother!" He threw his head back with a forced and slightly angry laugh. "But this is absurd, you know. I am not a child. Why on earth shouldn't you leave me alone?"

"It has not been very long since you told me how you missed me whenever I went away,—how desperately lonely you were; and you even wanted me to promise—"

"I remember," he interrupted hastily. "I was a selfish little beast, and needed kicking; but surely you don't imagine I am as bad as that now?"

"But I am willing to make the promise," she said earnestly. "I am willing to give up, not only going abroad, but Richard Wynne himself, if—if there is a duty which I can fulfil only by staying with you, my son."

"Mother!" Something in her tone, rather than in her few and simple words, touched poignantly the heart that had

always been so devoted to her. A suspicious moisture sprang to the young man's eyes. "You would do that for me?" he said. "But I would not let you sacrifice your happiness and Wynne's—confound him!—even if I needed you more than I do. For you see it is possible that I—I may make a home of my own."

"My dear boy! With whom?"

"With Mrs. Raynor. You don't know her well; but if you did you would love her, and she already adores you."

Helen Maitland found for an instant an absolute physical incapacity to speak. Then she nerved herself to the question which must be asked.

"John," she said, "I have heard that Mrs. Raynor is not a widow, but a divorced woman. Is this true?"

He met her gaze fully, and, as she recognized at once, defiantly.

"Yes, it is true," he said. "I would have told you before, only that I know your—prejudice on that subject."

"Prejudice!" Her heart sank a little lower. "You a Catholic call my opinion—the law of the Church—with regard to divorce, a prejudice?"

"Yes," he replied, with the same note of defiance in his tone, "I do call it a prejudice. There is no justice in it. If you could hear the story of what Madeleine—Mrs. Raynor endured from the unspeakable brute from whom the law has delivered her, you would see the enormity of decreeing that there is no freedom for her."

"You surely know that the Church has never decreed that there is no freedom from an 'unspeakable brute.' In such a case it sanctions separation—"

"But not marrying again! She is to live lonely and wretched to the end of her days, or else be anathema in the eyes of—of people who think as you do! Well, you must think what you please; but I tell you this: if she is anathema, so am I; for I shall marry her."

"O John!"

"It hurts you, mother, I know." He spoke with a certain rough tenderness.

"But I can not help it. You have Richard Wynne, who can take you away and make your life everything that it ought to be; but Madeleine has only me, and I must stand by her."

Silence again; while the mother, studying the young face, with its bright eyes and sternly set jaw, begged God to help her to say the right thing to him.

"And are you ready," she asked presently, "to cut yourself off from the Church which can never recognize such a marriage, to throw your religion away, to live in sin, and—worst of all, John!—to lower the woman you profess to love into living in sin with you?"

A violent flush sprang to his face.

"You forget," he said, "she is not bound by the law of the Church—"

"She is bound by the law of God, explicitly stated in a Book which I suppose she accepts. Don't deceive yourself. That is not one of the laws of which pardonable ignorance is possible. She may not know as clearly as you do the nature of the sin involved in marrying you, but she would know it to some extent; and she would know also, to some extent, what you are forfeiting. O my boy, believe me! marriage is a terrible thing; and one which carries its own punishment, if undertaken without the blessing of God, but rather in disobedience and defiance of His laws."

The young man pushed back his chair sharply, and rose to his feet.

"That is enough, mother," he said. "I knew that it was useless to talk to you on the subject. Therefore I would have avoided discussion if I could. If you had only decided to go abroad with Richard Wynne!"

"You would have let me go—without a word to warn me of this!"

"Why should you be warned of what can only pain you, and what—understand distinctly!—you can not by any possible means prevent?"

Never had John Maitland spoken to his mother in such a tone before; and conscious, ashamed perhaps, of its harsh-

ness, he turned abruptly away. She sat still without a word, gazing after him as he went down the steps of the veranda and walked toward the gate, as Richard Wynne had walked a little while before. It might have occurred to her that by this double departure she seemed to have achieved only a great loneliness for herself. But in truth her thoughts were not of herself at all: they were bent with a passion of love and yearning—that mother-yearning which is the nearest to the infinite tenderness of God that human nature can know—upon the boy whose footsteps seemed falling on her heart as they died away. Was he going to bind himself afresh to that which he had declared that she could not by any possible means prevent? And was there indeed no such means? Had she no power at all to prevent this certain sin and equally certain unhappiness? As she asked the question there came, like an angel's whisper, the memory of some words which she had once heard spoken from a pulpit:

"Do you want some great favor from God? Buy it with the coin of sacrifice. Do you wish to avert a great evil? Pay with the coin of sacrifice. Do you desire to win blessings and graces, or do you long to avert evil from a beloved head? The answer is ever the same: pay in the coin of sacrifice, stamped with the royal insignia of the Cross."

(To be continued.)

The Hydrangeas.

BY RODERICK GILL.

⊙ LOVELIEST precursors of the snows,
 Heap ye the gardens now! For here the Rose
 Hath sighed all June for but some silver flake
 From heaven, the yearning of her breast to slake.
 See where her petals pure have strewn the sod;
 And as of old John cried th' approach of God,
 So ye, that seem with wintry drift bent low,
 Make whisper, "Rose of pearl, O waiting heart—
 the snow!"

San Francesco del Deserto.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

IN the "Fioretti di San Francesco," one of the numberless devotional works that are to be found on sale in the shadow of almost every church in Italy, I have marked a passage that recalls an episode the memory of which is very dear to me.

The "Fioretti" is a little pamphlet containing a selection of those poetic legends with which the life of St. Francis of Assisi abounds. In itself it is a poor thing, badly printed, and to be had for three or four *soldi*; but the text is antique. Moreover, it is illumined by the glow of mystical piety, and as full of romance as a ballad of the troubadours.

Here is the passage that once more attracts me: "The blessed Francis, returning from beyond the sea, was travelling through the marshes of Venice, and heard a vast multitude of birds singing among the bushes. And when he saw them he said to his companions: 'Our sisters the birds are praising their Maker: let us go into their midst and sing to the Lord the Canonical Hours.' And when they had gone into their midst, the birds moved not from their places; but as, on account of their chirping and twittering, the brethren were not able to hear one another, the holy man turned to the birds and said: 'Sisters, cease your song until we have rendered our bounden praise to God.' And they at once were silent, and when the praises were finished resumed their song."

And here is my footnote to the pretty page in the "Fioretti," those wondrous "flowers" gathered so many centuries ago.

For three hours we rocked in a gondola on the Venetian lagoon,—a lagoon which at that season was like a great disk of mother-of-pearl. All this time we were making toward an islet, a tiny islet, that seemed to have been cast loose upon the sea, where it had drifted away into the

far east, and was lying all alone, with its one tower and its groups of tall cypresses. The truth is, the tide was against us; and the gondoliers, despite their measured and unflagging strokes, made but small headway that summer afternoon.

Many islands brooded upon the face of the waters. Murano was far behind us; Torcello the Desolate and Burano the Beggarly lay to the left; on our right—at the very end of a long, winding avenue lined with lofty beacons, a broad passage among the shoals,—at the extreme end of this azure highway, afar off in the sea meadows beyond the watery waste, floated the wee islet we were seeking, and which we found not until toward sunset, when the sea was rosy and the sky scarlet, and Venice a superb silhouette on the western horizon.

The ladies reclined under a striped canopy amidships, clothed in white samite, and shielding their eyes with large fans of gold and crimson. We were silent, while the oars dipped into the placid sea, looking wistfully toward the low shore of the island, which we were at last overtaking; and the long silence was broken with a *Te Deum* as the gondola swung up under the broad, grass-grown steps leading to the green lawn in front of the chapel and convent of St. Francis.

Del Deserto is an oasis buried in the blue desert of the sea. The wide lagoon divorces it from all the world. At the top of the wave-washed steps stands a great weather-beaten cross. We disembarked, pausing for a moment under the cross to look upon the sky and sea, and the islands that seemed to be consumed away in the dazzling splendor of the sunset—a conflagration of sea and sky.

Then the two sea-green bells that hang in the red tower rang out a welcome, and a young friar hastened to receive us and conduct us to Vespers and Benediction. The statue of St. Francis, in the high niche above the chapel door, was crowned with glory. A flock of noisy birds among the trees that top the garden wall suddenly

grew silent; for the tradition of that gentle reproof of their brother Francis has been handed down from generation to generation, on the very spot among the marshes where he sang the Canonical Hours half a thousand years ago. After Benediction, while the birds were all singing again with renewed vigor, we saw the little grotto, within which an effigy of the seraphic saint startles one with its realism; it marks the site of the hut of reeds which St. Francis inhabited so long as he dwelt on the island.

While the ladies waited on the lawn, their chaperon and I entered the cloister, whose threshold the foot of woman has never crossed. Over the jealously guarded door I read this monkish legend:

O beata solitudine!

O sola beatudine!

The twilight deepened; the moon rose out of the sea; the ladies grew impatient, though one of the friars—an elderly Brother—was appointed to divert them with offerings of fruits and flowers fresh-plucked from the convent garden.

Alas! too soon we were recalled to the world and the flesh. Then, with an inspiration which I have never been able to account for, or to repent of, I assisted the ladies to embark, begged them to return, or at least to send for me at a later day; waved them a light adieu, turned on my heel, and suddenly retreated to the convent. There was a gurgle of laughter, and the flutter of a scarlet fan that flashed even as the wing of a flamingo; while the gondola swam out into the lagoon, and was wafted like a long, black plume among the phantom shadows that haunt that silvery sea.

We returned to the cloister. The evening was warm and delicious; a thousand odors were wafted from the convent garden; the crickets sang loudly—they rejoice in the watches of the night. From time to time a silent friar passed out of the shadow into the moonlight, crossed the white-paved court, and was swallowed up in deeper and more distant shadows.

Presently one of these tranquil souls approached me and said: "It is time to seek repose: follow me." The whole island was reposeful; and all the little feathered sisters of St. Francis were silent, with heads hidden under their wings; only now and again one or another of them chirped faintly in her sleep. I followed that ghostly Brother meekly, as befitted a stranger within the gates; we ascended a winding stair, with a crucifix at the top of it,—a crucifix from whose living wounds drops of real blood seemed to be trickling; a dim light burned before it, and the flickering shadow that fell upon the agonizing features of the Redeemer caused the pale sorrowful face to quiver visibly.

We passed the length of the long corridor, with its double row of cells. Over the door of each cell was a single word; by this word instead of by a number the rooms were distinguished one from another. I noted the words, and wondered under which my lot was cast. There were cells marked Fortitude, Devotion, Prudence, Contemplation, Penitence, Charity, Simplicity, Diligence, Patience, Modesty, Humility, Prayer, and Peace. On the walls at the two ends of the corridor was written *Silentium*; and on many of the doors were holy pictures,—the most of them more holy than artistic.

The Brother who was to look after my welfare opened the door of "Peace," and bade me enter. "Prayer" and "Humility" were my next-door neighbors; "Prudence" was just across the way. The cot in "Peace" was extremely narrow, and as hard as a board; there was a prayer-stool under a crucifix, a quaint old print of St. Francis in an ecstasy, and a small window opening into the moonlit cloister. The friar blessed me and withdrew, having hinted that the bell would sound shortly, and that then the lights were extinguished for the night.

The bell sounded; it sounded very loud and clear on the lonely island, under the deep spell of the night. Out came my lamp, while a thin blue ribbon of smoke

uncoiled itself and floated to the ceiling in a thousand graceful curves. I looked from the window into the cloister, opposite a great sundial, with its skeleton finger, and a long, slim shadow thrown across the disk. I could even read the legend that surrounded the dial, for the night was almost as bright as day; it ran thus: "Mark, O mortal, the shadow and the hour!" Mark indeed! For what is life, after all, but a shadowy hour when it is over? The finger of the dial marked an hour, but it was very far from being the correct one; perhaps this is all the difference there is 'twixt sunlight and moonlight.

While I meditated on the brevity of life—which is, in many cases, so much too long that one grows weary of it again and yet again before the end,—while I dreamed there in my small window, like a frame to a living portrait, a cloud of mosquitoes floated into my cell, and revelled till daylight. Prayers were now of no avail. I had retired at 8 p. m.; at 12 o'clock the bell rang for midnight service, and I was glad of an excuse for escaping from the tortures of my sleepless bed.

The little chapel was dimly lighted; I could scarcely recognize a single face of all those who came out of the dim corridor like sheeted ghosts. But a mysterious Brother—the same who led me to *Pax*, the peace-chamber—touched my arm as he passed me, and was doubtless edified to see me so soon again among them.

A little later we returned to our several cells, and I was once more upon the rack. It was too warm to close the window without suffocation, and I dared not smoke and thus abuse the hospitality of the convent; so I lay, and was fed upon by swarms of lagoon mosquitoes, until daylight came to my deliverance.

How much jollier I felt on the day following, as I lounged in the garden among tall hollyhocks and under grape-arbors, where the convent cat sunned himself all day, and took no notice of the sister-birds that chirped almost within reach of his soft, luxurious paws! I could

smoke there, and watch the Brothers, who were always busy save in the brief hour of recreation; then we played football on the lawn, and frightened the sea-birds that parade there, and are fed with crumbs that fall from the convent table.

I felt like one of these holy ones so long as I was among them. Their duties became my pleasures; and in imagination, at least, I was a Brother for the time being. We illuminated missals in those days, and strung rosaries, and distilled perfumes and cordials, and wove wicker baskets. No bees are busier than we were, nor into any hive is sweeter honey gathered. The Father Guardian was master of all, yet he seemed one with us,—a brother rather than a superior. The community was the abode of charity, temperance, and peace. The Brothers were not all well favored, but each had a spiritual beauty, a sexless grace, that was humanizing, harmonizing, tranquillizing.

I know not what the result might have been had I been left there for a reasonable length of time; perhaps I should never have known aught else of the world. But one day there was a stir in the convent. Brother Mysterious—I wonder what his name was, the Brother who was so good to me in *Del Deserto*?—this Brother flew to me, and announced, with a little thrill of horror in his voice, that a gondola was approaching with a freight of ladies—yes, women! I was half sorry,—I was more than half sorry; for I knew that but one gondola would be likely to find our almost fabulous island, and that without doubt it had come to bear me away.

Joining the superior, I went onto the lawn to aid him in receiving the guests. There were two of the forbidden sex, clothed in white samite, waving flamingo-tinted fans, and filling the island with light laughter. They sat upon the lawn, while one of the Brothers brought them white plums and purple grapes—of our own raising,—and the Father Guardian stood guard and wondered what would come of it all.

This came of it. They of the gondola arose, and said that Venice was never more lovely than at that moment: there were *fêtes* and fantasias hourly, and the Queen of the Adriatic was fairly swimming in moonlight and melody. Would I not return at once, and relieve them of the responsibility of my premature decay,—a responsibility that had visibly saddened and aged them during my brief absence? I dared not reason with myself or with them: I merely went.

Once more the sea-green bells in the tower rang out, but this time mellifluous farewells. The superior gave his blessing; the Brothers looked on me with pity, but with forgiveness also; and doubtless they assured themselves that some day or another I would return and abide with them. Then the venturesome gondola would be challenged from the ramparts, and all white samite and flamingo plumage very properly repulsed.

As we reclined among the cushions under the striped canopy in the gently-rocking gondola, the plash of ripples under the prow was like a lullaby; tresses of sea-grass clung to us, as if to stay our flight. For the time being all the splendor of the gemmed and sparkling enchantress, Venice the Only, were forgotten; for it seemed to me then, as it seems to me now, that I had found the veritable island of the blessed, and lost it—perhaps for evermore!

THE martyrdoms of the present day are martyrdoms without blood, but none the less painful,—contempt, sacrifices that demand our money and means, loss of credit, anxiety for our religion, the unfair deprivation of just and equal rights. But there need be no cowards, no lapsed Catholics, no shirkers, no base idolaters of gold or respectability, if the Table of the Lord is thronged with the Lord's servants. The power of the Lord's Body is still what it was when judges frowned and executioners handled the fire, the steel, and the gallows.—*Bishop Hedley.*

Phileas Fox, Attorney.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XI.

AFTER Susan O'Rourke had left him, Phileas was so elated that he closed his office half an hour earlier than usual, and allowed himself a brief holiday. If it had not been too late in the afternoon, he would have started at once to follow up that clue which was now the most absorbing subject of his thoughts. As it was, he strolled down toward the Battery, resolved to enjoy a trip to Staten Island. He sauntered through the Bowling Green, once a fashionable residential quarter, upon which the old Fort of Manhattan had looked out, and through which a stream of historical personages had passed in the long ago. It was now a spot frequented by emigrants, where many a forlorn waif, cast adrift upon these alien shores, tasted for the first time the bitterness of exile.

The bay, a splendid sheet of water, lay clear in the descending sunlight. Pale gold, wavering and tremulous, that sunset deepened, as he watched, into warm rose. It touched the distant statue of Liberty, ironic gift of a nation whence true liberty has been temporarily banished. It hovered over the unsightly pile of buildings on Governor's Island and the green-wooded point of Brooklyn.

The sea-breeze came up and fanned his cheeks. It was an invitation and a summons,—the summons of the sea that had always appealed to him. He remembered, as he hastened down the plank walk into the ferry-house, with the noise of the elevated railroad overhead, and of the surface cars all about him, how he used to play here occasionally as a boy, and how he had wished to be a sailor, and had been turned from that vocation to this other by the influence of relatives. Ah, well, he reflected, it was no doubt for the best. But the phantom of that old

longing haunted him irresistibly at times.

He stepped on board the boat, which was not yet too crowded for comfort, as it would be at a later hour; and, swinging himself up the brass-bound stairs, he passed to the forward deck. He stopped in the shade of the cabin door to light a cigarette, for the wind was blowing sharply outside; and, with a hand to his straw hat to insure its safety, he made his way to a vacant seat near the rail.

As he drew near that point of vantage, he perceived the figure of a girl that seemed to him, somehow, familiar. She wore a close-fitting suit of gray, whose admirable tailoring displayed to advantage the grace and symmetry of her figure, and that indefinable quality of smartness which the plainest costume frequently accentuates. A sailor hat was kept in place by a veil of gauzy texture, matching the costume in tint. The girl was leaning lightly upon the rail looking seaward, and there was in her attitude a suggestion of youth and buoyancy as well as of keen enjoyment. One light spray of hair had become detached from the austere restraint of the veil, and nestled curling upon her neck; a clear pink was in the cheeks. A particularly severe blast from the water caused her to turn aside.

Phileas met the laughing eyes, brightened with enjoyment, of Isabel Ventnor. He caught the look of instant recognition, and the smile that rose to her lips as he hastened to her side with an exclamation of pleasure. He had been seeing the young girl rather frequently of late in his visits to Mrs. Wilson, and there had sprung up between the two a friendliness touched with warmer interest, from the peculiar circumstances of their acquaintance. Phileas felt now as if he had encountered an old friend in a foreign land.

"This is good fortune!" he cried boyishly; for the community of interests—or at least Isabel's connection with the one topic which the lawyer found at the time engrossing—gave her a charm in his eyes quite apart from that which lay in

her mobile face and frank, sympathetic manner.

"Yes," she assented to his last remark, "it is pleasant to see a familiar face in all these crowds. And isn't it delightful here? I just love the salt water."

"So do I," agreed Phileas, heartily. "I was recalling a moment ago that I narrowly missed becoming a sailor."

"And you are, a lawyer instead," the girl commented, with something that sounded like sympathy in her tone.

"Yes, I am a lawyer, as you have discovered. But do let me get you a chair."

Having procured two instead of one, Phileas took his place beside her, resuming the conversation at the point where it had been broken off.

"Your tone," he said, laughing, "does not somehow convey a high idea of the legal profession."

"Oh, it's a good enough profession, and, as we were saying before, interesting in some respects!" said Isabel. "But it doesn't seem to suit you."

"What a set down for me," cried Phileas,—“for me who have just become the family solicitor!”

"I hadn't the choosing, you know," retorted Isabel; "for if I had, I should certainly have chosen the conventional gray hairs."

"Are you so very conventional?"

"I scarcely know, but I think so."

"Well, in any case," continued Phileas, reflectively, "Mrs. Wilson chose me for a precisely opposite reason: because I had *not* gray hairs."

"There is no accounting for tastes!" exclaimed the girl. "If I had legal business to transact, my preference would be all for age and experience."

"I am sorry that I can not leap the years," responded Phileas, cheerfully.

After that they were silent a few moments, looking out over the bay and enjoying the salt breath that blew up from old Neptune. The boat, with a whistle discordant enough to scare the sea-birds that were flying here and there

in the clear air, and with a mighty jostling and straining, broke loose from its moorings, and forged onward into the stream, churning the water into white foam.

"As you are in the family secrets far more than I," said Isabel, once the commotion had subsided and the vessel was proceeding tranquilly upon its way, "I may say that I have often wondered what they are all about."

"And *that* Mrs. Wilson will never tell you," laughed Phileas, "until you are an old gray-haired matron. Very likely she agrees with you that, in some instances, gray hairs are a pledge of discretion."

"Don't be afraid," Isabel said. "I am not going to ask any awkward questions. I am far too well trained for that. I should never think of asking Mrs. Wilson anything that she did not volunteer to tell me, nor poor old Cadwallader either. The parrot would willingly tell me if he could, but—"

"So would some of the rest of us if we could," echoed Phileas; "but in some way or other there are limitations."

"The way in which the parrot harps upon that one name," said Isabel, puckering her brows at the reminiscence, "is the most maddening thing. But, in fact, the house itself is fairly haunted by John Vorst. I wonder if he is dead? Surely his ghost must walk there by night."

She gave a slight shiver as she spoke, which might have been caused by the keen salt air, or the superstitious fancies that she had conjured up.

"You see," she went on, "besides the servants, who are away in another wing, there are only Mrs. Wilson, myself, and Cadwallader in the main part of the house,—except, of course, the parrot, who sometimes wakes me in the dead of night with that weird cry of 'John Vorst.' Wouldn't you hate it, Mr. Fox?"

The girl had an appealing little way of taking the young man into her confidence, which quite enchanted him.

"Yes," he answered, "I think I should; though, after all, what's in a name?"

"There is a great deal in *that* name," persisted Isabel, half jest, whole earnest; "and I feel sure that John Vorst, whoever he is, has a good deal to do with the house and all of us."

Phileas met the laughing eyes unwinkingly. He could not betray by the smallest sign the truth or falsity of her surmise. Under the laughter in the eyes, he saw a shadow that somehow touched him. It spoke of a lonely girlhood shut up in that ancient mansion with old people and their memories. It was wistful, dreamy, pathetic, all in one.

"Oh, I dare say John Vorst is a harmless enough individual," he remarked lightly, "and his name chanced to catch the parrot's fancy!"

"But the bird looks so malignant when he says these two words, hopping from one foot to the other, as if he had a horrible recollection of the man.

"You are getting morbid!" cried the lawyer, cheerfully.

"And, then, that name is on all the documents," Isabel added, as if she felt that to be a horrible confirmation of her fears.

Phileas leaned over the side of the vessel, as if intent on something in the water.

"Oh, you need not have any fear!" cried Isabel. "I am not trying to find out anything. I am only following out my own train of thought."

"Better try to take a more cheerful view of things in general, including the parrot," laughed Phileas.

Isabel stopped him with a little frown of vexation.

"You are so cut-and-dried!" she said. "If you had been a sailor instead of a lawyer, we could have spent this lovely hour trying to puzzle out between us this mystery of John Vorst."

Phileas laughed long and loud at this suggestion.

"If I had been a sailor," he replied, "I should not have been able to exchange a word with you for fear of sending my good ship onto rocks or shoals."

"That is a word from the wise!" the girl retorted.

"I fear I am very far from wise," said Phileas, and there was something of significance in his tone. "There are cases where I might be extremely foolish. But I think just now we had better leave carking care behind us and talk about—"

"I am only waiting for Mr. Wiseacre's suggestion."

"Oh, about anything at all!"

"Which means nothing at all."

"What do you like best to talk about?" inquired Phileas; and that question led the pair into that personal vein of likes and dislikes, and the probabilities concerning one and the other, which forms the staple conversation of most young people. In this way they made quite a substantial advance in the knowledge of each other, and found the topic so interesting that they were disagreeably surprised when the Island was reached.

"Are you getting off?" Phileas asked, fearing that her reply might be in the affirmative, as indeed it was.

"Alas, yes!" answered Isabel. "I have a message from Mrs. Wilson to a friend of hers who lives down here. Are you staying on the boat?"

"I had meant to. But—will you be very long in delivering your message?"

"I shall not be going back," said the girl. "I am invited for an old-fashioned high tea, and to spend the night."

"Then I shall have a solitary sail back," Phileas said regretfully. "But perhaps you will let me walk with you to your destination first?"

"If you are not afraid of losing the boat," Isabel assented.

"I shall take all chances," the lawyer replied heartily.

Isabel made no objection; for, though the attorney was a comparatively recent acquaintance, he stood in the position of family lawyer, honored by Mrs. Wilson's confidence, introduced by Father Van Buren; and, moreover, circumstances had

tended to make her better acquainted with him than if they had both pursued for years the beaten path of ordinary intercourse.

So the two walked together through that garden-like country, past handsome villas with green hedges and verdant, velvety lawns; in the light of the setting sun, in the fresh, cool air, remote from the metropolitan dust and noise and heat. Though they exchanged but few words, and only occasionally a smile or a glance of pure enjoyment, the sail down the bay, and the walk together through that sunlit land, with the water stretched out before them in its glittering beauty, established a perfect friendliness between the two, with the hint of a warmer sentiment that arose from the fresh and unspoiled nature of each. The afternoon remained in their recollection for long after, as a thing apart.

Phileas, hearing the first whistle of the boat just as Isabel's stopping-place was reached, took a hasty leave of his companion, saying:

"This trip altogether was more than I could have hoped for. It has repaid me for the grind of the week."

"And I think it has laid the ghost of John Vorst," said Isabel. "The air here, and everything, in fact, is so delicious!"

"Good-bye!" he cried, lingering despite the imperative call of the ferryboat.

"Good-bye, Mr. Fox!" answered the girl, quite overlooking his name's lack of euphony, and the red hair that all too vividly gleamed in the sunlight. For, after all, what do these things matter when two are young, and nature is beautiful, and minds are in sympathy?

Reluctantly Phileas turned away, taking a quick run from the slope of the road to the boat landing, and catching the ferry by a hair's breadth. The solitary sail cityward was filled with the thoughts of his late companion. Once more he smiled reminiscently at her witticisms, and was conscious of an acute sympathy for her loneliness.

A Wayside Flower for Our Lady's Shrine.

"WHILE we are gazing at the distant stars we are often trampling violets under foot." These words of a German poet often recur to me when I call to mind the simple, humble congregation that assembles in the little country church which has represented to me the notion of the term "parish" for many and many a year. What a contrast between it and the beautiful cathedral which was the church of my baptism!

The simple histories of almost all the families have developed under my eye; and, passing from this pew to that, I could tell you many stories whose truth would seem like fiction,—stories of folly expiated through long lives of trial; stories of tranquil happiness won through simple obedience to God's law. I could give you examples of life's crowning sorrow bravely borne, until a haven of rest was opened to tempest-tossed hearts; as well as pretty incidents in the lives of those who even in the first days of a joyous, happy union did not make "I have married a wife, therefore I can not come" an excuse for laying aside devout habits. From among these annals of a quiet neighborhood let me cull one incident—a wayside flower for Our Lady's shrine.

Just in front of our pew is that of a German farmer—a sturdy fellow, capable of holding the plow to as straight a furrow as could be made by any man in the land. His wife is a pretty, sweet-faced woman, who looks well to the ways of her household; who would be able to consider a field—aye, buy it, too, with the fruit of her hands. This family is one of a little German colony whose relationships are a hopeless tangle to all outsiders.

To have a farm near the church is the dream of all Catholic farmers,—a dream not always realized any more than any other castle in the air; so these neighbors come to church from five miles away. Nevertheless, it is not they who need

reproof for not arriving until *Gloria* or Gospel. Yet, of course, there are many beautiful exercises in which distance prevents them from sharing. Such are the evening Benedictions of the October Rosary devotions.

Wholly unconscious of self-praise, this same little valiant woman told in my presence how they consoled themselves for this privation. Every evening they hurried through their work so as to be able to meet at the house of the oldest farmer in the settlement—the one who was either father or uncle or grandfather to this or that household. They endeavored to be all assembled there at the hour at which the Rosary was recited in the church; and, after saying the *Angelus* together, the old grandfather led the Rosary, after which the three *Aves* and the *Salve*, together with the prayer for the Church, were recited. "We can't be in church, so we do what we can," she added.

If only every Catholic family would thus respond to the request of the Father of Christendom, then indeed would all the foes of God's Church, both visible and invisible, be utterly vanquished. Desecrated sanctuaries would again be sanctified; the cloister would recruit its forces; the world would be less heartless, less—worldly; and Catholic youth would be duly strengthened to resist the manifold temptations which beset their paths.

Not long since, our pastor said to us: "I am instructing another convert, a German Lutheran; and he shows such good dispositions—so earnest and so serious! He has been at R——s' for a long time, and they converted him somehow or other."

Simple-hearted people they are, incapable of any profound argument. This conversion, then, must have been caused by the atmosphere of grace radiating from the Rosary, which entered the heart of the stranger within their gates,—one of the many instances of the power of Her who alone has "destroyed all heresies."

The Spread of Spiritism.

THE MISSION OF MR. J. GODFREY RAUPERT IN AMERICA.

WE had occasion, in a recent issue, to draw attention to the general and steadily increasing interest in spiritism and in the spiritistic teaching and philosophy. This interest is beyond doubt one of the most remarkable and suggestive signs of the times. It constitutes not merely a violent reaction from the old forms of materialistic thought, but it is evidence that the problem of life and death and of human destiny will never cease to occupy the human mind. It seems natural that when these problems receive scientific treatment, and savants of world-wide reputation treat of them with all seriousness, the interest in the subject and its attraction should be increased a hundredfold.

The work of the London Society for Psychical Research is now becoming known in all parts of the world; and, although the Society as a body has so far made no definite and unanimous declaration, its leading members, mostly scientists of renown, have made their confessions of faith. In spite of a strong scientific prejudice to the contrary, and of much fraud and self-deception, they have been obliged to admit that many of the manifestations observed are wholly abnormal in their character, and that they are beyond all doubt governed by extraneous spirit intelligence. *The facts, observed under the most searching conditions, in various countries, and by men well versed in the intricacies of scientific investigation, have prevailed. Pronounced materialists have become spiritualists, and renowned men of science have been compelled to reconsider their position.

It is unhesitatingly claimed by some that the existence and action upon us of an unseen spiritual universe, and the survival of death of the human person-

ality, will ere long become demonstrated facts of science. In England and on the Continent of Europe the subject has in recent years created an enormous amount of interest; and, from publications constantly coming to hand, it is evident that that interest is no longer limited to the more thoughtful and intellectual classes. In all spheres of human life and thought experiments are being made and questions are being asked to which an answer must be given. The problem just now presenting itself to the serious mind is, What is that answer to be?

Some of the English scientists claim that the intelligence disclosing itself by these abnormal manifestations is human in its character, and that the inconsistencies which it is apt to exhibit are largely due to the difficulties which the discarnate human soul may reasonably be expected to experience in its attempt to communicate with the incarnate world. They ascribe to this cause all the well-known trickeries, deceptions and contradictions with which students of the subject are familiar. Others take up a more hesitating and conservative attitude, and accept the spiritistic theory in its wider sense. While admitting the actuality of the phenomena, and the independent intelligence directing them, they are not prepared to say what the nature of that intelligence is, and what are the real aim and purpose of its operations. They seem to think that further research is necessary, and that much must be satisfactorily explained before any definite conclusion can be reached. Some there are who believe that that conclusion can never be reached on scientific lines.

It is very gratifying to know that the authorities of the Church have recently directed their serious attention to the subject. This is no doubt due to the startling developments in psychical research which have taken place in Italy during the last few years, and to the serious losses from this cause which the Church is undoubtedly suffering in all parts of the

world. Some years ago it was felt that in view of the dangers attending any kind of treatment of the subject, the policy of silence might, under the circumstances, be the best and safest one. The authoritative teaching of the Church was held to be the best and most effective antidote to the new doctrine. Recent events, however, have demonstrated the untenableness of this position, and the need of emphasizing the perils of the times and the growing danger. It is seen that a full and accurate knowledge of the subject in its scientific aspect, especially on the part of our clergy, is the only right and safe course to be pursued. It is only thus that perplexed minds, unsettled and disturbed by the new knowledge, can be safely directed; and that the darker aspect of the subject, so often ignored by scientific men, can be effectually demonstrated.

With this end in view, Mr. J. Godfrey Raupert, whose name is not unfamiliar to our readers, and who for years past has made a special study of the subject, has delivered courses of lectures at our Catholic centres of education both in England and abroad. These lectures have not only created a very great amount of interest, but they have also been instrumental in effectually demonstrating the immense significance and importance of the subject. Quite recently Mr. Raupert has, at the request of the authorities, lectured at the English universities and in Rome, and has now come to this country in order to continue his work.

His present mission is undertaken at the express personal wish of the Holy Father himself (with whom Mr. Raupert had a prolonged audience in March last), and with the warm approval of the Cardinal Secretary of State and of the teaching authorities. His intention is to visit the various centres of Catholic education in America, and to set forth the views to which an accurate study of the subject and prolonged observation have led him. While still a Protestant, Mr. Raupert had excellent opportunities of experimentally

studying the subject; and his connection, for a number of years, with the Society for Psychical Research has made him intimately acquainted with the modern movement in all its phases.

His views, as embodied in his printed lectures and in his works—"Modern Spiritism" and "The Dangers of Spiritualism,"—are in complete agreement with those of eminent Catholic theologians; and they have the unique advantage that they are not based on authoritative teaching, but on deductions and inference drawn from prolonged and accurate study and observation.

Mr. Raupert, while admitting that the intelligence operating in spiritistic manifestations is frequently an extraneous intelligence, independent of the medium of the experimenters, holds that the human nature of that intelligence has not been established, and that the conclusions of scientists are not warranted by the real evidence. His view is that a grievous deception lurks behind these phenomena, and that the entire subject is attended by grave danger to both faith and morals. He presents simple, ample and striking evidence in support of his view.

"ALWAYS and in all places," says St. Francis de Sales, "have the children of the Church saluted the Mother of God with the Angelical Salutation, *Ave Maria*. Our immediate forefathers, practising what came down to them from their ancestors, repeated every hour the *Ave Maria*, believing that they thus made themselves acceptable to the Heavenly King by honoring His Most Holy Mother. They believed that nothing was more conducive to that end than when honoring Mary, to imitate God Himself, who honored her in so supereminent a degree, and in her also honored all mankind, on that day when He assumed our human nature. O holy salutation! O sublime panegyric, dictated by God Himself, pronounced by the Angel and by Elizabeth, repeated throughout all ages!"

Notes and Remarks.

The high importance which the Holy Father attaches to the mission—explained in another column—which he has entrusted to Mr. J. Godfrey Raupert, at present in this country, will doubtless insure him a cordial welcome wherever he may go; and it is to be hoped that he will receive generous financial support for the distribution of literature in districts which he may find it impossible to visit. His lectures would be in general demand, but it is intended for the present to restrict them to Catholic audiences. The Cardinal Secretary of State has the success of Mr. Raupert's mission so much at heart that he has directed him to report from time to time the results of his work in the United States.

The need of special efforts to combat the evil of spiritism will be questioned only by those who have no idea of its greatness or are ignorant of its extent. Forewarned is forearmed. The revival of this cult, most destructive of faith and morals, has already set in, and it is the Pope's earnest desire that his children everywhere should realize in time the danger that threatens them,—a danger all the more great because generally hidden.

Mr. Raupert's address for the present is Notre Dame, Ind.

On the occasion of the recent funeral of Antoine Henri Becquerel—one of the world's most distinguished physicists—his parish priest, the Abbé Bienvenue, recounted that the eminent scholar, talking with him, a year or two ago, of the religious crisis through which so many gifted scholars and scientists had passed, or were passing, declared: "As for me, my work itself brought me back to God." The Abbé went on to state that to the God, back to whom M. Becquerel had been led by the way of science, he rendered

not merely the homage of a convinced mind, but the worship of his will and his life, submitting to all the exigencies of Catholic discipline, attending Mass on every Sunday, and in his home presiding at the daily prayers of the family circle and the servants. One more shining proof—if proof were needed—that the most eminent scholarship and the most practical Catholicity are the very reverse of incompatible.

Some idea of Catholic activity in the field of foreign missions may be gleaned from the following statement printed in the "African Almanac for 1909," prepared by the Fathers of the Holy Ghost:

In 1852 the Seychelle Islands were entrusted to the Capuchins of the Savoy Province; in 1855 Natal was assigned to the Oblates of Mary Immaculate; in 1859 Fernandopo was taken in charge by Spanish missionaries; and during the last half century religious have been poured into Africa from the African missions of Lyons, the White Fathers of the Desert, the Jesuits, the missionary Congregations founded in Belgium, England, Germany and Italy; so that at present there are no fewer than twenty-five religious Orders and Congregations engaged in winning Africa to Christianity, with 2574 secular priests and religious of both sexes, while the continent is divided into seventy-one Vicariates and Prefectures Apostolic.

These considerable numbers not only testify to a most gratifying zeal for the spread of the Gospel, but emphasize the necessity of generous contributions, on the part of all well-to-do Catholics, to the Society for the Propagation of the Faith.

There is much of interest to Catholics generally, and American Catholics particularly, in a paper, "The Philippine Islands and their Happy People," contributed to the *Annals of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart* (Glastonbury, England) by the Rev. E. Merg, M. S. C. We have space for but one paragraph:

The large attendance at daily Mass is a beautiful expression of their strong faith. On feast-days old men and young men, women and maidens (the weaker sex of all ages are never

seen in the church without the head covered with a veil exclusively used for that purpose), flock to the church from all directions at the early hour of 4 or 5 a. m. During Lent they follow the Stations of the Cross with the greatest devotion, kissing the ground at each station. Holy Week is kept most solemnly, Holy Thursday and Good Friday being public holidays. On Holy Thursday thousands and thousands go from church to church, reciting the Rosary with their kinsfolk, to adore the Blessed Sacrament in the gorgeous "sepulchres." Good Friday evening presents the unique sight of the public procession of the *Interramiento*, or burial of Our Lord, the grandeur of which surpasses description; thousands of men and women of all ranks and all ages pride themselves on taking part in it, carrying lighted wax tapers of considerable size, and preceding the "hearse," all glittering with gold and silver and lights, wherein reposes the dead figure of Our Lord covered with the richest embroideries and silks that can be procured.

The whole paper furnishes superabundant evidence—if at this late day any further evidence were wanting—that the religious and educational interests of the Filipinos were not neglected by the Spanish friars.

In the eloquent address which he delivered in Westminster Cathedral at the solemn opening of the Eucharistic Congress, Cardinal Vannutelli asked whether there was any country in the world in which such royal magnificence in building, enriching and adorning churches in honor of the August Sacrament had been shown as in England. Apropos of these words, we quote the following eloquent paragraph from a paper on "The Holy Eucharist in Pre-Reformation Times," read at one of the sectional meetings of the Congress by Abbot Gasquet:

The evidence of the faith of our Catholic ancestors in those days when England knew but one creed, can be seen in the works of almost every English writer for a thousand years and more; and blind indeed are they who can not read aright what is there written. What that faith was, how full it was, and how it overflowed with devotion to Our Lord ever present in the consecrated Host, can be seen in the walls of every cathedral, abbey, and parish church,—all of them raised by the generous

piety of our Catholic ancestors in every part of the country. These were the tabernacles of the Lord of Hosts; the shrines set up by generations of Englishmen as the places where the "glory of the Lord" should dwell in their midst, hardly hidden by the sacramental veils from the eyes of their faith. Upon these sanctuaries they lavished all that was best and most beautiful, as they would do on a house prepared for their Lord and Saviour. Even desecrated, dismantled, and destroyed as many of them are, they still proclaim the purpose for which they were erected. As St. Bede has said, they were raised as "houses of prayer where the Body of the Lord is consecrated, and where, as we can not doubt, the angels are ever present"; since "where the mysteries of the Lord's Body and Blood are wrought, we can not but believe that there are the hosts of heaven," who were present when the lifeless Body was placed in the tomb, and who guarded it reverently till the moment of its glorious resurrection.

While the school question in England is not exciting at present any such notable agitation as was evident a few months ago, it is far from being definitely settled. Commenting on the rumor, industriously spread by newspaper correspondents, of the Government's being fully convinced that the Bill which Mr. Runciman will bring in shortly after the House of Commons reassembles for the settlement of the Education question will meet with the approval of all parties, the *Catholic Times* of London remarks:

We have heard and read prophecies of this cheerful character before, but the sanguine hopes they raised were not realized. It is pretty certain that the Catholics are not in a disposition to lay down their arms; on the contrary, they are firmly resolved on the policy of keeping their powder dry. Nay, the movement for freedom in education—for the right of the parent, whether Nonconformist, Anglican, Catholic or Jew, to say what are the religious tenets his child shall learn—is growing; and from letters in the press, speeches from the platform, and the latest movements amongst the denominationalists, it is evident that preparations are being made for a great national agitation on these lines. An attack on the denominational principle by Mr. Runciman in his new Bill would be the signal for setting it decisively on foot; and the experience of the Ministerial candidates since the

general election in those contests in which the school question played a prominent part, clearly points to the conclusion that the fight would prove to the disadvantage of the Government.

In any case, forewarned is forearmed; and our English co-religionists are apparently determined not to lay themselves open to the charge of having been caught napping.

There are a great many heads of families in this country who could not do better than adopt this suggestion of the Rev. Morgan M. Sheedy:

Now, if the father would sit down for half an hour in the evening with his boys and help them with their "tasks," it would open up a new field to the boys. It would set them thinking. They would reason out that, if these "tasks" are interesting to their father, there must be something in them. The chief defect, in short, is that the parents want to absolve themselves from all responsibility for the moral welfare of the child and impose it on the school. Their idea seems to be that the schools can make a scholar and a gentleman out of him. One of the greatest problems to-day is the home,—the home, with its atmosphere of religion, morals, co-operation, sweetness, purity, education.

We have more than once insisted on the fatuity of the parents' endeavoring to shirk the responsibility which parenthood necessarily imposes. Parish school and Sunday school can no doubt do much in the formation of the child; but there must ever be an intimate and peculiar portion of that formation derivable from father or mother only, and transferable to no one else.

Writing to his mother, from Mei-hoei-ing-tze, in Central Mongolia, Father Van Dorpe, a Belgian missionary, tells of a curious report spread all over the country to the detriment of Christianity and its adherents. It is to the effect that when Chinese children are taken or received into the Holy Childhood establishments of our missionaries, the children's eyes are torn out! "As for the origin of the story," writes Father Van Dorpe, "it is this. In 1860, at Tien-tsin, the precursors

of the Boxers of 1900 assassinated, as is well known, a number of European missionary Fathers and Sisters. While pillaging the Holy Childhood institution they found a jar filled with—'children's eyes.' The *corpus delicti*, the incriminating jar and its contents, was kept as damning proof, and the whole Empire was informed of the atrocious crime. Finally, a Chinese merchant, a dealer in European commodities, called the attention of his fellow-citizens to the fact that the awful jar contained nothing more or less than a vegetable unknown in their country—little onions preserved in vinegar. The onions were thrown away, but hatred of the European was gratified in preserving the original story; and it is still generally believed."

The next Eucharistic Congress is to be held in Montreal, and its venerated Archbishop is being congratulated on all sides that the great privilege has been secured for the Rome of America. Montreal was certainly an admirable choice, and the next Congress is sure to be one of the most memorable yet held. The suggestion, made in protest against the action of the English Protestant Alliance, that the Capital of the United States would be a fitting place for the next Eucharistic Congress, was offered by the New York *Independent* in words which deserve quotation in full:

Let the Eucharistic Congress hold its next meeting in the United States. It will be welcome in Washington. The President—Mr. Taft, we presume, who went as a Legate from the United States to Rome to settle with the Pope the troubles about the Friars' lands—will receive courteously any kind message from the Pope, and will reply in similar terms. We warrant it will be safe. It will not make a Catholic of President Taft, nor Catholics of our people. We do not any longer take special pride in the designation of "Protestant." It was good enough once, but now we call ourselves Christians; and we allow the name of Christian to those equally who worship God the Father and His Son Jesus Christ as we do, but also venerate the Virgin somewhat more than we do. But they have their equal rights. We do not all of

us agree with them, but we do not think of protesting against them, for we no longer need to. There is not a denomination in this country that has the word Protestant in its name which is not trying to get rid of it.

Our metropolitan contemporary used to be—not so long ago either—a favorite organ of ultra-Protestants and backsliding Catholics, especially “ex-priests.” But the times have changed, and changed wondrously. If, since the year began, any non-Catholic journal in this country has published anything more free from prejudice, more broad-minded and large-hearted, than the paragraph quoted above, we do not recall it.

Apropos of the roseate dreams of gliding through the upper regions of the air—dreams into which many people have been led by the recent remarkable successes achieved by the Wright brothers with their aeroplane,—*Cassier's Magazine* proffers this prosaic bit of wisdom:

The conquest of the air must be made by gradual personal experience, just as the child learns to walk, to swim, to ride the bicycle. And to attempt to fly without such a training is to invite disaster, even with the perfect machine, should such be made. The violin is a simple instrument, and many able performers have endeavored to write treatises explaining how it is played; but the man who attempts to use it finds that arduous practice for months and years is necessary before success is possible. In like manner must the performer on the aeroplane accept the fact that he has to learn the art, and that it can not be acquired in a day, but demands laborious and persistent effort, until its accomplishment becomes a combination of motions as automatic and instinctive as those involved in our present everyday movements.

Aviation is not only a science but an art, and apparently not a facile one to acquire, even with a machine as perfect as the Wright aeroplane.

It is rather a striking contrast that *Rome* points out in the respective amounts annually expended by the city of New York and the Kingdom of Italy for public elementary education: New York, \$31,000,000; Italy, scarcely

\$4,000,000. One is somewhat prepared after this statement to learn that the percentage of illiterates among Italians is 48.49,—i. e., that almost half the people in the whole country can neither read nor write. “On the other hand,” says *Rome*, “Italy spends an enormous number of millions every year on her army and navy; the young men who have never been taught to read or write are instructed very minutely in the noble art of marching in step and using guns and bayonets in the way best calculated to kill an enemy. And in the meantime one hears and reads in Italy more about ‘the conscient evolution of the masses’ than perhaps anywhere else in the round world. Here in Rome itself, where there is so much need to spread the blessings of popular instruction, all that the Block has done since it came into power has been to banish religious instruction from the schools, and to start a campaign to drive even the Crucifix from them.”

And yet it should not require any profound sagacity on the part of Italian statesmen to discern that a village school wherein education (not merely instruction) is imparted is a far better guarantee of the stability and prosperity of their country than the formation of a new military corps, or the construction of a warship even of the “Dreadnought” type.

A strikingly significant fact is brought out in the current report of the British Commission on the Care and Control of the Feeble-Minded. Referring to Glasgow, which has a large Irish population, it is stated that “the race whose birth rate is not on the decline produces fewer defective children by half than the race whose birth rate is declining.” Another fact no less striking, and vouched for by eminent medical scientists, is that parents who raise large families are apt, not only to enjoy better health, but to live longer than parents who shirk their responsibility in this respect.



The Miller's Dream.

ANON.

A MILLER one time, on a long summer's day,
Fell asleep in the shade of his mill,
And dreamed of a sure and speedy way
His coffers with riches to fill.

A creaking old wheel that his forefathers built,
And the force of a stream turned round,
For a century past had driven the mill,
And the grain for a century ground.

But it happened this day that the brook was low,
And the noisy old wheel stood still;
So the miller, for lack of something to do,
Fell asleep in the shade of his mill.

As soon as he woke, he at once began
To follow the plan of his dream,
And, in spite of all that his friends would say,
He turned the course of the stream.

The summer had past, cold winter was nigh,
Still the miller could grind no corn;
And the neighbors who scoffed at his useless work
He answered with bitter scorn.

The dam was finished, but not that year;
And the people had ceased to go
To the little mill, whose idle wheel
Was buried beneath the snow.

To the miller's joy, the springtime came,
And the torrents poured into the glen,
Filling up to the brim the pond he had made,
And turning the wheel again.

But one night as the villagers, safe at home,
Heard the sound of the pelting rain,
The dam gave way, and down the stream
Went the miller, the mill, and the grain.

How many a man in every land,
Like the miller, has followed a dream,
And sooner or later, with mill and grain,
Like the miller, gone down the stream!

The Story of Little Fritz.

VIII.—AN ACCIDENT IN THE FOREST.

OUR quiet, blissful years
had gone by since our Fritz
first found a home with the
family of his Uncle Wille-
brand; and then a great
misfortune threw its dark shadow over
that once happy household. Hitherto the
family had known less of sorrow than
usually falls to the lot of mortals. Blessed
with health and plenty, they had gone on
their way content with themselves and
all the world, at peace with God and man.

As formerly, Willebrand and his three
sons went day after day to their work in
the forest. The boys were strong, indus-
trious young fellows, and had become a
great help to their father. Mother Wille-
brand still kept in order the house and
all appertaining to it, and Fritz assidu-
ously cultivated his talent for drawing.
He was, without knowing or dreaming of
such a thing, becoming a very skilful
artist, and needed only proper instruction
to enable him to win wealth and renown
in his chosen career.

The Lord leads His people in strange
paths, and often when He sends them an
overwhelming sorrow He means it for
their good. Let no one, then, murmur
when the Lord's hand is laid heavily upon
him; but let all, in darkness and trouble,
look trustfully to Him who guides and
governs the universe, who, with equal
love and wisdom, points out the course
of worlds through limitless space and the
path of the meanest worm.

One morning in early autumn Wille-
brand and his sons went out to their
work in the forest. Each bore a heavy ax
upon his shoulder; for they were to build

a new coalpit, and must fell trees for that purpose. The day was beautiful. The sun's first golden beams lighted up the cloudless sky, and millions of sparkling dewdrops trembled on the leaves of the trees and the blades of grass. The forest, magnificent in its autumn adorning, glowed in mingled hues of red and brown and gold. Thrushes and other birds of passage made it vocal with their songs as they flew in great companies to those Southern climes where they might escape the bitter cold and biting winds of the North.

"How beautiful the world is!" cried Wolf, letting his eyes sweep over the charming landscape. "How can people find fault with such a world?"

"The mind of man is foolish," answered Willebrand, "and many persons in their sinful pride think themselves wiser than the Lord whose creatures they are. Yet what weak, helpless, miserable beings we should be without the guidance and support of our Father in heaven! 'What God does is well done,' my children. Treasure the words of this proverb deep in your hearts. They may console you when you are greatly in need of consolation. But here we are at the appointed place! Let us now bravely and diligently use the strength God has given us."

The boys pulled off their jackets, seized their axes, and began chopping away at a mighty spreading beech, which reared its leafy crown a hundred or more feet in the air. The father directed the work. His great anxiety was that the tree might not in its fall injure other trees which they did not need.

"We must spare the gifts of God," he said, as the boys for a few minutes rested their weary arms from the work. "We must spare the gifts of God. When we think how many years it takes for a tree to grow to the thickness of one's arm, we shall be careful not to destroy wantonly what all creating nature has designed for our use. When the time and the necessity come, the tree may fall, even like this

beautiful beech, which your axes will soon lay low. For full a hundred years it has adorned the forest, a green, magnificent witness of Almighty God. Now it must fall, but it will be of use after its death. So has God decreed, who permitted the tree to grow and flourish, and who, throughout all nature, has in His goodness ordained that every single thing shall serve for the universal good. The tree is useful in its death. We should be useful in our lives; for this God has given us strength, reason, and reflection. Now, boys, to work again!"

The axes flew, their blows waking mighty echoes through the leafy forest. Soon the trunk of the tree was nearly severed, and a rope was swung around it near the top. Then Willebrand and his sons seized the ends of the rope and pulled with all their might. The tree trembled, wavered, bent now this way, now that, and at last bowed its leafy head as if in resignation to the fate that was inevitable. Soon a thundering crash was heard; for the limbs were crushed and splintered in falling, and now the giant of the forest lay stretched upon the mossy ground.

But with the tree also fell poor Father Willebrand. Deathly white, and breathing heavily, he lay upon the ground; blood streamed from his nose and welled from his trembling lips; and at length, entirely senseless, he closed his eyes. He seemed to be dead; and with a cry of horror his sons fell on their knees by his side, covering his cold, bloodless hands with kisses and tears.

As the tree fell one of the largest limbs had broken into several pieces, which had been thrown here and there with great violence. One of the largest of these had struck Willebrand in the breast with such force as to throw him to the ground.

"Father, wake up!—for God's sake, father, wake up!" cried the boys, to whom this blow had come like a thunderbolt from a clear sky. "Oh, what will our mother, what will Fritz say? O father, dear father, rouse yourself!"

So the boys moaned and sobbed, trying to waken to consciousness their senseless father. At length, with a deep sigh, he opened his eyes.

As he saw his children weeping and moaning around him, Willebrand motioned them with his finger to be quiet, and tried to speak, but for some time in vain. At last he succeeded in uttering a few words in a weak voice.

"Hush, children!" he said. "It is not so bad as you think; I have received no fatal injury. And even if I had you should not forget the words I have just repeated to you: 'What God does is well done.' Wolf, you can run to the village and ask the neighbors to come with a stretcher and take me home. Go quick, child; and don't be alarmed."

Wolf ran very fast, and soon returned with several of the frightened neighbors. The wounded man was carefully lifted up, carried home, and laid in bed, where he soon slept. Wolf hurried off for the nearest physician, who arrived at the cottage and entered the sick room toward evening.

"Dear old man!" he said after examining the patient,—"dear old man, you had a very narrow escape this time. Your case, however, is not dangerous if you will only remain quiet and wait for recovery, which will come very slowly. You must not think of such a thing as hard work for many months. It would either bring on speedy death or incurable illness."

After these words, which had no encouraging sound to Father Willebrand, the doctor wrote a prescription, gave a few important directions, and then hastened forth to visit other patients.

The old man buried his face in his hands, and for a long time seemed lost in mournful thought. No one ventured to disturb him, until at length Frau Willebrand motioned to the boys to leave the room so that she might be alone with their sick father. But the husband and wife were not alone. Fritz, who had not

heard or seen the other boys go out, sat in a corner weeping bitterly.

Frau Willebrand approached the sick couch, took her husband's hand in hers, and said sympathizingly:

"What is on your mind, dear husband? If you have any trouble or sorrow I do not know, tell me and let me help you bear it."

The sick man replied mournfully: "Dear wife, I am sorely troubled. The doctor says that I must lay aside work for many months, and this makes me very unhappy. Who will provide for the family? Our boys are still too young and weak; and Fritz, though he has the disposition to work, has not the strength. The future looks very dark to me."

"Cheer up, husband!" said the good wife. "Things are not so bad as you think; and even if earthly help should fail, our Heavenly Father will not forsake us. Wolf is now fifteen; he is not afraid of work, and is strong for his age. You have taught the younger ones also to do their share, and they can help the neighbors in burning coal. They can certainly support themselves, and Wolf can do more. His extra earnings must go to provide medicines and comforts for his sick father. And, then, if I am very industrious, I can earn something by spinning for people in the village; this will help a little. Be comforted, dear husband. God will not forsake us."

Father Willebrand made no reply. He only turned his head aside so that his wife might not see his despairing tears. She, believing that he wished to sleep, said no more.

IX.—FRITZ'S RESOLUTION.

Fritz, who had listened to the conversation between Willebrand and his wife, slipped quietly out of the room and took the path leading to the forest.

"Things must go on in this way no longer," he said to himself. "When all are working so hard, I must not be the only idler. While he was well, Uncle Willebrand cared for me; now he is ill

and weak, and I must care for him. But what can I do?"

Fritz had a loving, grateful heart, and his highest wish was to do something for the kind uncle who, when in health, had done so much for him. After turning over many projects in his mind, he at last thought of Master Sharp's proposal to take him as an apprentice in fresco-painting.

"That will do!" he cried jubilantly. "If he wanted me three or four years ago, he will surely want me now when I can be of so much more use to him. He will pay me good wages, and I can send almost all I earn to Uncle Willebrand. To-morrow morning early I will set out for Master Sharp's house."

With a lightened heart the boy went home; but he did not say a word of his plans, for fear he might not be allowed to carry them out. Late that night, when he was alone in his little room, he wrote a few lines, thanking his foster parents for all their kindness, telling them his reasons for this sudden departure, and begging them not to be anxious on his account; saying also affectionate good-byes to all. Then, having prayed to God for support and guidance, he threw himself upon his bed and slept peacefully for some hours. "A good conscience is the best pillow," and the boy's conscience told him that he was doing right.

Morning had scarcely dawned when he packed his painting materials and his few other effects in a small bundle, which he threw over his shoulder; then, leaving the letter on his pillow, he started on his journey. When he came to the summit of the hill from which he must take his last view of the humble cottage where he had passed four peaceful, joyous years, he turned, and for a long time gazed at it with feelings of the deepest love and thankfulness.

"Farewell, dear ones!" he cried, while the tears streamed down his cheeks. "All farewell! If it is God's will, I shall soon see you again. Do not be angry with me for leaving you. It had to be."

Still another long, lingering glance he threw upon that dear, peaceful home; then, again taking up the little bundle he had for a few moments laid down, he hastened on his way.

He had been fully three hours absent before Frau Willebrand found the letter he had left behind. In dumb astonishment she read it, and then carried it to her husband, who was no less surprised at its contents.

"We will let the boy go his own way," he said. "He means well, and would be grieved if we should oppose his good intentions. If I had been in his place, I should have done the same. His love and gratitude rejoice my heart, and I am sure God will guide and guard him."

But good Frau Willebrand could not be reconciled to the boy's entering the service of so hard a master as their cousin Sharp; and, to comfort her, Willebrand added:

"B. is not out of the world, dear wife; it is only about ten miles from here. We shall hear from Fritz often; and if cousin Sharp does not treat him well, he shall come back to us."

And so the thing was settled. But Fritz had become very dear to the whole household, and all missed him sadly. Just as the sun was setting, very weary, but full of hope and courage, Fritz arrived at B. He soon found the house of Master Sharp; and, with staff in hand and a bundle upon his back, knocked at his door. The master mason did not recognize the little fellow of three years before, who had now become a tall, handsome youth.

"Who are you and what do you want?" he asked in his gruff way.

"I will not now tell him who I am," thought Fritz, so he replied: "I am a painter and want work. If you need help, please give me a trial."

Master Sharp eyed Fritz from head to foot.

"Have you testimonials, lad," he said, "and can you show me some samples of your work?"

"I have no testimonials," returned

Fritz; "but I can show you some pictures I have painted."

Then, taking his portfolio from the bundle, he showed Master Sharp some of the best pictures he had painted in the last two years. The old man put on his spectacles, and very critically examined the pictures. They appeared to please him wonderfully; for his little green eyes sparkled, and he kept muttering to himself words of approval.

"Yes," he said at length, "I need you, young fellow. I have engaged to fresco several rooms in the castle of Baron Rabinski, and I want some one to do the finest work. If you will undertake it, I will give you board, lodging, and four dollars a week besides. Will that satisfy you?"

"Yes," replied Fritz, whose heart leaped for joy at a compensation so far beyond his most sanguine dreams. "I am fully satisfied, and will do my best for you."

So the bargain was made, and Fritz entered as a fresco-painter into Master Sharp's service.

(Conclusion next week.)

An Instance of Absent-Mindedness.

It is related of a famous and absent-minded scientist that, taking a notion that he would like a hard boiled egg, he set out to prepare one. Having ascertained how many minutes it should boil, he went to the stove and dropped his watch into the boiling water. Then, placing the egg on the table beside him, he sat down to read until the time was up. The book proved entertaining, and it was half an hour before he raised his eyes and found the egg. "Why, I must have removed this from the water," he said; and proceeded to break the shell, with what result you may imagine. At last he missed his watch, and searched all over the house for it; but it was not to be found until the following morning, when the cook discovered it in the kettle, probably not much improved by its long bath.

An Irish Legend.

Saint Kevin—or Colengen, as he is termed in Irish—was born in Ireland toward the close of the fifth century. His parents were of noble rank, and he was educated by them with great care. One of his tutors was Saint Petrocus, a Briton who had crossed the Irish Sea to benefit by the teaching of the Irish monks. Saint Kevin was quite young when he took the monastic habit and retired to Glendalough—the glen of two lakes—in County Wicklow. Here he founded the monastery round which a city gradually rose, flourished, and decayed. The walls of many of the buildings are still standing, and these have given the glen its name of the Valley of the Seven Churches. Two round towers—one nearly perfect, the other in great part demolished—stand among the ruins.

It is said that Saint Kevin had the greatest compassion for those who toil; and, while his monastery and church were in course of erection, the workmen complained that the loud and ceaseless songs of the skylarks roused them long ere daydawn in the spring and summer mornings. They came to Saint Kevin with their grievance. "Nor can we sleep again," said the spokesman of the party, "so loud and persistently do the larks of the valley sing overhead." Then, says the legend, the good saint banished the larks from the valley, and the work of building went on apace. But Saint Kevin grew old and died; and at his death he forgot to withdraw the sentence of exile he had passed against the sweetest of all the singing birds, and never since have the larks sung over Glendalough. The poet Moore says:

By that lake, whose gloomy shore
Skylark never warbles o'er.

THE first book printed in America was from the press in Mexico, and was entitled "A Spiritual Ladder to Ascend to Heaven."

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—In a list of new novels published by Smith, Elder & Co., we note "Catherine's Child," by Mrs. Henry de la Pasture; and "The House of the Crickets," by Katharine Tynan.

—"By Faith Alone" is the title of a new novel by René Bazin. It is described as a vigorous and stirring tale, full of picturesque incidents and vividly drawn characters, on lines quite different from those of "The Nun." We very much hope so.

—Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co. have just published a new book by Mr. Andrew Lang on the "Maid of France." The distinguished author and critic throws light on obscure points in the life and death of Jeanne d'Arc, and refutes some old and new objections.

—"The Fly on the Wheel," by Katherine Cecil Thurston, author of "The Masquerader," "The Gambler," etc., is among new novels issued by Dodd, Mead & Co. Having read some pages of this novel while it was appearing in one of the magazines, we welcome its reappearance in book form. The author, we are told, is a Catholic.

—Many readers will be interested in the announcement of a "History of the Royal Irish Abbey of Ypres," by the Rev. Patrick Nolan, O. S. B. This famous abbey was founded in 1665, and still flourishes. The Divine Office has never been interrupted within its walls,—not even during the French Revolution. The work will be published by Brown & Nolan, of Dublin.

—"Lord Kelvin," by Andrew Grey, is not a complete biography of the great English scientist, nor does it give a full account of his scientific work. Prof. Grey has written for physicists, who will doubtless be deeply interested in all that he has to say about the theory of electrical images, the energy theory of electrolysis and electrical units, thermodynamics, and other things.

—Although confined to "Pure Mathematics," the first volume of a new catalogue of scientific papers issued by the Royal Society of London contains nearly 40,000 references, distributed amongst 700 different periodicals. In a notice of this useful work, the *Athenæum* remarks: "It is a commonplace that no man is able to keep abreast of the scientific literature which is published nowadays, and that all that any one can hope to do is to follow the developments

of a portion of some one branch of science. To reach even this standard of knowledge it is necessary to keep an eye on periodicals which appear in all quarters of the world."

—The new English edition of Von Ranke's "History of the Popes," a reference work which should be in all large libraries, is said to be a great improvement on the old. It has been revised throughout by Mr. G. R. Dennis, and made to conform with the latest German edition in which numerous alterations and additions were incorporated. Published by Bell & Sons.

—The Rev. Marshall Boarman, S. J., has added another and an interesting booklet to his able contributions to anti-socialistic literature. "Comedy of Socialism" contains a dissection of the platform of the National Socialist Convention held in Chicago during last May; and a summary of a debate at Seattle on "Scientific Socialism," between Father Boarman and a representative socialist, Lawyer E. Brown. The booklet (32 pages) makes enjoyable and profitable reading.

—"A Conversion and a Vocation," published by the Art and Book Co., is the Life of Sister Mary of the Sacred Heart, Sophia Ryder, first novice of the Order of the Good Shepherd in England; and to read a half dozen pages of this volume is to understand the demand for a second edition. That England is dear to the Sacred Heart is manifest in the marvellous conversions that have been wrought there, and few that we have read of are more appealing than those chronicled in this charming biography. Miss Ryder's vocation to the Order of the Good Shepherd is set forth with a power to hold the reader; and the zeal, with its wonderful results, of this servant of God must not only edify, but draw others to follow in her footsteps. The work of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd is surely the work of Christ, and He has blessed it visibly wherever it is carried on.

—To the already long list of books written or edited by Abbot Gasquet, of whom the *Pall Mall Gazette* says, "Of such historians the cause of historic truth can never have too many," has just been added "The Bosworth Psalter," an account of a precious manuscript formerly belonging to O. Turville-Petre, Esq., of Bosworth Hall, now in the British Museum. In the preparation of this interesting book, the learned Abbot has been assisted by Mr. Edmund Bishop, the greatest living authority, it is said, on

diplomatics and kindred sciences. The final conclusion of both is that the Psalter should be assigned to a date corresponding to the earlier years of St. Dunstan's archiepiscopate at Canterbury. It was probably written for him, and may have been ornamented under his direction. Mr. Toke adds some notes on the date of St. Dunstan's birth, in which he establishes the extreme unlikelihood of the accepted date (925), and the probability of one nearer 910.

—Messrs. Chatto & Windus' first autumn list includes: "Of the Imitation of Christ. By Thomas à Kempis. As Translated out of the Latin by Richard Whytford (MDLVI). Re-edited into Modern English, with an Historical Introduction by Wilfrid Raynal, O. S. B. With reproductions in four colors, and decorations, end-papers, etc., in line, after water colors by W. Russell Flint. The binding after a fine sixteenth-century example now in the British Museum. With 8 plates in four colors. Large crown 8vo, buckram." Also "The Little Flowers of St. Francis of Assisi," a new edition, wholly revised and in part augmented, of the translation by Prof. T. W. Arnold. The binding design is after the fine original by Aldus Manutius of Venice. With eight four-color illustrations and twenty-four in half-tone. Large crown 8vo, buckram, gilt tops.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' price generally includes postage.

- "A Conversion and a Vocation." \$1.25.
- "Lourdes: A History of Its Apparitions and Cures." Georges Bertrin. \$2, net.
- "The Popes and Science." James J. Walsh, M. D., Ph. D., LL. D. \$2.15.
- "History of the German People at the Close of the Middle Ages." Johannes Janssen. Vols. X. and XI. \$6.25, net.
- "Marotz." John Ayscough. \$1.50.
- "The Queen's Daughter." Joseph J. Wynne. \$1.
- "Political Economy." Charles S. Devas, M.A. \$2.
- "Fraternal Charity." Rev. Father Valuy, S. J. 40 cts., net.

- "Priestly Vocation and Tonsure." Rev. L. Bacuez, S. S. \$1, net.
- "What is Life? A Study of Vitalism and Neo-Vitalism." Bertram C. A. Windle, M. A., M. D., etc. \$1, net.
- "The Acts of the Apostles." With Introduction and Annotations. Madame Cecilia. \$1.25.
- "History of Economics; or, Economics as a Factor in the Making of History." Rev. J. A. Dewe, A. M. \$1.50.
- "Rosette. A Tale of Paris and Dublin." Mrs. William O'Brien. \$1.25.
- "For My Name's Sake." From the French of Champol's "Sœur Alexandrine." \$1.10, net.
- "All about Salads." Mrs. Lewis Clarke Lucas. 75 cts.
- "The New Matrimonial Legislation." Rev. Charles J. Cronin, D. D. \$1.90, net.
- "Pentecost Preaching." Rev. Arthur Devine, C. P. \$1.50, net.
- "Stories New and Old, American and English." Hamilton Wright Mabie. \$1.50.
- "A Martyr of Our Own Day." From the French by the Rev. John J. Dunn. \$1, net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—*HEB.*, xiii, 3.

Rev. Etienne Badoil, of the archdiocese of New Orleans; and Rev. Januarius Czarnowski, archdiocese of Milwaukee.

Brother Hilarion, of the Brothers of the Christian Schools.

Sister M. Xavier, of the Sisters of Mercy; Sister M. Bertwina, Sisters of the Holy Cross; and Sister Mary Josephine, Sisters of the Incarnate Word.

Mr. Frank L. Irvine, Mr. George Spindler, Miss Annie and Miss Eliza Quinlan, Mr. Henry Korte, Sr., Mr. Philip Peteler, Mrs. N. H. McMahon, Mr. B. J. Springrose, Mr. Patrick McCann, Mr. Joseph P. Wright, Mrs. T. J. McMahon, Mr. Henry Bene, Mr. David Walsh, Mr. Joseph Black, Mr. Vincent Cleary, Mary E. Ormsby, Mrs. Mary Haskins, Mr. Adam Kramer, Mrs. Bridget Cummings, Mr. Henry Schneider, Mrs. Margaret Kearns, Mr. Louis Kreck, and Mr. John Deiser.

Requiescant in pace!

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For three needy foreign missions:

R. A. K., \$3; "a grateful reader," \$1



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LXVII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, OCTOBER 10, 1908.

NO. 15.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C. S. C.]

Mother of Christ.

BY L. F. MURPHY.

DEEP hung the pagan darkness when she came,
Christ's Mother, to the world of sin and woe,—
The sweet uplifter earth had sighed for so.

The vestal lights burned dim; the rose wreaths'
flame

Leaped into ashes, like hearts dead to shame

Once bright with virtue's rare and chastening
glow,

Until by pagan passion-fires brought low:

Honor was dead, and vice alone was fame.

Then shone the glory of true womanhood,—

The strong, the pure, the gentle and the good,

Through her, creation claimed a bartered right.

New flowers flushed in pagan gardens wild.

Ascendant, like the day-star in the night;

Reigned the Christ's Mother, sinless, undefiled.

The Pains and Pleasures of Authorship.

BY MARY CROSS.

AUTHORSHIP, like virtue, is its own reward. To the author, at least, it should be apparent that the reward of his calling is not to be measured only by the money it brings him. "The clean, clear joy of creation" counts for much; and even if a man has to struggle for years before he obtains recognition, he has still the satisfaction of doing congenial and most fascinating work.

Vicissitude would seem to be the best

school for an author, for the disciplining of his thoughts, the widening of his knowledge, and the deepening of his sympathies. He who has never suffered can not adequately write of suffering; he who has never felt the need of consolation can not convey a consoling message that shall reach the heart. "In sorrow thou shalt bring forth," is written of all that is worthy to live in art or literature. And so, through thorns and briars of disappointment, along the dreary path of non-recognition, striving after an always unattainable ideal, and against a sickening sense of failure, the author's progress is made.

If we would have proof that there is no royal road to success in literature, and would watch a strong spirit conquering a frail body, if we would behold a hero carving a path to the roses through innumerable brambles, let us study the career of Robert Louis Stevenson, aptly described as at once the soaring child of genius and the plodding maker of words. Disease and worry did their worst, but he met them gallantly. "I shall begin my book," he said, "though the doctor does not give me a year; he hesitates about a month, but I shall make a brave push and see what can be done in a week. All who have meant good work have done good work." The son of a canal boatman who earned ten shillings a week, Gerald Massey, the poet, was put to work in a factory at the mature age of eight, rising at five in the morning and toiling until half-past six at night. But he learned to read at a penny school, denying

himself food that he might buy books, and sleep that he might study them.

How much literature owes to prison walls! From their shadow St. Paul sent forth his noblest utterances. In captivity, stripped of every honor and dignity, awaiting death, Boethius, the old Roman philosopher, wrote his greatest work, teaching others what stern experience had taught him—that happiness lies within ourselves; that Fortune's frown is often her best gift, as it teaches us what is the only lasting good. Sir Walter Raleigh beguiled twelve years of his captivity in the Tower of London by writing the "History of the World," making his imprisonment the quiet evening of a stormy day. From the same grim cage many of our sweetest singers sent forth their strains,—for example, the gallant Earl of Surrey, one of Henry VIII.'s many victims; and the Chevalier Lovelace, who wrote the immortal lines,

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for a hermitage.

"Saddest birds a season find to sing; there is an hour when even worms may creep to drink the dew," wrote Father Southwell, S. J., in the dungeon where, in spite of torture and starvation, his most tender poems were produced.

During the writing of a novel the author's mind is in constant ferment; he imagines new incidents, polishes his dialogue, deepens his tragedy; he rises early to get to his desk, and sits up late to finish a chapter. At last it is ended, and, wrapped in brown paper and fervent hope, the work is dispatched to his pet periodical or publisher. He gets through the weary days of waiting for the verdict as best he can, building castles in the air, and dreaming of fame and fortune. By the time he is prospectively contemplating his own bust in Westminster Abbey, his MS. is returned with or without thanks. It by no means follows that rejection means want of merit. As a matter of

fact, many of the masterpieces of English literature have been rejected over and over again before they gained the glory of print,—a flattering unction for the author to lay to his soul when he hears in his letter box the dismal thump of a returned manuscript.

The book once published, on every side is heard the question: "How much did he get for it?" By the reply its merit is determined. Payment has become the measure of worth; a somewhat absurd standard, since, tried by it, the man who produces a fine book ranks below the singer of a music hall inanity. The lofty strains of Tennyson, fruits of a mind developed to its highest perfection by years of study and exclusive devotion to his art, brought him less than half the amount received by the author of a popular (and vulgar) ballad. Carlyle, after twenty years of mental labor, was not able to stretch his income beyond £150 a year. At the age of fifty Wordsworth had produced his finest poems, and the whole of his returns from literature did not amount to £200. Most of us have read the bitter words of Sir Richard Burton: "I have struggled for nearly fifty years, distinguishing myself honorably in every way that I could; I never had a 'Thank you' or a single farthing. I translate a doubtful book in my old age, and immediately make 16,000 guineas. Now that I know the public taste, we never need lack money."

Possibly greed of gain is the fault of most modern labor; we toil for what we can get, not for love of our work nor pride in it; hence the jerry-builder and the jerry-writer. In the slower, surer age, to labor was to pray; and every carving in those magnificent cathedrals we have not time to imitate, every line laboriously traced, every curve and color on the missal's page,—all were so many acts of faith and hope and charity, and therefore have survived the flight of ages, the touch of Time.

Whether the author writes for love or

money, gains or loses by his venture, he must run the gauntlet of criticism; and, in truth, the critics are hard to please. If, in describing the consequences of a felony, he commits a technical error, the critic asks why he writes about a matter of which he knows nothing. If he makes no mistake, the critic remarks that his descriptions of a felon's feelings and of prison life appear to be derived from practical experience, and sets us all wondering for what crime the author has been in jail. One novelist had occasion to put the hero of her story through an operation; the critic pointed out that the knife neither could, would, nor should be used in such a case. As a matter of fact, the account of the operation had been written by a doctor—a specialist in that particular disease. The author replied to her reviewer, stating this, and rather plaintively asking: "If consultation with the highest authority and practical assistance on a given point will not satisfy the critic, what is a poor author to do?"

The pains of an author who has a reputation for humor are sadly recounted by Jerome K. Jerome, who says that once upon a time he wrote a story of a woman who was crushed to death by a python. One critic pronounced it "a charming little story, but not so funny as some others of Mr. Jerome's"; and another remarked: "We have heard the incident related before with infinitely greater humor." The iron entered the author's soul, and in the preface to his next book he carefully explained that certain of the sketches were "not intended to be amusing."

As Mr. Crawford writes, the art of the story-teller makes the reader feel that this or that wrong or injustice or cruelty has been inflicted on himself or those dear to him. "Cæsar commanded his soldiers to strike at the face; Humanity, the novelist's leader, bids him strike only at the heart." There are appalling facts of which some people know, most have heard, but not one in a hundred thousand realizes until the author comes to the rescue,

studies, penetrates, and digests the hard contents of chronicles and Blue Books, making the dry bones live. One novelist poured so strong a flood of light upon abuses in prisons and private asylums that cruelty and infamy could not survive it. "Dickens created Sarah Gamp, and the nursing system was improved." He created Squeers, and such schools as Dotheboys Hall were swept away. He created Jarndyce *vs.* Jarndyce, and reform of the Court of Chancery became possible.

Great are the pleasures, the compensations and consolations of the author. His solitude is broken by kind messages from friends unknown, when word of his has touched some chord, has carried help and brightness into a clouded life,—

Kind messages that pass from land to land,

Kind letters that betray the heart's deep history,

In which we feel the pressure of a hand,

One touch of fire, and all the rest is mystery.

For him a fairyland is ever open, a haven whither he may turn from the stormy sea of hoarse disputes, and forget anger, avarice, and envy, in the sweet air of congenial study and labor; in that sanctuary the throbbing pulses grow calm. Lamartine says that when we are in trouble, Heaven sends us a dog; to some there comes instead a pen.

Joy, too, it is to the author to feel that he is one, although the least, of those who have made many a spot of common earth haunted, holy ground, whose magic sends us to the "North Countrie," wandering through the Highlands to the memory of Rob Roy, or beholding the long gallery at Holyrood glow again with light and life and color, as Waverley and Rose pay homage to their Prince. To some, London means but Thackeray and Dickens; they visit the Charterhouse for sake of Colonel Newcome, and watch the plumes of Clive's lady-love tossing on the waves of an unattainable society; they search the Court of Chancery in hope of meeting Miss Flite, and haunt a West End square to watch old Silas Wegg selling nuts at the corner.

Truly the pen is mightier than the sword. Alas that it should ever be more cruel,—that there should be any writer so unworthy of his glorious gift, so little awake to its responsibilities, as to undermine faith and morality by preaching in his pages what has been called the Gospel of Transgression! “His mind was tainted by reading pernicious books,” was the defence offered by the brother of a notorious criminal, who was an example of that curiosity in the experience of evil which leads not only to the excusing of a wrong done under the influence of passion, but to its elevation into the realm of praiseworthy acts. According to this new morality, wrong may become absolute right. “I must have money,” “I must satisfy my desires,” form excuses sufficient for the commission of any sin. The open, shameless analysis of vice, the extenuation of crime, the ridicule of belief, have had their terrible results, and not yet is the whole deadly harvest reaped. It is a sad and significant indication of popular taste that a leading literary journal should declare that, in order to insure the success of a book, it suffices to say that it is risky.

For Catholic writers this much at least may be claimed: they do not pander to vicious tastes nor dwell upon the bestial in man. Their model is rather the eagle soaring upward to the very source of light than the vulture feeding on carrion. Long may they strive to realize the splendid ideal of Lacordaire,—to write not for fame and fortune, but for Christ! “What matter if in a few years no one reads what we have written? We have done our best. The drop of water that flows toward the sea has done its part in helping to form the river, and the river never ends.”

HABITS are the crutches of old age. By the aid of these we manage to hobble along after the mental joints are stiff and the muscles rheumatic, to speak metaphorically,—that is to say, when every act of self-determination costs an effort and a pang.—*O. W. Holmes.*

The Coin of Sacrifice.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

II.

“**I**S Mrs. Raynor at home?”

The servant, who answered in the affirmative, looked admiringly at the lady who asked the question; and it was an admiration shared by Madeleine Raynor when she entered the drawing-room a few minutes later and saw the charming figure, in a perfect toilette of silvery gray, standing in the centre of the room; for, although John Maitland had perhaps exaggerated a little in saying that she “adored” his mother, it was at least certain that she admired her extravagantly.

“You have one possession which I envy you with all my heart,” she told him once; “and that is your mother. She is absolutely exquisite,—the most beautiful, the most refined, the most sympathetic and altogether lovely person I have ever known. Oh, I wonder if you know what a priceless treasure such a mother is!”

“I think I know,” John Maitland said. “I have always been in love with my mother myself; so devoted to her that I have never been able to endure the thought of sharing her with any one else. But I would be willing to share her with you,” he added significantly.

Madeleine laughed a little, and there was a faint note of sadness in the laughter.

“I doubt her willingness to be shared—with me,” she answered. And John, conscious of the same doubt, for once was stricken dumb.

But now, hearing who her visitor was, the eager heart of the girl—for in years she was little more—leaped up with a hope that perhaps this charming and gracious mother had come to say that she *would* be shared with her; for, if John had told her what was half agreed upon between them, what else could the visit, at such an unusual hour, mean? So she came in, a slender, graceful creature, with the

eagerness pathetically evident in her brown eyes,—“eyes of a dog,” some one had called them when she was a child; for there was indeed the softness, the appeal, the sweetness in them which make a dog’s eyes so irresistible.

“This is very good of you,” she said gratefully, as she shook hands with Mrs. Maitland. “Will you take that chair by the window—it is very warm to-day, isn’t it?—and let me sit here, where I can look at you to my heart’s content?”

“It is you who are good, and—and too flattering,” Mrs. Maitland answered, flushing a little; for the cordial welcome, in its evident sincerity, made her errand harder. But she sat down in the chair indicated and looked at the younger woman, who established herself on a lower seat, and, leaning forward, chin in hand, gazed up at her with an admiration as frank as it was delightful.

“You must know that it wouldn’t be possible to flatter you,” Madeleine said, “if by flattery is meant expressing what one does not feel. I have always wanted to tell you how perfect you seem to me, but I feared to be presuming.”

Mrs. Maitland put out her hand and touched gently the hand lying on the other’s knee. She began to understand the charm which John found in this face so alive with vivid feeling, about which the golden hair was tossed in baby-like waves and curls, and out of which the big brown eyes gazed so wistfully.

“My dear,” she answered, “you really must not say such things to me. They are too kind; they would spoil any one.”

“Not you,” Madeleine returned. “If it had been possible to spoil you, of course it would have been done long ago; for you must have been used to love and homage all your life.”

“I have had more than I deserved,” Mrs. Maitland acknowledged, with a humility due to the sudden consciousness that she had throughout her life been given an abundant measure of the love and homage for which others—how many

others!—went starving. “No doubt we all have more than we deserve,” she added hastily, anxious to exchange the personal note for safer generalities.

But Madeleine shook her head. “Some of us have nothing at all—in that way,” she said. “Now, I—may I say a word about myself?—I have been hungry for love as long as I can remember, and I’ve never had enough to put on the point of a needle. It seems to have just happened so. My mother died when I was very young, and I have dreamed of a mother as other girls dream of lovers, I suppose. That is why—you won’t mind my saying so?—I have felt as if I could worship you ever since I saw you first. For you are the embodiment of the ideal I have always formed to myself; and—if you could care for me a little, it would make me happier than anything else in the world.”

It is impossible to describe the pleading sweetness of these words, and Mrs. Maitland felt her heart torn with pity as she realized how possible it would have been to give the love thus asked for, if only—but before she could speak, Madeleine hurried on:

“Of course I would not say these things to you if I didn’t suppose that John has told you that I have half promised to marry him. Perhaps you wonder why it is only a half promise.” (Mrs. Maitland had started perceptibly.) “Well, it is because I wanted to be sure of your approval. I did not tell him that; but I said to myself that I wanted you even more—forgive me!—than I wanted him; for lovers are more easily found than mothers. And so when I heard a few minutes ago that you were here, that you had come to me so promptly, so kindly, I felt as if I were indeed going to have what I have longed for all my life—do you mean,” she broke off, enlightened suddenly by the look in the beautiful dark eyes bent upon her—“that I was mistaken,—that you have come for another reason?”

“My dear child,” — Helen Maitland

felt that the unkindness of fate had never laid upon her a harder task than this—"I wish that it were as you fancied: I wish that I could welcome you as a daughter, for I have never seen any one whom I could love better in that relation; but—but you are not free to marry my son."

"I *am* free,—I have been free for more than a year!"

"We are speaking of different things. You are free according to the law of man, but according to the law of God—"

"Oh, I see!" Madeleine sat erect, staring at her. "You are a Catholic. You don't believe in divorce,—not even for the cause I had."

"For no cause at all, my poor child! I know it sounds stern and intolerant to modern ears,—truly 'a hard saying,' as so many of Our Lord's sayings are; but we can not change His laws, you know, nor break them with impunity."

"But this is awful!" the girl said, shuddering. "You think—you really think—that I am bound still to the man who treated me—I can never tell you or any one how he treated me,—who has married another woman, and gone utterly out of my life? He is simply—a devil; and yet you hold that I am still his creature, still bound to him by a chain, and unable to make a new existence for myself? If I were your own daughter—not merely the woman whom your son loves, and who hoped to become your daughter,—would you still preach this hard saying to me?"

"More than ever then," Mrs. Maitland told her gently but firmly. "For my daughter would know what you have perhaps never been taught: that happiness is only a secondary object in marriage, as in everything else in life; that duties can not be cast aside when they become distasteful; that we are here to do God's will before and above everything else, and to suffer with patience whatever He sees fit to send upon us; knowing that it is for the disciplining and perfecting

of our souls. Perhaps that sounds to you like preaching—you have spoken of preaching,—but it is the rule by which a Catholic must try to live, or else—"

"Yes, or else?"

"Fall away from the Church in this world, and run the risk of losing his or her soul in the next."

There was something very startled and piteous in the brown eyes now.

"But John is a Catholic," Madeleine said; "and he is not so hard: he is ready to marry me, divorced though I am."

"Ah, John!" It was a cry that came from the depths of his mother's heart. "He is young, he is desperately in love with you,—I don't wonder at that; he is full of passionate pity, of intense sympathy, and to him, as to you, the saying seems too hard. But, Mrs. Raynor—"

"Call me Madeleine."

"Madeleine, then,—I came here this morning to tell you some things which I felt you ought to know. And the first is, that the happiness you are seeking will not be found in a marriage such as this would be."

"Why not? We love each other."

"Love, mere human love, is not enough in itself. It must rest for sanction on a higher love, or it can not endure. If neither of you had any faith, in the sense in which a Catholic understands that word, you might be happy with a purely material happiness, for a time at least. But I must warn you that John has faith. He is disregarding it now, but it is planted too deeply in him to be forgotten or lost. And this being so, what happiness can there be for him or for you as the years go on, as he feels that he has cut himself off from all possibility of spiritual life—from the Church and from the sacraments (what *that* means you can not understand),—and when you realize that, instead of helping him toward God, which is a woman's part in marriage, you stand as an obstacle between his soul and—I must speak plainly—its eternal salvation?"

"Oh, you are cruel!"

It was a passionate cry; and, as she uttered it, Madeleine Raynor rose to her feet and began to move swiftly to and fro across the floor.

"How easy it is for you to talk like this," she went on bitterly,—“you who acknowledge that you have known only love and homage all your life; whose way has been made easy by God and man; who have never thirsted for love until you accepted its base counterfeit and found that you had entered into a bondage full of unspeakable degradation; have never gone down into the depth of indignities which made you welcome at last the crowning insult that set you free,—how easy, I repeat, it is for you to say these cruel things out of your sheltered, safe security!”

Mrs. Maitland did not stir, nor make the least attempt to answer this outburst until the speaker's voice dropped into silence; then her tones, like her eyes, were full of gentlest compassion, as she replied:

"If the things I have said sound to you cruel, it is because life is cruel, and God often seems so, in exacting relentlessly the consequences of our acts. As we have sowed, so we must reap. There is no escape from that. We can not sow one thing and reap another; and therefore I felt that I must make you understand what reaping will be done if you marry my son."

"Have you said these things to him?"

"Some of them I have. But whether I say them or not matters little; for he knows them. He may refuse to heed, he may try to forget them now; but they are burned deep into his inmost consciousness, and he can never know happiness in any true sense if he ignores them."

Madeleine flung herself down again into the seat from which she had risen, and sat gazing at the woman in whom, to her fancy, gentleness and severity were so strangely mingled, with a growing wonder in her face.

"You mean that I—I would stand between him and happiness in any true sense?" she asked.

"I mean it just as he would stand between you—"

"No, no!" Again it was a sharp cry. "The cases are not the same. I am not giving up anything, parting with any higher allegiance for his sake. On my side, it will be all pure gain."

Helen Maitland forgot her son for a moment, as she leaned toward the girl over whom her heart yearned.

"Dear child," she said, "even for you it will not be all pure gain; for you, too, will shut yourself out from things higher and nobler than earthly happiness, however perfect that may be. I would think it useless to tell you this if there were no capability for those higher things in you. But I am quite sure that some time, either now or in the future, you will want *the best*,—want it as you have wanted human love; want it perhaps when human love breaks like an overtaxed rod under the weight you cast upon it; and if when that time comes you have bound yourself as well as another irrevocably to the lower life—"

Madeleine, who had grown still paler, lifted her hand.

"All of this may be true," she said; "but it is—terrible! And I can not but remember that while you are preaching renunciation of happiness to me, you are about to take such happiness for yourself: to go away with a man who loves you devotedly, and who can give you everything that brightens life. I don't mean"—with a slight gasp—"that you haven't a right to take this happiness, and to enjoy all that he will give you; but it seems to make your doctrine harder for others."

A little nearer still Mrs. Maitland leaned, and as long as she lives Madeleine Raynor will never forget the light in the eyes which met her own.

"Will it make it easier if I tell you that I am not going to take the happiness of which you speak: that before coming here I made a free and voluntary offering of it to God to save my son from great sin, and you, I firmly believe, from great

unhappiness?" the elder woman asked.

There was a moment's silence,—a moment in which Madeleine stared in amazement; and then—"It is impossible!" she cried. "You can not mean—"

"It means that what you have heard is true. I had promised to marry Mr. Wynne, who has been my devoted friend and lover for years; and only yesterday he urged me to marry him at once and go abroad."

"Yes, John told me last night."

"But when John told *me* what he intended doing, and when I found that I had no power to move him from his purpose, I asked myself what I could do, how I could find the means of influence; and it seemed to me that the answer came: '*Pay in the coin of sacrifice.*' It is so in life, you know: whether we will or not, one pays for another constantly; and the things which make the happiness of one life, are often purchased, as it were, by the heart's blood of another. This law is forgotten by the world, but it is very familiar to Catholics; for in the Church the mystical note of sacrifice, like an echo from Calvary, is always sounding. We see it in our priesthood; it is in the incense our religious Orders are constantly sending up to Heaven; and so when we want some great favor from God, we look at once to see what we can offer Him. My offering seemed to lie before my eyes, under my hand. It was my personal happiness. That was the coin with which I might try to save my son from an act the consequences of which would be so dreadful."

Wider and wider the pathetic eyes had grown, as if at a vision too marvellous for belief; and now Madeleine said in a wondering tone:

"It sounds incredible! You are ready to give up your personal happiness, to renounce all that marriage with this man would mean to you, from some mystical idea of preventing in this way your son from marrying me! But why should we give up our happiness because you are so—foolish, will you pardon me for saying?

What influence do you expect such an action to have upon us?"

Mrs. Maitland smiled a little; and it struck the eager eyes watching her that in the smile there was a hint of deeper mystery, of things beyond sight, perhaps even beyond imagining.

"I do not expect it to have any immediate influence upon you," she said, "and I had not the faintest intention of telling you anything about it. One does not talk of such things: they rest between the soul and God. But when you spoke of my preaching renunciation to you, while I was about to take happiness for myself, an impulse drove me to tell you that I have offered that happiness as a sacrifice to win—for my son, I thought when I offered it, but now I think even more for you—the grace to refuse a happiness forbidden by the law of God."

The girl lifted her hands to her face. So once more there was silence, and then Mrs. Maitland rose to her feet.

"I am afraid that again you think me cruel," she said, in a tone full of regretful sweetness; "while I have to thank you for listening to me with rare courtesy and courage. I wish—ah," she broke off with a sigh, "how I wish that things were different, and that I might welcome you as my son's wife!"

"But as it is"—Madeleine rose too, and her voice had a sharp edge of pain—"I understand that to be impossible. And if I too wish that things were different, and that I might have the common, ordinary gifts of love and happiness which women all around me have and seem to hold so lightly,—why, I know that such wishing is very futile. As you have said, we must pay for the wrong deeds of others as well as for our own, only I should be sorry to make any one else pay for mine." She put out her hand. "Good-bye!"

It was a dismissal; and when Mrs. Maitland, accepting it, went out without another word, she found that her eyes were full of tears.

Success.

BY EDWIN CARLILE LITSEY.

I DO not want vast money in my name;
 I crave no rent-roll made of tears and shame,
 Nor yet the curse of those for whom Christ
 came.
 May I, by daily toil, win me a place
 Secure from want, and know that of my race
 Not one reviles me when I show my face!

The National Pilgrimage to Lourdes.

ANOTHER ACCOUNT.

THE pilgrimage of the Golden Jubilee of the Apparitions at Lourdes exceeded in splendor all those of preceding years. Reliable statistics place the pilgrims, from the 20th to the 25th of August, at 100,000. The poor sick of the White Train set out from Paris encouraged and blessed by Mgr. Amette, the Archbishop, who had himself presided over the diocesan pilgrimage of last June. THE AVE MARIA is already acquainted with the striking cure of the Abbé Fiamma, which occurred at that moment, and excited a feeling of profound joy among the faithful of the capital.

The unique feature of this year was the presence of 364 *miraculés*, living witnesses of Our Lady's favors. Their presence in the procession of Sunday, August 23, constituted a battalion of honor, and was not only a most touching act of thanksgiving for the lasting graces wrought at Lourdes, but a convincing proof thereof as well. Each one in the procession carried a special banner, bearing an inscription something like this: "We were dying; Mary prayed for us, and we were healed."

First of all walked, head erect, a man with greyish hair—Justin Beauhorts, the first *miraculé* in date, as Louis Bourriette and Blaisette Soupène are both deceased.

The name of Justin Beauhorts is very familiar to the readers of the "History of Notre Dame de Lourdes," by Henri Lasserre. In February, 1858, an infant was on the point of expiring in a poor home at Lourdes. Suddenly the mother caught up her babe, ran to the Grotto and dipped the little body three times in the frigid water. He was instantly restored to life! Thus Beauhorts now remains the first witness of Our Lady of Lourdes.

Gargan, horribly crushed and almost annihilated in the Angoulême railway accident of 1899, and brought back to life, one might truly say, during the procession of the Blessed Sacrament at Lourdes in 1901, attracted universal attention by his unmistakable appearance of health and vigor; also Marie Lebranchu, the tuberculous patient, who served Zola for his type of "La Grivotte." The novelist saw her restored to health under his eyes; but, with his accustomed disregard for truth, in his odious book he makes her die.

Here again walked François Creurer, a Breton whose sight was restored; also Yvonne Corlieu, of whom the doctors said she could never walk, and whose limbs became straightened in the miraculous fountain. Marie Martineau, who for twenty-seven years had been a prey to terrible attacks of epileptic hysteria, was radically cured, and has ever since devoted her life to those afflicted with similar diseases. Louise Vergnac, one of whose feet was already amputated, in spite of surgeons declaring the necessity of sacrificing the other to save her life, saw her foot perfectly healed. Then again an humble Capuchin, Père Salvador, who was dying from tuberculous peritonitis, was plunged in the piscina, and came out of it a sound man. There was also the Franciscan nurse, unable to move for twelve years, and instantaneously cured in the piscina. She had refused to leave her plaster apparatus at the Grotto, for fear of a breach of holy poverty; her superior

bade her take it back with her this year, as an ex-voto.

Of course these 364 *miraculés* by no means represented the entire number of sick actually cured at Lourdes; many hundreds, for one reason or another, were unable to undertake a second journey, and returned thanks in their distant homes. The *Te Deum* and *Magnificat* chanted at the Grotto by the favored ones, were echoed by the multitude with deepest emotion.

The Bishop of Tarbes naturally held the prominent place in the ceremonies of these heavenly days. He was assisted by the Bishops of Chartres, Orleans, and Verdun. The sermons of the latter prelates, delivered in the open air, were listened to with rapt attention by the devout pilgrims. Several foreign Bishops, with many priests, also took part in the pilgrimage.

The Investigation Bureau had a busy time. The indefatigable Dr. Boissarie, aided by Dr. Desplats, the eminent head of the Catholic medical school of Lille, carried on a very minute examination of the cases of former years, and of those of the present pilgrimage. The Bishops, according to custom, assisted at the examination of sundry notable invalids. Also, as usual, physicians, impelled by scientific curiosity—they numbered 147—were readily admitted, and were free to give their closest study to the different cases presented.

On that memorable Sunday, August 23, twenty-seven sick recovered; seven rose from their pallets during the procession of the Blessed Sacrament; the favors granted during the four days are beyond sixty. Out of all these we shall select a few of the best authenticated.

Alphonse Alliaume, aged twenty-seven, residing at Falaise (Calvados), was affected with paralysis of the right hand and arm, also a wound in the abdomen, the result of a blow from the horn of a wild bull on May 20, 1907. Doctors Chauteau, Lesca and Brière, commissioned by the court of

Falaise to examine the patient on June 11, 1908, assert the complete anæsthesia of the scapulo-humeral region of the forearm, and a considerable functional hindrance of the right hand. They also mention an ulcer in the stomach, with continuous purulent discharge. The sick man had lost forty-eight pounds in one year. A certificate of Dr. Lebarbier make the same statements. Alliaume was a cowherd in a farm near Falaise. After his accident the civil court, on the strength of the doctors' certificates, allowed him an indemnity of \$1400, in deference to the law bearing upon labor accidents. His employer made an appeal from this judgment, and the case will appear at the next session before the court of Caen.

The wound flowed in the same manner up to the morning of Saturday, August 22. The doctor that dressed it produced the linen band stained with pus. On the same morning, the invalid, coming out of the piscina, experienced an extraordinary sensation of ease,—the wound was closed. He felt hungry and asked for a piece of bread and a round of sausage; and he who, since his accident, could absorb only liquids, ate heartily. From the Municipal Hospital, where he lodged, he assisted at the procession of the Blessed Sacrament; he felt a sharp pain in the paralyzed hand and arm,—the paralysis had vanished. The Investigation Bureau declared him cured, and pronounced the case an unusually interesting one.

Jeanne Furlanelli, aged twenty-four years, living at 149 Rue Perrouet, Neuilly (Seine), had been ill for two years with incoercible vomiting of food and sometimes of blood. A first operation (gastro-enterotomy) had no result; a second operation in 1907 was equally unavailing. On the morning of Sunday, August 23, after a bath in the fountain, she felt relieved, and the physicians found no trace of the malady.

Emile Viel, a railroad employee in Paris, thirty-two years of age, remained at the Hôpital Necker from June 3, 1907, till

April 25, 1908. The certificate declared his malady to be Pott's disease, accompanied by abscesses on the ribs. "The state of the patient," wrote the doctor, "still requires a very long treatment, immobility as complete as possible; and any moving for any reason other than change of air must not be attempted." Carried to the miraculous fountain on the morning of Saturday, August 22, the invalid experienced a radical change in his condition. The Investigation Bureau declared that the abscesses were closing rapidly. Emile Viel, whose case was utterly helpless, now walks quite easily.

Marguerite van Delaliegle, of Nieurlet (Nord), aged twelve years, was born with a clubfoot. Doctors Lagrange and Gautois operated without any benefit. Dr. Gautois diagnosticates, in his certificate: "Atrophy of the left leg and clubfoot. May 25, 1908." She came to Lourdes, her foot encased in a surgical apparatus, and could walk only on tiptoe, with considerable difficulty and pain. When placed in the piscina, stinging pains ran through her foot; she made an effort to put it flat to the ground, succeeded, and now walks in a normal way.

Sœur Joseph Dominique, of the Little Sisters of the Assumption, Rue Violet, Paris, was ailing from the effects of congestion of the lungs, of several years' standing. The doctors are so astonished at the present state of her lungs that, were it not for the medical testimony, they would be in doubt as to whether the malady ever existed. Sœur Madeleine de Jésus, a Carmelite nun, had been for many months an inmate of a hospital in Paris. The medical certificate states: "She is attacked with renal tuberculosis, and has been subjected to the ablation of the right kidney." She had just left the piscina on Friday, August 21, and was being carried to the Esplanade for the procession when all pain vanished and the wound closed up.

Many other favors claim our interest; but we must curtail their enumeration, and

content ourselves with giving the impression produced by the National Pilgrimage upon a non-Catholic ecclesiastic—the Rev. Bartholomew Stanasco, chaplain of the Greek-Rumanian church, Rue Jean de Beauvais, Paris. He followed all the ceremonies of the pilgrimage with genuine emotion, and gave vent to his feelings in his picturesque Oriental style:

"Thou, Bethlehem, art the least among the thousands of Juda: out of thee shall He come forth unto me that is to rule my people," spoke the spirit of Israel more than two thousand years ago, by the mouth of the prophets. Like an echo of eternity, this cry of faith, love and hope now bursts forth, not from a prophet's lips, but from every mouth capable of prayer.... This chant rises out of Lourdes, a small town among so many important cities of noble France; and its destiny surpasses the destiny of the prophetic cry as much as the fulfilment of a prophecy surpasses the prophecy itself. In Bethlehem, the faithful Israelites awaited the apparition of the grace of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, and by the purest form humanity could produce—through the medium of the Virgin Mary. Nothing can be more sublime than Lourdes, because all the omnipotence of Heaven is present in its mercy; and nothing more durable, because this omnipotence has settled in this secluded spot of the earth according to the manifest will of God Himself."

AMONG our daily works, those which we ought to have most at heart are the spiritual. We should make every effort to perform them well, and let everything else yield to them, when necessity or obedience does not forbid; for they regard God most directly, and do the most to advance us in perfection. If we act otherwise, we draw upon ourselves the malediction fulminated by the Holy Spirit against those who do the work of God negligently.—*St. Vincent de Paul*,

Phileas Fox, Attorney.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XII.

THE next afternoon a notice appeared above that newly varnished sign on the office door, to the effect that Mr. Fox had left town on professional business. The lawyer was thus forced to interrupt, for those few hours at least, that stream of petty affairs which had begun to flow into his office; but he consoled himself with the reflection that Saturday afternoon, especially in summer, was usually a slack time, and that the notice above mentioned would really serve as an advertisement.

Solacing himself with these reflections, Phileas took a train, which bore him to a solitary way station far up in Westchester County. He left the city, with its noise and dust, behind him; and journeyed on, past the Harlem River, with its great bridge swinging lazily open to permit the passage of a boat, and its shores dotted with small houses or occasionally with the tall chimney-stacks of a factory.

The motion of the train was restful after the fret and fever of the scenes whence he had escaped; and he was almost sorry when that short journey was over, and he had to alight at a station without the smallest claim to architectural or any other beauty. Rude wooden benches, within and without, constituted the only furniture, save for an equally primitive desk occupying a corner. There was likewise a station master, who seemed principally busy in coming in at one door and going out at the other. Phileas contrived to engage this man in conversation, discovered from him a small inn where he might put up for a day or two, and made, moreover, a few cautious inquiries as to the house he had come to see.

"There ain't none such as you describe, that's occupied," declared the agent, who

was taciturn; nor could he be moved from this declaration.

Phileas, therefore, taking his suit case, accepted the services of a single vehicle, which stood forlornly waiting the chance of wayfarers. And in this he was rattled and jolted speedily to the small country hotel which must be his temporary abode. Here he made inquiries which were still more cautious, as he feared the place might be the headquarters and centre of gossip; but could learn nothing in particular. After his repast, which consisted of bacon, eggs, radishes, and fried eggplant, he set forth on a preliminary voyage of discovery. He walked up a broad but lonely highway, showing on either side ravines, tree-clothed and verdant. The faint, aromatic smell of the weeds came borne on the night breeze that waved the tops of the trees. A bird or two still sounded a note, breaking the silence harmoniously; a star glittered in the west—the star "beloved of lovers,"—and presentl a myriad more came shimmering into view in the bright disc of the firmament.

Phileas lit a cigar, so often the solace of darkness and loneliness; and, after a brisk walk of some moments, discovered a house which must necessarily be that of which he was in search, since no other of its kind was anywhere in evidence. He paused before the low wooden gate, concealing himself, lest any eyes were observing him, in the shadow of a tree which bent downward almost to the ground. But the windows were, one and all, blank pages,—almost invisible in the complete obscurity which enwrapped the place. Not a twinkle of light, not a sound or movement of any sort to indicate human presence. He tried the gate: it yielded, but with a certain stiffness, as though its joints were unused to exercise; and, passing in, he stood gazing up at the house. As well as he could determine through the gloom, it was long and low, with no particular pretensions of any sort. Its wide veranda was elevated very little above the grass-grown lawn, which at the

rear stretched downward, as he presently discovered, through a series of natural terraces to the banks of Long Island Sound.

It was a weird, ghostly place; and, though Phileas was as untroubled by fear as any young man of powerful frame and athletic training could very well be, he was acutely conscious of the eeriness of the atmosphere. He walked slowly around the veranda, striving to peer in through each long French window that reached to the very floor. *All was impenetrable blackness. With a sigh, he gave up the attempt to make any further discovery that night, and strode home to the hotel, marvelling whether the mysterious lodger, John Vorst, if it should chance to be he, or any other person, could be at such pains to conceal the remotest trace of his presence.

Next day being Sunday, Phileas left word that he should be called early in the morning, for eight o'clock Mass at the Catholic church, which, as he was informed, was distant half a mile or more from his hostelry. After Mass, he called at the modest rectory; but the pastor was absent; his place being taken by a stranger. The latter received Phileas cordially, but he could give him little or no information as to the district or its inhabitants. The young man turned away in disappointment. That was another hope dashed to the ground. Carefully as he had scanned the faces of the congregation: there was not one who, by any possibility, could have answered to the description of the missing defendant.

He inquired if there was to be another Mass, and was told that there was not, as the officiating priest had to sing High Mass farther up the line. Phileas was for a moment oppressed by a discouraging sense of failure. From Mrs. Wilson's account of the man who had been her husband, it was evident that he was a practical and even devout Catholic; so it was certain that if he were in the vicinity he would not be absent from

Mass on Sunday,—unless, indeed (and Phileas brightened at the suggestion), that he might be ill or incapacitated from attending church at so considerable a distance from his house.

Fortified by this hope, Phileas enjoyed a plain but excellent breakfast, to which the morning air lent a particular relish; after which he sallied forth once more in the direction of the apparently deserted dwelling. As he really saw it first that Sunday morning, with the charm of the Sabbath sunshine over all, he literally fell in love with the place, and applauded John Vorst, or whoever might be its tenant, for his superlative taste in the choice of a residence. Old—rather than new, shabby rather than elegant, it nestled like a bower in those exquisite surroundings,—a lawn that was far from well kept, a flower-garden that had run riot, below which, down through refreshing masses of greenness, lay the Sound, blue and clear as the sky overhead, flowing placidly upon its way, with delightful ripples and gurgles. It was a paradisal spot, with ambrosial airs, and the checkerwork of light, radiant, multiform, through “the incommunicable trees,” and the murmurings as of peace and content amongst their branches; a spot that should be essentially for love and happiness; a place, thought Phileas, paraphrasing the poet, which should be possessed only by the “loving and the loved.”

The young man made a leisurely but very thorough tour of inspection about the house. He looked in through the slatted blinds of the long French windows, and beheld low-ceilinged but cheerful and spacious apartments, papered in quaint, flowered patterns, and with furniture grimly immovable against the walls. He tried the doors; he strove to undo the blinds; and at last he rang the bell, which reverberated with the hollow mockery of a sound through the vacant rooms and up the stairs (though it was evident that no feet ascended or descended them), and along halls inhabited only

by the memory of the departed tenants. The summons, though several times repeated, seemed as futile as the agorized appeals made by sorrowing survivors, to those who have passed beyond the soundless bourne. If John Vorst or any other human being were there, he was in hiding with a vengeance.

So Phileas reflected, though he felt morally certain that there was no one within those four walls. Solitude had set its unmistakable seal upon that domicile. For a human presence always makes itself felt, even if it be in some intangible fashion; and the impalpable loneliness of its absence is curiously perceptible even to the least impressionable. Therefore, a deserted dwelling in a rural district becomes almost invariably a haunted dwelling.

Phileas threw himself upon a bench on the back veranda, and gave himself up to a delicious laziness, through which floated a variety of thoughts. And those thoughts included, amongst many others, a pleasant memory of that girl who had so far lightened by her cheerful personality the somewhat dreary windings of the case of *Spooner vs. Vorst*. He felt a sudden, keen longing for her society. How delightful it would be if she were to appear! And how she would enjoy the mystery and the loneliness of this place, with the loveliness of its situation! The young man realized with a new thrill of interest that in that eager, animated nature he could find a fresh stimulus, and how powerful might be its help in unravelling the windings of that mystery through which he had to find his way alone. Feminine intuition has solved many a difficulty, gained the key to many an enigma. If only he could have taken Isabel into his confidence! He smiled at the notion; and smiled, too, over his cigar, at various little witticisms or quaint observations of hers that had stuck in his memory. She was so charming, he thought,—so perfectly companionable! There was her special attraction.

Thus smoking, and thus pondering pleasantly and idly, Phileas now and again saw pass a boat heavily laden with passengers going up the Sound. Its splashing and its sputtering alone broke the silence. At intervals catboats scudded along with gleaming sails of white spread to catch the breeze blowing briskly from the west. Smaller craft, with energetic rowers, flew over the surface of the stream; and cheerful voices floated up to the idler on the bench, breaking in upon his reverie. It was very shortly after the passage of the largest boat of all, bearing passengers to New London, Norwich or other Connecticut ports, that, as if evoked by its whistle and its huge bulk outlined against the sky, a figure suddenly became discernible behind a clump of trees;—and Phileas presently heard a heavy step crunching the dry leaves, relic of a past autumn that had been suffered to accumulate.

XIII.

Phileas started from his easy, reclining posture, his eyes keen and watchful in an instant. The figure, passing slowly behind the group of trees, paused from time to time; and it seemed evident that on each of those occasions it was engaged in reconnoitring, spying upon his own movements. As well as he could see, it was that of an oldish man, stout and somewhat heavily built. Could it be John Vorst? Or, failing that, the widow's mysterious lodger? Phileas felt a sense of irritation that he could not see the man's face, though he was aware that the eyes were scrutinizing his own countenance.

After a few minutes' silence, and just as Phileas was making up his mind to invade the ambush, the intruder suddenly stepped forth and advanced, with the same slow and heavy step, toward the veranda. In the first acuteness of his disappointment, Phileas did not catch the ludicrous aspect of the situation. It was only after a pause of several seconds that the young man burst into a laugh at the association of ideas that rushed

into his mind. That heavy, lumbering figure, dressed in the Sunday best of a mechanic, mistaken for the beau who had been reckoned first amongst his peers in the elegant society of two generations before, and the husband of the haughty and imperious mistress of the Monroe Street mansion!

The man, astonished by the laugh, paused in front of the veranda, and eyed Phileas from a pair of watery eyes set in a heavy and somewhat surly countenance.

"Wot you want here?" said a gruff voice.

"What do I want?" echoed the lawyer. "Why, I might ask the same question of you."

"I don't want nodding," growled the man.

"Then you and I will agree perfectly," said Phileas placidly, resuming his cigar.

"I got to see no loafer comes here."

"I don't envy you your onerous charge," returned Phileas.

"But I don't let you come here no more, neder," said the German, beginning to show signs of irritation.

Phileas regarded him tranquilly.

"Don't you think you are a little late?" he inquired. "I have been here for an hour or more already."

"Den you go away!" cried the man, wrathfully.

"Yes, by the evening train," agreed the lawyer.

"You go dis minute!"

Phileas shook his head.

"You stay not by here!" roared the other, waxing the more irate as Phileas stretched himself again upon the bench and sent rings of smoke into the blue air. "You go out by dat gate."

"Yes; that's how I came in," assented Phileas. "It's the most convenient way. I shall presently act upon your suggestion."

"No public place is it," continued the German, his eyes fixed furiously upon the imperturbable lawyer.

"No, indeed! It's the most charring solitude I have seen in a long time. I

have enjoyed my stay here immensely."

"You shall not," retorted the other.

"Ah, my friend," sighed the young man, "you can not deprive me of what I already have enjoyed, malevolent genius as you seem to be."

"You call me names, hey!" screamed the Teuton, who was rapidly losing his temper. "I show you if come here you can and call me names in dis place where I have the care."

"Oh, you are the caretaker!" exclaimed Phileas, a light breaking in on his mind. He took off his hat and made the old man a whimsical bow. "I beg a thousand pardons! Do you live in this house?"

"Wot's dat to you?" the German said testily, though he had seemed somewhat appeased by the change in the young man's manner.

"I come here," explained Phileas, "to see, if possible, the owner of this place."

"You can not him see."

"Why not?"

The man waved his arms.

"He is not here. He is gone far."

"Where has he gone?"

The Teuton pondered the question in his slow and heavy mind, evidently deciding against giving an answer; and Phileas, eager, alert, and burning with curiosity, asked another:

"Do you live on the premises?"

"I live over dere; in dat white house," and he pointed to a low structure, which Phileas had not until that moment observed, since it was almost entirely hidden by trees.

"Well, can you tell me anything about the gentleman who lived here recently?"

"De gentlemans is gone. He is not here now," repeated the old man.

"Has he been gone long?"

"Nein, nein!"

"What was he like?"

"Like?" echoed the caretaker, misunderstanding the import of the question. "He's gone."

"I mean can you describe his appearance?" asked Phileas.

"*Nein, nein!*" responded the Teuton, who was either genuinely ignorant of the questioner's meaning or chose to appear so. "He was a good gentlemans," he said, after a reflective pause; while Phileas, nonplussed, was casting about for the simplest form of a query.

"Was he old?"

"Most seventy."

"Tall?"

"Yah, and not much fat."

"He is gone you say to—to—"

But the other remained imperturbable.

"To I know not where," he answered.

"Will he be gone long?"

"Oh, yah! He stay not long by here."

"Could you tell me his name?"

"*Nein, nein!*" replied the caretaker; and Phileas could not tell whether he did not know the name or whether he refused to reveal it.

"Might I see the house?" the lawyer inquired next, perceiving that no further information was to be had through the medium of questions.

"It is not for de renting."

"Are you sure of that?" Phileas asked quickly, and the old man was plainly puzzled. "For if it be, I can very easily get you a tenant."

He also slipped a bill into the German's toil-worn hand. The latter, after minutely examining the bill—which, as Phileas put it, was for any trouble he might have,—and attentively surveying the young man from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet, agreed to show him the interior of the house.

"You stay by here once," he said. "I go for bring key."

He shuffled off behind the leafy screen whence he had come, and Phileas was left for a moment more in the full enjoyment of the delightful scene in its absolute repose. Returning with the key, the caretaker led the way into the hall, and thence into the parlor and dining-room, where the cool, damp smell precluded the idea of very recent occupation. The latter apartment was plainly but tastefully

furnished in chintz-covered furniture. A few choice engravings hung upon the wall; and on the mantelpiece a tiny Dresden clock had stopped at the hour of three,—a trifling circumstance that somehow fixed itself within the lawyer's consciousness.

From room to room went the oddly assorted pair; for the German, conscientiously fulfilling the duties of his office, would not let Phileas out of his sight. The bedrooms upstairs were still more plainly furnished, after the manner of a seaside cottage; but there was not the smallest thing in any of them to suggest the character, tastes, or habits of their late occupants, unless an austere simplicity could be considered as a guide. The hall at the top of the first flight of stairs had been evidently used as a sitting-room, and had retained a more individual look than the rest of the dwelling. There stood a large lounging chair, with a sofa covered with a Persian rug; while in the recess of the window, commanding a fine view of the bay, was a writing table. Above this, upon the wall, was a screen upon which were illuminated the words: "Here is the place of my repose."

The young attorney paused there, his eyes wandering out of the window and over the water, with its ripples transformed into molten gold by the vivid sunshine. He tried to throw himself into the mind of the man who had lounged here or worked here, and had expressed in those few significant words the secret of the charm which this lovely spot must have held for him,—especially if he were one who was weary after many tribulations and the stress of a varied life. Surely it might well be the man of whom he was in search,—a search that had so far proved futile.

As Phileas thus pondered, he brought his eyes from the study of the landscape to a consideration of the objects immediately at hand; while the German waited with a curious, stolid patience. The lawyer's keen glance was caught by a folder which lay carelessly upon the

writing table. As he took it up, he noted a trifling circumstance which made his heart beat fast with an eager, almost boyish elation. It was ever so slight a pencil mark at the name of a hotel in Boston. It might mean nothing or it might mean everything. That folder was a comparatively recent issue, and it had evidently been consulted by some one who had sat at that table and had considered the idea of travel. Phileas knew the hotel so indicated to be a modest and unpretentious one in a quiet neighborhood,—just such as he fancied might appeal to a man who was leaving ‘the place of his repose’ to avoid impertinent intrusion.

Phileas threw down the folder with studied carelessness (for it seemed that the German’s eyes were upon him), but not before he had made a mental note of the street and the hotel. He also paid a cordial tribute of praise for the view which that window afforded; and the caretaker, who had begun to warm to his office of guide, presently grew rapturous over that prospect, and others which he declared could be seen from the different windows, and upon the situation of the house in general. He also let fall here and there a remark that permitted the lawyer some insight into the habits and character of the gentleman who had gone. The man’s English became more confused as he advanced in his recital. Once launched, however, he never faltered for a moment in the pæan of praise he poured forth, the greater part of which was incomprehensible to his hearer.

Phileas would have given much to be assured that the various hints which the Teuton let drop did, indeed, apply to the man whom he sought, and not to some other old gentleman of eccentric habits, who had chosen to make his abode at times in this solitary place, and to keep his coming and going a secret. By the time he had concluded the tour of the house, he was quite convinced that it was hopeless to expect information from the

stolid and uncommunicative guide, who, even when warmed to admiration of the dwelling and its surroundings, never departed from his habitual reticence with regard to any vital matter.

As he turned to go downstairs, Phileas perceived an engraving. It represented the solitary figure of a man whose hair was whitened with the frosts of years, whose figure was bent, and whose attitude was one of intense dejection. Under it was written, in a small but eminently characteristic hand, a verse from a Greek poet that seemed to fit the theoretical personage whom he had been so busy in constructing. He remembered that Mrs. Wilson had casually mentioned John Vorst’s devotion to the classics. As the young man regarded it an instant in passing, he felt with a curious certainty that here might be a new link in the chain.

Look as he would, however, there was nothing further to be gleaned; and, the German beginning to show signs of impatience, Phileas took his leave. He felt a real reluctance to see the door locked upon him and to pass out through the unobtrusive gate. It seemed to him as if he were turning his back on a place that had already become dear and familiar.

Arriving at the hotel, he had to while away as best he might the interval between the early midday meal and the departure of the afternoon train. At nightfall he was thundering once more through the tunnel, and beholding the lights of New York twinkling out of the gloom, and the vast metropolis itself lying comparatively silent in the Sabbath restfulness.

(To be continued.)

LET no veneer of culture come between you and the thing you are; and when you have seen all there is to be seen, you must admit that you are indeed a monster if you can not love your neighbor as you love yourself.

—Joel Chandler Harris.

A Victim of Spiritism.

THE following letter addressed to Mr. J. Godfrey Raupert by a non-Catholic gentleman, whose name is a familiar and honored one in scientific circles, and is doubtless known to thousands of our readers, affords another warning against the danger of spiritism, and shows the importance of the mission which the Pope has entrusted to Mr. Raupert. His books, "Modern Spiritism" and "The Dangers of Spiritualism," relate many striking instances, of the loss of health, physical and mental, as well as of faith and morals, as a result of practising the new necromancy. The form of obsession here described is more common than most people have any idea of. Insane asylums now shelter an ever-increasing number of patients whose mental derangement, as it is called, may be traced to imprudent excursions into the domain of the occult. That on this point not half the truth has been told, we have the assurance of some of the most eminent experts.

In these circumstances, the dangers incurred by those who dabble in spiritism should no longer to be concealed; indeed it becomes an obligation to point them out. They are many and great. The wisdom of the Holy See, in renewing its condemnation of experiments in occultism, is revealed in the unquestionable fact that the inferences drawn from them are antagonistic to Christian faith and piety, though in numerous instances both would seem to be promoted.

The letter which follows is dated Sept. 23, 1908. It will easily be understood why the writer's name can not be disclosed. His friends are aware that his wife is now in a sanitarium, but only those with whom he is most intimate know why she is there. Sad as the case is, we have knowledge of numerous others, some of which it is our intention to publish later on. A non-Catholic friend, who has a daughter confined in an insane asylum, is firmly

convinced that she is obsessed; and he has entreated us to warn young people against the insidious dangers of spiritism. The case is similar in many respects to the one here presented.

"You will, I know, be interested in the case I am about to lay before you. A short time ago, if any one had told me that demoniac possession, such as is spoken of in the Scriptures, now existed, I should have laughed at him. I would do so no longer. I have gone through one of the most extraordinary and one of the most fearful calamities that it is possible for one to experience,—at least not I, but my wife. Let me tell you the story.

"Some time ago she became interested in psychic investigation, and tried automatic writing for herself, with the result that, after some patient waiting, she developed into a fluent writer. A 'spirit' claimed to communicate, and gave a whole life history of himself through the automatic writing. This naturally delighted and interested us immensely. At first, all the communications came through the planchette board; but later on my wife developed writing with a pencil held in the hand; and no sooner had she done so than she began to experience a pain in the back of the brain—at the top of the spine,—which increased in intensity as the days went by until it became well-nigh unbearable. Then sleep was interfered with, and her health became affected.

"It was at this stage that the communicating intelligence asserted that he had full command of my wife's body; that he had, in fact, 'obsessed' her, and that she was no longer a free agent, but subject to his will. We tried hypnotism and mental cures of various kinds, without success. We tried all sorts of physical treatment, going on the supposition that we had ordinary insanity to deal with. We tried electricity, baths, diet, fasting, massage, osteopathy, a change of air at the seashore,—all to no benefit. We tried all

that doctors could do for her,—likewise a failure. She was pronounced perfectly healthy, physically; no organic or even functional disturbance could be found. More and more she passed under the control and influence of the invading intelligence, and less and less concern had she in the affairs of everyday life. We now became seriously alarmed. I tried to expel the demon by will-power and by commanding him to leave; but all such efforts simply made him worse, and his hold apparently stronger.

"And now a new and a terrible feature developed. Hitherto the impulse had been to *write*,—to write all the time and constantly, with a pen, a pencil, with a finger in the air,—anything, so long as writing was accomplished. But now *voices* resounded in her head—two, three, four, voices,—talking to one another, and freely conversing together about her. Some of these voices would praise my wife's conduct, others would blame her. Some would swear and curse, and call her vile names—names she had never heard in her normal state,—while others would try to defend her from these coarser and grosser ones. The voices told her all kinds of things. At first these things were harmless; but as time went by they told her to do things that were far from harmless—suicidal acts, in fact, which she attempted to accomplish. Once they told her to escape at all costs, and she ran out of the house and down the street in her nightgown. Twice they told her to take her own life, and this she attempted to do. She tried to shoot herself; but, fortunately, only inflicted a wound. In other ways they tried to injure her also, and only the best of care prevented a fearful accident on several occasions.

"One curious feature of the case was the fact that my wife realized all the while that these voices were urging her to her own destruction, and yet was unable to resist them. It was as if her own will was entirely in subjection to that of these infernal intelligences. She was quite

rational at times, and denied that she was in any way insane; but would argue her case quite rationally, and show you just why it was obsession and not insanity,—as, of course, it is universally conceived to be. She is still in this condition, in a private nursing home, as it was found impossible to keep her at home.

"You may think that this is an ordinary case of insanity, and that we have here no definite proof of 'obsession' at all; but I can assure you otherwise. There is very good proof that the phenomena are objective and not subjective in their origin. My reason for thinking so is this. During the early stages of my wife's illness, as I may call it, I went to three other well-known mediums in town, and got them to diagnose the case for me, without giving them any clue as to the real state of affairs that existed. They could not possibly have known of her case by hearsay, as it was kept very secret. But each of these three mediums agreed that my wife was obsessed, and described in almost identical terms the kind of evil intelligence that was controlling her; and, furthermore, stated certain things that had happened at our home, which in reality *had* occurred. But better and more conclusive evidence was this: On one occasion the intelligence that claimed to control my wife communicated through another medium, and there asserted that he had done and said certain things at our house which he *had* done and said as a fact. That is, we have here what the Psychical Research Society would call a 'cross reference' between these two cases,—the same intelligence apparently communicating through both mediums, and stating the same facts through both; also making the claim that he had stated those facts through my wife. Here, then, we have clear evidence of external objective reality,—of an intelligence active and separate from the organism through which it is manifesting. Apart from the internal

evidence afforded by the case itself, we have this additional proof that a real intelligence was at work, and controlling my wife to do and say the things that she did do and say—against her own will no less than ours.

“Let me say in conclusion that if ever it is proved, by means of such cases as this, that real external intelligences are operative in other cases of what is usually classed as ordinary ‘insanity,’ it will surely revolutionize medical science and the treatment of the insane. At the present time, the treatment of such cases is almost entirely physiological, and the utter inadequacy of any such treatment was never more clearly shown than in my wife’s own case. No! I am persuaded that we have a real case of obsession here,—one similar to many recorded in the Scriptures, and in modern literature, both religious and secular.”

Catholic parents are exhorted to guard their homes and to preserve their children against spiritualistic influences of all kinds. That seemingly harmless toy, planchette, the use of which is again coming into vogue, should be thrown into the fire. This object may easily become an instrument of untold evil; the amusement it affords, perfectly innocent at first, often leads to intimate communication with mysterious intelligences, whose influence in most cases is positively baneful. It is like opening a door which can never again be securely barred, and through which there is no telling who or what may enter.

—•••—

DEVOTION to Mary now comes to us not only weighted with dogma and the experience of all the Christian ages, but illustrated by certain object-lessons bearing immediately upon our own time. These object-lessons—apparitions and revelations—are as flashes from the invisible world, beacon lights along the horizon.

—Bernard St. John.

Some Books for Catholic Teachers.

THE special attention given to formal pedagogics in our times has led to the formation in Catholic schools of libraries for the use of the teachers. Those charged with collecting suitable books for the training of Catholic teachers are not at a loss for want of material so much as for the right kind of material. Superintendents of schools, diocesan school directors, and educationists in general, have spoken, at Catholic educational gatherings, of the need of Catholic authorities in the way of text-books on the history of education and the psychology of teaching. There is activity in Catholic circles, and works such as those recommended are in preparation. Thus far, however, the pedagogical material offered to Catholic teachers by Catholic authorities is not so abundant nor so available as to meet all wants. In view of such conditions, we should help one another to the best afforded, by calling attention to those works which are least tinctured by prejudice against the Faith.

In any list of books for the use of teachers we would include “Thoughts on Education” and “Counsels for the Young,” by the Anglican Bishop Creighton, in both of which will be found a great amount of useful information and wise suggestion. The latter volume is compiled largely from Dr. Creighton’s biography, a work too long for most readers, and, as a whole, of slight interest to Catholics. Though prepared nominally for the young, “Counsels” is equally, or nearly equally, valuable for their guardians and teachers. The author was a lover of children, a born educator, and his insight into the difficulties of the school life of his day was remarkable. Nothing pleased him more than to direct the studies of his young friends, and he would set them books to read and look over the papers which they wrote at his suggestion. His kindly interest in the spiritual welfare

and educational progress of the young wherever he came in contact with them was indeed one of his most striking characteristics. The writings of such a man are a precious heritage.

Of Dr. Creighton's "Thoughts on Education" we have many times spoken. It is a book that should be in the hands of teachers everywhere. They will not, of course—Catholic teachers more particularly,—always agree with his conclusions; but he is sure to make them think for themselves, and give them new ideas of their influence and responsibility. The Bishop once said, when speaking to teachers: "Every child is really different from every other child. You are constantly dealing with a human life which has its own thoughts and its own interests; which is ready to welcome you, if you speak a language which it can understand." And again: "The object of the teacher is to follow the order of the child's mind. No one with any conception of humility can claim to be able to follow that order completely; for this simple reason, that the more we see of a child's mind, the more unfathomable becomes its mystery."

One can not open this really admirable volume without having one's attention arrested by some fresh thought strikingly expressed, or some old truth so happily presented as to make it seem quite new.

A "History of Education" which may safely be recommended is by Mr. E. L. Kemp, principal of the East Stroudsburg State (Pa.) Normal School, and forms volume third in the Lippincott Educational Series. This book, considering its scope, is all that could be desired, and is marked by research and a spirit of fairness, as well as by a spirit of reverence for the teachings of Christianity. The wording in a few cases, and an undue emphasis on the importance of Luther's influence along educational lines, are the only points the fair-minded Catholic teacher would wish to see changed in later editions.

To ignore such books as these because they happen to be from non-Catholic

pens, and to contain a few slurs on the Church and some historical errors, is the height of folly. A teacher, of all persons, should be above such narrowness. Until we have a larger literature of our own let us not deprive ourselves of the advantage of what is best in that of our opponents, whose opposition in many cases—in most cases perhaps—arises from ignorance rather than malice.

An Old Soldier's Beads.

IN the hospital for incurables at Antwerp there lived some years ago an old soldier broken down by wounds and hardships. A visiting priest having taught him the Rosary, the veteran found so much consolation in its recitation that he deplored his having learned it only in the decline of his days. "Had I known it sooner," he exclaimed, "I would have said it every day."

So poignant was his regret that he set about making up for lost time; and, according to a chronicler of the hospital, he said his Beads with the rapidity of a traveller who is walking under the burning sun and seeks to gain the shade. Having no hope of recovery, he naïvely declared: "If the Blessed Virgin will help me to live two years, I'll say the Beads as often as there have been days in my life." Inquiring as to the number of days in sixty years, and being told that there are twenty-one thousand nine hundred, he then asked: "How many times a day must I say the Beads in order to complete that number in two years?"—"Thirty times," was the reply. Forthwith he imposed upon himself the task of reciting the Rosary thrice ten times daily. In two years he completed his twenty-one thousand nine hundredth recitation. And he said no more. At the hour when his task was finished he expired, while repeating his last "Hail Mary." His soul, let us hope, then ascended to heaven to contemplate in glory her whose Rosary had been the consolation of his old age.

Notes and Remarks.

It will be quite useless for future calumniators to assert that either Cardinal Newman or Lord Brampton, two of the foremost converts of our time, ever regretted his submission to the Church. A contradictory statement from each of these illustrious Englishmen is preserved. The famous letter of Cardinal Newman, often quoted but never printed entire, is in the possession of one who knows how to prize it. Nothing could be clearer or more emphatic than the terms in which that great father of souls denies that he ever had doubts of the divinity of the Church, or for a moment thought of returning to the City of Confusion.

On his deathbed, Lord Brampton, through his wife, sent the following message to a convert friend. We copy from the original letter, which lies before us:

"In the Catholic Church I have perfect conviction for my intellect and peace for my heart. I believe all that the Church teaches, and reject all that she rejects. In her communion I trust to live and die."

A brief message, but how eloquent and significant it is! There was no need of saying more, what he did say was said so well.

The pastor of St. Stephen's Church, New York, is Bishop Cusack. In a circular letter to the parents in his parish, he thus reiterates what has often been said before, but can scarcely be emphasized unduly:

Now, the children have rights. They have a right to the training of heart as well as head,—mind and soul together. The public school informs the mind with useful knowledge, and there it finishes its work. The parochial school informs the mind with useful knowledge, and over and above it trains the soul in Christian virtue. . . .

It was never truthfully said, but the day has long passed when there was even a shadow of justification for any to say that in the parochial school a child learns only his prayers. He learns his prayers too, and he learns how to be good. His teachers illustrate in their lives

the religious lessons they impart. The atmosphere is religious. The other world has a place as well as this world. A picture of our Saviour hangs on the wall, as well as a portrait of the President. A crucifix is there as well as a map of the United States. "For God and our Country" is the motto of the parochial school.

If the children have rights, the parents have duties. One of them is to give the children a Christian education. The Sunday-school can not supply that. It is a matter for every hour in the day and every day in the week. The teaching of the catechism is only a small part of a Christian education. Education should be given and received in the midst of a religious atmosphere; religious impressions and religious observances should permeate all its parts. This kind of an education can be given in a Catholic school alone.

And some day the average American will deem it a cause for wonder that Catholics were ever burdened with a double education tax,—a burden which Archbishop O'Connell does not hesitate publicly to style "nothing short of outrageous tyranny."

As effective a lay sermon against the evil influence of theatres as we have seen reported in a long time is the following brief dialogue between an interviewer and a popular comédienne. After stating that her daughter had never seen her on the stage, the actress declared: "She is innocent. She knows no evil, and I wish her to remain so."—"Then you think that one of your performances might enlighten a young girl's innocence?" was asked.—"The theatre is not the place for a child," the actress put in rather sharply. "Very few performances in these days would be good for a young girl to see."

As one who knows whereof she speaks, the comédienne is one whose words may well be considered weighty; and parents would do well to weigh them.

Says the *Westminster*, a Presbyterian journal of Philadelphia:

Not partisanship, but politics. The supreme exhibition of politics which America sees comes once every four years, in connection with the

election of a President. At the present hour the daily papers are filled with this one theme. Everywhere—in shops and stores and offices and on the street, in cars and hotels—the talk of men is of the coming elections. Must the religious paper be compelled to say never a word on the great issues that are before the nation? The highest motive that can control a soul is love of God; the second is love of country. As men shall act politically, so will the interests of this country be furthered or endangered. Shall not the religious paper bid men to settle their personal attitude to the question of the Presidency on the basis of careful, honest, unpartisan canvass of the whole situation? The *Westminster* claims this right. Not by a hint has it said, or will it say, a man ought to vote for any particular candidate. It advocates no man's cause. It does hope to make its readers balance the whole matter of national interest so carefully that their vote when given shall be an honest one, in the fear of God, and without any reference at all to any past action or any past party affiliation.

Anent which declaration of policy we have to say merely that it calls for less vigorous dissent than do most editorial utterances of our sectarian contemporaries.

While the fact that a man is a member of the United States Senate is perhaps *prima facie* evidence of his sanity, it does not preclude the possibility that in the heat of a political campaign he may become the subject of a "brain storm." Senator Smith, of Michigan, spoke recently in Chicago, and this is the *Inter-Ocean's* editorial comment on one portion of his "spread-eagle" address:

Mr. Smith is not pleased with the immigration and naturalization laws of this country. To most sane people such questions seem subjects rather for calm legislative inquiry and careful administration than for stump speech agitation. Mr. Smith thinks differently, for he uttered his voice thus: "It is a burning shame that the youth of this land have to wait twenty-one years before they can vote for its representatives, while some rapsallion from Southern Europe can come in here and vote in three months."

Mr. Smith might be asked where he found the American youths who were not permitted to vote until they were forty-two years of age, or whether native birth qualifies an infant just born to vote immediately. He might also be asked why he selects his fellow-citizens of

Italian extraction, as he apparently does, as the particular targets of his tall talk.

All sorts of people come here from Italy, as they do from other countries. The great majority of these Italian immigrants are sober, industrious, thrifty men and women, who do well in this country and become good citizens. Furthermore, they become good Americans quite as rapidly as other immigrants that are handicapped by the fact that English is not their mother tongue.

One should always acquire a modicum of fact before "uttering his voice."

An Hibernian friend of ours would describe the writer of "Et Cætera" in the *London Tablet* as "a most knowledgeable man entirely." It is surprising the amount of interesting information which this valued contributor manages to present, and his readers must often wonder how he gathers it all. Every notable event that occurs reminds him of something else quite as worthy of being chronicled, or revives memories of the past that the generality of his readers do not share. For instance, in noting the death of Mr. Jules Simoneau, for whom we requested the prayers of our readers a few weeks ago, the *Tablet* writer refers to him as "the French restaurant-keeper, who befriended Robert Louis Stevenson in the days when dollars were wanting"; and adds: "Simoneau, knowing that the novelist was keeping away from a meal because he could not pay his score, used to go round to his humble lodging, throw pebbles up to his window pane, and, having caught his attention, lure him down into the street and the restaurant. These were kindnesses which Stevenson never forgot; and Simoneau treasured to the end of life the letters he had from the famished man of genius, and the books that he had from him with delightful autograph inscriptions. Simoneau, who had left France in the long ago, talked infidelity to Stevenson by the yard, and used to be gently reproved by the born Presbyterian for his pains. But the good heart of R. L. S.'s old protector was

uppermost at the end; the faith of his youth returned to him, and he received the Sacraments before he yielded up his last breath."

It might have been further added that the "born Presbyterian" was at heart a Catholic. He had made up his mind to join the Church, and was about to enter upon a course of preparatory instruction when the last summons came. Peace to his gentle soul! We like to believe that the brave defender of Father Damien is a sharer in the "riches, rest and glory" that must now be the heroic missionary's eternal portion. The assertion, so often repeated, that Stevenson had regrets for publishing that famous open letter of his is absolutely false. Of this we hold quite satisfying proof.

Another item of news on which the writer of "Et Cætera" has an interesting comment is the conferring of a grant from the Royal Bounty Fund on Miss Emily Hickey, whom we are happy to number among our contributors. A timely "Hymn for the Holy Father" from her ever-delightful pen was published in these pages only a week or two ago. The *Tablet* writer says: "Miss Hickey's first fame was made as a writer of verse, but readers of the *Month* are aware also of her powers in prose. She has edited Browning, and was co-founder with Dr. Furnivall of the Browning Society. She has made translations from the Anglo-Saxon which have won the praises of such scholars as Prof. York Powell and Prof. Dowden. She is a convert to the Church."

A recent issue of *Rome* contained the following paragraph of interest to lovers of art the world over:

What is the most popular picture in the world? Possibly, if a referendum were taken on the subject, it would be found that a majority would declare in favor of Leonardo da Vinci's sublime masterpiece, "The Last Supper," in the ex-convent of Santa Maria delle Grazie at Milan. Yet a year ago it seemed certain that

the days of this masterpiece were numbered. For years past the paint had been scaling away from the walls, and some of the figures had become almost unrecognizable. A great art critic wrote, under the heading "The Agony of a Masterpiece," a most touching description of this fatal decay, and nobody thought that it would be possible to arrest the work of destruction. But it was decided to make a trial; and this week the artist chosen for the delicate task, Luigi Cavenaghi, has been able to announce that he has succeeded. By a special process invented by himself, he has been able to attach the scaling fragments to their original position in the painting; and little by little he has seen the faces come again out of the void, and the dead wall breathe once more with the life and movement infused into it by Leonardo.

More recent dispatches from Rome convey the grateful news that Cavenaghi's process has proved successful. Experts are said to be enthusiastic over the result.

We noted a few weeks ago the fact that twelve hundred of the four thousand United States sailors who had shore leave on a recent Sunday, at Sydney, N. S. W., were Catholics. It is gratifying, therefore, to learn from the *Press* (Sydney) that they conducted themselves during their stay there as practical Catholics:

The American Jackies have a firm grip of Australia's heart. Just exactly what sort of men we expected to meet it is hard to say; but, from our experience of English men-o'-warsmen, we did not dream that the "enlisted men" of the United States Navy would turn out to be quick-witted, well-read, brainy fellows, capable of holding their own in any company. They were to be found in the "pubs," of course, like sailormen all the world over; but their courteous behavior and clean tongues immediately attracted attention. There was nothing beery or boorish about their talk under any circumstances. They were inquiring travellers all the time, keenly interested in the resources, industrial conditions, constitution and social life of the country they were visiting. They wanted to know things, and they were storing up facts for future reference.

It was pleasant, too, to mark the fine manliness and sturdy independence of the Jackies. They did not like the idea at all of free theatre tickets, free trips to the country, and free feeds of an unofficial character. They believed in going where they pleased, and paying their own

way, and thoroughly preserving the honor and dignity of their uniform.

So it appears that it is quite possible to be an efficient "jolly tar" without overdoing the business of "splicing the main brace," or conducting oneself as a more or less disreputable character. We congratulate our Jackies on the record they have made at the Antipodes.

One of the practical and interesting addresses delivered at the London Eucharistic Congress was that of the Hon. Frank Russell on "Eucharistic Bequests." While the difference between English and American laws may possibly render irrelevant, in this country, some portions of Mr. Russell's paper, his concluding suggestion should, we think, be as pertinent here as in England:

Let me tender in conclusion a word of advice. So long as the present legal position continues, do not try to evade the law by any complicated process of secret trusts. They inevitably lead to disaster and shipwreck. In my view, the safest form for such a bequest to take is a bequest of the legacy to the legatee absolutely, with the addition of some such words as the following: "And I request him (but not so as in any way to impose or create any trust or obligation or to interfere with his absolute beneficial enjoyment of the legacy) to procure Masses to be said for the repose of my soul." Your legatee will get his legacy and keep it; and, if he is an honest man with a conscience, you may rely upon your wishes being carried out. If he is not an honest man and has no conscience, no means which I can suggest will supply these moral defects or secure for you the prayers which you desire.

A grave and reverend scholar, the author of several serious books and a member of more than one learned society, writes:

I see that in the children's department of THE AVE MARIA you have fallen into the popular error of deriving "jonny cake" from "journey cake." This is not the derivation. It is a corruption of "Shawnee cake." The name of this Indian tribe, as you know, is variously spelled. This tribe of Indians, and perhaps many others, were accustomed to heat flat stones, and then spread the corn batter on them

till it was baked almost as hard as a board. Hence the pioneers of the head waters of the Ohio and the Potomac came, by a very euphonious process, to call it "jonny cake." The pioneers were accustomed to use a small oak board instead of a stone, and to place it with its corn batter at such an angle as would throw the heat of the fire before it to the best advantage. I remember myself and my brothers teasing our mother to make us a "jonny cake."

We stand corrected. It will be no surprise now to receive from some quarter a slice of genuine jonny cake, to enable us to write on the subject in future from fuller knowledge, and to digest our information.

In the late Sir Henry Moore Jackson, Governor of Trinidad, the *Catholic News*, of Port-of-Spain, finds much that recalls St. Louis of France. Commenting on Sir Henry's daily life, our contemporary says:

Every morning at dawn he betook himself to the church, and, as he assisted at Mass, placed his undertakings for the day under the protection of his Saviour; and each afternoon he refreshed his spirit after the fatigues of the day in the presence of our Blessed Lord. His also was St. Louis' cheerful gaiety; with him, as with his great exemplar, "the inward peace of his mind, and the joy with which his soul overflowed from the presence of the Holy Ghost, enhanced the natural liveliness and cheerfulness of his disposition." In Sir Henry we saw the same modesty, combined with the same dignity of bearing. He was, indeed, the perfect man even to the lesser details of life and conduct. Who that was ever brought into relations with him was not charmed with the grace and courtesy of his bearing? His clear utterance, his graceful style of language, his dainty handwriting, even the soldierly neatness and quiet elegance of his dress, emphasize the likeness to the sainted monarch, as pictured for us in Joinville's vivid pages, "sitting in the woods with his back to an oak, wearing his camlet coat, with his hair well combed, and his hat with white peacock feathers on his head, hearing the petitions of those who, nowise hindered by ushers and other folks, came to have justice done them."

The son of an Anglican bishop, the late Governor early became a convert to the true Faith, and throughout his career showed himself always and everywhere an exemplary Catholic. *R. I. P.*

FOR YOUNG FOLK

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

A Lesson Learned and a Lesson Taught.

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.



WEEPING woman walked up and down the long piazza, wringing her hands and lifting her sorrowful eyes to Heaven. She thought herself alone; but in the farthest corner sat a little girl, softly turning over the pages of a book. From time to time the child looked up at her mother, her sweet, innocent face saddened and perplexed.

"Mother," she said at last, "why are you crying? Is father very sick?"

"Anna darling, I did not know you were there," replied the distressed woman. "Yes, father is very, very ill. The doctor is afraid he can not get well. But that is not why I am crying so bitterly. He will not see a priest. You know we have always prayed for him, but now it looks as though our prayers were vain."

"Will it bother him if I take my catechism and study my lesson by his bed?" asked the child, getting up from the corner.

"No, I think not," replied the mother. "He is not suffering now. He will be free from pain until one of those dreadful spells comes on again, and that is not likely to be for several hours. He will be glad to have his little Anna near him."

"I will go to him, then," said the thoughtful, eight-year-old child, taking her catechism, and kissing her mother, who had seated herself in a chair. "Don't cry any more, mother."

The sick man was lying, propped up with pillows, because of the difficulty in breathing caused by his illness—an affection of the heart. As the child tiptoed into the room, he laid down the morning paper over which he had been listlessly

glancing, and smiled a welcome as he put out his hand.

"I have come to sit with you and study my catechism. You won't mind, will you, father, if I study out aloud? I can learn so much better that way," said the little innocent, climbing softly up beside him.

"No: I shall like it," answered the sick man, kissing her fondly.

Anna began at the beginning, which she knew perfectly, and read five or six pages aloud.

"Is this a review?" asked the sick man.

"We go over all the chapters we have learned, every two weeks," replied the child; adding after a few moments: "Will you hear me now, father?"

"Yes. Give me the book."

She recited the chapters without a single mistake. Then she said:

"Father, are you tired?"

"No, my dear. I am interested."

"Will you hear me say the Acts now?"

"Yes. Begin."

She said the Acts of Faith, Hope, Charity and Contrition with great fervor.

"Now here is the *Memorare*. It is such a beautiful prayer! Do you know it, father?" she asked.

"I am afraid not," responded the sick man, with a sigh that was not lost on the child.

"I don't want to tire you, father," she said.

"That sigh was not from fatigue," he replied. "It came from something deeper."

Anna looked at him wistfully: she hardly understood.

As the pleading, compelling words of that beautiful old prayer fell slowly and fervently from the innocent lips, the father's eyes closed over burning tears. Anna repeated the prayer twice, watching his face intently.

"He is asleep!" she murmured, bending over and kissing the pale forehead. Then she went back to her mother, and, golden head touching the brown, they wept silently together.

But the sick man was not asleep. The familiar words of the long-forgotten catechism had awakened memories and emotions which he had thought forever buried. The sweet voice of his darling child had imbued them with an added sanctity; her sublime faith and devotion in the *Memorare* had pierced the inmost recesses of a soul, long encrusted with worldliness and indifference. "Remember, O most compassionate Virgin Mary!" How often had he heard it from the lips of his pious Christian mother!

After a time he rang the little bell that stood on the table by his bedside. When his wife entered he said:

"Helen, I would like to see a priest."

He had always been a man of few words. She only said, "Oh, thank God!" and hurried away to do his bidding.

The priest came at once. The next morning, his wife and child kneeling beside him, the sick man received Holy Communion for the first time in twenty years.

When she left him that evening, little Anna pressed her Rosary into his hand and whispered: "If you say some Hail Marys, father, they will make you feel better."

That night his soul went forth to meet its God,—not in a paroxysm of agony, as had been feared by his physician; but quietly, in his sleep, Anna's little Rosary twined about his clasped fingers.

BOTH "esplanade" and "boulevard" were originally military terms. A boulevard was a bulwark or horizontal part of the rampart; and an esplanade was the slope of the counterscarp of a fortified place. The word "esplanade" was derived from the Latin *explanare*—to smooth or flatten out; whence our words "explain" and "explanation."

The Story of Little Fritz.

X.—THE FINAL REWARD.

Three months after Fritz's departure, the country postman called at the Willebrand cottage, bringing a letter and a sealed package. The old man was still quite ill, and lay in bed from which he was not yet able to rise. He took the package and letter, and when the postman had gone rang a little bell at his bedside, which was the usual way of summoning his wife from her work in the kitchen. She came quickly, bringing a lighted lamp. As its feeble rays revealed the faces of the husband and wife, one could see in their paleness and their careworn expression that the world was not going well with them. And how could it, when the staff and support of the family lay ill and helpless, when the boys could scarcely support themselves; and when the poor wife, by the most untiring industry, aside from the care of her family, could earn almost nothing? Sorrow had laid its hand heavily upon this once happy household.

"A package has come from B., wife; and there's a letter with it. I think both must be from Fritz, who has not written us a word since he left us. Open the letter and read it aloud."

The wife, delighted to hear from Fritz, opened the letter and read as follows:

DEARLY-LOVED PARENTS AND DARLING BROTHERS:—I would gladly have written to you before if I could have found time. I have a great deal to do, and Master Sharp scarcely allows me time to breathe. Ever since I left you I have been painting at the castle of Baron Rabinski, an hour's distance from B. As I have an opportunity to see the postman, I forward you thirty dollars saved from my wages. I wish it was more, but it is all I have; and I hope that you will kindly receive the money, which I assure you has been honorably earned.

I think of you all very often, and long to see you more than I have words to tell. I do not know what I would give just to spend one short day with you. But it is of no use to think of it; for Master Sharp is a hard man, and would never allow me to leave my work long enough to visit you. But I shall come sometime, whether he is willing or not. I hope for better things in the future than working for him.

Write quickly in answer to this. I want to know how you all are, and if Father Willebrand has got well. Now, good-bye! In three months I will send you thirty dollars more. I can spare it from my wages just as well as not.

Your affectionate and grateful son,

FRITZ.

"Ah, isn't he a brave fellow, our Fritz! God bless him and reward him for what he has done for us!" exclaimed Father Willebrand.

"Who would have thought," said good Frau Willebrand, "when the little fellow came to us poor and helpless, that he would one day be our support and stay? If you had made a collier of him, dear husband, he would never have been able to help us. If we had been any way unkind to him, he would not have been grateful. Now we understand the truth of Our Lord's words, 'Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.'"

"Dear wife," said Willebrand, while tears of joy ran down his wasted cheeks, "we have done only our duty, and this deserves no reward from Heaven. But the lad is true and brave; and, though we may never be able to repay what he now does for us, God will reward him. Let us thank our Heavenly Father for having given our Fritz such a good heart."

While they were rejoicing over Fritz he was having a hard time. Master Sharp was not a good man. He overworked and badly treated all his employees. Besides, this wall-painting did not please Fritz; he could learn nothing at it, and he longed for the old times when he had made such good progress practising by himself. Still

he concluded to remain at his present work; for this was the only way in which he could help his foster parents. He was industrious; and, careful always to do his duty, he accomplished far more than could have been expected of him. Master Sharp was liberal only in abuse and reproaches, but Fritz bore all with courage and patience.

One day the boy stood in a hall of the castle, mounted upon a wooden ladder, and was painting a garland of flowers upon the ceiling. He carefully mixed his colors, guided his brush with a light and steady hand, and often paused to remark with pleasure the progress of his work. Now the last stroke had been given, and for the moment there was nothing to do. So he sat upon a round of the ladder with his head buried in his hands, and gave his thoughts free course.

They flew over to the little village where he had lived four happy years, to his foster parents, to his playfellows—Wolf, Christoph, and Hans,—and to the painting and drawing which he had been allowed to follow in the way that pleased him best.

"Yes," he thought, "if I could only now draw and paint as I did then I should be happy; but of this eternal daubing upon walls I am heartily weary."

Just then a swallow seated itself upon the sill of an open window, gazed first around the hall with its bright little eyes, and then at Fritz, who was still lost in thought. The bird's twitter soon made Fritz aware of its presence, and his sad eyes lighted up with joy as they rested upon the happy little creature.

"Why are you so joyful, little bird?" he asked. "Oh, if I could only have as good times as you! You can fly here and there wherever you choose; you mount up into the air and sunshine, free and fetterless as the bright clouds you sail beneath."

It seemed as if the tiny bird understood Fritz's words. It rested its little eyes sympathizingly upon him, and by its twitter seemed to invite the boy to leave

house and hall, and, unfettered and happy, to soar out into God's free world. Gladly would he have accepted the invitation, but it could not be. He must remain at his work, and thereby repay the debt of gratitude he owed his adopted parents.

Sighing, he again took up his brush to begin a new picture. All at once it occurred to him to paint the swallow upon the wall, and no place appeared so suitable as the garland he had just finished. Right in its centre, he thought, would be the best place; and he went joyfully to work.

First he painted the little head, then the neck, then the body and wings, the long, forked tail, and the delicate feet. He did all with such truth and skill that one would have thought that the painted swallow was a living one. As he gave the last stroke, the bird, joyfully twittering, flew away, seeming to have waited for the completion of the work.

As Fritz critically surveyed his painting he thought: "Really, now, that looks fairly well. I must say that little bit of work pleases me."

But just at that moment he heard the rough, scolding voice of Master Sharp; and before he could turn his head he had received from that great, coarse hand such a box on the ear that he thought his senses were gone from him forever.

"You useless boy!" cried Master Sharp in a rage. "You good-for-nothing, lazy, impertinent rascal! The Baron ordered a garland of flowers to be painted on this wall, and who told you to paint swallows? I will show you where swallows belong."

And again Master Sharp raised his hand, letting it descend in a heavy blow upon Fritz's fresh, red cheek, painting it a still deeper red.

"There are some swallows for you!" he roared. "Here now, pack your colors together and march straight out of here. Go back where you came from, you good-for-nothing scamp!"

Fritz, deeply grieved and angry at this unjust treatment, made no reply. Sadly and tearfully he packed his brushes,

pencils, and colors, and withdrew in silence. But at the door he was detained by a tall, handsome, bearded man, who said to him kindly:

"Wait, my son. I wish to say a few words to you."

Fritz waited patiently, and the gentleman walked into the hall over which Fritz had painted the swallow on the ceiling. Here he remained standing, and gazed at the bird in the wreath of flowers in visible surprise. He drew out an eyeglass and looked at the painting again and again, critically examining it from all sides. The longer he gazed, the greater seemed to be his surprise.

Master Sharp, who in his rage had not until now observed the gentleman, drew near him with cringing courtesy.

"Welcome home, Herr Baron!" he said, bowing profoundly. "You see that the work is progressing. I hope your Highness is pleased with it."

"Who painted that swallow?" asked the Baron, taking no notice of the profound bows of Master Sharp.

"I beg your Highness' pardon," replied the master mason, his anger rising anew at poor Fritz and his uncalled-for painting,—*"I beg your pardon for such a violation of your order to have only a wreath of flowers in the centre of the ceiling! That good-for-nothing rascal there in the doorway took it upon himself to paint what he liked. To pay for his presumption, I have given him a sound box on the ear, and have painted a pair of swallows on his face that he will be likely to remember as long as he lives. Do not be angry, Herr Baron; we can easily paint over this daub, and no one will know it was ever there."*

"And for painting this swallow you have shamefully mistreated this boy! I saw it all," cried the Baron in a rage. "Shame on you, fellow! Get out of my sight, and never let me see you again. Paint over this swallow! I would have you know that in this little painting more genius is displayed than in many pictures

and paintings of world-wide renown. And for this true work of art you beat the artist! Out of my sight! Go! You are a barbarian, a vandal!"

Humbled and deeply mortified, Master Sharp slunk away. Then the Baron called Fritz to his side, and questioned him as to his past life, so closely, yet with so much gentleness and friendliness, that Fritz opened his heart and told all we have been relating to our readers.

After the Baron had heard all, he gently stroked the young artist's cheek and said:

"You will, of course, have nothing more to do with Master Sharp, my lad. You will pursue your studies under my direction; and, if industrious and brave, I prophesy that you will one day make a great artist. Meantime I will care for your foster parents. They shall want for nothing."

Enraptured, Fritz kissed the hand of the Baron, who after a few friendly parting words, left the boy to his own thoughts and emotions. His young heart went up in thanks to God, who had made a little swallow the means of rescuing him from his pitiful situation, and of placing him, perhaps, on the high road to fortune.

How thankful he was that he had, though sorely against his will, entered the service of Master Sharp, and borne patiently the harsh treatment of that cruel, exacting man! How his soul was filled with gratitude for the rich fruit his resolve to aid his benefactors had already borne, and with hopes of the far richer fruit the future years might bring!

The Baron kept his word. The family of collier Willebrand for some years received from him a liberal pension; and the old man, relieved from care and anxiety, soon regained his health.

Fritz was sent to a renowned academy of painting. He made the best use of his opportunities, and at length became one of those renowned painters whose artistic works command large sums of money.

He was able in time fully to repay the debt of gratitude he owed to Baron Rabinski. He took his adopted parents and their sons under his protection, making the declining years of good father and mother Willebrand comfortable and happy, and enabling the sons to acquire a fair education and learn honorable trades, which afforded them ample means of support. This was the recompense he made for their kindness.

A successful and happy man himself, it was his delight to see others happy. Never forgetting how much he owed to the kindness and generosity of those who had succored and aided him when a poor helpless orphan, he sought to repay the debt in deeds of love and charity; and, in the approval of his conscience and the blessing of his fellowmen, he reaped a rich reward even in this world.

(The End.)

A Little Brother of the Woods.

Squirrels are very sly little fellows in their attempt to conceal themselves from their pursuers. Sometimes one will flatten himself out against a gray patch on a tree trunk, and remain perfectly motionless, and is quite safe unless a telltale ear happens to appear in relief against the sky. Another will hide in the fork of a limb, and then is betrayed only by the fluffy tip of his tail. But wherever Brother Squirrel may be, he always seems to know just when you discover him; and then he will make a long jump and be out of your sight before you know it. Squirrels in the parks in some of our cities learn to know their friends, and prove very affectionate and intelligent. It is delightful to see one of them sitting upon his haunches, and holding between his fore paws a nut at which he nibbles with evident gusto. How any one can wear a garment made of squirrel skins is a mystery to those who love these little brothers of the woods.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Under the title, "The Church, the Strong Safeguard of the Republic," the *Catholic Mind* reproduces the forceful sermon delivered at the opening of the recent convention of the American Federation of Catholic Societies, in Boston, Massachusetts, by Archbishop O'Connell. The discourse merits the widest possible distribution.

—Mr. B. Herder has just added yet another to the already numerous convenient editions of "The Little Office of the Blessed Virgin Mary." This new text is in Latin and English, and bears the *imprimatur* of the Most Rev. Archbishop of Freiburg. The directions, arrangement, etc., are according to the Roman Breviary. The size, print and case for the book commend it to communities, sodalities, and individuals.

—"The Eucharistic Mission," by the Rev. Wilfrid Lescher, O. P., P. G., is a timely brochure of some fifty pages, more than half of them devoted to "St. Thomas Aquinas and the Holy Eucharist." Other chapters treat of The Eucharistic Life, The Eucharistic Congress, and The Eucharistic Mission. Like all others of Father Lescher's works, this is characterized by soundness of doctrine, lucidity of presentation, and genuine readableness. Benzigers.

—That best test of a good children's story—that it interests the grown-ups not less than the little ones—is successfully stood by "Dear Friends: a Sequel to 'Althea,'" by D. Ella Nirdlinger (Benziger Brothers). Readers of the former book will rejoice to meet again the Alvoyd family, and to make some new and charming acquaintances whom Lee and Loo and Lona and Loll and Althea learned to know and love in their Northern home. Little Miss Althea should figure in yet other stories—and there is a hint that she may.

—When Charles Scribner's Sons reprinted, some years ago, the Oxford translation of the ante-Nicene Fathers, the editing was done by Dr. Coxe, then Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Western New York. Far from giving evidence of distinguished critical ability, the Bishop's notes displayed a very pronounced animus against Catholicity, and a very uncritical method of disposing of texts favorable to the Catholic doctrine concerning the Pope by the oracular remark, unsupported by any corroborative proof, "the passage is undoubtedly spurious." The task of showing that Dr. Coxe's claims to cre-

dence or authority are "undoubtedly spurious" has been undertaken and successfully carried out by the Rev. Thomas S. Dolan, in "The See of Peter and the Voice of Antiquity" (B. Herder). This scholarly little volume, to which Cardinal Gibbons furnishes the preface, will be of genuine utility to all clerical students and to cultured readers among the laity as well.

—A second revised edition of "A Treatise on the Spiritual Life," translated from the Latin of Mgr. Charles Morozzo, by the Rev. D. A. Donovan, has been published by Pustet & Co. This help in the way of perfection condenses the teachings of spiritual writers on the stages by which the soul passes from the beginning of the Purgative Way to the Unitive Way, where the soul enjoys perfect union with God, which is the goal of sanctity.

—In a sketch, "The Scholar," contributed to the *Month* by Charlotte Dease, we find this outspoken bit of criticism: "Do you know the worst person to lend a book to?" he once said. "A priest. If it's a bad book, he'll burn it. If it's a good book, he'll keep it; for he'll say it's more fitting for him to have it than another man." The critic, Peter O'Dwyer, must have had dealings with some such clerical bibliophile as Bishop de Bury, and obviously fell into the fallacy of generalizing from individual instances.

—Goethe's "Hermann and Dorothea," edited for the use of students by W. T. Hewett, and published by the American Book Co., is certainly a complete volume. Besides the poem itself, there are chapters on the sources of the work, on poetry in general and the poem under study in particular, notes on the historical allusions, explanations on grammar forms, and a copious vocabulary. One can not help thinking that a student capable of admiring Goethe's idyllic poem would be repelled by so much extraneous matter, while one incapable of such admiration would profit little by it.

—There must be a demand for Catholic almanacs, or the supply would not be so generous. This is a good sign. From Techny, Illinois, we have received two editions of St. Michael's Almanac for 1909, one in English and one in German. And very useful annuals they are; for, besides the feasts and fasts of the year, there is much information of general interest, as well as reading matter to suit a variety of readers.

The price of these almanacs is twenty-five cents; and the proceeds of the publication are to help in the support of St. Joseph's Technical School, a most worthy enterprise.—From the Franciscan Monastery, Paterson, New Jersey, comes another annual, St. Anthony's Almanac (same price), largely devoted to spreading the cult of the Saint of Padua. This also is a useful year-book, to be recommended to Catholic families.

—"Fabiola" and "The Wealthy Usurer" are two new plays by Anthony Matr . The first is a dramatization, in five acts, of Cardinal Wiseman's famous novel of the same title, and is prefaced by an extended synopsis for the benefit of those who have not read the original narrative. "The Wealthy Usurer" is described as a romantic drama in four acts, adapted from the "Seven Clerks." Scene 2, Act I., of this second play is arranged after the trial scene in the "Merchant of Venice," Phelio taking the place of Portia, and imitating her even to the verbatim reproduction of the passage beginning, "The quality of mercy is not strained." The outcome of the trial is, however, just the reverse of that in the Shakespearean drama. Published by Joseph Berning, Cincinnati, Ohio.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' price generally includes postage.

- "The Dangers of Spiritualism." J. Godfrey Raupert. 75 cts., net.
- "Modern Spiritism." J. Godfrey Raupert. \$1.35, net.
- "The See of Peter and the Voice of Authority." Rev. Thomas Dolan. 60 cts.
- "Dear Friends." D. Ella Nirdlinger. 60 cts.
- "The Eucharistic Mission." Rev. William Lescher, O. P.
- "A Conversion and a Vocation." \$1.25.
- "Lourdes: A History of Its Apparitions and Cures." Georges Bertrin. \$2, net.
- "The Popes and Science." James J. Walsh, M. D., Ph. D., LL. D. \$2.15.

- "History of the German People at the Close of the Middle Ages." Johannes Janssen. Vols. X. and XI. \$6.25, net.
- "Marotz." John Ayscough. \$1.50.
- "The Queen's Daughter." Joseph J. Wynne. \$1.
- "Political Economy." Charles S. Devas, M.A. \$2.
- "Fraternal Charity." Rev. Father Valuy, S. J. 40 cts., net.
- "Priestly Vocation and Tonsure." Rev. L. Bacuez, S. S. \$1, net.
- "What is Life? A Study of Vitalism and Neo-Vitalism." Bertram C. A. Windle, M. A., M. D., etc. \$1, net.
- "The Acts of the Apostles." With Introduction and Annotations. Madame Cecilia. \$1.25.
- "History of Economics; or, Economics as a Factor in the Making of History." Rev. J. A. Dewe, A. M. \$1.50.
- "Rosette. A Tale of Paris and Dublin." Mrs. William O'Brien. \$1.25.
- "For My Name's Sake." From the French of Champol's "S ur Alexandrine," \$1.10, net.
- "All about Salads." Mrs. Lewis Clarke Lucas. 75 cts.
- "The New Matrimonial Legislation." Rev. Charles J. Cronin, D. D. \$1.90, net.
- "Pentecost Preaching." Rev. Arthur Devine, C. P. \$1.50, net.
- "Stories New and Old, American and English." Hamilton Wright Mabie. \$1.50.
- "A Martyr of Our Own Day." From the French by the Rev. John J. Dunn. \$1, net.
- "Cords of Adam." Rev. T. J. Gerrard. \$1.50.
- "The Eucharistic Heart of Jesus." \$1.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. John Boland, of the archdiocese of Baltimore.

Sister Louise, of the Order of St. Ursula.
Mr. Ralph Allen, Mr. Charles Messersmith, Mr. John McCarthy, Mr. H. W. Magner, Mr. John Shea, Miss Madeline Devereaux, Mrs. Elizabeth McDermott, Mr. Henry Hart, Mrs. Mary Dwyer, Mr. Frederick Avenger, Mr. Jerome Quigley, Mr. Henry Bauer, Mr. Lawrence Flynn, Mr. Thomas Harding, Mr. Charles L. Smith, Mr. Thomas Fitzsimmons, Mr. J. R. Swertheim, Mr. John Wall, Mr. Benjamin Nickerl, Mr. John Cunningham, Mary Craig, Margaret Fitzsimmons, Mr. Joseph Dusard, Elizabeth O'Keefe, and Mr. A. J. Chatlin.

Requiescant in pace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LXVII. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, OCTOBER 17, 1908.

NO. 16.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C. S. C.]

Return to God.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF CASA, BY JAMES
GLASSFORD.

FAREWELL to earth! My life of sense is o'er;
My heart is changed; I feel my bonds untied,
And, casting every thought impure aside,
My guilty course abandon and deplore.
Fallacious leaders I obey no more;
I follow Thee, refuse all other guide;
And ne'er did shipwrecked bark with broken
side
Loose from the shelves more anxious for a shore.
And since I spent with risk of mortal harm
My life and dearest hours, nor gathered thence
Profit or fruit, I crowd my sail to Thee.
Lord, I am turned: now let Thy gracious arm
Sustain me, and my future service be
With zeal proportioned to my past offence.

Virtues and Decades.

A WAY OF SAYING THE ROSARY.

BY THE REV. MATTHEW RUSSELL, S. J.

TEN was the perfect number of the Pythagoreans; and the decimal system is usefully applied to a great many things. It is with the decades of the Rosary that we are at present concerned, and especially with one of the methods employed for making our saying of them more pious and less monotonous.

Most people make three bites of this cherry. They say each day a third part of the whole Rosary of fifteen decades;

for this Psalter of Mary has one hundred and fifty "Hail Marys," as the Psalter of David has one hundred and fifty psalms. With each decade we link a scene from Our Lord's life on earth; for the reproach of cold-hearted Heresy is unfounded here, as it is everywhere else,—we do not forget Jesus while praying to Mary, but think of Him all the more. Any one who believes in Christianity, even though he should unhappily be outside the one visible Catholic Church, might well make use of the Rosary; for it is most Christian and most Scriptural. It is Christ Jesus our Lord from beginning to end. Even in the two scenes which follow the Ascension, we can not contemplate the Assumption and Coronation of the Blessed Virgin without adoring her Divine Son, who takes her up to Himself and crowns her with eternal glory.

The five scenes from Our Lord's childhood we call the Joyful Mysteries; the five from His passion, the Sorrowful Mysteries; the five from His arisen life, the Glorious Mysteries. Leaving the Sundays apart, we use these three divisions in the same order for the first three weekdays, and then again for the last three days of the week; so that, while the beads are slipping through our fingers on Monday and Thursday, our minds are turned toward the five Joyful Mysteries; on Tuesday and Friday, toward the Sorrowful Mysteries; on Wednesday and Saturday, toward the Glorious Mysteries. The Sundays in this matter follow the seasons of the year: from the beginning of Advent till the beginning of Lent, the Joyful

Mysteries; on the Sundays of Lent, the Sorrowful Mysteries; from Easter till Advent, the Glorious Mysteries.

I wonder has any one learned from a small book called "Altar Flowers," or from a much smaller book called "All Day Long," to begin the Rosary with this simple rhyme?

Mother, now I'll say my Beads,
For my soul some comfort needs;
And what better can there be
Than to raise my thoughts to thee,
Sweet Mother?

Then we make that glorious act of faith, the Apostles' Creed, which St. John Berchmans relished more than the most fervent of prayers. The three preliminary "Hail Marys" some associate with the Three Persons of the Blessed Trinity, with the three theological virtues, with the three vows of religion, and with three of the sacraments, saying: "In the spirit of faith, I renew to God the Father my vow of poverty and the promises I made in baptism; in the spirit of hope, I renew to God the Son my vow of chastity and the promises I made at my First Communion; in the spirit of charity, I renew to God the Holy Ghost my vow of obedience and the promise I made at Confirmation."

Some of our readers will be amazed that any Catholic can need to be told that the five scenes, or mysteries, chosen out of the early years of our Divine Redeemer are, first, the very beginning of His mortal life, the Annunciation, when the Archangel announced His coming, and the Blessed Virgin said, "Be it done to me according to thy word," and the Word was made Flesh; second, the Visitation, when His Holy Mother paid her visit of charity to the mother of St. John the Baptist; third, the Birth at Bethlehem; fourth, the Purification, when the Infant Jesus was presented in the Temple; and, fifth, the finding of the Child Jesus in that same Temple twelve years later. From the scenes of the passion the five Sorrowful Mysteries selected are the

Prayer and Agony in the Garden of Gethsemani, the scourging of Our Lord, the crowning with thorns, the carrying of the Cross, and the Crucifixion. Finally, the five Glorious Mysteries are the Resurrection and Ascension of Our Lord, the Descent of the Holy Ghost, the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, and her crowning in heaven.

I suppose that most of the devout faithful try to make their recitation of the Rosary more fruitful by following generally some such distribution of pious thoughts as is aimed at in the foregoing arrangement. But many might draw profit from associating themselves still further, during this pious exercise, with other holy souls who may perhaps be "saying their Beads" at the same moment. We have taken too long to reach the point which suggested the title of this paper, "Virtues and Decades."

This particular device is, I think, employed universally among the Sisters of Mercy; and no doubt many other religious Orders use it also. Very probably they teach it to their pupils. I will give it just as I find it in the excellent "Manual of the Children of Mary," which is consecrated by the approval of the Dominican Bishop of Dromore—John Pius Leahy, of saintly and amiable memory.

Our Lord Himself said: "Learn of Me, for I am meek and humble of heart." Humility is the first lesson He teaches us in the Incarnation when He "emptied Himself out." *Exinanivit semetipsum.* Therefore I begin by saying to myself: "First Joyful Mystery, the Annunciation. Lord, give me humility." In the Visitation, surely charity to our neighbor shines out clearly; in the Purification, purity; and in the last of the five Joyful Mysteries, obedience, for it ends with the wonderful words, "He was subject to them," which summarize thirty years of our Redeemer's life. In this allocation of virtues to the five Joyful Mysteries, the only one that we could not easily guess is the third. With the Nativity—

when Our Lord was born in the midst of poverty and privation, when there was no room for Him in Bethlehem—the Sisters of Mercy link the virtue of detachment from the world. There is deep significance in thus praying for the grace of detachment from the world while we are contemplating Our Lord in the very act of coming into the world. He was in the world, but not of it; and so are we to be; for “we have not here a lasting city, but look for one that is to come.”*

Secondly, in the first of the Sorrowful Mysteries we hear Jesus in His agony saying, “Not My will but Thine be done,” and we pray for resignation to the holy will of God. The Scourging makes us pray for the virtue of mortification, especially patience under the bodily sufferings that God may send us. The Crowning with Thorns added insult and mockery to pain: it suggests to us to pray for the virtue of meekness under insult and injury. While thinking of Jesus carrying His cross, we pray for the virtue of patience during the trials of life, while carrying our own cross. During the last decade of the Sorrowful Mysteries, the Newry “Manual of the Children of Mary” bids us pray for the grace to love our enemies, as during His Crucifixion Our Lord prayed, “Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do.”

Finally, the Resurrection makes us pray for a lively faith, as St. Paul says, “If Christ be not risen, your faith is vain.” The Ascension makes us pray for a surer hope; for “He has gone to prepare a place for us.” The Descent of the Holy Ghost, the Spirit of Love, makes us pray for charity, which comes naturally after faith and hope as the third of the theological virtues. (The virtue prayed for in the second of the Joyful Mysteries is the love of your fellow-creatures.) In the Assumption, the Mother and the Son are united, never to part again; and we pray for union with Jesus. When Mary is crowned as Queen of Heaven, our hearts are filled

with greater confidence in her love and in the power of her prayers; at least this is the grace we pray for, along with the grace of final perseverance.

“Whatever is worth doing, is worth doing well.” The Rosary is worth doing well. Father Faber tells us somewhere to try to realize for ourselves how perfect a thing must have been the Angelus as said by St. Francis de Sales. How different must be the merit of the same act of devotion as performed by different persons! What a pity to have all the trouble and little of the merit or reward! Thanks be to God, we have paid this tribute of devotion to our Queen and our Heavenly Mother almost every day since perhaps our earthly mother first placed a tiny chaplet in the hands of her little child. Please God, we will make it a real act of filial devotion to our Blessed Mother day by day, as long as we are able to “say our Beads,” on to the last “Hail Mary” of our deathbed, when the two dates for which we implore the Blessed Virgin’s help shall have become one and the same—“Now and at the hour of our death.”

May that hour place us practically—for we dare not omit that qualifying adverb, and we accept gladly any final term of purification that the divine sanctity and justice may still require,—may it virtually, if not actually, place us where the last of the Glorious Mysteries of the Rosary places us, at the feet of Mary our Mother crowned in heaven!

THE hush that falls on the fields and village streets on a Sunday morning seems to announce the presence of the Spirit of God in some unusual sense. The activities of the world, its strife, its turbulence and passion, have vanished in the holy silence which rests upon the earth and makes it one vast and sacred place of worship. One instinctively recalls that beautiful phrase which always brings a vision of the rest of heaven with it—the peace of God.—*Hamilton Wright Mabie.*

* Heb., xiii, 14.

The Coin of Sacrifice.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

III.

THE sun was sinking in a bed of wonderful glory when Madeleine Raynor came with lagging and weary steps down a shade-arched street toward her house. She had been out for hours, walking most of the time with a fierce effort to forget mental pain in physical fatigue; and now the physical fatigue had come without in any degree deadening the mental pain. She still suffered; she still asked herself, with unavailing rebellion and bitterness, why she should suffer; and she was still as far as ever from the answer. She felt like a creature caught in a net from which there was no escape, and where struggle serves only to hurt the more. Her whole mind was full of resentful emotion toward the woman who had come to her—the woman to whom she had been ready to offer an adoring worship,—and who had not only wounded her to the quick, but had, she felt, made happiness forever impossible to her.

For how could she ever forget the idea which had been presented to her,—the idea of herself still bound by the hateful tie which she had repudiated, the odious bondage from which she had thought herself escaped? And, though she might refuse to acknowledge this, in the eyes of people like Mrs. Maitland it was a fact which her refusal did not affect. And if of Mrs. Maitland, then of Mrs. Maitland's son also. He might, as his mother said, forget it for a time, under the influence of passion. But if it were true that certain beliefs had been "burned into his consciousness," their knowledge would be with him when passion subsided and conscience could be heard. Then where would happiness be? How could she give or make this happiness for a man who saw in her the obstacle which divided his soul from God?

There are people to whom such a question would mean nothing,—people so grossly material, so steeped in worldliness, so spiritually callous that it is doubtful if they could even grasp its significance. But Madeleine Raynor was not one of these. With her the spirit had always dominated the body,—a sensitive, passionate, yearning spirit, longing always not only for the affection of which she had spoken to Mrs. Maitland, but for

The high that seemed too high, the heroic for earth too hard,

The passion that left the earth to lose itself in the sky.

Where to look for the full satisfaction of these vague aspirations and desires she did not know; and so her heart had been, as it were, ready to stoop and slake its thirst at that fountain of human love which in youth especially seems so sweet. And, even as she stooped, the water of that fountain had been poisoned for her. One who had seemed, to her fancy, to have something of the stern yet pitying aspect of an angel stood by the brink and bade her drink only at the peril of worse things,—of a pain greater than any she had known yet; of a regret which would be unavailing; of finding herself a cause of suffering where she longed to be a bringer of joy; and—what had been the terrible words?—of cutting herself off hopelessly from the knowledge and service of the best.

As she walked along the quiet street, she looked with eyes full of wistful yearning at the deepening glory of the western sky. Where, *where* would she find the answer to the riddle of life and fate which seemed so far beyond the power of her solving? And, even while her tired heart was asking the question, her glance caught the gleam of something more brightly golden than the sky,—something which shone like a jewel in the last rays of the sinking sun, as it dominated the vista of the leafy way. It was that symbol of unutterable pain,

of the lowest depth of human degradation, which has been lifted to the highest place of honor on earth,—the mystic, marvelous Cross of Christ, the sight of which fails to move our imaginations and thrill our hearts only because the one has grown so dull, the other so cold, from lack of thought and lack of feeling.

Madeleine paused and stood motionless, gazing at this symbol, gleaming against the sunset and preaching with an eloquence far beyond human speech its solemn admonition. And where was there any warrant for soft and easy ways in that admonition? Dimly, like a half-forgotten echo of something heard but scarcely heeded long ago, certain words came to her: "Unless a man take up his cross and follow Me, he can not be My disciple." Was not this "a hard saying," too, as she had charged of another? And what was it about "a coin of sacrifice"? With such blood-stained coin might one buy light for the mind, peace and satisfaction for the heart?

She started to walk again with new energy and purpose, her eyes still fastened on the shining beacon before them, her feet hastening as if she had been one of those women of old who, loitering along some way of Judea, suddenly heard the cry, "The Master cometh!" and, turning, hurried to catch a glimpse of His presence,—a word, perhaps, of His wonderful teaching. She hardly realized what she was seeking until she found herself under the shadow of the building over which that golden cross gleamed,—a church of small architectural pretension, but a church unmistakably, with the ever-open door of a Catholic sanctuary.

She mounted the steps and went in. The vestibule was full of the shadow of gathering twilight, but when she opened the inner door her eyes were dazzled by a flood of radiance. All the glory of the sunset seemed pouring in through the western windows, filling the small space of the plain interior for a few brief moments with a splendor borrowed from

heaven. And with the flood of light there came to meet her another flood, of fragrance, borne from the altar where great sheaves of Annunciation lilies were lifting their white chalices of bloom toward the image of Her whom Gabriel once saluted as "full of grace." The radiance and the fragrance seemed to blend together in an overpowering impression of brightness and sweetness to Madeleine's startled sense, as she stood for a moment in the open door, hesitating, doubtful; attracted, yet repelled.

But the attraction triumphed. Something wonderfully tranquil—a peace which the brightness and sweetness filled without disturbing—brooded in the little sanctuary and drew her forward. Ah—so she said to herself with a deep breath,—what a place in which to rest! Not a sound broke the stillness, not a creature was in sight; only the light and the lilies seemed praising God together in the beautiful silence.

She sank into a seat, absorbing at every pore of her impressionable being the influences which surrounded her. At first only the reposeful charm of the silent beauty appealed to her; and then presently the impulse which had brought her there reasserted itself. She thought again of the gleaming cross against the evening sky, and of all that it typified, above all of that strange and terrible word—*sacrifice*! The woman who had wounded her so deeply had uttered this word with such evident faith in the irresistible power of all that it meant. Was it indeed a key which unlocked the treasury of heaven, a coin which bought the most precious gifts of that treasury? With it might one enter into the knowledge and possession of that which had been vaguely spoken of as "the best," from which she would shut herself out by choosing a lower road?

As she sat and pondered, while the sunset radiance faded, the lilies became like fair spirits of flowers exhaling perfume in the shadowy twilight, and the red light of the sanctuary lamp gathered a

growing brightness in the deepening dusk, she became conscious of something behind the tranquil beauty,—some powerful yet gentle Influence stilling the tumult of her mind and soothing the pain of her heart. She seemed floating in a sea of luminous calm, where the things of sense faded, and the things of the spirit revealed themselves in their true value and meaning. And as a flash of lightning sometimes shows a long-sought path which can not be lost again, so this illumination showed her the way leading to the fair and wonderful things for which she had longed all her life,—love that would not torture, service in which the eager heart might spend itself; the deep meaning of pain, the divine sweetness that is in sacrifice. It was the vision which comes to the saints in fullest measure, but of which a glimpse is now and then vouchsafed to those who, far from sanctity, are struggling in the stress and tumult of life,—a glimpse of God's marvellous power to satisfy the hearts which He has made. In the light of that vision all things become easy. The soul is ready to lay down its arms, to cease resistance, to take His way, to ask only that His will may be accomplished in and by it. This light does not last; but in it all things have been transformed, and the transformation can never be forgotten. It is not likely that, even on the dustiest highway of the common world, the eyes that had seen the glory of Thabor ever forgot that vision.

The last stain of sunset had faded out of the west, and stars were shining in the violet sky when to Mrs. Maitland, seated again on her vine-hung veranda, Richard Wynne came according to his custom of many years. She shrank a little within herself when she heard his familiar step approaching; but, strangely enough, there seemed no change in his usual manner as he greeted her and sat down. Then—

"We are certainly creatures of habit," he remarked meditatively. "You see, Helen, that although I have had your

letter, I am here as if 'a spirit in my feet' brought me quite independently of myself. I don't wonder, by the by, that you preferred writing to speaking when you wanted to tell me that you are going to throw me and my devotion out of your life."

"O Richard!" Mrs. Maitland remonstrated, "how can you put it in that way?"

"I see no other way of putting it," he said. "Whatever your reasons, the one clear fact is that I am thrown out of your life as a thing of such small value—"

"Richard"—it was almost a wail,—*"you can't* misunderstand me so terribly! You *must* know that it is because I hold you the thing of most value in my life that—that—"

"You are offering me in sacrifice? In that case I think I would rather be held of less account. But it isn't so." He shook his head. "You say so to me, and to yourself; but, in reality, so far from being the thing of most value in your life, I am the least,—rated, as I always have been, far below your children, and to be ruthlessly sacrificed whenever their interests call for such sacrifice."

Mrs. Maitland gazed at him with tear-filled eyes.

"It never occurred to me that you would regard the matter in this way," she said. "I thought only of offering my own happiness as a sacrifice for the soul—the *soul*, Richard,—of my son!"

"Without the faintest consideration for my happiness or my soul!" Wynne returned dryly. "Helen, I have never before believed that religion tended to make people selfish."

"Selfish, Richard!"

"Yes, selfish, my dear; but I begin to believe it now. You have been so intent upon your own feelings that you have given no thought whatever to mine. You have offered your own happiness in sacrifice, but you have not asked yourself whether you had a right to offer mine. Now I tell you that you have no such

right. I refuse to release you from your promise to me, and I can not see why you should think that God would be pleased with your offering Him a violated pledge."

Mrs. Maitland gasped. It was quite true: she had *not* considered his right in the matter: she had *not* thought of her sacrifice as the violation of a pledge. Richard Wynne had been so long her humble servitor, as well as her friend and lover, that the idea that he would have something to say in the matter—that it was not entirely in her own hands to arrange,—had never occurred to her. To her murmur of something like this, he answered uncompromisingly:

"It is quite true. I have allowed you to think that you could do what you pleased with me or anything belonging to me. I have never asserted myself. But I have come to tell you that I am going to assert myself now; that I will not allow you to throw me over in this manner, for such a reason—"

"You can not," said Mrs. Maitland, with a little spirit, "force me to—to—"

"Keep your promise? No, I can't force you to do that, if your own sense of honor does not force you: but I can decline to ease matters for you by lying down in the dust, as I have so often done, and bidding you walk over me. I am not lying down: I am standing erect"—he rose and stood over her as he spoke,—"and I tell you that you can only do this thing at the cost of your own self-respect; for I will not release you from your pledge, solemnly given to me."

She looked up at him now with a pain on her white face that wrung his heart.

"Richard," she said humbly, "you will release me if I ask you?"

"Ah! but why do you ask me?" he cried sharply. "Not for your own happiness—I would not hold you for a moment if that were at stake,—but because you have an idea of buying in this way some benefit for your son. It can not be, Helen. The time has come when he must stand on his own feet, save or lose his own

soul. No sacrifice which you can make will save it for him; and I will not let you doom yourself and me to gray and lonely lives because he wishes to disregard the laws in which he has been trained."

"But you forget"—her voice sank to a whisper now—"I have promised—God!"

Still Richard Wynne shook his head obstinately, his mouth and chin firm-set.

"You were not free to promise," he said. "How could you offer what was not yours? God does not ask us to break our human obligations in order to offer sacrifice to Him. But while I insist that your offering without my consent had no binding force, I will give that consent if, after taking time for reflection, you assure me that you will be better satisfied to sacrifice yourself than to marry me. For that is what it amounts to. Now as ever, I am ready to aid you in securing the thing you want most. But you must make no mistake about it. If I go out of your life now, I go out of it altogether. I shall never come back. And I think—I am sure—you will miss me a little. Yes, I know"—the tears were falling in a shower into her lap—"you desire the sacrifice to be as complete as possible—"

"No, no, I never desired to lose you altogether, Richard. You have been such a good friend always."

"That is over now," he told her gently but firmly. "That old friendship must become something more, or, as far as association goes, it must end. I shall have a hard fight to win even peace after you have sacrificed me, Helen; and if I find it, I shall not endanger it by ever voluntarily seeing you again. Count all the cost, therefore, before you make your final decision, and then let me know."

He wrung her hand, turned on his heel, and was gone.

Counting the cost is, as a general rule, one of the things least productive of satisfaction in this life; and so Mrs. Maitland found it as during the long hours of a sleepless night she lay engaged

in that trying effort. She recognized clearly enough now that Wynne was right—was not his sound judgment always right?—in saying that she had not been free to make the sacrifice which she had offered, since it involved not only his happiness as well as her own, but the violation of her promise to him; and, recognizing this, she recognized also that she had not reckoned on losing him utterly. She was frightened at the prospect of a life unbrightened by the ceaseless devotion to which she had been so long accustomed, and she shrank appalled before the darkness and loneliness of the way opening before her. How she was to bear it she did not know; and yet, since he offered her the power to do so, was she not bound to make again that offering of sacrifice, which, being even greater than she had anticipated, might indeed win the favor she asked of God?

It said much for the strength of purpose, the heroic quality in her soul, that when at length morning dawned she had decided that she was bound to make it. She rose and began to dress for Mass. The world beyond her window lay steeped in the dewy freshness and brightness of an early summer morning; the air was filled with the notes of birds that seemed singing to keep their hearts from bursting with happiness. But there was no message of cheer in the brightness for the sad eyes, tired from their long vigil, which looked out on it. Suddenly a verse floated through her mind: "Heaviness endureth for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." She caught her breath as she said to herself a little bitterly that there was no possible joy coming for her, so let her hasten to the one place where the strength to forget such joy might be found. It was while she thought this that her maid entered, bringing a note which had just been delivered at the door. With surprise, and a slight sense of apprehension, Mrs. Maitland took it, saw an unfamiliar address, opened it and read:

"MY DEAR MRS. MAITLAND:—I am writing late at night, because I am going away early to-morrow morning; and I shall drop this as I pass your door, in order that you may know as soon as possible that I have gone—gone finally—out of your life and that of your son. Also I want you to know that I have done this because you came to me and said some words which I can never forget. They wounded me deeply at the time; but even then they seemed to open to me a glimpse into some far high region, where the things for which I have vainly longed all my life might be found. And when you told me that by a certain act I would shut myself out from the knowledge and possession of those things, you made that act forever impossible to me. Then, too, you talked of buying *with the coin of sacrifice* what one desires most; and you must forgive me if I say, 'I thank thee for teaching me that word.' It is a coin which no one shall ever pay for me; but since you have showed me what it can do, I am most willingly and gladly paying it for you, for John and for myself,—for you, that the sacrifice of your happiness of which you spoke may be unnecessary; for John, that he may not put a woman's love between his soul and God; and for myself, that perhaps I may purchase some things, of the value of which I am as yet only dimly aware, but which I feel to be beyond all price.

"So go and be happy with your faithful lover, dear lady,—only remember in your prayers one whom you have saved from a great mistake.

"MADELEINE RAYNOR."

It was on the steps of the church, as she was going in, that Mrs. Maitland met Richard Wynne and handed him this note. He read it silently; then, as he gave it back to her, and caught the message of gladness in her eyes, he smiled.

"Your coin of sacrifice seems to have done great things," he said. "Let us go and pray for her."

Sorrow.

BY HOPE WILLIS.

ON some it beats like angry rain:
 They only feel the smart, the pain;
 On some it falls like mist on flowers,
 Making them brighter for the showers;
 Yet it may be the selfsame blow
 That one exalts and one lays low.

Father Jim.

SOME PAGES FROM A CONVERT'S NOTE-BOOK.

IT is now six years since I first met him. Domestic changes had necessitated my removal from the environments of a beautiful monastic church to a more distant and much less attractive part of London. I was grieving over the attendant spiritual loss which I could not avert but which could scarcely fail to make itself felt. I had not been very long in the Church, and some of the good Fathers had been my personal friends: one of them my constant guide and counsellor. They had encouraged me in my literary work, had advised me in many a difficult position incidental to my life, and in their beautiful church my troubled spirit had often found rest and contentment.

A Catholic friend, to whom I spoke of the impending change, assured me that nothing could take the place of the privileges which attach to a monastic church and to the ministrations of the regular clergy. A member of my family, then not a Catholic, who had surveyed my new environments, sympathized with me by reason of the disappointment which was awaiting me. She had found that the church nearest to my new dwelling-place was a dirty, unattractive little building, situated in an unpleasant and odorous neighborhood; and that, so far as she could ascertain, my future religious

environments would be altogether of a most depressing character.

I made up my mind bravely to face the inevitable and to make the best of the situation. Indeed, I felt half ashamed of allowing such feelings of disappointment to take possession of me. Was not every Catholic church the home and dwelling-place of the spirit of God? Was not Christ present on the altar of the dirty little building as much as on that of the gorgeous monastic edifice? Was not my rightful place amongst the poor and humble and lowly of Christ's flock? What right had I, who had received so much, to complain of my material and social environment? Could not God help and bless me in the one place as much as in the other? And might He not purposely have separated me from conditions which may be helpful but are not essential to true worship, and which, unduly exalted, may even prove a hindrance to the soul's progress? It was still open to me to receive aid and counsel from my old confessor; and there was no reason why, occasionally at least, I should not revisit the church in which my first Catholic prayers had been said and which I had come to love so well.

I well remember the train of thought which passed through my mind at that time, and the extent to which such reasoning as this comforted and satisfied me. There was the constant sense of a great loss; but with it there was a vague sort of feeling that some hidden, unknown good lay behind it all, and that in the course of time this hidden good would definitely disclose itself. I had no notion then how very great this good would prove to be, and what were the blessings that were awaiting me.

I was, at this period of my life, engaged in literary work involving the consideration of problems of a very grave character. I was writing a book on a subject which was and still is engaging the attention of most thoughtful minds, and on which many very foolish and mis-

leading things were being said by persons high up in the sphere of science and of scientific thought. I had experimentally investigated the subject for many years past, and had come to conclusions in many respects differing widely from those set forth by persons of standing and repute. I felt convinced that the public mind was being misled and misinformed on the subject, and that inferences were being drawn by very partially instructed persons, which were bound to be detrimental to the cause of religion and of truth.

I was anxious to express my views on the subject, and to show on what sure grounds of experience and observation they had been formed. But I was not quite clear as to one or two important points. I was anxious to ascertain in what light the accredited teachers of the Church regarded the matter, and on what they based their teaching. I had consulted several priests, who had explained to me the popular Catholic view of things, but they had not quite satisfied my mind. They had not helped me to clear away my difficulties and to get in touch with really reliable sources of information.

One day a lady of my acquaintance asked me to lunch with her, in order to meet my new parish priest. In the course of my conversation with him I referred to the problem perplexing my mind, and to my anxiety to meet with a priest who had devoted special study to the subject. He told me that a young priest, just come from Rome, was living in the house with him, and was assisting him in the work of the mission, and that he would certainly be in a position to tell me accurately what was being taught in Rome on the subject so prominently occupying my mind.

A note from me soon brought Father Jim to my house; and with his coming there began for me a new phase in my Catholic life, a period of the most helpful and delightful personal intercourse, the full moral and spiritual significance of

which I am only now beginning faintly to realize. That God's hand was in this work from the first, that it was His kindly, gracious Providence which sent me to this part of London, and which thus brought this powerful and helpful influence into my life, I am now well assured.

The years have passed and brought me many changes; influences for good and evil have been active in my life; there has been the conflict of my soul with those manifold forces which obstruct its onward course; but throughout all those years one influence has been paramount and dominating in my life, has made the crooked paths smooth, has brought order out of disorder, has steadied the will and directed all the powers of the mind to one great and good and useful end. And that is the influence of Father Jim, the gentlest and simplest of men, but the wisest amongst friends and counsellors: a true discerner of the heart and a physician of the soul: a loyal, Christlike priest and a true Catholic gentleman.

I am prepared to run the risk of the charge of egotism in telling my story, and in venturing to entertain the thought that the disclosure of an important and transforming event in an obscure life is likely to interest some thoughtful mind. To myself, it is a source of satisfaction to commit to paper this unique experience, so deep and permanent and far-reaching in its issues, and to express it as my conviction that the greatest force in life is personality,—personality shaped and moulded by a living faith in God and in His Revelation in Christ, and by a deep and constant and vivid realization of the one great end and purpose of human life.

Father Jim and I became friends from the moment we met, although there is between us a difference of a good many years. But years have little to do with the action of that law of affinity, which operates independently of the ordinary conditions of life, and which binds souls together in that union which is so calcu-

lated to enrich and ennoble life. Father Jim's exposition of the subject in point was clear and accurate, and thoroughly convincing. It was not the exposition of a man who had learned his lesson by heart and who had pigeon-holed it for use as circumstances might demand. His own intellect had been engaged with the matter; he had weighed the pros and cons, clearly perceived its relation to other and allied subjects, and he consequently threw upon it that light which leaves no doubt in a reasonable mind, and which made one see at a glance what the Church taught on the subject, and why she taught it. I was greatly astonished at the mental grasp thus clearly exhibited, at the beautiful and logical working of a manifestly very excellent mind, and at the splendid gift of expounding a subject admittedly bristling with so many difficult and intricate problems.

Subsequent research and investigation proved Father Jim's view to be the true and accurate one. He had cleared away mountains of difficulties for me; and he had incidentally thrown so much light on other important points of Catholic teaching that my mind was overwhelmed with the wealth of ideas, and there was given me food for continued thought and reflection.

This interview with Father Jim proved the beginning of a constant and delightful intercourse. He came to me whenever his duties permitted it, and his visits were to me the source of keen intellectual enjoyment. The young priest became a power in my life. There was about him that charm which makes the learning of a lesson an easy and delightful thing. He was wholly free from self-assertion and opinionatedness. What he said to me on great and holy subjects was always clear and accurate and to the point,—so clear, in fact, that I could at once draw a right inference and discern the correctness and reasonableness of the argument. He would listen to objections or difficulties, and he would give them their weight;

but if he felt convinced of the accuracy of his statement, he would persist in enforcing it, kindly and courteously, but firmly and tenaciously; and he would never rest content until he could see clearly that the mind had accepted and appropriated it.

But there was pervading these talks and discussions the power of a strong personality. The ideas expressed were not dry and abstract propositions: they were things vibrating with life and reality, awakening and stimulating further thought, and ever disclosing the richness and originality of the mind that had formulated them.

As time went by, Father Jim and I spent a great deal of our time together, and we found great delight in each other's companionship,—in being able to converse on great subjects freely and without restraint, and without the slightest fear of being misunderstood. Our acquaintance ripened into one of those friendships of which one reads sometimes in novels, and which are treated of in essays, but which, nevertheless, are extremely rare in these matter-of-fact days.

I have already stated that I had not been so very long in the Church. Some six or seven years had passed away, it is true; but I must in many ways have still borne the marks of the convert,—of the convert who, although obedient to the Church and admitting its supernatural claims, entertains views of his own, and is not in the least disinclined to air them.

I had brought with me into the Church those deep impressions and ideas which life in the Establishment is so apt to create. I had a vague sort of notion that the Church had much to learn from converts like myself. I felt that there were many things in Catholic life and practice which sadly needed reform; and I had a sort of subconscious conviction that if I had gained immeasurably by becoming a Catholic, the Church had also secured a valuable member! I had, before my conversion, undergone some theo-

logical training, had given evidence of having fully weighed and considered controverted points of doctrine, and as a consequence the preparation for my reception into the Church had not been a very prolonged and painstaking one. Indeed, much had been taken for granted; and a daily talk with a learned theologian, continued for a week or so, had been considered more than sufficient for the needs of the case. And so I had, no doubt, retained many of my Protestant notions and prejudices, was a critic of the Church more frequently probably than a disciple, and strove to retain for myself that kind of independence which is inconsistent with the true Catholic ideal and spirit. And Father Jim's keen intelligence was not slow in discovering this state of things. I often observed, in the course of our conversations, that he looked startled; occasionally he courteously but firmly contradicted me, and once he openly rebuked me at the dinner table.

Although somewhat surprised at this attitude of a man so much younger than myself, I admired the spirit and manliness which dictated it; especially when I discovered, after mature reflection, that in most instances Father Jim was right and I was wrong: that, however much I might differ from him, it was the true Catholic spirit and principle to which he gave expression. And thus there began, between our two minds, a silent and courteous but yet very earnest and spirited conflict,—one fighting for independence even in the sphere of settled Catholic teaching, the other insisting upon unconditional acceptance of those teachings, and whole-hearted obedience to the magisterium of the Church.

And this conflict extended over a series of years. I would, in the course of conversation, make some careless and unconsidered statement; and Father Jim's flat contradiction would lead to an argument, in which he generally gained the victory. At least, in calmer moments of reflection, I was always compelled to

confess that he was right, and that, strictly speaking, there could not be two opinions about the matter. His extensive learning, his accurate knowledge gathered in Rome, the wonderful versatility of his mind, and with it all his calm and quiet demeanor, which relied not upon the force of words, but upon the idea underlying those words, invariably gained the victory, and found me retiring from the conflict with humbled mind and subdued spirit. Much against my will, I had to acknowledge the superiority of this young priest's spirit, and his masterful grasp of the subject in hand.

We thus, in the course of time, came to discuss all those great and small problems at present occupying the minds of men,—the present status and influence of the Church, her prospects in the matter of conversion; the Catholic clergy, their views of life, their training and education; the Roman Curia and the Pope; the advantages and disadvantages of a definite and fixed system of belief; the great dogmas constituting the heart and soul of the Catholic Faith; monks and nuns and their relation to modern thought; the difficulties and problems of the spiritual life in the present age, both for the priest and the layman; modern science and literature, and a hundred other subjects claiming the attention of educated men.

And we discussed these matters on the tops of omnibuses, in the course of long walks, under the light of a street lamp, or in Father Jim's own shabby little sitting-room. My memory goes back to these times with keen and tender interest, and with a heart full of gratitude for what I owe to him. For, unknown to myself, this simple young priest was forming my character on true Catholic lines; he was restraining my impetuous and ardent temperament; he was freeing my nature from what might have become a grave stumbling-block in my life; he was guiding and directing and controlling my in many respects undisciplined mind, and teaching me that the true Catholic must be a

disciple before he can be a critic; and that, in the matter of conversion, it is the convert who has most, if not all, to gain.

And, in the course of time, I became conscious of a deep spiritual change working in my nature; and I felt very strongly that, in some undefinable way, Father Jim was connected with it. I knew that it would be to my very great advantage if I could also tell him a little more about the working of my soul,—if I could let him have a true and accurate knowledge of my faults and weaknesses, my spiritual conflicts, and how far I was from reaching the standard which he held up to me as the one worthy end of life. I felt certain that he, of all men, could and would help me. His clear judgment would see at once what was amiss, and would enable him to place his finger upon the main cause of my difficulties.

And the grace of God was impelling me in that direction. I had at times the clearest possible perception of what my duty was; but pride barred the way. I knew that, in spite of my faults and of the many flaws in my character, Father Jim had a high opinion of me,—he had shown that plainly on many occasions. And could I risk losing his good opinion? Would he not despise my weaknesses and foolishnesses? Would he not, moreover, be a hard taskmaster, firmly call me to order, and bind me down to a rigid and burdensome mode of life? How little even the convert knows of the generous spirit which animates the true and loyal Catholic priest! How utterly false are often the assumptions upon which he constructs his reasoning!

Thus grace and pride and self-will were engaged in a hand-to-hand conflict, and that conflict continued for a considerable time. I well remember more than once starting for Father Jim's church with the firm determination to make my confession to him, and to make it in a very full and complete manner, so that that impelling voice within me might cease and my conscience might be at rest. And I also

remember the careful and painstaking preparation which I would make with this end in view. But on my way to the church the spirit of pride and rebellion would lay hold of me. I would resent and contend against the power which was impelling me, and I would seek to ascribe it to some sort of auto-suggestion which had somehow taken hold of my mind.

What was there in this young priest that should so strongly coerce and impel me? Did I not know a good deal more of human life and of its perplexities than he? Was it not humiliating that a man of my years and experience should seek counsel and guidance from a mere boy? Would not, moreover, that personal friendship and intercourse, which I valued so much, suffer by the laying bare of my inmost soul, of my grave faults, my mixed motives, my rash and impetuous judgment, of the pride of life tainting and distorting the soul's life, and throwing a shadow over my best and most earnest spiritual efforts? Was it not asking too much of me to kneel in that shabby confessional and to go through such a valley of humiliation? Were there not many more priests in London, old and saintly and experienced men? And was it not much more becoming on my part to seek counsel of them, and to benefit by their longer experience of life, and of their knowledge of men and of the troubles and struggles of the soul?

Like a very storm these thoughts and feelings would sweep over my spirit, and would again and again cause me to retrace my steps, and to wander away from the very neighborhood of the little church in which Father Jim was hearing confessions. But I could not thus permanently banish that clear sense which I had of a duty to be performed and of a command which was so strangely persistent and imperative. It would reassert itself with increasing force, and would cause me the keenest dissatisfaction and restlessness. It became quite clear to me that, in the mystery of the sacramental life, God

meant to speak to me, and that through a definitely indicated channel.

And so one day I surrendered wholeheartedly and unconditionally. I took my place amongst the humble penitents waiting to make their confession, and in due course I made my own. It was the unburdening of a heavy heart, the disclosing of many a failing and fault, of difficulties perplexing both the mind and the conscience. It was the unveiling of the struggle incidental to the upward striving of an earnest and ardent but impetuous and undisciplined temperament.

Father Jim seemed to know and understand it all. There was no expression of surprise, no asking of perplexing and searching questions, no word of blame or reproof. There was a gentle and yet manly sympathy, a quiet recognition of the inevitableness of such a conflict; and then a simple but firm and masterly dealing with the difficulties disclosed, wise counsel and helpful direction as to the remedies to be employed, the course to be pursued, the need of gratitude for the grace leading to such a confession. There was penance and absolution. It was all very simple, manly and natural, — God speaking to me by His appointed minister, warning, counselling, directing the wayward soul that was so eagerly seeking Him.

I came away with peace in my heart and the sense of calm and repose in my soul. There was in my heart the keen consciousness that a further and truer surrender of the will to God had been made. And I acknowledge with deep gratitude to-day that that first confession to Father Jim was a turning-point in my soul's life. For when I came to analyze the counsel given, I realized the wisdom and spiritual insight which had imparted it. There was about it a great simplicity; but it was the directness and simplicity of God, indicating a wisdom and discernment which no mere human knowledge and understanding could impart. —

There was one thought which more than any other took possession of my mind,

and which revealed to me how clearly Father Jim had understood me and had diagnosed my case. And that thought has since become to me a great constructive principle, a sort of corner-stone upon which to fashion my soul's life. To all my complaints and murmurings, to all my schemes of work and activity in the Church, Father Jim opposed the quiet words: "*Attende tibi et doctrina.*" The sanctification of your own soul is your first Christian duty; and when you are earnestly striving for that, all other things will fall into their proper place. Your way will become clear and every difficulty will vanish. God will show you what He wants you to do."

Attende tibi et doctrina. How constantly in the subsequent years have those golden words sounded in my ears! How often have they directed my steps and steadied my soul! And if God has now appointed me my task, if it has been possible for me to deliver my message and in some little measure to further the cause of Christ in the world, it is Father Jim who has fitted me for that task, and who has taught me the true Catholic Faith; it is from his lips that I have learned the whole counsel of God. Thus years have passed away, and have been spent in a delightful companionship, in the enjoyment of a friendship built up on a true and permanent spiritual foundation. The circumstances of life have since drawn us still closer together, and have united us in the service of Christ and His Church.

And is it not in this direction that we must look for the real power in the Church of God to-day,—for the setting in motion of those life-forces which radiate from the sacred person of Jesus Christ, and which alone can restore joy and gladness to a sorrow and sin-stricken world? Books and documents may convey to us the record of the external events of the work of Redemption,—their influence upon the world and on other human lives; gorgeous temples and the works of men's hands may vividly express how fervently nations

and individuals have believed; the charm of oratory may fascinate the mind and tend to dispose the heart. But what are they compared with the living witness to the truth of the Gospel as it is displayed in the personal life and in the personal influence of the man on whose heart and soul Christ has engraved His message and His image,—with the priest, who is in deed and in truth “another Christ”!

We have—thank God!—many priests in the Church of God to-day who are thus bearing engraved upon them the lineaments of their Master, and in whose presence the soul is elevated and constrained and brought nearer to God. Such priests are God’s best and noblest gifts to man; for they are not only the bearers of the divine messages, but they are also its witnesses; and there radiates from their persons something of that magic power which radiated from the Person of the Redeemer. They bring into life something of the world unseen,—of that divine atmosphere in which doubts vanish away and in which the soul senses the things that are eternal.

And it is well for us to submit ourselves unreservedly to this influence, to bring will and mind into obedience, and to let the messenger of God engrave his message in living letters upon the fleshly tablets of the heart. Father Jim wrote his message with a firm and steady hand. He used a pencil which was sharp and which often hurt and wounded grievously; but its letters became deeply impressed upon the heart, and there is no power in all the world that can efface them. May they remain so until the perfect day!

God bless thee, Father Jim,—and bless thee again and a thousand times! If thy superiors have any discernment at all, they will place thee where thou canst make abundant use of thy splendid gifts,—not with the great and learned of this world, where temporal honors and distinctions may await thee; but with the meek and lowly, with those earnestly seeking for truth, and vaguely feeling

after God, if perchance they may find Him. I know that thou wilt ever be faithful to thy priestly trust: that thou wilt rebuke the wayward, warn the careless, unflinchingly declare the whole counsel of God. But thou wilt also be patient with the erring; thou wilt lift up the fallen, gently lead the penitent to the Cross and the Saviour.

Life is hastening on, the years are passing, the shadows are deepening on the pathway of life. May it be my good fortune to walk hand in hand with thee until the shadows fall and the strife is ended,—until the fitful fever of life is past! Again God bless thee, Father Jim, best and dearest of friends! May He lead thee safely along life’s thorny way, and be hereafter thy great and eternal reward!

J. G. R.

Phileas Fox, Attorney.

BY ANNA T. SADLER.

XIV.

NO considerable cases had as yet been entrusted to Phileas Fox, with the exception of that one of *Spooner vs. Vorst*, which might, very probably, be settled out of court. But he had, otherwise, made wonderful progress in the short time during which he had sat behind the newly painted sign; and was already known as a painstaking, conscientious and astute young lawyer. He had also gained more intimate knowledge of human nature, and more insight into its workings, than during all the careless years at home, in the class-room or on the campus.

He had been occasionally offered cases, on the score of his youth, his red hair, and his cognomen, which he had declined, as in that first instance, with a fervor of indignation that caused older practitioners to smile. He had been appalled at the cold-blooded cynicism, the greed, and the merciless trampling on the rights of

others, or desire for a temporary advantage over them, which had characterized so many of the clients, or would-be clients, of the law offices. Meanwhile these gifts of oratory by which he had hoped to dazzle judge and jury and crowded courtroom had remained in abeyance. He was likely to secure a good working practice, which would insure him a moderate income; but so far his prospects were by no means extensive.

That Monday after his return, he chose the luncheon hour (contenting himself with a hasty smack snatched at a counter) to proceed to the address which had been given him by the widow. It was in a quiet and once fashionable quarter, overlooking a square of green; there were gravelled walks and the inevitable fountain playing in the centre; also rows of benches, occupied from time to time by idlers or nursemaids. It was not a very cheering or invigorating prospect; but, as the young man reflected, it was better than being shut in and suffocated by buildings close crowded upon each other. Some broad, low steps led to the front door—itsself a relic of better things, in its carvings,—with two broad windows on its left-hand side, and a general appearance of striving hard to preserve the original gentility of the place in the face of numerous and insurmountable obstacles.

The little maid who admitted him asked, after an inspection of his person, if he had come for rooms; adding, "because there is none but the front parlor." This Phileas considered a hopeful prognostic for the widow. Had he been more intimately acquainted with her calling, he would have realized something of the doubts and qualms with which she examined each new aspirant for the position of lodger. For she knew, though the visitor did not, that some merely put in a week or two, or even less, and either absconded without paying at all, or took themselves off on some frivolous pretext, or harassed the soul out of the landlady during their stay. While Phileas waited

in the little den-like room, which the widow reserved as a species of office, he could not help reflecting that the apartment was well calculated to drive away prospective lodgers; it was so small, so close, and its outlook through the half-glass door so depressing.

Presently Susan O'Rourke appeared, more dejected, more subdued by the spectre of care and worry than the young man had seen her yet. She brightened up a little at his appearance, especially as the lawyer greeted her cordially and seized her limp hand in a hearty shake.

"Well, Mrs. O'Rourke," he said, "how is everything going with you?"

"Pretty much as usual, sir," sighed the widow.

"I hear you have your house quite full."

"That's true, thanks be to God!" said Susan, piously. "But I never can tell from day to day how long they'll be with me, or what kind they are with regard to pay."

"And do you mean to say," cried the lawyer, aghast, "that you get no security of any kind from them,—no references?"

"I do the best I can, Mr. Fox," Susan responded. "But, oh, there are so many doubtful characters going! And as for references!" (Susan threw up her hands to express the hopelessness of such means of information.) "Some of them," she explained, "that come with the best recommendation turn out the worst. Folks have little conscience nowadays in the matter of references. But I hope, sir, that you are succeeding well with the work that you are about. The blessing of God should be with an honest, kind-hearted gentleman like yourself."

"Oh, I'm all right, Mrs. O'Rourke!" said Phileas, with cheerful optimism; for he could not help contrasting his own circumstances—young, strong and energetic—with those of the forlorn woman before him. "But I came here to ask if you could give me any further information about the gentleman who lodged with you."

Once more the doubts, which sad circumstances had planted "thick as leaves in Vallombrosa" in the mind of the poor widow's once cheerful and sunny nature, arose; and she peered into Phileas' face with a scrutiny which the honest eyes met unflinchingly. Could that gaze of hers have penetrated deep into the young man's heart and soul, it would have found them as free from dark secrets as the face with its transparent blue eyes suggested.

"And you don't wish him any evil?" the woman queried.

"Mrs. O'Rourke," answered the lawyer, earnestly, "what pledge can I give you more than my sacred word of honor that if the man of whom I am in search should prove to be your lodger, nothing but good shall accrue to him from my discovery?"

The drawn and haggard face relaxed, and Susan heaved a sigh of relief.

"For," said she, "it has lain heavy on my soul that I gave you that bit of paper and that I told you most everything I knew, though that same is not much. He came two years ago last December; and he'd have been here yet if it hadn't been for the machinations of a villain."

"A villain?" echoed Phileas, pricking up his ears.

"I'm coming to that," continued Mrs. O'Rourke. "It got to be so that my lodger could scarcely stir out of the door, or so much as sit near the window, without having that rascalion spying on him; and sending him, moreover, messages through the post. I don't know what they were, of course; but they disturbed the poor gentleman till he could hardly get a wink of sleep. And so I lost the rent of my front parlor, and I haven't been able to let it since."

"Could I see it?" Phileas said, feeling a certain diffidence in making the request.

It was granted without ado, Mrs. O'Rourke leading him along the broad, spacious hall which had witnessed the coming and going of people of fashion

when that house had been the scene of many a brilliant event. She threw open the door of what she called the front parlor, a splendid apartment that almost rivalled in size and character any in the mansion of Monroe Street. High ceilinged and massively plain in its appointments, it preserved an indefinable air of elegance, scarcely obscured by the squalor that had supervened.

"You see, sir," said the widow with pride, "what a fine room he had."

She stepped, as she spoke, to the broad window, deep indented in the wall; and, throwing open the green blinds, admitted a flood of sunshine, while affording a glimpse of the park outside. Susan, as if fascinated by the prospect, continued to gaze thereupon, pouring forth a running stream of reminiscence, mainly concerning the "gentleman" and his satisfaction with his surroundings. Phileas meanwhile made a rapid survey of the apartment, hoping, perchance, to discover another of those links by which he had been met in the house in Westchester.

"He scarcely ever stirred out," went on Mrs. O'Rourke, "except it was to take his dinner over there on Broadway. His breakfast, which was the only other meal he took, I cooked for him with my own hands; though I wouldn't have done it for any one but himself, and he paid me well for my trouble. He was open-hearted and free-handed, and no mistake."

"I think you told me," observed Phileas, "that he had no visitors?"

"Well, there was one elderly gentleman that came once in a while, and I suspected he was a lawyer; and, then, there was the priest from Sixteenth Street church, that would come of an odd time."

"A priest!" cried the lawyer, grasping at another clue. "Do you happen to know his name?"

"Father Driscoll it was," Mrs. O'Rourke answered.

"This gentleman, then, was a Catholic?" said Phileas.

"The best I ever saw," responded the

enthusiastic landlady. "There was not a feast nor a fast of the Church that that man didn't keep, and he close to the seventies; and up and out to Mass and Holy Communion of a Sunday."

As the landlady rambled on after this fashion, still gazing out of the window, she suddenly gave a start and uttered an exclamation.

"Oh, there *he* is, the villain of the world!" she cried, thrusting out her head for a better view of the person so objurgated. "Look, Mr. Fox, sir! There's the biggest scamp in the city of New York, and that's saying a good deal. He it was who drove away the best lodger that I ever had."

If Phileas had had some curiosity before to catch a glimpse of one who had deserved to rank so high in the annals of criminology, he was doubly anxious after that last remark, which represented the "villain" as a link in the chain that the lawyer was at such pains to forge. Abandoning his investigation of the room, he flew to the window; and what was his amazement to behold, by following Susan's directing finger, the identical individual who had aspired to be his own first client! The fellow was skulking behind some shrubs that lined the iron railing of the park, and it was evident that he was keeping an eye upon the domicile.

"He saw me coming in here," cried Phileas, involuntarily; "and that's what he's after now!"

"Then the Lord help you if he's on your track!" replied Mrs. O'Rourke, with real commiseration. "Have a care, sir; for he'll do you some harm before he ever lets you go."

Phileas laughed, with an unconscious squaring of his broad shoulders.

"Oh, I'm deep in his black books already!" he said carelessly, but he did not explain; for he had no mind to discuss what went on in his office, still less to call attention to the mansion in Monroe Street by describing the miscreant's appearance

there. "Can you tell me the fellow's name?" he asked after a pause, during which he continued to regard the mean and cringing figure in the shelter of the bushes.

"Jason Trowbridge is the name he goes by hereabouts," answered the widow; "but the gentleman I had here called him, I think, by another; and he may have half a dozen names for all you or I know to the contrary."

"Do you remember that other name by which you have heard him called?" asked the lawyer.

"I disremember entirely," replied the woman. "But, whatever his name is, he's in every villainy that's going. They say he has made a mint of money; but the curse of Heaven will rest upon it, or my name is not Susan O'Rourke."

Phileas, who had retreated to a distance from the window to escape possible observation from without, next inquired:

"Have you any idea what his relations might be with your late lodger?"

"Well, it seems, sir," said Susan, seating herself upon a red velvet chair, and motioning her visitor to do likewise, smoothing out her black dress, as she spoke, as though it had been an apron, "that a good many years ago he was a clerk or something in the gentleman's employ, and he was turned out of his job,—I think it was for stealing, though my lodger would never rightly say. And since that time he did every mortal thing he could to annoy and circumvent and injure the gentleman. So when he began to haunt this house and dog my lodger's steps, the gentleman said to me: 'It's no use, Mrs. O'Rourke: I'll have to go. I like you and I like your house, but I can't stay here any longer.' And one dark night he drove away from the door, after having had me looking up and down the street and into the park yonder; for the villain might have been lurking anywhere about. He was so afraid, you see, that the man would find out where he would be going."

Mrs. O'Rourke's face and gesture as she thus chronicled her lodger's departure expressed a retrospective dejection.

"Well," she resumed presently, with another smoothing out of her black dress, "would you believe me, sir, that rascal had the face to come here the next day, ringing at my bell and bringing me from my work, and asking if the front parlor lodger was at home! 'Not to the like of you,' said I, 'nor ever will be.'—'But I have business with him,' said he.—'Business that'll keep,' said I.—'What time will he be in?' said he, giving no heed to my words.—'Who told you he was out?' said I. 'But, out or in, go about your business, and let me go back to my work.'"

"Well, he stood there, palavering and arguing, with his foot on the doorstep, so that I couldn't close it, do my best. When he found that fair words wouldn't answer, he began to try abuse, calling me an old hag, and I don't know what besides. But I never budged from the door, for fear he'd push past me and find that the room was empty, and perhaps pick up some piece of paper from the floor, as I afterward did myself when I had time to sweep."

The widow paused for breath; and, perceiving that her listener was attentive, continued the swiftly-flowing course of her narrative:

"Well, Mr. Fox, we stood there for full twenty minutes, when who should come up the steps but one of my top-floor roomers—a big fellow that plays football, and is as good-natured and kind-hearted as a boy! 'What's going on here?' said he.—'It's this omadhaun that's forcing himself in,' said I.—'Oh, is that it?' said my footballer. 'And you're sure you have no use for him?'—'Not even to wipe up the floor,' said I.—'Come along, then, sonny,' said the big fellow. And down the steps he went with him as if he were a ball of rubber."

At that point Susan interrupted the tale to give a low laugh that was refreshing

to the lawyer, it was so genuine in its enjoyment of the wretch's discomfiture.

"Well, Mr. Fox," she resumed, when her merriment had subsided, "if you could have seen the face of him! He picked himself up and he shook his fist at me. 'Look out, sonny,' said the big fellow from the top of the steps, 'or I'll race you to the corner!'"

Phileas laughed, remembering his own experience, and reflecting that the miscreant must spend great portions of his life in running or rebounding from the tips of leather toes.

A few moments later Phileas rose to take his leave, after briefly informing his voluble acquaintance that her late lodger had not been found at the address written upon the scrap of paper. He did not, however, think it necessary to inform her of his prospective trip to Boston, nor of the motives that had led him to that decision. As the "villain" was still on the watch, and Phileas had no mind just then for a personal encounter, nor the chance of being followed, he inquired of the widow if she had any side door by which he might go out. After a moment's reflection, Mrs. O'Rourke declared that there was one which would lead him through the basement hall and to the back street. And thus did Phileas take pleasure in eluding his pursuer.

As he returned to his office, and pondered during the afternoon on the problem why this fellow should elect to dog his footsteps, he could not determine whether it was from revenge, from a naturally prying disposition, or because of his connection with the case of *Spooner vs. Vorst*.

(To be continued.)

ADVERSITY is such that it is really advantageous to the just man, for it causes him a profitable loss; just as a shower of precious stones might break the leaves of the vine, but would replace them by the most beautiful treasures.

—Bartoli.

Better than Books.*

IN a little village in Normandy, near the Forest de Cinglair, there lived an old woman known as "La Gerbaude." She had been a cripple since her birth, and had now reached her sixtieth year. The villagers all spoke of her as a phenomenon of cheerful patience, in spite of constant and, at times, excruciating suffering. I wished to make her acquaintance, and went with a friend to visit her.

I found her a little shrunken creature, lying all cramped up on a chair, in shape more like a bundle of clothes than a human being. One hand was bound up in rags which were saturated with blood. Her head was drawn down so that her chin seemed pinned to her breast. Her limbs were folded back under her body, and she could not make a motion without assistance.

"Good-morning, La Gerbaude!" said the neighbor who had volunteered to escort me.

"Good-morning and welcome!" she answered in a thin, tremulous voice.

"How are you feeling?" I asked.

"Neither better nor worse, I thank you, Father."

"Do you suffer much?"

"During the day the pain is bearable, but my nights are often very bad."

"Have you been long in this condition?"

"My limbs have never been straight or strong. As a child I walked on crutches; but when I was about twenty years of age, my left arm became paralyzed and this tumor appeared on my right hand. It is from this I suffer most."

"What means have you? How do you live?"

"Thanks to the kindness and charity of my good neighbors, I want for nothing. My lodging is not a palace, but it is a shelter."

I looked around and was struck with the extreme poverty and squalor of this little room which was her home. There

was no floor but the bare ground, which was worn unevenly and seemed cold and damp. The one window had only three panes of glass; the fourth was gone, and had been replaced by an old handkerchief, that was tacked on so loosely that it flapped in the wind.

"And your food?" I asked.

"Oh, I am well served! These good neighbors bring me a big bowl of soup *almost* every day, and there is enough for two meals."

"Almost every day!" I repeated to myself; then asked: "And when they do *not* bring it?"

"It is only because they have forgotten," she said; "and the next day they are so sorry. You must understand, Father, that I am very tiresome. They must feed me, as I can not use my hands; and put me to bed, otherwise I must stay here by the window all night."

"And does this happen often?"

"Very seldom. Once I was forgotten for two nights."

"How much you must suffer!"

At these words the old woman raised her eyes and glanced at a crucifix which hung on the wall before her,—very low down so that she could see it without raising her head. At the sight of it her face brightened with a look of celestial peace, and she answered:

"Yes, I suffer, but not as He did."

And, still gazing on her suffering Saviour, this saintly soul continued to talk of Him. "I am confined to the bed or to this chair: He was nailed to the hard wood of the Cross. My hand is very painful, my feet also: His hands and feet were pierced with cruel nails. I am sometimes hungry and often very thirsty: He suffered the torture of crucifixion, which made Him cry out, 'I thirst!' I often spend sleepless nights: He suffered a dreadful agony; and He was God, and He was holy, and He suffered all this because He loved me. O Father, it is not hard to suffer to thank Him! At times I seem to hear His whisper in my

* The actual experience of a French missionary.

ear, 'You will be with Me in Paradise.' And this makes me so happy to buy my place in heaven, and I would not want to miss any of the pain. There are so many people who have no time for prayer; they have other things to do besides suffering. And then I offer my pains and sufferings for all these busy people, for all who do not know God, and for those who do not love Him. I feel that I am fortunate in being spared the thousand worries that fill up the lives of others, and which make them forget the one thing necessary—the salvation of our immortal souls."

I listened spellbound. When she stopped speaking, I asked:

"Have you always been in such poverty?"

"Oh, no!" she said. "My parents were well-to-do when they died." Here she paused, and seemed not to want to go on with her story. "A friend offered to come to live with me, to take care of me, and, as a compensation for her services, requested to share my little fortune. And this was but right. The money—1200 francs—was in her keeping. One day this friend told me that she was to be married, but that she would not leave me. That night, after she put me to bed, she disappeared, and she has never come back. I was fond of her and missed her much. It is hard to be betrayed by one's friends, but"—and she raised her eyes again to the crucifix—"He wished to know even this sorrow. My friend took from me only my money, but His, friend sold Him for thirty pieces of silver."

"Can you read?" I asked.

"I would need a page to turn the pages," she said, laughing at the pun she had made. "No: I read only in that book,"—and once more her eyes were riveted on the crucifix. Then, as if she were talking to herself, this holy soul whispered: "He speaks to me and I answer Him. That book explains all things, teaches all things, and comforts me in all my sorrows and sufferings."

Christianity vs. Socialism.

WE hope to see in pamphlet form, for wide distribution, a recent lecture by the Bishop of Salford on "The Spiritual Side of Social Work," a short report of which has been published in the *Manchester Guardian*. In showing how Catholicity and Socialism essentially differ, his Lordship was careful to note all that they have in common,—a very important omission in the writings and speeches of some other Catholic publicists. Unqualified denunciation of Socialism is not only unjust but injurious, and has done much, we feel certain, both to increase the number of Socialists and to confirm them in their errors. The Bishop of Salford frankly declared that many of their contentions are as reasonable as certain of their principles are false—but let us quote the report of his Lordship's words.

He said a good deal was heard of the antagonism between Christianity and specifically between Catholicism and Socialism. Frequently they heard it discussed whether a Catholic could be a Socialist and were the two systems compatible. He sometimes thought that most people did not altogether apprehend what was the correct solution of the difficulty. It was not to be found in saying that in this matter the Catholic Faith and Socialism taught different things, because, as a matter of fact, a great many of the things that were urged by Socialists were also equally urged by Catholics. Probably the majority of social reforms advocated by Socialists could be, and were, equally advocated by Catholics and were in complete harmony with Catholic teaching. If they looked at Belgium, where there had been for twenty-four years a strictly Catholic government, they would find that the legislation carried out in that country was of such an advanced character as might almost be called a Socialist policy; the laws that had been enacted there were exactly such as had been constantly

preached by the Socialist party in England. It was not that Socialism advocated policies, legislation, or social reforms that were adverse to Catholicity; but it was that there was underlying the two systems a different theory of life,—he might say a different philosophy. In explanation of this he said that the Catholic system never forgot the words of Our Lord: "What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his soul?" That was the underlying principle that the Catholic must ever have at heart. Whatever there was good in the world, and however valuable the advantages that the world might offer, however excellent the material gains and material welfare that it was possible to obtain by any kind of social reform, it would be no benefit if it was at the expense of his immortal soul. The Socialist philosophy of life denied, or at least took no account of, the future life. The whole of its theories were based upon this life, and had no care what might happen in the life to come. It was not sufficient for Catholics to take into account their material well-being whilst on earth, but they must at the same time have a guarantee, as far as they possibly could, that the well-being should be continued in the eternal life to come afterward.

It seems to us that the Bishop of Salford has rendered a service to the Catholic cause altogether too important to be lost sight of. There is urgent need everywhere of just such wise, well-expressed counsel as he gave at Manchester. Much of what has been written on the subject of Socialism even by Catholics is, to put it euphemistically, inconsequential. Not everyone is qualified to show exactly what Catholicity and Socialism have in common; but every Catholic should know the essential difference between them. Socialism denies, or at least takes no account of, the future life. Catholicity declares in the words of Christ: "What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his soul?"

Notes and Remarks.

The reverend editor of *Truth* (Nazareth, N. C.) is not at all so optimistic about the prospects of the Church in the United States as—well, certain other Catholic persons. He says:

A number of items have come to us of late from Europe which seem to indicate that an untrue, an exaggerated, idea of matters in this country is being spread abroad. We are being represented as the strongest and most powerful body of Catholics in the world, that here the Faith is deeply and strongly planted, that here is the truest Catholicity and the best of Catholicity, that here the Church is fairly leaping in progress and strength, etc. The truth is that our Catholicity and Faith is more or less tainted by the non-Catholic atmosphere of belief and morals around us on every side and poisoning our life. It is very doubtful whether we are holding our own. The number of defections—of which no reckoning is taken—is thought to be far greater than any gain we are making. There is no sadder sight than to go out of our strong centres—or even to stay in them and go amongst the people intimately, and see so many gradually dropping out of the pale of the Church. The country is so filled with names of Catholic origin whose owners have been lost to the Faith that the matter is saddening and appalling. We have heard one prelate well acquainted with the true status of affairs throughout the country express the fear that in another hundred years the Church here may have little of which to boast.

We are of opinion that both the prelate and the editor of *Truth* err as widely on the side of pessimism as do a number of others on the side of optimism. The real truth of the matter will probably be found to lie halfway between the doleful plaint of the former and the premature hurraing of the latter. It may be erroneous on our own part to declare that the defections to which the editor of *Truth* refers are largely due, not to scandal, but to the toleration of it, which is a thousand times worse. Quite recently we were told of a parish that consisted a few years ago of fifty families; now it numbers five. Scandal of a nature that need not be explained was repeatedly given there;

in time it bore fruit and the fruit remains—for a season. The saintly first Bishop of Fort Wayne, when persons sympathized with him on having so many unshepherded flocks, used to say: "They are in God's keeping. Folds and shepherds will be provided in time [as they have been]. Meanwhile I'll receive no wolves or trust them anywhere."

Secular journals, especially those devoted to science, have had much to say about the late Antoine Henri Becquerel, whose discovery of the phenomena now generally classed together under the name of radioactivity led directly to the sensational discovery of radium by Prof. and Madame Currie; but in no instance that we know of has there been any mention of Becquerel's religion. He was a sincere Christian, and, as we have already informed our readers, died a holy and happy death. Had he been an infidel or an apostate instead of a Catholic, the fact would have been noted in every tribute paid to his memory, to confirm the notion, as erroneous as general, that eminence in science and adherence to the Church are incompatible. So it goes, and will continue. But some day we shall have a daily Catholic newspaper in the English language, to correct all such false impressions while they are still fresh; and a monthly review of our own that will pay adequate tribute to men like Becquerel—there are any number of them in all fields of human endeavor—before their distinguished services have been lost sight of by all save students and those who read books that are not novels.

It is interesting to learn from the "Recollections" of the late David Christie Murray that Gladstone really did possess the sense of humor, though it is generally thought that he did not. Returning from the Russo-Turkish campaign, Murray visited Hawarden; and, when taking leave, Gladstone assisted him to put on a strange overcoat of camel's hair, lined

with bearskin. Then did the G. O. M. give proof that the "saving sense" was not lacking to him. Mr. Murray writes:

As he was helping me into it he asked: "Where did you obtain possession of this extraordinary garment, Mr. Murray?"—"I bought it, sir, in Bulgaria," I answered.—"Ah!" said he, with a perfectly grave face and falling back a step to look at it, "I have had much to say of the Bulgarian atrocities of late years, but this is the only one of which I have had ocular demonstration."

What Gladstone had to say about the Turks, of whose "unspeakableness" we are sure to hear much in connection with the present uprising in Crete, is not related. Mr. Murray's observations had changed his opinion of them; and if, as is probable, he expressed it on that occasion, Gladstone, in view of his repeated denunciations of the Turks, must have been no little surprised. Mr. Murray had formed this opinion of them: "Their religion enjoins them to sobriety; and as a race they are brave, truthful and kindly." We suspect that the Turks have been somewhat misrepresented. It has been shown that sectarian missionaries were greatly, if not wholly, to blame for a quarrel which our government had with Turkey two or three years ago,—a quarrel which for a time seemed likely to result in war.

The writer of the always interesting "Chronicle" in *Rome* is to be congratulated on his good taste in furnishing his readers with paragraphs such as the following. The incidents narrated would be styled trivial by some editors; but, then, some editors as well as a good many readers, are Philistines pure and simple:

It is a well-known fact here in Rome that at Papal audiences the young people have always the best of it. The Pope will often stop before a little boy or girl and begin to converse with the most charming familiarity. One day last year some of us saw a little fellow of about eight confidently take hold of the Pope's left hand and accompany him all round the great hall, looking up affectionately into his face whenever the Pope addressed a few words to one of the kneeling pilgrims. When those memorable Sunday afternoons in the Cortile

della Pigna, where the Holy Father preached to thousands on the Gospel of the day, had to be abandoned, the Holy Father substituted for them receptions in the Vatican for the boys and girls of Rome who had made their First Communion that morning. On these occasions the Pope seems to grow young again as he goes among the young people, giving them medals, asking them questions about their schools or their homes, and then talking to them collectively.

* *

One day last year a little Dublin boy was brought to the Vatican by his mother and grandmother. He was very prettily dressed, and he had been elaborately trained in what he was to do when he entered the Holy Father's presence. He was to make three genuflections and then to kiss the Holy Father's ring, if he was allowed; he must not be afraid, but he must be very good. It was all beautifully arranged. Before going to the Vatican they had a last rehearsal. The grandmother stood in a corner of the room in the hotel; the little fellow came in, made his three genuflections, kissed her hand, and then drew aside. At the Vatican, too, he got through the first part of his ceremonial with perfect *ap'omb*. But when he raised his head after bending his knee for the first time, and saw the white figure of the Pope standing a few yards away, with his arms stretched out and a beautiful, fatherly smile on his face, he forgot the rest, and the ladies were taken aback to see him run toward the Holy Father with his hands lifted as if he actually wanted to be taken and kissed. Which was exactly what happened; and not only that but the Pope brought him over to his desk and selected a beautiful gold medal for him, which will doubtless be handed down as an heirloom in that young man's family.

The interesting subject of Men's Retreats, several times referred to in these columns during recent months, is somewhat exhaustively discussed, in the current *Hibbert Journal*, by the Rev. C. Plater, S. J. Of the social effects of these retreats, the statement is made that the results gained have won the admiration of all who are interested in social welfare:

The employer and the workman have been brought together and have gained a new conception of their respective duties. The former has come to look upon the latter not as a tool but as a fellowman, whose moral and material well-being must not be prejudiced by any

contract made between them. The latter has found something which gives to every detail of his life a meaning and a value. "The dignity of labor" is henceforth no empty phrase. Work is not something to be reduced to a minimum, and abandoned as soon as possible. The dignity of work is seen to arise not from its compulsion, but from the spirit in which it is done. Improved workmanship and increased conscientiousness at once result. All that hinders ennobling work is resolutely resisted. The drink evil is combated with a success almost incredible to those who pin their faith to "cures" or legislation. Organizations to improve the social condition of the destitute or the working classes arise on every side. Co-operative institutions and mutual societies are multiplied; sound social legislation is promoted; the weak are helped, and the helpless are supported without being pauperized. Family life is held in honor, and the household becomes the school of civic virtues. The men work for their children, and no longer regard offspring as obstacles to enjoyment. The gospel of selfishness and self-indulgence becomes discredited. The idea of fraternity supplies at last not a mere parrot-cry of class selfishness, but an illuminating guide in practical life, and a force which makes for social solidarity.

We have only to repeat the expression of our hope that the idea of these Men's Retreats may soon be taken up in the United States.

American Catholics are rapidly learning to welcome the public pronouncements of the Archbishop of Boston, on questions of the day, with the gratification always felt in expositions that are lucid and exhaustive. Discussing recently the matter of Catholic charities and human philanthropy, Mgr. O'Connell observed:

To-day there is a movement abroad the obvious motive of which is to elevate philanthropy to the status of a religion, with the scarcely concealed corollary that work in the social order is the affair of scientific experts only, and that eventually scientific social work must supplant the Church. . . .

While we are glad to give testimony of everything good by whomsoever attempted, we must always insist upon this essential fact—namely, Christ alone by His teaching gave the deathblow to egotism; and the Christian view of life, its duties and obligations, is the only true conservator of fraternal love, which must be at the

basis of every movement for the betterment of humanity. In the last analysis, without the Christian standpoint all altruism is essentially defective, and must, whatever its external appearance or pretence, finally solve itself into another form of egotism. For inevitably, consciously or not, its end and purpose will never reach beyond expediency, utility, or necessity.

Anent this matter of altruism and egoism, it is well to remember that the supreme concern of every individual is, after all, the salvation of his own, not any one else's, soul; and that the better Christian he is, the more faithfully does he acquit himself of every duty, to his neighbor and the State, as well as to God and the Church.

In an essay on the "Homing Instincts of Birds," contributed to "Some British Birds," just published in London, Mr. D'Esterre Baily, an eminent English naturalist, says that "the three greatest puzzles of ornithology are the migratory instinct common to so many species, the vulture's detection of carrion miles removed from him, and the homing faculty of the racing pigeon"; and he declares that "neither speculation nor dissection has ever explained any one of these secrets." How inconsistent is the human mind! It admits mysteries in nature and doubts or denies mysteries in religion.

One hears so often and from such oracular sources that "this is pre-eminently the age of the specialist," that an occasional rebuke of the extremes of specializing is not unwelcome. Discussing the statement of Mr. James P. Munroe in a popular monthly, that "the curse of American scholarship and of American education is the Ph. D.," the *Chicago Inter-Ocean* observes:

Like the Athenians of St. Paul's time, we are "too superstitious," especially in education; and our pet fetich is "research," and particularly the research of the unimportant, under the delusion that all "facts" are equally useful and that all "truth" is equally valuable. As the product, we have the uneducated specialist,

enormously erudite in his little corner, but pathetically ignorant of his fellowmen, and often mischievous as well, because, in the vanity of his useless knowledge, he undertakes to regulate the world.

What Mr. Munroe well terms the "specialist blight" is most conspicuous, of course, in our colleges and universities. Because the Ph. D. decoration is required in Germany and looks well in the prospectus, we have hundreds of young fellows "counting the adverbial clauses in Shakespeare" and making "researches" into the number of children who twiddle their thumbs, or carrying on "special investigations" with equally futile aims. Thus the aspirant becomes a "Doctor of Philosophy" and is enrolled on the teaching staff, where to stay he must keep on grubbing like a woodpecker after worms in old wood.

Nor does the mischief end there. As is the faculty, so is the student body; and we have college populations sharply divided into "grinds" and "sports," of whom the latter are, on the whole, the more fortunate. If they do not study, they at least contend in something with their fellows; while the former merely "specialize" in unrelated "electives" taught by "specialists," and so go out of college veritable ignoramuses.

Allowance being made for artistic rhetorical exaggeration, the foregoing suggests the old comment: "'Tis true, 'tis pity; and pity 'tis, 'tis true."

Noting the death of the Rt. Rev. Bishop Tierney, of the diocese of Hartford, Conn., which occurred last week, a secular journal says: "He was noted for his piety, his broad charity, and his interest in all things pertaining to the good of his community and of mankind in general; and he had the highest esteem of the entire community, regardless of sect or religion." A fitting eulogy in a few words. Piety, charity, and zeal were the very virtues which the clergy and laity of the diocese of Hartford, by whom Bishop Tierney was venerated and beloved, always attributed to him. Those who knew him best esteemed him most. His loss will be felt wherever his influence extended, and mourned with a sincerity which in itself is the highest tribute to departed worth. *R. I. P.*



A Toiler.

BY E. BECK.

WHEN the sunset glow of red and gold
In pearl and amber dies,
When the gleaming stars like hosts untold
Are bright in the purple skies;
When silence rests upon wood and glen,
And the children cease their play,
When tired women and wearied men
Rest from the toil of day;—

At that hour one starts with noiseless feet
And moves over holt and hill,
Through crowded alley and open street,
Through forests vast and still;
He binds each rill with an iron chain,
Each pond with a band of steel,
And the roads that wind o'er hill and plain
Grow hardened beneath his heel.

From the eaves he hangs the daggers keen
And pointed and long and round,
And his tracings of fern and flower are seen
Where a window pane is found.
But, alack and alas! in his bitterest moods
He wins less praise than blame;
For he kills the tenderest flowers and buds—
And Mr. Frost is his name.

An Orphan Boy's Fortunes.



FRANCIS HENRY was the son of peasant parents, who lived in a village in the north of France. Both of them died of a malignant disease when he was in his fourth year. A kind relative then received Francis into his house; but that man also died in the course of half a year. Francis was now handed over to a petty officer of the law, by whom he was brought up at the expense

of the parish. This man was hard and selfish, and treated Francis so harshly that he often wept in secret, and wished himself anywhere except in his present painful position.

One day Francis was sent to deliver a letter in a neighboring village, and while returning was overtaken by a severe storm. The rain fell in torrents, and the boy felt happy in being able to find partial shelter under a large tree. The tempest lasted for several hours, and night came on before he could continue his journey. Wandering in the darkness, he soon became entangled in a great wild forest. The whole night through, he groped hither and thither in the utmost anxiety, weeping all the while, without being able to find any way out of the woods.

In the morning, however, he succeeded in finding his way to a cross-road, which finally conducted him to a farm-house. It was midday when Francis arrived there, and the people were sitting down to dinner under a linden tree. The little boy, hungry and weary as he was, went up to the farmer, held out his hand, and said: "Will you please give me a piece of bread?"

The farmer, who was a very benevolent man, took compassion on the poor boy, invited him to take a seat at the table, and gave him a good dinner; and when he had heard the sad story of the orphan, his heart was deeply moved, and he received him as a member of his family.

For seven long years Francis remained with the good farmer, tending his cattle, and was in every way so happy that he wished for nothing more.

One evening, as the boy was driving his sheep into the fold for the night, a man passed by; and, as Francis looked after him, he saw him drop something bright. He ran forward and found a gold watch. An old shepherd, who was tending

some sheep close by, now hobbled up and proposed to go shares in the watch; but Francis would not hear of such a thing. The old man then offered him a sum of money for it, but Francis remained unshaken in his honest convictions.

"No," said he. "The watch belongs neither to you nor me. The stranger must have it again."

In the meantime the traveller had disappeared far in the distance. Francis quickly closed his flock in the fold, and hastened after the stranger. He travelled the whole night through, and on the following morning came to a town, where he saw a ready-saddled horse before an inn door. Then an elderly gentleman came out of the inn and was about to mount his horse in order to continue his journey. It was M. Perdin, a wealthy merchant of Dunkirk. Francis, who felt sure the traveller was the one he had seen the day before, ran up, almost out of breath, and called to him:

"Sir, here is your watch! You lost it yesterday. I found it, and have come to restore it to you."

The stranger, to whom the watch really belonged, was at first so astonished that he hardly knew what to say. He acknowledged that the watch was his, thanked the boy for his honesty, and then entered into conversation with him.

"Who are you, my lad?" he asked, in a kindly manner.

"I am a shepherd," replied the youth.

"Who is your father?" questioned M. Perdin further.

"He is in heaven, I hope; and my good mother with him," was the answer.

"Have you no relatives?"

"None," said the boy.

With these words he gave the gentleman his watch, and was on the point of going away; but M. Perdin held him back.

"I must return at once," said Francis; "for I left my sheep in a hurry. They will be hungry."

"You are probably still more hungry yourself," said the merchant.

He thereupon turned to go into the inn to order something for Francis to eat. But the boy took the opportunity to run off as quickly as he could, without waiting for any reward.

By midday Francis had got back to his sheepfold, and was terrified to find it empty, the sheep having been led to pasture. He immediately ran to the house and said to the farmer: "I have been unfaithful, but it was not my fault. Our teachers have often told us that we must never keep what we find, but instantly restore it; and it was not my fault that the stranger rode so fast—"

"No, it was not your fault, you good boy!" said M. Perdin, entering the room by another door; for he had followed Francis on horseback, and reached the house before him, by another road. He saw that the farmer was about to punish him; and therefore he said to him: "I am the cause of his neglect to the sheep, and I will make it right with you."

The stranger thereupon told the whole story, and begged so hard and so long that the farmer at length gave Francis over to him, and the merchant took him to his own home in Dunkirk. Thus, by his honesty, the poor orphan boy became the adopted son of the wealthy merchant. M. Perdin clothed and educated him, and treated him in every way as if he were his own son. Francis was diligent and upright, and made such progress in his studies that before long he was taken into M. Perdin's office as an assistant. Everyone trusted him and praised him. M. Perdin loved him more and more, and placed increased confidence in him day by day. Nor did he find that trust misplaced, as the following story will prove:

There was a young merchant in Dunkirk, who, through his irregular and dissolute life, had squandered his entire fortune. He tried by all possible means to induce Francis Henry to deceive his master with reference to a certain amount which Francis should give to him. He promised the boy great rewards. He told

him that M. Perdin would never know what he had done—which was really true, as the merchant had already given all his affairs into the hands of his faithful assistant, requiring no account from him. But Francis would not listen to the temptations of the deceiver, and remained true to God and his noble benefactor. This caused the other to swear that he would take a bitter revenge.

One evening, as Francis was sitting alone in his room, the dissolute young man entered suddenly, and, presenting a pistol to his breast, ordered him to sign, in M. Perdin's name, a bill which he had before him for sixty thousand francs. But Francis was not to be moved from the right way even by threats. He looked the villain steadily in the face, and said, quietly and decidedly:

"Shoot, villain! I do not fear death, if I must purchase life with shame."

The look he gave him, and the earnest words he spoke to him, terrified the wicked man. He let the pistol fall to the floor, and it went off, the ball striking the table near Francis' foot. The report of the pistol started the whole house, and M. Perdin rushed in terror to the young man's room. The criminal, who considered himself discovered and lost, begged Francis not to betray him.

But the merchant immediately read the whole affair in the faces of the two men, and Francis was, in the end, compelled to narrate the circumstance. At the same time, however, he threw himself on his knees before his benefactor, and earnestly begged him to forgive his enemy. His intercession won the heart of the noble merchant, who finally assured the wretch that he would forgive him. Moreover, he gave him a considerable sum of money, in order to save him from want. "Go, unhappy man," said Francis, "and try if you can not also reconcile yourself to God."

This event, and the piety and honesty which the young man had manifested, won him, if possible, a deeper place in

the heart of his generous benefactor. M. Perdin acknowledged that he could not sufficiently reward such nobleness and fidelity; and, since he had neither wife nor child, he resolved to make Francis the heir to all his property. On the young man's birthday, which occurred a few months later, the aged merchant intended to make known to him his good fortune; but, until that time, he had determined to keep his plan secret, in order to surprise and please Francis all the more.

God had, however, ordered things otherwise. M. Perdin, although seventy years of age, was still robust and active. His business required him to go to Portugal, and he determined to proceed to Lisbon without any delay. He took leave of the young man, comforted him with hope of a speedy return, and, going on board one of his own ships, was soon many miles from Dunkirk.

Francis Henry remained at home, and carried on the business of his adopted father with unwearied diligence. Day after day passed by, and week followed week. When at length the time came for M. Perdin to return, Francis went daily down to the harbor and made inquiries as to the ships that had arrived. But his walk was always in vain. Many vessels came in, but M. Perdin was not on board any of them. Francis was always obliged to return home with a sad heart; and at length he became filled with anxiety, lest an accident had befallen his benefactor.

He sat one day, gloomy and sorrowful, in his counting-room, when the door was suddenly opened and there entered a rough sailor who had belonged to the crew of the ship on which M. Perdin had sailed. The mournful news which the man brought was to be read in his very countenance. He announced to the young man that the ship had foundered, and that only he and a cabin-boy had been saved. Francis' sorrow may be imagined.

The news of the foundering of the ship and of the death of M. Perdin now spread on every side. The aged merchant had

a brother, who, however, was totally different from him in every respect. Scarcely had this man heard of the death of his brother than he made all haste to put himself in possession of his property. He opened the safe of the dead merchant, took out all his papers, and caused them to be sealed. Now among the number was the will and testament whereby M. Perdin made Francis Henry his only heir. The covetous brother caught a hasty look at it, and immediately burned it. He sought out the three men who had signed it as witnesses, and bribed them to secrecy. The magistrate, having been convinced of the death of the merchant by the oath of the sailor, then put the brother in possession of the property of the deceased. Francis was discharged from his position, and received notice to quit the house within three days.

The poor young man left the house in which he had been very happy, and hired a room in a remote and lonely street. Here he intended to bide his time; for he believed the day would come when full justice would be done him.

One day as he sat in his little room the postman entered and handed him a foreign letter. He took it into his hand and looked at the address. "Wonderful!" he exclaimed. He could hardly believe his own eyes; his heart beat violently. He looked again, and again at the letter: it could not be otherwise; it was the handwriting, though not a little changed, of his dear benefactor—his foster father. He now tore open the seal, read the letter, and then pressed it affectionately to his lips. Tears of pain and gladness streamed from his eyes and fell upon the paper in his hand. M. Perdin was not dead, but in a sad condition; for, having been taken by pirates and carried to Algiers, he was sold into slavery. The slave-dealer by whom he had been purchased would not set him at liberty for less than 18,000 francs.

It was, indeed, a sad piece of news

which the letter brought, although joyful as well; for the noble man was not dead, and Francis hoped to be able to procure his freedom. He ran to the bank and drew out all his savings, and before an hour had passed he had put the money in safe hands for delivery in Algiers. But the hope with which he was filled was to be turned for a time into bitter mourning.

The brother of M. Perdin was, as has already been intimated, an avaricious and malicious man; and he had bribed the sailor, who brought the news of his brother's drowning at sea, to tell that falsehood. When he now learned that Francis had drawn so large an amount from the bank, he accused the noble young man before the courts of having embezzled the money; and declared that the letter he had received was a forgery. Two constables entered his room and led him to prison, where he was put in chains and held for many weeks. When he was led before the magistrates to answer the charge brought against him, he persistently maintained his innocence, while his enemies as stoutly declared him guilty. Numbers prevailed.

Poor Francis was being led back to prison, when the door opened, and the noble M. Perdin stepped in. It is needless to state that the young man's sorrows were ended; for a few words from the old man placed the innocence of his adopted son in the clearest light. Who can describe with what joyful tears they now fell into each other's arms after so many dangers had been past? The wicked brother and his villainous associates soon received the punishment of their crimes. Francis Henry returned to the house of his benefactor, full of joy and gratitude, and was thenceforth treated as his son and heir. Two years after, the aged M. Perdin died suddenly, and all his immense wealth went to Francis.

The brother of his benefactor had at first been condemned to death, but his sentence was afterward commuted to

imprisonment for life. To him Francis presented the third part of his property. He also gave a large sum to the city authorities, the annual interest of which was to be expended on the poor of Dunkirk; and 150,000 francs for the building of an orphan asylum.

Francis Henry was almost ninety years of age when he died, and his loss was mourned by the whole city, but especially by the poor, who had found in him a father. At his death, there were thirty-one boys and twenty girls in the asylum he had founded, all of whom, clothed in black, accompanied his remains to the grave, strewing the way with flowers.

The traveller, visiting Dunkirk can see—or could until recent years—the large and beautiful orphan asylum built by this good man; and if any child sheltered there is asked who was the founder of it, he will answer, "Francis Henry, the orphan boy."

Lamps and Candles.

Lamps were employed before candles. As far back as history goes we hear of their use. In some languages there was but one word for both; and many suppose that the candlesticks mentioned in Holy Writ held oil lamps instead of candles.

The first light was simply a torch. Then men improved upon that, and devised the scheme of obtaining light from porous fibre soaked in some animal or vegetable oil. Lamps of brass, bronze, and stone have been found in the Pyramids, as well as in old East Indian temples; and common terra-cotta ones were in general use for domestic purposes in Greece as early as the fourth century, B. C. The earliest candles of which we have any record were those used by the ancient Romans, and were made of rushes coated with fat or wax. The first Christians made constant use of candles, and in course of time the Church adopted them for all religious services. No other

light may be used on the altar for the celebration of Holy Mass.

We who obtain a brilliant light by turning a little thumbscrew find it hard to realize the difficulties under which our forefathers labored. Many of the masterpieces of the great writers were written with no other light than that from the fireplace or the uncertain flicker of a tallow candle.

The Pride of Venice.

The Basilica of St. Mark in Venice is one of the most interesting churches in Christendom. Its history reads like a romance, and its legends are very beautiful. Many books have been written about it, and almost every traveller to Venice describes St. Mark's.

During the last restoration of this famous edifice an important discovery was made. In the cement which attaches the mosaic to the wall in the Tribune of the Patriarch, was found a small copper coin of the time of the Doge Dandolo. This settled an important question,—it proved that that portion of the cathedral was built in the twelfth century, the most glorious period of the Venetian Republic. The coin probably fell into the cement from the pocket of one of the workmen, and had lain undisturbed for seven centuries. It has been placed in the historical museum, where everything is gathered which throws light upon the history of the edifice.

Bon Chrétien.

The origin of the Bon Chrétien pear, so much prized in France, is traced to St. Francis de Paul, who, being summoned to the court of Louis XI. from his home in Calabria, brought with him pear seeds, from which was raised a variety that eventually was given the name of Bon Chrétien, applied at the French court to St. Francis himself.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—"Notes on the Early History of the Vulgate Gospels," a new work by Dom John Chapman, is announced for early publication by the Oxford University Press.

—We note among the new publications of J. M. Dent & Co. "The Mystical Element of Religion. Studied in the Lives of St. Catherine of Genoa and Her Friends," by Baron F. Von Hügel.

—Another annual that should find favor with German Catholics is the "Familienfreund," published by the *Herold des Glaubens* and for sale by Mr. B. Herder. Besides the useful information proper to year-books, it contains a variety of reading matter in prose and verse, with numerous attractive illustrations. The evident aim of the editor has been to provide something interesting and beneficial for every member of the family.

—The October number of the *Dublin Review* is of exceptional interest. It contains a hitherto unpublished fragment on Keble, by Newman; an article on "The Pan-Anglican Congress," by Father Robert Hugh Benson; a paper on "The Revision of the Vulgate," by Abbot Gasquet; a forecast of "The Future Universities of Ireland," by Prof. Windle, president of Queen's College, Cork; a study of "Plots and Persons in Fiction," by Mrs. Wilfrid Ward; and an essay by the editor on "The Ushaw Centenary and English Catholicism."

—The announcements of Messrs. Longmans include a new and cheaper edition of "Ballads of Irish Chivalry," by Robert Dwyer Joyce, M. D., M. R. I. A.; edited with annotations by his brother, P. W. Joyce, LL. D., M. R. I. A.; "The Dawn of the Catholic Revival in England (1781-1803)," by Mgr. Canon Bernard Ward; "Historical Letters and Memoirs of Scottish Catholics, 1625-1793," by the Rev. W. Forbes-Leith, S. J.; "Personal Studies," by Mr. Wilfrid Ward; a new text-book on logic, by the Rev. G. H. Joyce, S. J.; and "A Mystery Play in Honor of Christ's Nativity," by Father Robert Hugh Benson.

—"Catholic Life; or, The Feasts, Fasts and Devotions of the Ecclesiastical Year" (Benziger Bros.) is a book that should be in every Catholic home, as well as in every sodality and school library. It includes a brief account of the principal feasts of the ecclesiastical year, their historical origin, the significance of each and the special devotions proper to the celebration

thereof. To each chapter is appended an example from history or the Lives of the Saints, which serves to illustrate the particular lesson of the day. The appendix should be most useful in the Catholic family; for it gives an explanation of Catholic terms used in ecclesiastical documents, sermons, etc.; also the late decrees of the Sovereign Pontiff on the daily reception of the Holy Eucharist.

—The statement that Spiritism is a problem which this century seems constrained at last to face will be questioned only by those who have given it no serious attention. Some of the ablest scientists in all countries are now engaged in psychical research, of which Gladstone said: "It is the most important work which is being done in the world,—by far the most important." From the scientific standpoint this is no exaggeration. It was a great service to demonstrate the reality of the phenomena of Spiritism and thus successfully combat materialism. Of far greater importance, however, is the work in which Mr. J. Godfrey Raupert is engaged, and for which he has the encouragement of the Vicar of Christ—the work of showing that Spiritism is antagonistic to Christianity, and of proving its disastrous results to body, mind and soul. Mr. Raupert is the author of two books which can not be too widely circulated. One is for students more particularly, the other for general readers. New and cheaper editions of both are now ready. The titles are: "Modern Spiritism. A Critical Examination of its Phenomena, Character, and Teaching in the Light of the Known Facts"; and "The Dangers of Spiritualism. Being Records of Personal Experiences, with Notes and Comments and Five Illustrations." Mr. Raupert's other works should have place in all Catholic libraries, being books of highest interest and excellence. They have so often been recommended and quoted in these pages that the mere mention of their titles will suffice: "Ten Years of Anglicanism," "Back to Rome! Being a Series of Private Letters Addressed to an Anglican Clergyman," "Thoughts on Hell. A Study in Eschatology," and "Roads to Rome. Being Personal Records of some of the More Recent Converts to the Catholic Faith. With an Introduction by Cardinal Vaughan."

—Concluding a consideration of the features and tendencies of recent English prose, an anonymous writer in the *Academy* refers as follows to one of the two masters "whose prose

stands in unchallenged supremacy as the greatest in style of the last century, and may not improperly be allowed to challenge the supremacy of preceding centuries." (The other master, of course, is Ruskin.)

If "Lycidas," or for that matter any other poem, be an infallible test of a blameless style in verse, then is Newman's writing a perfect test of the power and beauty of prose. His words on the office and prerogative of letters are alone a sufficient witness to the rectitude of his literary sense; and his own clear, noble, and persuasive manner of speech is a sufficient title to authority. It is Newman who disposes of the plausible, ridiculous notion that style is an extra, an artifice; it is Newman who, supremely of English writers, exemplifies a pure beauty of style inalienable from the necessities of his speech, inseparable from the full expression of his thought. And it is Newman who reveals in his prose that persistent vital control of the manner by the idea, of the sentence by the rhythm; in a word, that austere and impeative subjection of the incidental to the essential which is demanded in the writer who is to receive our unreluctant, unreserving homage. It is entirely unnecessary, I believe, to offer specimens of his writing to readers of the *Academy*; its compass, power, and beauty are to be noted alike in the appealing urgency of his sermons and in the close, analytical, charmingly lucid chapters of his severest work. At first glance you will call it inconspicuous; you will not notice any reconditeness in the vocabulary or daring in the adjective. But you will in time discover that a greater gift is in Newman's hands: his prose trembles with an authentic message, an echo; a Biblical strength and a Biblical simplicity appear, and you are conscious of an effect upon the mind comparable only with the effect of the purest devotional literature upon the soul.

Commend us to the *Academy* for thought and expression like this.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' price generally includes postage.

"Catholic Life; or, the Feasts, Fasts and Devotions of the Ecclesiastical Year." 75 cts., net.

"The Dangers of Spiritualism." J. Godfrey Raupert. 75 cts., net.

"Modern Spiritism." J. Godfrey Raupert. \$1.35, net.

"The See of Peter and the Voice of Authority." Rev. Thomas Dolan. 60 cts.

"Dear Friends." D. Ella Nirdlinger. 60 cts.

"The Eucharistic Mission." Rev. William Lescher, O. P.

"A Conversion and a Vocation." \$1.25.

"Lourdes: A History of Its Apparitions and Cures." Georges Bertrin. \$2, net.

"History of the German People at the Close of the Middle Ages." Johannes Janssen. Vols. X. and XI. \$6.25, net.

"Marotz." John Ayscough. \$1.50.

"The Queen's Daughter." Joseph J. Wynne. \$1.

"Political Economy." Charles S. Devas, M.A. \$2.

"Fraternal Charity." Rev. Father Valuy, S. J. 40 cts., net.

"Priestly Vocation and Tonsure." Rev. L. Bacuez, S. S. \$1, net.

"What is Life? A Study of Vitalism and Neo-Vitalism." Bertram C. A. Windle, M. A., M. D., etc. \$1, net.

"The Acts of the Apostles." With Introduction and Annotations. Madame Cecilia. \$1.25.

"History of Economics; or, Economics as a Factor in the Making of History." Rev. J. A. Dewe, A. M. \$1.50.

"Rosette. A Tale of Paris and Dublin." Mrs. William O'Brien. \$1.25.

"For My Name's Sake." From the French of Champol's "Sœur Alexandrine," \$1.10, net.

"All about Salads." Mrs. Lewis Clarke Lucas. 75 cts.

"The New Matrimonial Legislation." Rev. Charles J. Cronin, D. D. \$1.90, net.

"Pentecost Preaching." Rev. Arthur Devine, C. P. \$1.50, net.

"Stories New and Old, American and English." Hamilton Wright Mabie. \$1.50.

"A Martyr of Our Own Day." From the French by the Rev. John J. Dunn. \$1, net.

"Cords of Adam." Rev. T. J. Gerrard. \$1.50.

"The Eucharistic Heart of Jesus." \$1.

"An American Student in France." Abbé Felix Klein. \$2.50.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. James Rogers, C. S. C.

Sister Céline, of the Sisters of the Precious Blood.

Mr. Charles Skinner, Mrs. Annie Mayers, Mr. John Mulholland, Mr. Jacob Eggert, Mrs. Annie Cooney, Mrs. Catherine Sherlock, Mr. James Fitzgerald, Mr. Frederick Otto, Mr. John Clark, and Mrs. Mary Thompson.

Requiescant in pace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LXVII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, OCTOBER 24, 1908.

NO. 17.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C. S. C.]

Surface and Depths.

BY LIONEL BYRRA.

FOND friends may flatter your self-conceit
And herald your loud renown,
The world may strew its gifts at your feet,
May weave you a laurel crown—
What boots it all? Though the world smile fair,
Or ride o'er your life rough-shod,
One question alone is worth your care;
'Tis, "How do I stand with God?"

In the whirling tide of successful days,
'Mid the world's mad rush and noise,
The surface alone may absorb your gaze
And pleasures may counterfeit joys.
But in solemn nights when deep thoughts awake
'Neath Reflection's chastening rod,
One question, alas! bids your soul to quake;
'Tis, "How do I stand with God?"

A Polish Shrine of Our Lady.

ALL the nations of the continent of Europe possess ancient and time-honored sanctuaries of our Blessed Lady, whither now, as in the Ages of Faith, devout pilgrims flock to pray before a miraculous image of Mary, the Mother of Mercy. Besides those which have a world-wide renown, such as Loreto or Einsiedeln, there are others less known, but not less favored by the Queen of Heaven, not less valued and venerated by the inhabitants of the surrounding country. What the more

famous shrines are for other lands, that of the monastery on the Yasnogora, or Clarenberg, is for Poland, Galicia, and some portions of Moravia. It is situated near the Prusso-Silesian frontier, close to the town of Czenstochowa.

I had long wished (we quote the words of a German writer) to visit that favored place of pilgrimage. At last, in the Easter week of 1906, I was able to fulfil my desire. I anticipated some difficulty in crossing the frontier, fearing that stern, suspicious Russia would place some obstacle in my way; the more so as at that period disturbances were rife in every part of her vast realm. However, I fared better than I expected. I was, it is true, stopped by some grey-coated Russian military officials, who insisted on making a thorough search of every garment I had on. They found nothing at which to take exception save a harmless pocket-knife, which was confiscated as being a weapon; the carrying on one's person of any instrument that could possibly come under that designation being strictly prohibited. Thanks to the mediation of an obliging Polish gentleman, I escaped without further molestation.

In the company of that same gentleman on the following day I visited the monastery on the Clarenberg, an eminence dominating the large industrial town at its feet. At the end of a long avenue of lofty trees we came upon the high, massive tower, which forms part of the monastic buildings, and is a landmark seen for miles round. After crossing an open space filled with long rows of

booths, in which all manner of articles were exposed for sale, we entered upon the approach to the old convent. The way led over moats and between walls, through several gateways, plainly indicating that in days of yore the structure was a fortress as well as a monastery; in fact, the main building was surrounded by a double rampart. Here again, as in the open space we had already traversed, a crowd of beggars—cripples, paralytics, blind—were assembled, eagerly soliciting an alms.

On emerging from the semi-darkness of the last gateway, surmounted by a turreted superstructure, we found ourselves in a square paved with flagstones; exactly opposite to us was the entrance to the church, an edifice of considerable size with a high, imposing-looking tower. In a niche in the wall of a building, in close proximity to the church, is a statue of the Mother of God, at the foot of which pilgrims are accustomed to perform their devotions before entering the church and proceeding to the chapel of our Blessed Lady. The building in question is a simple, one-storied house, where royal visitors were entertained during their sojourn there. On each side of the square, through open gateways, one could obtain fine glimpses of the cloisters and monastic buildings. We did not, however, linger to admire, but passed on through the vestibule into the interior of the church.

On entering, I involuntarily stopped, as if spellbound, struck with a sense of spaciousness, of majestic height, of magnificent decoration, of which the plain, unpretending exterior gave no anticipation. From the high-vaulted roof, the lofty arches, the massive marble pillars, the walls covered with marble and fresco paintings, the eye naturally turned to the high altar, which is also of great splendor and architectural beauty. It was erected in 1726, at a cost of 50,000 gulden.

Leaving the church, which was filled

with devout worshippers, by a low door in the presbyterium, we passed through an antechamber leading to the *sancta sanctorum* of the monastery—the chapel and shrine of Our Lady of Czenstochowa. A feeling of solemnity and awe came over me as I thought of the millions of the faithful who had been there before me,—not only ordinary mortals like myself, but saints and heroes, high dignitaries ecclesiastical and civil, princes and kings, who came humbly to kneel before the miraculous picture, to submit their needs, their cares, their sorrows, to the gracious Queen of Heaven, or with joyous hearts to return thanks for answers to prayer.

The altar is the only striking object in this chapel; it is richly decorated with silver and precious stones, and was erected by the munificence of a Polish minister of State, who devoted to its construction no less a sum than 100,000 gulden (about \$50,000). It was consecrated in 1650, four hundred thousand persons assembling there for the occasion. The miraculous picture, which represents the Mother of God holding the Infant Jesus in her arms, is painted on wood, and encircled by a gold frame. Except during the times of divine service, it is concealed by a plate of silver. The parts of the picture which represent portions of dress are covered with velvet and sparkle with jewels.

The picture is of great antiquity; its history is a singular one. Tradition tells that in the holy house of Nazareth the Holy Family made use of a table of cypress wood, made by St. Joseph. This table, hallowed by the daily use of Jesus, Mary and Joseph, the witness of their holy life, their prayers, their tears, was carefully preserved by the early Christians as a precious relic, and taken from Nazareth to Jerusalem, where it was kept in the house of Zebedee, the father of St. John. In compliance with the earnest request of some devout women, St. Luke painted upon it a likeness of the Mother of God and the Divine Infant. Concealed

in the catacombs during the period of persecution of the Christians, the existence of the picture was almost forgotten, until it was discovered by St. Helena, the mother of the Emperor Constantine, in 320, and by her removed to the chapel of the imperial palace at Byzantium. There it remained for nearly five centuries; and throughout that time it was a source of richest blessings to the inhabitants of the town, as it formerly had been to the Christians of Jerusalem.

Owing to the custom prevalent in medieval times of presenting relics and sacred, highly-prized pictures or statues to persons of distinction as an expression of special esteem and respect, the next resting-place of the miraculous picture was Castle Belzk, in Russia, where it remained until the year 1382. It was then brought by Prince Wladislaus, the lord of the district, to Czenstochowa, where it attracts about a quarter of a million pilgrims annually.

From that time forward the monastery on the Clarenberg has been its home; in fact, the history of the monastery itself dates its commencement from that year. Prince Wladislaus sent some monks of the Order of St. Paul the Hermit for the safeguarding of the treasure, which had been placed in a chapel already existing on the height. He gave the chapel to the Brothers, founded the monastery, and endowed it liberally. Through the rich gifts of kings and other magnates, this foundation, at first of humble proportions, quickly increased in size and celebrity. In 1624 King Sigismund of Poland erected the fortifications that are yet seen, both for the better protection of the picture and for the sake of having a place of defence on the west frontier of his kingdom. The defence of the monastery by a handful of monks and soldiers against a large Swedish army in 1655 constitutes one of the most heroic episodes in the annals of Poland.

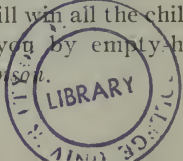
The further history of the shrine offers few incidents of striking interest. The

fame of the miraculous picture increased greatly; so much so that in the year 1717 Pope Clement XI., after having convinced himself that the numerous and marvellous cures and other signal answers to prayer obtained in the sanctuary of Czenstochowa through the intercession of our Blessed Lady were real and authentic, decreed that the picture should be crowned, and for this purpose sent two crowns of gold from Rome. The ceremony of coronation was solemnly performed on the 28th of September by the Bishop of Chulm, in the presence of a concourse of about one hundred and fifty thousand persons from different parts of Poland and the adjacent countries. And on the first centenary of this event, one of joy and triumph for the faithful, a yet greater number of pilgrims flocked to the shrine.

After we had cast an admiring glance at the decorated walls and roof of the chapel, we were shown the three most remarkable rooms of the monastery: the refectory, a fine, spacious hall with a vaulted roof; the yet more imposing grand hall (*Rittersaal*), adorned with historical paintings, where the knights who defended the fortress in time of war were lodged; and the library, furnished with beautifully carved presses, desks and bookcases.

On issuing again into the open air, we made the circuit of the building on the walls, upon which the Stations of the Cross, carved in stone, have been erected. From these high walls a splendid view is to be had of the surrounding country and the prosperous town below. It was with sincere regret that we concluded our visit to the sanctuary on the Clarenberg.

THEY [children] have a hearty appetite for gifts, no doubt; but it is not for these that they love the giver. Take the wealth of the world and lavish it with counterfeited affection: I will win all the children's hearts away from you by empty-handed love.—T. W. Higginson.



Phileas Fox, Attorney.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XV.

PHILEAS made up his mind that he would lose no time in following up the clue which should lead him next to the Hub of the Universe. It was quite an excitement, this amateur detective work,—mild flavored indeed, and not at all like the wonderful feats performed by gentlemen of leisure in the novels. Before the lawyer's mind, the end of the chase seemed like some golden ball whose luminous threads he was pursuing. He could not foresee what might result, even should he discover John Vorst; and these speculations as to how that gentleman might act, or whether he would refuse to enter into negotiations, or whether he would be influenced by the change of circumstances,—all were involved in a delightful uncertainty.

Phileas decided that it would be necessary, before his departure, to pay another visit to Mrs. Wilson, so as to acquaint her with all that he had so far discovered, to ask her advice, and perhaps to obtain sundry valuable suggestions. He strove hard to persuade himself that his motives in desiring to present himself at the mansion in Monroe Street were purely professional. But there was a light in his blue eyes, an eagerness in his face, and an air of pleasant expectancy about him, suggesting that other reason that lay deep down in his heart, and was scarcely recognized by himself.

He advanced to the telephone and rang up the now familiar number. After a pause, a voice which he did not recognize, and which sounded faint and muffled, reached his ears. He exclaimed:

"Halloa! Is that Cadwallader?"

He distinctly heard, on that occasion, a perfectly audible titter.

"No, sir," came the prompt reply, in a feminine voice.

"Is it Miss Ventnor?" inquired Phileas. "No, sir; but if you wait a moment I'll get her."

It was only the maid, then; and Phileas waited with an agreeable expectancy for the coming of that other whom he had learned to regard as so attractive.

Presently a voice—the voice—said:

"Halloa!"

"Is that Miss Ventnor?" asked Phileas. "Yes."

"Mrs. Wilson's attorney is speaking." For the young man sensitively avoided pronouncing unnecessarily that name upon which Isabel had early set the seal of ridicule.

"O Mr. Fox, how do you do?" cried Isabel; and then the girl began to laugh, a delightful sound breaking upon the Babel of noise, confused and indistinct, but quite perceptible,—the concentrated roar and rush of a city buzzing through the instrument.

But he wondered why she laughed, as the maid had done before. Evidently mirth was just then the order of the day in that decorous household.

"Why are you laughing?" he asked.

"For the same reason," Isabel answered. "that sent Ellen the housemaid into a paroxysm. It was because you inquired if that was Cadwallader at the phone. The dear old soul would no more touch the telephone than he would approach a mad dog. He has a particular horror of it, and mutters and talks to himself concerning it. I believe he suspects a hoodoo or something of that sort. He was quite disturbed when Ellen told him that she had heard his name called through the telephone."

Phileas laughed too; and then he asked in a tone which he strove to make strictly professional:

"May I come up this afternoon? I mean will Mrs. Wilson find it convenient to receive me?"

"I think it is very likely," replied the girl. "But perhaps I had better find out positively. Will you wait?"

The young man stood with the receiver in his hand, pending the return of Mrs. Wilson's charming companion—for such he considered her,—and feeling that even a little chat over the telephone was an agreeable interlude to the day's dull routine.

Isabel returned almost immediately.

"Yes, she will be glad to see you this afternoon," she announced. "She drives at three, and will be here by four o'clock. Will that be convenient?"

"It will suit me perfectly."

Phileas could not ask her if *she* would be at home. His business with the house and its inmates was strictly professional. But Isabel added, quite naturally and simply:

"When you come I shall show you some snapshots that I took down at Staten Island, after you left that afternoon. Wasn't it a perfect day down there, and didn't you love it?"

"I never enjoyed anything so much,"

Phileas answered fervently, his spirits rising to the highest pitch at the thought that he was to see her that afternoon, and in a pleasant and informal fashion. For sometimes she had not been present at his interviews with Mrs. Wilson; or if she had, the conversation was chiefly of documents and other professional details, which, though establishing an unusual intimacy between them, had been somehow unsatisfactory.

He had not begun to question himself very closely as to his sentiments toward this girl, with whom his acquaintance had been so brief, and who, nevertheless, interested him in some subtle and inexplicable manner. In the few leisure moments that occurred that afternoon (for the office chairs were almost continually occupied now), he began to indulge in some very sage reflections as to the impossibility of a struggling attorney's entertaining sentiments of any serious nature toward a young girl similarly situated with regard to fortune. And the upshot of these fine soliloquies was that he congratulated himself warmly upon

the fact that Miss Ventnor presumably was penniless, and that her position as a companion placed her upon an equality with himself, which could not possibly have existed had she been a daughter of the house. From that naturally followed some roseate vision as to the way that he should carve out for himself, and the self-made position that he should one day have to offer to some one, whether it should be that delightful Isabel or another.

Almost immediately after Isabel had hung up the receiver and her melodious voice had ceased to penetrate his ear, the lawyer had to give his attention to the representative of some big corporation who was offering him a lucrative case, and one which, perhaps, promised him the long-sought opportunity to display in court his natural eloquence, and so rise a rung or two higher upon that ladder he was so surely, if slowly, ascending.

As he conferred with this magnate of affairs, the young man's face was so keen, his suggestions so far-reaching and practical, that none would have imagined him the same young gentleman who had been so lately enshrouded by rosy visions, and inhabiting a morning land filled by a gracious, feminine personality.

He was very punctual at Mrs. Wilson's; and this time he was ushered, not into the library, but into the drawing-room, a long and portentously stately apartment, where Mrs. Wilson sat enthroned, as it were, in a huge armchair. Some influence besides the trees nodding in at the window had been at work to transform the end of the room, where the lady of the house was seated, into a cheerful and homelike spot. Some palms were grouped about; some flowers stood upon a table, where was also a sprinkling of books. A cheerful water-color or two upon the walls enlivened the austerity of the room, and relieved its almost oppressive grandeur in the appointments.

Isabel sat there, in a gown of the filmiest and softest of organdies, with a

ribbon belt, a fall of lace from sleeves and shoulders, and a touch of black velvet that accentuated the daintiness of the costume. That was another of her charms, Phileas thought,—perfection of costume.

"Before you and Mr. Fox proceed to business," said Isabel, "I want to show the snapshots I took at Staten Island."

"Yes, yes!" assented Mrs. Wilson. "They are really very good, I think, for an amateur."

"Mrs. Wilson has true early Victorian disregard for amateur efforts in all directions," laughed Isabel, producing a bunch of photographs and offering them one by one to the lawyer, who had taken a seat beside her; and once more the latter could not help admiring the slender brown fingers, that yet looked so capable. "I was sorry you had gone," observed the girl, "or I might also have taken some of you, my fellow-pilgrim in that lovely region."

"I only wish I had known, and I would willingly have waited for the next boat," Phileas responded.

"You escaped something, I am sure," laughed Mrs. Wilson; "for you would have run the risk at least of being caricatured."

"My appearance might lend itself to that style of art," said Phileas.

But Mrs. Wilson disagreed with him mentally. The hair, the face, she reflected, were certainly not prepossessing in the point of mere beauty; but there was about the young man in general a look of mental as well as physical strength, and a frankness and geniality of expression, that were far from displeasing. What Isabel thought could not be so easily predicted. She was, for one thing, a less experienced observer.

"You are quite too modest," the elder woman said graciously; "but that modesty has the attraction of rarity."

Isabel made no remark, but continued to show the various snapshots she had taken. They reproduced the house where she had been visiting, and glimpses of the bay, and the green and shaded road by which the two had walked. Isabel

herself had been photographed by her hostess in more than one attitude. But, as it had been, of course, impossible to catch the shimmering light, with the alternations of shadow, the waving of the branches, the glow upon the water, all of which had made up that enchanting landscape, just so Phileas thought it had been impossible to convey by cold print the attractiveness of his companion, the peculiar quality of humor and of sympathy that she possessed, and the absolutely natural and unaffected manner. He glanced quickly at the face which Isabel was bending over her snapshots, and caught that smile about the lips and in the eyes that provoked an answering one.

At the end of a pleasant half hour Isabel rose, saying:

"But I am not going to keep you and Mrs. Wilson from your business conversation."

"There is no great hurry, my dear!" said the old woman, graciously.

The lawyer, by an involuntary look, seconded the remonstrance; even though he had to catch the Fall River boat, which he knew started at half-past seven o'clock, and he had a few preparations to make, and a hasty meal to snatch.

Isabel was not to be moved by the one appeal nor the other, though she had equally understood both.

"The time of your learned counsel is too precious to be wasted," she said lightly.

"Rather these moments are too precious to be lost," Phileas ventured, in a slightly lowered tone, which, nevertheless, caught Mrs. Wilson's phenomenally acute hearing, and amused her.

"The boy is already beginning to make pretty speeches," she thought. "Evidently Isabel and he are quite *en rapport*. It will amuse her, she has such a dull existence here. And as for our little lawyer—"

The thought remained unfinished; and Isabel, with a bright parting smile at Phileas, which he carried away with him to Boston, slipped out of a door near where she had been sitting, closing it

softly after her. When Mrs. Wilson turned again toward her attorney, it was the keen, lawyer-like expression which she encountered.

"I wanted to see you particularly," the young man explained, "because I think of leaving for Boston to-night."

"For Boston, indeed!" exclaimed the old lady, politely interested.

"I am going there," the lawyer added, "in pursuit of what seems to be a clue."

Mrs. Wilson's face became alight with interest, though Phileas noted that it was looking unwontedly gray and old that afternoon.

"A clue," she repeated, "to—to the discovery we are so anxious to make?"

Phileas nodded, and went on:

"And, if you will allow me, I will place before you the reasons for my present course of action."

In a few brief but graphic sentences he made her acquainted with all that had most recently occurred,—his interviews with the lodging-house keeper, and his excursion to Westchester. The mention of that lovely though isolated dwelling affected the listener powerfully. A mortal paleness overspread her features. She spoke with effort, controlling what was evidently a painful emotion.

"Your clue," she declared when the lawyer had finished, "I am almost certain is a valuable one. To just such a place as you describe John Vorst brought me as a bride: I had a singular love for it, and we often retired there for a rest from the turmoil of city life. Once, in a fit of perversity, I left him alone there and came into town. He closed the house immediately, and he never asked me to return thither, and I was too proud to express my real preference for the spot."

Upon another point in his narrative Mrs. Wilson was enabled to throw some light.

"That man, that ugly customer, whom you describe as dogging your footsteps," she said, "and persecuting Mr. Vorst, may very well be a certain William Gross, who was once in my husband's employ and

dismissed for misconduct of some sort."

"That was not the name mentioned by the lodging-house keeper," objected the lawyer. "But it is true she suggested that he might have been passing under the alias of Jason Trowbridge."

Mrs. Wilson, after asking a few details of the miscreant's appearance, declared her conviction of his identity with the person known as Gross, who had been suspected of theft, and had, moreover, been discovered on various occasions prying into Mr. Vorst's private papers.

"He is a dangerous creature," said the old lady emphatically; "and I warn you to have a care of him."

Then she inquired after what manner Phileas proposed to proceed upon arriving in Boston. The young man reminded her that he had obtained the address of the hotel whither the gentleman from Westchester had presumably gone; and that he had a further resource in the information, casually obtained by inquiry at the college in Sixteenth Street, that the priest who had been on friendly terms with Mrs. O'Rourke's lodger, and whom Susan had mentioned as Father Driscoll, had gone to the New England metropolis.

Mrs. Wilson agreed with the lawyer in believing that this might have been an additional reason why Mr. Vorst, supposing him to be identical with the lodger and the mysterious tenant of the Westchester dwelling, had chosen Boston as his latest place of refuge.

Phileas finally begged of his client to furnish him with as accurate a description as possible of the appearance of her former husband, and with any other circumstances that might lead to his identification. The old woman hesitated painfully, pondering with her head upon her elbow. Then she said:

"If you will give me your arm, Mr. Fox, so that I shall not be under the necessity of summoning Cadwallader, I think I shall permit you to see what few eyes except my own have looked upon. And," she added, "you will understand

that Isabel is entirely ignorant of the existence of what I am about to show you. It is, in fact, a portrait of John Vorst."

Phileas silently offered his arm, upon which Mrs. Wilson leaned heavily; and thus the two passed into a small boudoir-like apartment, the door of which was opened by a key that the old woman wore on her watch chain. The light therein was so dim that the young man could not at first distinguish any object. Mrs. Wilson sank into a sofa which occupied one corner of this secret recess; and, pointing to a stained-glass window that Phileas could discern as directly facing the entrance door, she exclaimed:

"Pull that string which you see hanging there, and the window will open!"

He did so; and a stream of light, when the window had swung partially open, discovered two portraits hanging side by side. One was that of a young man very modishly attired in the fashion of half a century before, with a strongly marked and exceedingly aristocratic face, and an almost classical purity of contour. Close beside it was the counterfeit presentment of a young girl, slender of figure, with a conspicuous distinction of bearing; and in the delicate, cameo-like features (the very qualities that had led to the wreck of two lives) Phileas could recognize, in the first hasty glance, identity with the lineaments that were now obscured by old age and by the lines that life had inscribed upon that youthful visage.

"This portrait on the left is what I was; the other is, of course, John Vorst as he appeared at the time of our marriage."

Phileas gazed awestruck at the pictures. It was a fearful contrast between the slim, girlish figure, in the full pride of life, of youth, and the shrunken old woman who was so obviously descending into the valley of the shadow. It was a cruel presentment of that truth forever present to the aged, and dimly apprehended at certain seasons by the young.

"Of course," remarked Mrs. Wilson, in a voice that sounded tremulous with

emotion, "it is a very long time since that portrait of him was taken; but still I feel sure that it will help in the work of identification. Men wear so much better than do our sex."

Phileas studied intently every pictured detail, agreeing with Mrs. Wilson that he would probably find material assistance in the work of identification from his recollection of this portrait. His prevailing sentiment toward the woman herself during that singular interview was a poignant pity. The wreck she had made of her own life and that of another must be so agonizingly apparent to her lonely old age, where her pride and folly, coupled with a perverse and reckless wickedness, had borne their fruit. As he glanced from time to time at his client, the intolerant judgment youth and inexperience are apt to pass upon the guilty was softened into a feeling of compassion, which is, after all, the safest and most consistent attitude that one mortal can assume toward another.

"Here," said Mrs. Wilson in a low voice, "I have spent many hours of expiation. Here, a forlorn old woman, I have looked back upon the past, and called upon the mountains to crush me. I have eaten out my heart in unavailing penitence and remorse."

Phileas knew not what to say, and so remained respectfully silent. She went on:

"You are young, Mr. Fox, and I suppose happy; and you can not guess the depth of suffering and humiliation, the stern and poignant punishment, that was all too swiftly meted out to me. If you could, your judgment, believe me, would not be too severe."

She looked up, as she spoke, to the young man towering above her in his six feet of honest young manhood, and clothed in that righteousness that made him seem almost as an avenging deity. He looked down gravely and pityingly, with eyes in which there was a touch of tenderness such as he might have shown to a wounded animal.

"Who is there that can judge another?" he said at last. "And you have been sorely tried."

Mrs. Wilson covered her face, for a moment, with her two withered and skeleton-like hands. The touch of sympathy had drawn from her a few reluctant and scalding tears. The young lawyer often thought of that interview afterward, and of the further discourse he had held with that proud woman, humbled, softened, opening for a brief moment the inmost recesses of her nature in presence of that representation of her own youth and of the man who had been her lover.

At her suggestion, they withdrew from that room of haunting memory, to the library, where the lawyer read over to her his notes of the case in so far as he had mastered it,—the claim of John Vorst and his heirs, the still missing links in the chain of evidence. To all this Mrs. Wilson listened with eager attention, making but few corrections, and signing her name whenever it was necessary. Then, with a pitiful eagerness that all should be concluded, she caused him to write out a document expressing her desire for restitution, and confessing that she recognized the justice of John Vorst's claim and believed in the existence of a prior will. Phileas noticed that she looked very frail when all had been accomplished. The mental exertion through which she had passed, and the emotions which had been excited, had apparently aged and exhausted her. When the young attorney rose to go, she held out her hand and retained that of her adviser in a momentary pressure.

"You have been very kind," she said, "and I feel that I can trust everything to you. You will hurry the matter through as much as possible; life is so uncertain, and at the best I have but little time. Oh, may a merciful God hear my prayer, and permit me to repair this injustice before I leave this life! When you come back again, I must remember to tell you about Isabel. But you had better not

wait now, lest you might lose your boat. Catch that boat, Mr. Fox,—I beg of you to catch that boat."

The name of Isabel thrilled Phileas, coming into the solemnity of that hour as a beam of light; and he would gladly have lingered to hear what it might be that his client had to tell. But he saw that her thoughts had gone before him to the Eastern metropolis, where he hoped to discover the missing defendant; and he knew, besides, that she was overdone. He also agreed with her that he might have difficulty even then in catching the evening boat. He therefore took his leave at once.

As Mr. Fox hastened out through the park-like enclosure, more beautiful than ever in its greenness, and in its air of mystery and seclusion, which shut it off from its unsavory surroundings, he caught the distant sound of Isabel's voice, fresh and pure, singing. Tantalizingly the parrot, spurred on by the sound, also raised its discordant tones, with its everlasting cry of "John Vorst! John Vorst!"

"Yes, that is it," Phileas reflected. "Nothing else but John Vorst must occupy my thoughts till all this affair is settled."

(To be continued.)

A Changing Day.

BY EDWARD WILBUR MASON.

THE sunlit clouds like flocks of doves go by;
The spreading trees are touched with shadows broad;

For glory plays like lightning in the sky,
And beauty on the sod.

The hyacinthine hills uptower afar,

Their summits crowned with gold and silver mist.

And at the noon the sun looks down like star
From haze of amethyst.

But see! the day so like an opal fair,

Swift changes to a pearl with heart of fears;
And from the clouds, grown ashen as despair,
Come down the sudden tears!

A Saint of the Last Century.

BY ELLIS SCHREIBER.

MANY of the poorer Italians who emigrate in large numbers to America, prone as they often are, if left to themselves, to neglect their religious duties, or even to fall away from the Faith altogether, owe their eternal salvation to the zeal of the Society of Pious Missions. The saintly founder of this society, the first stage in whose beatification is already past, was distinguished for his intense confidence in and devotion to the Blessed Mother of God. To her he was wont to ascribe his remarkable success as a preacher of missions, alleging that many a hardened sinner, whom even the contemplation of the Four Last Things left cold and unmoved, was touched and brought to repentance by hearing of the glorious prerogatives of Mary, of her tender compassion for transgressors, her powerful intercession on their behalf.

Vincent Pallotti, the scion of an ancient family which for several centuries ranked among the nobles of Umbria, was born in Rome on April 21, 1795. He was one of several children, all of whom were well brought up by their pious and excellent parents, to whose training each did full credit in after life, although Vincent alone was destined to attain a high degree of sanctity. From his earliest childhood he seemed to be enlightened from on high, and took delight in divine things. While still an infant, he would remain for hours alone in the cradle, perfectly contented and quiet, gazing affectionately at an image of the Mother of God which had been placed in his tiny hands. It is affirmed of him that he never lost his baptismal innocence; and before he attained the age of reason he manifested the utmost horror of sin and a love of prayer. When hearing or serving Mass his manner was so recollected and edifying, the expression of his countenance so

angelic, that no one could look on him without emotion. Rarely did Vincent join in the sports of other children: he preferred to remain alone, amusing himself with arranging a little altar, before which he would imitate the gestures of the priest saying Mass or giving Benediction,—an innocent recreation, in which his parents willingly encouraged him.

When he was seven years old he was confirmed, and on that day his godfather presented him with a piece of gold. Vincent asked what he should do with it, and the donor, to see what he would do, rejoined: "Throw it into the mud." The boy obeyed without a moment's hesitation, thus foreshadowing his future contempt for riches, and manifesting the spirit of obedience, which was a marked feature not only of his childhood but of his practice and teaching in after life.

It is related of Vincent that one day, when he was a priest, he went to the Capuchin monastery to consult with his confessor on a matter of importance. Noon was long past, and the Father asked Pallotti whether he had dined. On answering in the negative, his confessor, who knew that his health was not strong, reproved him, saying he had better take his meal at once. Without demurring for a moment, Vincent returned home, though the distance was considerable and time pressed, ate his dinner and went back to the monastery. He desired blind obedience to be a distinctive characteristic of the institute he founded; and to those who sought his counsel in spiritual difficulties or concerning scruples, he was accustomed to say: "Obey your superior, obey your confessor. Obey, and you will do what is right."

Vincent's first years were uneventful in regard to externals. In age a child, in virtue an adult, he early began to exercise his apostolic zeal by imparting religious instruction and sage advice to his brothers and schoolfellows. And when, during the holidays, his parents went to their country house at Frascati, Vincent

would go amongst the laborers in the fields, explaining the catechism to them, or teaching them short prayers to Our Lady. Of an evening he used to visit the cottages, distributing to the sick or aged the fruit and other delicacies which were given to him at dessert, and not unfrequently stripping himself of a portion of his clothing to supply the needs of the poor. Oftentimes he returned home barefoot, and more than once he gave his own bed to a sick sufferer. In after life, when no longer living under the parental roof, not only his clothes but the meals prepared for him were given to the needy, and almost the whole of his private means passed into the possession of those whom he knew to be in destitute circumstances.

Virtue so consummate in one so young excited universal admiration, and caused Vincent to be regarded as a saint. His confessor congratulated his father on having a saint for his son, saying that never had the boy been guilty even of venial sin. Nor could his parents detect in him the slightest fault, so exemplary was his conduct toward all around him. Vincent alone held himself to be a great sinner; the penances and mortifications he inflicted on himself, even in his boyhood, are almost incredible; they equal if they do not surpass the austerities practised by the "saint of innocence," Aloysius. His parents, alarmed for their child's health, begged his confessor to interfere; but he declined, saying that the child was in this matter directed by a heavenly, not an earthly, guide.

When Vincent left school, he went to the Roman College to study the humanities. He was not naturally *cléver*; in fact, he was slow at learning, so that his teacher was heard to deplore that, although his pupil was a saint, he was not very talented. Thereupon Vincent, in accordance with the suggestion of his mother, a matron of no ordinary virtue, made a novena to the Holy Spirit; and at the end of the time a cloud seemed to have rolled away from his intellectual faculties: thence-

forward he made rapid progress in every branch of study, leaving his classmates far behind. He passed his examinations in philosophy and theology with brilliant success, acquired a thorough knowledge of Greek, and in the interests of theology extended his studies to Oriental languages. While in the Roman College he gained many prizes, but in his humility he kept even his parents in ignorance of the fact. Later on the books awarded to him were accidentally found in his library; the gold and silver medals he had sold, giving the proceeds to the poor.

The state of Rome at that period was one of the utmost sadness and desolation, for the victorious troops of Napoleon I. held possession of the Eternal City. The Papal palaces and mansions of the nobility stood empty; and the head of the Church, Pope Pius VII., was in ignominious captivity at Savona. Notwithstanding this, not a few paths to fortune and honor lay open to a young man of talent and good social position; and, had he chosen, Vincent's career might have been one of earthly happiness and distinction. But his aspirations had long been directed to higher things; he had long since consecrated himself in spirit to the service of God, and his desire was to follow the evangelical counsels and assume the habit of a Capuchin. His confessor, however, dissuaded him from taking this course, as he feared his health was too frail to sustain the rigors of so strict a rule; he counselled him instead to become a secular priest.

Vincent complied with this advice and abandoned his cherished purpose. With the greatest application and energy he pursued his studies, preparing himself with anxious care and zeal for the priesthood. At the age of sixteen he received Minor Orders; on May 16, 1818, having obtained the Papal dispensation, at the age of twenty-three he was ordained. On the following day he said his first Mass in the church of Frascati, where his parents were residing at the time, offering himself

to God as a holocaust for the salvation of souls. Those who heard his Mass said that at the altar he appeared more like a seraph than a mortal man. Throughout the whole of his future life he gave this impression when celebrating the holy mysteries; indeed, several persons testified in the process of his beatification that at the Consecration he oftentimes remained with outstretched arms, the tears running down his cheeks; and after the elevation of the Sacred Host he was rapt in ecstasy. Moreover, he was seen, especially when celebrating in private oratories, to be raised several inches above the ground; others affirmed that they had seen a halo of light around his head when he stood at the altar. His preparation for Mass was made with the utmost humility and recollection, and never did he allow his thanksgiving after Mass to be cut short, however large the number of persons awaiting him at the confessional; for he used to say that this prelude to the exercise of the sacred ministry was equally necessary for the priest and for his penitents.

At the period of which we are speaking, it was customary in Italy, especially in Rome and Naples, for priests who had means of their own to reside in their own houses, devoting their time to prayer and study; taking little, if any, active part in the care of souls. A considerable number of these ecclesiastics held offices in the Papal Court. Pallotti, too, continued after his ordination to live, as before, under his parents' roof, offering the Holy Sacrifice daily in a neighboring church, but otherwise not exercising his sacerdotal powers. Declining the benefices and dignities offered to him, he accepted a professorship in the Roman University, a post which he held until his mother's death in 1827.

Vincent, who had been the solace and support of her declining years, then felt himself free to devote himself, as he had long wished to do, to the work of the apostolate. He was at that time thirty-

three years of age. Giving up his chair at the University, he took the post of rector of the small and poor church of Santo Spirito, the national church of the Neapolitans residing in Rome. This position, which no one coveted, gave him, as he probably foresaw, an opportunity of practising some of the chief Christian virtues: forbearance, patience, self-denial, charity to his persecutors,—for he had much to suffer from the petty jealousy of his fellow-laborers.

The Neapolitan clergy in Rome could not forgive him the fact that he, a native of Rome, had been appointed by the King of Naples to the rectorship of their church. Moreover, the strictness of his life, his untiring activity, his exact fulfilment of every sacerdotal duty, his purity and piety, were a standing reproof to their laxity and indolence. Their dislike and envy knew no bounds when in a short time religion revived in that quarter of the city, the neglected church was filled with devout worshippers, hardened sinners were brought to repentance, and crowds flocked to Don Pallotti's confessional. No means were left untried to oust the unwelcome reformer from his post, or, at any rate, to diminish his influence, oppose his designs, impede his action. During seven years Pallotti bore with angelic patience and meekness the persecution and contempt of those who should have been his friends and fellow-helpers. At length he was compelled to desist temporarily from his more arduous labors, since his health, always delicate, broke down under the trial.

Meanwhile cardinals, bishops, heads of institutes, laymen of high degree,—nay, more, even Pope Pius IX. himself, came to the lowly priest for confession and counsel; not to mention penitents of an humbler class, who thronged his confessional in such numbers that oftentimes he spent the whole day in hearing them, and many hours of the night besides. His renown spread far beyond the precincts of the Eternal City.

A young seminarist from St. Sulpice, going to Rome to complete his studies, paused at Loreto; and, on asking counsel of a Franciscan friar as to whom he should address himself in Rome, was told that if he wished to make the acquaintance of the holiest priest in the city, he must go to Don Vincent Pallotti. The following is the account given by the young cleric of his first interview with the servant of God:

"I had no difficulty in finding him, for everyone knew him and could point out his dwelling to me,—a house of very humble appearance in a narrow street on the left bank of the Tiber. I was admitted by a Brother—the only servant in the house,—and ushered into a tolerably spacious room on the second story. It was destitute of all ornament, except a life-sized statue of the Madonna, and a few religious pictures in wooden frames. On a bench fixed round the walls were seated about twenty poor men, some in rags, all of doubtful cleanliness. On a prie-dieu (the only bit of furniture in the room) Cardinal Lambruschini, Secretary of State to his Holiness Gregory XVI., was kneeling, reciting the Breviary with his attendant priest, awaiting his turn like the rest.

"When my turn came, I passed through a door on the opposite side of the room into a cell, where Pallotti, in stole and cotta, heard the confessions of those who came to him. While he glanced at the letters of introduction I handed him, I was able to scrutinize his person. He was short of stature and stooped slightly; excepting a fringe of grey hair, his head was bald, showing a well-developed forehead, white as ivory. His features were regular, his eyes large and bright, his expression one of tender kindness and charity. When I knelt to kiss his hand (the customary manner of saluting a priest in Italy) I noticed that he adroitly slipped down from his sleeve a small reliquary, on which a Madonna and Child were painted, so that it was the picture, not

his hand, which was kissed. This, I afterward learned, was his habitual practice."

The seminarist whose words we quote—Paul de Geslin, the son of an ancient Breton family,—afterward became a prominent member of the Society of Pious Missions; and many are the anecdotes he records illustrative of the tactics employed to win souls by Pallotti, whose almost constant companion he was at one time.

One day Paul de Geslin had received a note which, after glancing at its contents, he was about to throw into the fire.

"Stop, my son!" Don Vincent said to him. "I think you are going to destroy what may be of use."

"It is only a note that I have read, Father," answered De Geslin. "There is no value in a scrap of paper."

"Very little, it is true," said Pallotti, with a smile. "But even scraps of paper are not altogether worthless; and we ought not to destroy what can be of any use, however trifling. We ought to imitate the example of Our Lord, who, although by an act of His omnipotence He fed five thousand men, ordered the fragments of that miraculous meal to be gathered up, that nothing might be lost."

"I can understand that in regard to bread," observed De Geslin. "But, Father, what is a fragment of paper!"

"It has a certain value," Pallotti continued; "therefore, as an act of obedience, my son, tear off the written half, and put the other, together with the envelope, into the waste-paper basket."

The young man obeyed,—not, however, without a smile at what seemed to him a puerility on the part of one who was looked upon as a saint.

After a brief pause, his master said:

"It strikes me that the basket must be full now. Look out of the window, and if you see a ragpicker beckon to him to come in."

A rag-dealer was soon found, and the contents of the basket were disposed of for a few half-pence, which Pallotti put

into his pocket. Presently he proposed to his companion that he should accompany him on his usual visit to the hospital; and they both set out, reciting the Rosary as they went. On the way, passing a confectioner's, Pallotti stopped, and with the pence given him for the waste paper purchased a bag of little cakes. When they arrived at the hospital, the chaplain hastened up to them, saying to Don Pallotti:

"May I beg your reverence to go at once to patient No. 15? He can not last many hours, and he will not go to confession. To hear his language, one might imagine him possessed by the devil. He is quite conscious. If I go near him, he pours forth a volley of oaths, so that the patients about him stop their ears."

"We must pray for him," Pallotti replied. "God desires the conversion of this sinner more than we do. Let us go to the chapel."

On entering the ward, Pallotti did not, as his companion expected, proceed immediately to the side of the recalcitrant sinner; on the contrary, he began to talk to some patients at the other end of the room, only casting furtive glances toward him. The man, thinking the newcomer would leave him in peace, turned his face to the wall and closed his eyes. At the same moment Pallotti swiftly and silently approached the bed, placing himself so that when the sufferer again opened his eyes, he met those of the priest fixed upon him. "It was a terrible moment," says De Geslin, who from a distance looked on. The features of the patient were distorted with fury; he gnashed his teeth and foamed at the mouth. Had he the strength, he would assuredly have sprung upon the unwelcome visitor and strangled him. He opened his lips to utter terrible blasphemies, but quick as thought Don Pallotti slipped into his mouth one of the cakes he had bought, saying with the most soothing accents: "Eat this, my son. It will do you good." He then warned the sinner that he must soon

appear before his Judge, and that his foul language would not injure God, but his own soul. The biscuit was swallowed, but the wrath of the sufferer was not abated. Again his lips unclosed to pour forth curses, and again a cake prevented their utterance. This was repeated several times. Each time Pallotti availed himself of the momentary silence to exhort, entreat the sinner to repent; he held the crucifix before his eyes; he blessed him with his Madonna; in God's name he bade the spirits of evil to depart.

At length grace conquered. The hard heart was touched: the sinner shed tears of genuine contrition. He made his peace with God and received the Last Sacraments. A few hours afterward he expired in perfect resignation to the divine will, with the holy names of Jesus, Mary and Joseph on his lips. Pallotti recited the *De Profundis* by his side; he then drew the sheet over the pallid features of the departed, and went his way. "There is now a soul in purgatory," he said to De Geslin, "who this morning had little thought of going there. You see, my son, of what service scraps of paper may be."

Pallotti was at all times most successful in softening the hearts of obstinate sinners, as the following instances from the acts of his beatification will show.

A man who had served in the galleys for fourteen years was, on his release, persuaded to go to Don Pallotti. But even then he refused to make his confession, further than acknowledging that he had never approached the sacraments since his marriage, and then he had done so sacrilegiously. Thereupon the servant of God set before him, in order, all the crimes and transgressions of which he had been guilty, with the attendant circumstances. Amazed at this supernatural penetration, the man at first imagined he had to deal with one who practised the black art; but soon he perceived that a saint, not a magician, was speaking to him. Touched to the heart, he made a full confession of his evil life, and from that

time forward became a changed character.

Another instance is that of a young man named Pio Bossi, who lay on his deathbed. Although young in years, he was old in iniquity, having sounded the depths of moral corruption and depravity. One evening his father came to Pallotti in great distress concerning his son, who scoffed at religion, and kept a loaded pistol under his pillow, prepared to shoot any priest who should venture into his presence. The servant of God accompanied the father to his house, to see if he could prevail upon the sinner to repent; but the mother would not allow him to risk his life by entering the sick chamber. "Poor fellow!" said Pallotti. "Well, you must dress me up somehow." The woman brought one of her frocks, which he put on; he then tied a handkerchief round his head in such a way as to have the appearance of a cap. Thus disguised, he entered the room of the sick man, to whom his mother whispered that she had brought a nurse to sit up with him, as she herself needed rest.

Pallotti seated himself in a corner of the room, but not without having adroitly slipped his beloved Madonna under the sufferer's pillow. For several hours he sat there, silently imploring help from on high, and uttering his accustomed exorcisms,—the holy names of Jesus and Mary, with the words: "*Exsurgat Deus et dissipentur inimici ejus.*" Then he threw off his disguise and made himself known to the sinner, appealing to him so forcibly, so persuasively, that the stony heart was broken, hatred and defiance fled away, contrition and compunction taking their place; so that when morning dawned and the women returned, the quondam blasphemer was found grasping with one hand that of the priest, with the other holding the crucifix. Pallotti prepared him for Holy Communion, administered the Last Sacraments, and visited him daily until his death, which took place soon afterward.

A Foundling of St. Anthony.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

OUTSIDE, the farm-stead of Jean Marie Malahiende presented a most forbidding appearance. It had the air of a fortified place, standing out there alone on the wind-swept hill above the sea. It was a great square enclosure of eyeless, windowless brick, and the heavy, arched gate might have been the entrance to a fortress. There was something sinister about it as we stole past it in the dusk. It looked as though murder might have been done or plotted there.

Within, it was very different,—beautiful and bright and white. Around three sides of it were the open sheds for the cattle. The fourth side was taken up by the dwelling-house, with green jalousies to all the windows.

The way for the cattle was fenced off from the centre of the courtyard, which had been made into a garden. It was a garden for use. The neighbors used to admit sorrowfully that Jean Marie's vegetables were always finer than theirs. Such superb cabbages and cauliflowers, such delicious fresh lettuces and spinach and celery and beets and sorrel and chicory and endive, to say nothing of peas and beans, were grown in the garden under the protection of St. Anthony, whose statue stood in the midst of it, holding the Divine Infant in his arms.

The land outside was very poor and sandy, hardly worth while cultivating, although cattle and sheep could pick up some kind of a living there. Jean Marie did not trouble to cultivate very much of it. He supplied milk and vegetables and eggs and butter and poultry to the people round about; and in the spring-time, when the chalets along the *plage* were untenanted, sent his produce to the Friday market at Soulac. Year by year,—although he was not ungenerous, was indeed a friend to the Church and the

poor, as the Curé would have told you,—he added something to his store. He was known for a man of substance. It was a thousand pities, said the neighbors discussing him, that he had not a child to follow him in the farm and inherit his savings, which doubtless would go to the Church and the poor.

Jean Marie had a little brown, much-wrinkled face under his silver hair. No one, nothing, feared him. The pigeons would settle on his head and shoulders in a flock as he dug in his beloved garden. Menélik, the house dog, that had been given to Jean Marie by a soldier of the Foreign Legion long since dead, would lie down in the very path of his hoe and refuse to get up again till removed by main force. The cat would jump up on his knee when he sat to meals, to the scandal of Joséphine, his old housekeeper.

"Ah, the worthless ones!" she would grumble. "With what they eat, those rascals, I could fatten many more geese and put money in thy pocket."

"Money is not everything, my dear Joséphine," Jean Marie would say, pulling at his pipe. And that was a sufficiently startling sentiment in the mouth of a French farmer to excuse the housekeeper's amazement.

Jean Marie and the Curé used often to have a meal together, sitting in the little arbor crowned by a vine, in front of which stood St. Anthony. They would sit there after Joséphine had served them a meal of excellent quality, and would sometimes not speak for quite a long time, since the understanding between them was so good.

"It is very peaceful, Jean Marie," the Curé said, as he had said many times before.

Jean Marie blinked his old eyes.

"How would it look, Monsieur," he said dreamily, "to one from Paris,—one to whom the city had not been kind? It is gay in Paris, but when youth is over—"

"Ah, my friend," responded the Curé, looking at him benevolently through the

smoke, "if she could come back! But—there is more between you than the years. And I think she is dead, else we should have heard of her. The Commissionaire of Police told me that everything would be done. Is it likely he should fail? He is a Breton like myself, the son of an old neighbor. They are sharp, those police of Paris. Yet nothing has come."

Jean Marie nodded toward the statue.

"He is better, the good St. Anthony, than many commissionaires," he said.

"You have great faith," said the Curé. "May dear St. Anthony reward it! And, my friend, you have a forgiving heart."

Jean Marie put down his pipe and stared out into the hot white sunshine.

"She was young," he said. "I was almost old enough to be her father. We do not ask love of our young girls when we marry them. And sometimes there is—another. With Gabrielle it was so. How could I know that the house and the garden were but a prison to her? And my mother was somewhat harsh with her. What a woman my mother was! She could not bear to see Gabrielle fold her hands and sit still. She scolded,—ah, yes, she scolded! She said to me that the stick upon her poor little shoulders would be but fitting. My admirable mother! See you, she was old and her mind was in the *cuisine* and the house. There were the long winters, too, when she unpicked the beds. I think Gabrielle hated it. Once I saw the despair in her face, and I said to her: 'Hold, little one: there is enough of bed-making! I drive to Soulac and I have room for thee.' Her poor little face began to be delighted, but my mother would not have it. She thought it was enough for any woman, that occupation of remaking the beds in the long winter."

His voice was as monotonous and dreamy as the lapping of water upon the sands.

"I should have had the courage to remind the excellent mother that Gabrielle was young," he concluded with a sigh.

"Only that we Frenchmen have always

obeyed our mothers," said the Curé; "and Madame Malahiende was not one to be disobeyed. It is perhaps not so wise that the mother and wife should be under one roof, as it is so often with us."

Jean Marie was silent. He was remembering that winter when his mother's voice scolded and complained incessantly. Why, her voice had gone all day scolding and complaining! And Gabrielle had grown whiter and whiter, and her little lips had closed to a thinner line, and she had quite forgotten to be merry as she had been at first, and had gone about with lagging steps and a drooping head; and Jean Marie's heart had been sorely troubled within him, as men's hearts often have been and will be, because women can not agree together, and the two he loved were all wrong with each other.

Then Jean Marie and his mother had driven one day to market and had come home, the old mother in high good-humor, because she had sold her geese well, and there was no Gabrielle. They had searched everywhere for her, the mother's wailing giving place by degrees to silence. They had gone out through the cornfield, down through the little glen where the starlings chattered with a sound of falling water, to the church, to the village, along the *plage*, among the sand-dunes,—everywhere, and there was no Gabrielle. Little by little the truth leaked out. She had gone away to Paris.

Jean Marie had changed much since Gabrielle had left him. He no longer quailed before his mother. Even the odious charge of being an undutiful son did not move him now, when it came to a clashing of their wills. He took her scoldings meekly, though the older she grew the more she scolded; but he was not to be moved. He grew accustomed to the shrill old voice, as one grows accustomed to the piping of the storms in winter in that country of the winds.

He took his wrongs in a curious way. Instead of feeling the shame that had

come upon him as other people considered it, he waited for Gabrielle's return. Everyone knew it; and, according to his or her way of looking at it, thought him a fool or a saint. Monsieur le Curé, though he said nothing at all about it, understood when Jean Marie set up in his garden a statue of St. Anthony, who finds the thing that is lost; but he only sighed and took snuff, and rumbled his red curls, as he always did when lost in thought. Occasionally, during the long, long years in which there had been no word of Gabrielle, he had said midway of the talk or the silence:

"But he is slow in finding, the good St. Anthony!"

"Yet he *will* find," Jean Marie would answer with a placid patience.

It never seemed to occur to him, as it had to the Curé, that if poor Gabrielle was alive after all those years, she might be far from being the soft-faced, innocent Gabrielle he remembered. Fourteen years had gone since that September day when they had sold the geese at Soulac market, and had found Gabrielle missing on their return.

"See then, my friend," said the Curé, coming in to him one day very full of a new thing. "You must have an apprentice from the Assistance Publique. M. Charleroi, of the Osiers Farm, has received a brave boy. He will not have the habitudes of our lads here, who love too soon the spiriting and the cigarette. You shall train him up your own way, and he will be a credit to you; and it will be a good act to rescue one of the foundlings of the great city."

Jean Marie gazed at him thoughtfully through the smoke-wreaths of his pipe,—gazed beyond him to the statue of St. Anthony. He was not sure that he needed a nameless boy. He and Joséphine got on very well together; and Michel the shepherd and Jacques the ploughman had been so long with him that they were like one household. The boy might be a little rascal, a disturbing element.

It would be different if one had had a child of one's own. And Joséphine was old, and nearly as sour with young things as his mother had been.

He was about to answer the question in the Curé's eager face, when his eye rested on the curly head of the Infant Jesus in St. Anthony's arms. Why, He was a boy once, and doubtless boys were dear to Him. Supposing it was His will—

"*Eh, bien, Monsieur!*" he said, turning to the Curé. "It shall be as Monsieur desires."

It was some little while before the boy came from the Assistance Publique. But he arrived at last one bright midwinter day, with his box full of ugly, warm clothing, and the few books and writing materials which proved that he had received an education from the State.

Jean Marie had known something of these State-reared children, and the knowledge had not been of a favorable kind. So it was with a feeling of relief that his kind, innocently shrewd eyes fell upon the little chap, who was standing on the cold platform, performing a quiet little dance in order to warm himself; for Jean Marie was late, and the Paris train was already speeding on its way. It was a good face, a little bleached, as though the boy lived too much the life of the town and within doors, but bright and eager in its expression, with a pair of brown eyes as deep and velvety as Gabrielle's were long ago. He lifted his eyes to Jean Marie with a quaint politeness. The little figure was in clothes miles too big for it. Jean Marie, who was fond of all young things, felt his heart go out to Pierre Martel, as the lad was called.

As they jogged homeward in the cart, which was already heaped so high with Jean Marie's marketing that it could hardly contain himself and the boy, and the boy's square painted box, Pierre's quiet excitement over the things he saw made Jean Marie smile with pleasurable amusement. He had excellent manners—as good in their way as Jean Marie's

own,—being eager to please and anxious not to give trouble, and very keen to do anything he could to help already.

"Thou wilt find him not so bad, Joséphine," said Jean Marie, standing by the charcoal fire in the kitchen, when the boy had clumped heavily upstairs to his bedroom in the roof. "He is quiet as a mouse and very desirous to please."

"I never knew the boy yet who was not a rascal," said Joséphine, sourly; "and if he seemed not to be I should but distrust him the more for that."

But even Joséphine's grimness relaxed somewhat at the boy's timid but heartfelt praise of her cabbage soup at supper, and his delight in all he saw about him. He won her over as he won over Michel and Jacques, and Menélik, and Mimi the cat, that was a most disagreeable creature, and made war on all the world. Joséphine would still give him harsh words at times, and once or twice she flung her broom at him when his feet had brought in mud on her clean tiled floor. But she acknowledged to Jean Marie that the rascal was as little of a rascal as could be expected; and in time she began to take an interest in Pierre's wardrobe, and even to knit his stockings for him,—a thing which hitherto she had done only for her master and for the Curé. In fact, the boy made his place at the farm in their hearts. By the time summer came Jean Marie wondered how he had lived without Pierre.

"He becomes like a son," he said to the Curé, who was in all his secrets.

"It is the reward of thy charity, Jean Marie," returned the Curé. "And it is true the boy has been well reared. He tells me he was with the Sisters of the Good Mercy in his tender childhood. They laid the foundations. Paris has done him no harm."

By and by Pierre went of mornings to the old, old church out in the sand-dunes to serve the Curé's Mass. There were not so many to do it in these latter days when the newspapers from Paris

brought the Free Thought into those quiet places. All were equal in the sight of God, the Curé said to himself, when Pierre in his little surplice and vestment awaited him of mornings. Paris had done him no harm. The lad from the Assistance Publique was better than the children of the parents of the parish, who would hardly pull the forelock to the Curé nowadays, and thought of nothing but saving the sous.

As time went on, Pierre grew strong and tall and willing; and even Joséphine acknowledged that it had been a good day when he came to them. He was always so smiling and pleasant that he disarmed the crossness of the old woman. Long, long ago Jean Marie's heart had settled upon the foundling. Joséphine in time doted upon him almost as much, though she would never acknowledge it. He was not like other boys. He was gentle with old people and those ailing, and with animals. He could do anything with the animals, like Jean Marie himself.

"What shall we do, thou and I, Joséphine," Jean Marie asked one day, "when the boy goes for his service with the army? They will be long days in the house, and longer nights when he is not coming."

Joséphine turned away her head, and made a great clatter with her cooking utensils.

"If he *must* go, he must go," she said gruffly. "Perhaps thou and I will not live to see him return; perhaps he will not desire to return when he has seen life. It is not likely he would come back among old people in this lonely place. We shall all be old together—thou and I, and Michel and Jacques, and even Menélik and Mimi,—once the boy has gone."

"Think how he will come back! So tall and straight, and twirling his moustaches, as they do in the army," Jean Marie said.

"It will not be the same," Joséphine murmured. "Things will never be the same. It has been good for us all while he has been here. But the world will

swallow him as it gave him to us. Or he will come back to find us dead, and he will have no heart for the farm. Paris will call him. What is there here for the young?"

In her heart she had a thought that Jean Marie might buy off the lad if he would. If the same idea had occurred to Jean Marie, he said nothing of it. To be sure, it would be a wild thing to put down good gold to buy off a foundling, a child of the Assistance Publique, from serving with the army. Yet he had grown so dear to them, almost like a son of the house, and they were all so old; he had brought youth into their lives, and he would leave behind only the sadness and weariness of old age.

The boy indeed showed no delight in the thought of going. The other lads were often as eager to leave the farms as the swallow is to go South on the edge of winter.

"It will be fine for thee, Pierre, to wear uniform and march to the music with the others," the Curé said one day, meeting Pierre on the level road between the salt-marshes and the sand-dunes. "To be sure, it is fine to be young. Yet, Pierre my child, come back to us, not as I have seen others return, but with an unspotted heart. That will be my prayer for thee—that thou mayst be unspotted from the world."

"I wish I could stay," Pierre replied, and his lip trembled a little. "I am not like the others, who go whistling all day because the time is near for the years of service in the army. Seest thou they are so old, Monsieur and Joséphine. How do I know that I shall see them again? And I have no love for towns."

"I have brought thee thy papers from the Assistance Publique," said the Curé. "It will not be so long, thy three years. They will wait for thy return. Be sure thou dost return."

"I will surely return to you, if I live," Pierre said seriously, taking the packet of papers the priest handed to him.

They walked across the salt-marshes to the farm together, talking as they went. It had been a wet winter, and Jean Marie's rheumatism had been worse than ever before. The green damp lay in streaks on the statue of St. Anthony. But spring was in the wind; and the Curé, who had the heart of a boy, though his curls were grizzling, felt his heart lift as they stepped briskly along the road that climbed to the farm.

Jean Marie was within. Having laid down the packet of papers before him, Pierre went out, leaving the two old men together. Joséphine was clattering her crockery in some back region. Stretching his hands to the warmth of the fire, the Curé looked up and was struck by the cheerful expression on Jean Marie's face.

"I had made up my mind to buy him off the service," he said. "It would be too great a wrong to myself and Joséphine to take the chances of the years. And—who knows what the camp and the town might do for Pierre?"

"Who knows? He is a good lad and a brave lad. Thou rememberest the wreck last winter,—how he was the first to offer to go? It is well, Jean Marie. The lad has grown very dear to thee."

"Like my own son."

"And it is not right the one son of the old should go. Besides, the boy's heart is with thee."

Jean Marie was carefully taking one document after another from the packet, and smoothing it out to read it. He looked about for his spectacles.

"Permit me, Jean Marie," said the Curé, stretching his hands for the papers. He held them near the window.

"Perhaps," said Jean Marie in his slow, dreamy voice,—“perhaps it was so the dear St. Anthony answered my prayers. I am resigned to think that Gabrielle is dead, that she will never return to the farm, that she is in the mercy of the good God. The great world that took her from me has given me Pierre. I shall not be without a son in my old age.”

"Jean Marie, my friend," said the Curé suddenly, in a voice of great agitation, "God's ways are strange, and more wonderful than we can imagine. What if Pierre were your own son? You did not know, but see here it is written down. The son of Jean Marie Malahiende and Gabrielle his wife, born in the Hospital of the Holy Pity, January 25, 1886."

Jean Marie put his hand to his head with a trembling gesture, as though he tried to understand.

"What!" he exclaimed. "Read it again. My son and Gabrielle's! That was four months after she left us. We never knew, the mother and I, else the mother would have ceased to scold her, or I would not have permitted it. My son and Gabrielle's!"

"She died in the Hospital of the Holy Pity with the Good Nuns. She died in the arms of Mercy."

"I want my son," said Jean Marie, standing up and stretching his arms as though they would close upon the boy. "My son! I have a son! My heart melted on him when I saw him first looking at me with Gabrielle's eyes."

"He is as like thee as two peas," said the Curé. "Where were our eyes?"

Jean Marie took a step or two toward the door. As he looked out his eye fell on St. Anthony.

"Ah, there he is," he said,—“the dear saint who finds that which is lost! He shall have a new coat. There is so much to do, now that the spring is coming. Joséphine, come here and listen! I have a son. Pierre is my son. He will close my eyes and thine.”

Pierre came with a lagging step through the gateway. Jean Marie flew to him and caught him in his arms.

"Thou art my son, Pierre," he cried,—“really my son,—the son of my body as well as the son of my heart! Thou wilt stay with us; we have need of thee. Ah, Pierre my son! And thy mother is in heaven. We shall build an altar, thou and I, to the dear St. Anthony.”

The Passing of Brother Patrick.

BY M. J. K.

BROTHER PATRICK, the old Irish gardener of the monastery, lay dying. All day long he had been in a kind of stupor; and now, in the gloaming, consciousness had returned, and he lay with wide-open eyes and a placid smile upon his worn, rugged face. A moonbeam stole in through the unshuttered window, and shot the pale light over the carved crucifix on the bare wall at the foot of the narrow bed, showing up the white Figure with thorn-crowned head and nailed hands and feet, the blood-stained face,—sad with the sadness of death. The old monk sighed.

A figure rose silently from a prie-dieu by the wall and looked down gravely upon the dying man.

"I think you are awake," he remarked gently. "What was that big, heavy sigh for?"

"Is that you, Father? How good of you to come! I have been dreaming this hour and more. That little bit of moonlight on the wall brought back old times to me. I was thinking, thinking!"

His voice had a quavering note in it, like a voice akin to tears. Father Anselm smoothed the check counterpane quietly, and flecked a little holy water lightly from the well-supplied font by the wall.

"Fancy the moonlight bringing back old times to you! I have been saying my Rosary for you, thinking you were asleep. Do you feel easier?"

The old man did not answer; the moonbeams grew brighter on the wall.

"She wasn't an old woman," he said at length, quite suddenly. "She looked old, but she wasn't. She loved the moonlight,—oh, ay did she! And when it shone on the lough and on the sedges where the wild ducks hatched in the springtime, she'd stand in the *boreen* watching, watching."

Again he was silent. Father Anselm was silent too. Then, after a short time:

"She was your mother?" he said softly.

"My mother!" the old man echoed softly. "The truest, purest, best. 'Twas such a quaint old *boreen*. Wasn't it strange of me to be dreaming I was there and that she was coming to meet me? 'Twas the springtime, and the crab trees were all in blossom by the way."

"Were you her only son?"

"No: there were two others. I was the youngest. Sure I was never much in any way, at home or abroad. I was always doing the wrong thing."

Father Anselm laughed quietly.

"You were doing the right thing when you became a religious," he said cheerily. "You can not say you did the wrong thing then."

"Ah, Father, I needn't thank myself! Sure wasn't it the mercy of God did that for me? The moon must be very bright to-night."

"It is most brilliant. Is there anything worrying you? Would you like me to read to you?"

"No, Father: I'd rather you'd talk, your voice is so kind. Do you think I'll know how the gardens of God are laid out before morning? I have been trying to fancy them all my life long."

"Eye hath not seen nor ear heard," Father Anselm quoted softly. "You will have all the desires of your heart there, Brother Patrick."

Again the old monk was silent; a clock in the monastery tower boomed out nine solemn, slow beats.

"Will you have to go now, Father?" he asked quietly.

"No, no! I'm to stop here with you. The brethren have been praying for you since you received the Last Sacraments. Father Prior said I was to tell you. Do you think you'd like to join them?"

Brother Patrick smiled. He folded his toil-worn hands across his breast.

"I'm always joining them, Father," he said softly,—“always, when I'm digging

or weeding or hoeing. What do I know about praying? Nothing only what God and His Mother tell me. And they tell me to offer up the prayers of the community as my own. I ask God to make me like to each one in turn,—as kind as you, Father; as gentle as Brother Paul, as meek as Brother Ignatius, as forgiving as Brother Columba. And when the bell rings, as now, I think I'm an hour nearer heaven or—" (in a low whisper) "hell. And then I say: 'God guard me, and keep me in the coming hour!' And that's all. Ah" (sighing), "the moonlight is gone farther up the wall! It's full upon the hills at home now. She's at rest in the little churchyard of Kilsheelan. Years ago I used to think my bones would rest there too."

"She will be waiting for you in the heavenly country, Brother. How did you come to join our Order and leave Ireland?"

A smile crossed the dying face on the pillow; then a sigh, faint as the breath of dawn, came from his pale lips.

"I ran away, Father,—ran away from home! They wanted me to be a smith and I'd rather be a sailor; and, after hardships galore, I got on a vessel in Cork, and travelled the world up and down till I was tired. Then one autumn night we were wrecked here on the Spanish coast, and 'twas here in the convent we were kept till we recovered. And the peace and the quiet stole into my heart, and the flowers in the garden brought back Ireland and my mother; and when I was well enough to go out again, there was a hand wanted in the gardens; and I took the job, and I got used to it and liked it; and I was glad to be admitted into the Order. And here I am ever since—forty-five long years."

"And you have been happy?"

"Happy? Ay, Father, as happy as any one ever is in this life, I suppose. I got to love the garden and understand the flowers. A sailor's life, after all, is a wild and weary one. Indeed, indeed it is."

He sighed faintly, and went on:

"I wonder will I meet him there?"

"Who, Brother Patrick?"

"Michael, Father. He was a brother of mine,—the dearest boy in all the world,—not like me at all."

Father Anselm smiled; his hand fell tenderly on that of the dying man.

"Michael was her idol, her best-loved child, her dearest. But sorrow touched him, Father; and, for that matter, it touched us all. There was a bit of a fight at a hurling match one summer's eve at home, and, in the excitement, a neighbor's son was killed. 'Twas Michael, the unfortunate lad, that killed him, though he was far from intending it."

Father Anselm, from surprise, was silent.

Brother Patrick's breath came fainter.

"Somehow, the blame fell on me; and—and I begged Michael to keep a still tongue and let them think it. He was to be wed in a few months to a girl he was fond of. Surprise and horror kept silent the only other one that knew anything about it. I got away, and no one ever dreamed 'twas Michael. *She* never knew—my mother I mean,—and that was all I cared about."

"And he—your brother?"

"He lived at home with her, a quiet, peaceful life; he married, and was looked up to by the neighbors, and was happy."

"And you, my poor Brother, bore the brand of Cain in silence!"

"Ay, Father, but 'twas easier than for him. 'Twas only what the neighbors thought I would have done. I was wild, you know; but—but sometimes—sometimes—well, 'tis all over now, and I'm laying the load down. And I'm glad, Father,—very glad."

"My poor fellow! You were more than loyal. But *he* was a coward."

"No, Father, not that! 'Twas my fault altogether. Put your hand on my head and bless me. I'm glad to be resting with no one here but you."

"Come to Me all you who labor and are heavy burdened," Father Anselm quoted softly, as he laid his hand lightly

on the gray head. "I think God will welcome you home, Patrick. He loves generous hearts like yours."

"Your blessing, Father?"

"God bless you" (a little huskily), "and bring you to the rest and peace of His heavenly kingdom."

"And Michael too!" the old monk murmured faintly. "Bless Michael too."

"Yes, Brother; God forgive him and pity him and bring him safe home—"

"Amen!" (whisperingly),—"and bring him safe home!"

Father Anselm bent lower; he looked intently at the hands clasped round the crucifix on the counterpane, at the old face, full of peace, upon the pillow; then, as no move came from the still figure, he looked closer yet, to find that Brother Patrick had passed away.

The Saloon Question.

BISHOP LINES, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, recently spoke at some length on the saloon question. We give a few of his reflections:

I think that it is the desire to make more money which is back of the demand to sell on Sundays and to multiply saloons. I think that a great many of the very best men in the liquor business, and an increasing number, welcome Sunday closing, and would welcome also the closing of the saloon at midnight. The traditions of the State, of the country, favor the restriction of work and trade on Sunday; and the encroachment of business upon the day of rest is to be deplored. The men who work hardest and have least command of their time would be the greatest sufferers from the lost Sunday. A common opinion is that persons in my calling desire to close the saloon on Sunday for the sake of the churches. That is not our contention. There is no use in trying to compel the people to attend church; but we do take the ground that the first day of the week, as a day of rest, is one of the greatest blessings which has come to the civilized world, and that all right-minded people should desire the association and customs to remain about the day as a day of rest. The American people are long-suffering and easy-going; but there are indications that they are determined that

the abuses of the liquor trade shall be diminished, and that the waste of life and wealth shall not go on. If those who are in the business will not heed this call, they will open the way for such measures as have been enacted.

Read in connection with the Bishop's remarks, the following extracts from an address to the saloon-keepers of the United States by the president of the National Model License League will be of interest:

The people are demanding, and properly, that their laws shall be obeyed. Society is moving forward, and the saloon must move forward or be outlawed. The edict has gone forth that men must be sober if they would be free, and few men will now contend that a man possesses an inherent right to overthrow his reason. The edict has gone forth that saloons must obey all laws; that they must not sell to intoxicated men nor to habitual drunkards nor to minors; that they must not exhibit improper pictures, or connect themselves with gambling resorts; in a word, that the saloon must not be a nuisance.

The forces for good are all powerful in society, and our trade can not afford to oppose them. It would be foolish for us to oppose them, even though we could do so successfully, because the demands they are making are our demands. Our trade needs a house-cleaning, and we should help the good work along. The saloon that is run in violation of the law or of decency should be put out of business, and the better element in the trade should continue to lead in the reform. A saloon should be a decent resort; it should be the working man's club; it should inculcate real temperance; it should give thought, first of all, to the welfare of its patrons; it should consider the home, the wife, and the children; it should seek to elevate and not degrade those who visit it; and if it is run in violation of law, its license should be revoked.

Could such conditions do harm to the business? Is it unprofitable to be decent, to be law-abiding, to be kind; to do unto others as you would have them do unto you? We think that all of this would pay, and it would relieve the business of odium, and it would permit prohibition to die a happy and peaceful death.

A perusal of both extracts may well warrant the belief that greater care will henceforth be given to the regulation of the mighty liquor evil; and effective regulation is the most that can be hoped for in the majority of our States.

Notes and Remarks.

The throngs of men and boys that, in all our larger cities, are now being harangued by Socialist agitators; the many daily, weekly and monthly publications devoted to the propaganda of the cause of Socialism; the persistent, unconcealed efforts of its leaders to capture the farmer's vote as well as to gain control of the labor movement, are proof of the rapid spread, if not of Socialism, at least of Socialist ideas, in the United States. The wind is being sown for a whirlwind whose destructiveness may make war seem like child's play. With many citizens Socialism excites no alarm; its advocates are regarded as mere theorizers, more ridiculous than dangerous. But one has only to listen attentively to Socialist agitators to learn that with many of them Socialism and Anarchism are the same thing. And the larger their audience grows, the bolder they seem to become in denouncing "the established order."

There is no excuse for ignorance as to what the leaders of the Socialist movement in this country desire and demand. The principles for which they stand may be known for the asking. They make no concealment of the means at their disposal for the spread of the movement. One hundred and twenty-five paid organizers are constantly on the road sending itemized reports weekly to the Chicago headquarters; every night in the year between three and four thousand meetings are being harangued by Socialist agitators; and it is estimated that the periodicals of the party now reach between two and three million readers.

Every once in a while some American tourist in Spain, or in Spanish-American countries on this side of the Atlantic, gives way to real or simulated indignation, and forthwith writes a scathing denunciation of the bullfight. The American

press is not backward in lending editorial sanction to such denunciation, and then devotes multiplied headlines and lengthy columns to a minutely detailed account of—a prize-fight. Ideas as to what constitutes legitimate sport and what merits the name of unmitigated brutality differ, of course, in different climes; but, on the whole, we are inclined to think that there is a good deal to be said for this view of the *Southern Cross*, Buenos Aires:

We appeal to our Argentine friends of culture and patriotism to make a stand against the degrading brutality called boxing. They have set their faces against the bullfight, yet the bullfight is not such an utterly brutal exhibition as the public boxing match "to a finish." The bullfight, at its very worst, is a combat between men and beasts. A boxing match like that which disgraced the city of Buenos Aires at Palermo on last Sunday is a sordid fight between two mercenary men, between whom there is nothing on earth but a few dirty dollars. The bull ring, at its worst, is not without some element of barbaric romance. The boxing ring, at its best, has a suggestiveness of primitive savagery. . . . Scientific sparring with gloves for sport is a healthy exercise under given conditions; but it is no healthier than fencing, nor is it so graceful in its nature, nor so courtly in its influence on manners.

This last point is both well taken and pertinent. The most devoted adherent of "the ring" will hardly claim that the prize-fight exercises a humanizing influence on its spectators.

"Every man who takes part in the Holy Name parade," says the Brooklyn *Tablet*, "makes public pledge and promise of an earnest effort to lead a truly moral life. He will honor the Name of God with his lips and in his heart. He will show forth the power of religion in his life, the efficacy of Christianity in the upbuilding of individual character and the moral development of the community at large. These parades are a protest against the incipient paganism which is tainting society."

Apropos of the foregoing, the parade of Holy Name Societies through West

Hoboken, N. J., on a recent Sunday, was notable not only for the number taking part, but for the address delivered on the occasion by the Hon. James F. Minturn, the first and only Catholic ever appointed to a seat on the Supreme Court bench in New Jersey. Among other forceful words, the Judge spoke these:

While we might direct our efforts to the civil punishment incident to the crime [profanity], I would not ask you to do so; for you have it in your power to use a more practical means to blot out this scandal in your daily lives. You may boycott or ostracize socially any one guilty of the offence in your presence; you may ask the offender to cease his indecent language or you will leave his company; you may intimate to your tradesmen, your grocer or baker with whom you deal, that unless he uses decent language you will discontinue your trade with him; so that in this manner each man may constitute himself a missionary, so to speak, in the noble cause which this great organization represents.

In days gone by, when the Holy Sepulchre was in the hands of infidels, Christian Europe was aroused to rescue it by the voice of the Crusader, Peter the Hermit. From village and hamlet to city, over mountains and from nation to nation he went, organizing the Crusade and stimulating and liberating Christian Europe to action by the words, "God wills it." And so we in our time, when organization is the order of the day in every line of business and activity, may proceed as crusaders in our daily life, not to restore the Holy Sepulchre—because that has been done,—but to restore the Holy Name to its rightful place in the hearts and homes of men. And rest assured, my friends, that we shall arise from this struggle edified and elevated. And this nation of ours will stand before the world rejuvenated and regenerated by our efforts and our sacrifice.

We can readily believe that such language in the mouth of a layman came as an inspiring force to the thousands of paraders, and was heartily applauded by laity and clergy.

The disappearance of Alfonso Dufour and his wife, the alleged heads of what is known as the White Slave Syndicate, has again drawn attention to the magnitude of the infamous traffic in which this precious pair were engaged. Their profits

for a single year are said to have been as high as \$1,000,000, and the bail bond which they have "jumped" amounts to \$30,000. The field of operation was a wide one, the victims being secured in many parts of Europe and from rural districts all over the United States. The careful watch on Mr. and Mrs. Dufour by Government officials is said to have "broken up the business" in many places, "but its complete destruction can not be accomplished." Perhaps not until the aid of women is invoked. There are certain social problems the solution of which seems to be impossible to men, no matter how great their ability, integrity, or zeal for the public good. The advocates of women's suffrage are generally laughed at, we know; but who can doubt that if women were voters the social evil, and the drink evil too, would soon be reduced to small proportions?

Among the valuable papers contributed to the current issue of the *American Catholic Quarterly Review*, "Spanish-American Education," from the prolific pen of Dr. James J. Walsh, merits special notice. It contains more than one paragraph calculated to disturb the smug conceit with which dwellers in the northern half of this western hemisphere, Catholics as well as non-Catholics, are wont to look down upon and talk slightly of the education, civilization, and culture of the southern half. Here, for instance, is a fact not so commonly known as is desirable:

The University of Mexico received its royal charter the same year as the University of Lima (1551). Mexico was not formally organized as a university until 1553. In the light of these dates it is rather amusing to have the "Century Dictionary," under the word "Harvard University," speak of that institution as the oldest and largest institution of learning in America. It had been preceded by almost a century, not only in South America, but also in North America. The importance of Harvard was as nothing compared to the Universities of Lima and Mexico; and indeed for a century after its foundation Harvard was scarcely more than a small theological school, with a hundred or

so of pupils, sometimes having no graduating class, practically never graduating more than eight or ten pupils; while the two Spanish-American universities counted their students by the thousand and their annual graduates by the hundred.

Similar reversals of conceptions due to biased history abound in Dr. Walsh's paper. We have space for only one other:

The most interesting product of Spanish-American education, however—the one that shows that it really stood for a higher civilization than ours,—remains to be spoken of. It consists of their treatment of the Indians. From the very beginning, as we have just shown, their literature in Spanish-America did justice to the Indians. They saw his better traits. It is true they had a better class of Indians as a rule to deal with, but there is no doubt also that they did much to keep them on a higher level; while everything in North America that was done by the settlers was prone to reduce the native in the scale of civilization. He was taught the vices and not the virtues of civilization, and little was attempted to uplift him. Just as the literary men were interested in the better side of his character, so the Spanish-American scientists were interested in his folklore, in his medicine, in his arts and crafts, in his ethnology and anthropology,—in a word, in all that North-Americans have come to be interested in only during the nineteenth century. Books on all these subjects were published, and now constitute a precious fund of knowledge with regard to the aborigines that would have been lost only for the devotion of Spanish-American scholars.

Everything comes to him who waits; and the Spanish-American, after a century or two of unmerited obloquy, is being triumphantly vindicated by historical research of the present day.

Father Kervégan, the Marist missionary, who has had many misfortunes to contend with in Vavau, one of the Tonga or Friendly Islands, writes that his trials are by no means over. His apostolic labors in that Southern Pacific region call for as much travelling by water as by land, and navigation is not always easy; for the Pacific very often belies its name, and it can be on occasion the reverse of tranquil. "I have already," remarks the missionary, "suffered more

shipwrecks than St. Paul, and doubtless there are others yet to come. But, alas! for nearly a year now I have had to interrupt my voyages; the old boat which replaced the one we lost in the hurricane of 1904 has become a veritable sieve. Despite all our efforts at repairs, it is worthless. As a substitute, I have attempted to use a native pirogue in order to reach the nearer islets. I fitted a sail to it in native fashion—and found the motion rapid but dangerous. There is altogether too much risk of capsizing. I have met with that mishap three times already, and on the last occasion barely escaped being—not drowned, but eaten by sharks. My friends insisted that I was tempting Providence, so I have been obliged to give up visiting our outlying islands for the present."

No one possessed of even second-hand knowledge of much of the fictitious literature produced of late years on both sides of the Atlantic will be disposed to dissent from the opinions expressed by Mr. Bram Stoker in the current *Nineteenth Century and After*, on "The Censorship of Fiction." We should like to believe that the indictment formulated in the following paragraphs has relevancy only in the case of novelists in England; but, unfortunately, the facts are against any such gratifying belief:

The first question, then, is as to restraint or no restraint. That restraint in some form is necessary is shown by the history of the last few years with regard to works of fiction. The self-restraint and reticence which many writers have through centuries exercised in behalf of an art which they loved and honored has not of late been exercised by the few who seek to make money and achieve notoriety through base means. There is no denying the fact nor the cause; both are only too painfully apparent. Within a couple of years past quite a number of novels have been published in England that would be a disgrace to any country even less civilized than our own. The class of works to which I allude are meant by both authors and publishers to bring to the winning of commercial success the forces of inherent evil in man. The

word "man" here stands for "woman" as well as man; indeed, women are the worse offenders in this form of breach of moral law.

As to the alleged men who follow this loathsome calling, what term of opprobrium is sufficient, what punishment could be too great? This judgment of work which claims to be artistic may seem harsh, and punishment may seem vindictive; the writer has no wish to be either harsh or vindictive—except in so far as all just judgment may seem harsh and all punishment vindictive. For look what those people have done. They found an art wholesome, they made it morbid; they found it pure, they left it sullied. Up to this time it was free—the freest thing in the land: they so treated it, they so abused the powers allowed them and their own opportunities, that continued freedom becomes dangerous, even impossible. They in their selfish greed tried to deprave where others had striven to elevate. In the language of the pulpit, they have "crucified Christ afresh." The merest glance at some of their work will justify any harshness of judgment; the roughest synopsis will horrify.

It is not well to name either these books or their authors; for such would but make known what is better suppressed, and give the writers the advertisement which they crave. It may be taken that such works as are here spoken of deal not merely with natural misdoing based on human weakness, frailty, or passions of the senses; but with vices so flagitious, so opposed to even the decencies of nature in its crudest and lowest forms, that the poignancy of moral disgust is lost in horror. This article is no mere protest against academic faults or breeches of good taste: it is a deliberate indictment of a class of literature so vile that it is actually corrupting the nation.

The mere idea of a censorship of letters will probably prove repugnant to a good many people who, nevertheless, sincerely deplore the wanton excesses so strenuously excoriated by Mr. Stoker. The protection of the public, however—of youth more particularly,—imperatively demands either such a censorship, or, in its default, an effective imitation of the prohibitory Index of Rome.

The Belgian missionary Fathers of Schent have begun their labors among the Igorrotes of the Philippines. One of their number writes from Bontoc concerning the character, manners, and super-

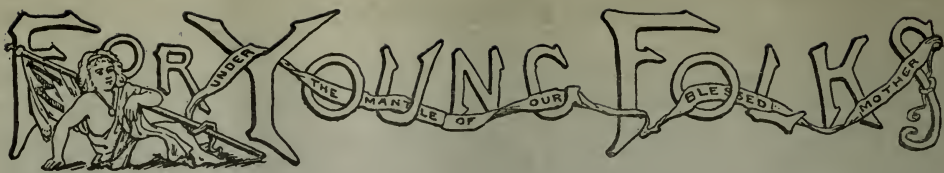
stitions of these savages, and concludes with: "So much for our flock. With natives so degraded what hope of conversions may one form? A great hope. The children are intelligent and eager for instruction; it is principally with them that our work must be done. And we have already a consoling group. The difficulty is to get the grown-up men and women. But we shall succeed. We are projecting a school for the girls and a hospital for the aged. At present we are building two modest churches and two still more modest residences. We are full of hope, and our hearts are light—as are also our purses. Give us, of your charity, many prayers, a little alms, and a few brave religious, and in fifteen years Bontoc will be a charming centre of Christian life."

Acknowledging the receipt of a contribution for the mission of Ningpo, China—one of three needy missions—for which our readers have been sending us offerings,—the Sister of Charity in charge writes:

You will rejoice to hear of the progress which Christianity is making in the Kiangsi, where a little over two years ago there were such terrible massacres. Mgr. Ferrent, the Vicar Apostolic, was here a short time ago, and he told us that the catechumens were very numerous. The barn which replaces the church that was destroyed is always crowded. In the vicinity of the pond where those holy Marist Brothers were stoned to death, many pagan families are embracing the Faith,—drawn to it, they declare, by the wonderful cures effected by this water.


Here, too, we have much to thank God for. The little ones for baptism, the sick and aged to be cared for and won to the Faith, and elder children to be educated and trained to become good, fervent Christians, number 500.

The Sister expresses deepest gratitude for the contributions that have been sent to her, and promises a daily remembrance in her own prayers and those of her devoted companions, and the converts of the mission, for the intentions of "our kind benefactors in America." The number of these, we regret to say, is comparatively small.



An Accident that Brought Good Fortune.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

NE morning in early spring a gentleman was slowly driving a carriage on a country road. The old horse ambled along, very well aware that he might take his time; for his master was enjoying to the full the fresh, delicious air and fragrant odors of the bright spring day.

By and by the surrey stopped at a cottage, from which, at his approach, an old woman issued, smiling and bowing.

"Will your nephew come soon, Margaret?" he inquired. "Have you heard anything?"

"No, Doctor, I have heard naught," replied the old woman. "And I am very sorry. I fear he's away from Liscarne; maybe at the hop-picking. He's such a likely boy, too; I'm sure he'd give satisfaction, if you could wait a little while longer, Dr. Beech."

"I have waited two months already," said the old gentleman; "and meantime I've had several boys. They're no good, Mrs. Saltoun,—no good."

"I'm thinking to hear every day," said the woman. "Giles was fairly crazy over drugs and apothecaries. That's why I made bold to ask you if you'd take him on, sir. And he was anxious to come to America."

"Very well; we'll see," replied the Doctor. "Perhaps in a few days you may hear." And he drove away.

He had not gone very far when a youth came out on the turnpike road from a lane which opened from the adjoining strip of woods. He walked briskly along

in front of the vehicle, turning his head from time to time, as though to make sure of his locality. He had a sturdy figure of about middle height, a fresh, clear complexion and honest grey eyes. On his shoulder he carried a bundle pendant from a stout stick; his clothes were coarse but clean, and his shoes unusually heavy.

Presently the Doctor, passing him, smiled and nodded, and the boy took off his cap.

"A decent-looking young fellow," murmured the Doctor to himself. "He has something in his face which indicates a kind heart."

Soon the Doctor turned into a long avenue, and so lost sight of the boy, who kept steadily on his way. A knot of people had gathered along the highway in front of two or three cottages that stood on the roadside. A child was crying as if in pain; several small boys and women surrounded him. The youth paused, edged his way in among them and asked:

"Is some one hurt?"

"Yes," said a woman. "Little Peter has run a piece of glass, we think, deep into his foot, and he won't let us come near him to touch it. I've just been telling him that he'll get lockjaw if the glass isn't taken out; but he only screams and screams, and his mother's away in town."

"I wouldn't try to pull it out for anything," said another woman. "I should faint away. Dr. Beech will be passing along on his rounds pretty soon, and he'll attend to it. Don't cry, Peter!"

But Peter renewed his screaming, which had ceased during the explanation. Blood flowed freely from the wound, the sight of which affected the child more than the pain.

The newcomer knelt down, deposited his bundle on the ground, and took the

injured foot in his hand. Regardless of the child's violent cries, he held it firmly, examined it, and then with his finger and thumb seized the protruding end of part of a rusty-bladed penknife and pulled it from the wound; then he stooped down, sucked the jagged rent and spat the blood on the ground.

The child ceased crying; the knot of women and boys gave vent to various exclamations.

"You'll be all right now," said the impromptu physician. Then, turning to the woman who had first spoken, he said: "Bind it up with a clean cloth, will you? And when the Doctor drives by, tell him about it. He may recommend a lotion to keep it from festering; and tell him, please, that the blade was rusty. I think there's no danger, however. Good-day!"

Shouldering his bundle, he was about to pursue his journey when some one touched his sleeve.

"Here is the Doctor," said a pleasant voice. "You have done a good job, my boy. I'm in need of a young assistant, and if I hadn't promised one of my old friends here in the village to employ her nephew, I'd tell you on the spot the place is yours for the asking."

"What is her name?" inquired the young man.

"Margaret Saltoun," was the reply.

"She is my aunt, sir," said the youth. "If I hadn't met you, I probably would never have found her, either; for they told me up yonder that she had died a fortnight ago, and I was on my way back to the city, and then to start for the far West."

"It was a Maggie Saltoun who died," replied the Doctor,—"an old woman who had been in the poorhouse for many years. She was always called Peggy, while your aunt is known as Margaret."

"We called her Peggy in the old country, sir," said the young man. "And that's the reason they made a mistake. What a fortunate thing that I met you just here!"

"If you had not been a good Samaritan, you would not have met *me*," replied the Doctor; and, turning to the group, he continued; "See here, good people, this is a lesson. Here is a boy, a stranger in a strange land, his mind disturbed by ill news, who steps out of his way, hearing the cry of a hurt child. That simple, kindly act, that deed of charity, puts him in the way of being reunited to his relative, whom he thought dead, and helps him to step into a permanent position, if he desires to have it.—Take Peter in, Mrs. Peel, bathe his foot in hot water, apply some of that lotion I gave you for Ellen's fingers last week, and tell Peter's mother to continue using it for a few days, at least. And be sure to bind the foot in a clean white piece of soft cloth."

"Yes, Doctor, I will do all you say," replied Mrs. Peel.

Then, turning to the young Samaritan, the Doctor said cheerily:

"Now jump into the surrey, my boy, and we'll be at your Aunt Margaret's in ten minutes."

But before the young man could comply with the Doctor's request, the little fellow who five minutes before had been the picture of misery, darted away from Mrs. Peel's restraining hand, and, seizing that of his benefactor, he pressed into it part of a broken harmonica.

"You can have it," he said. "I've got the other half, and they play awful nice, they do."

"Good boy, Peter!" said the Doctor, with a smile. "I'll bring you a whole one next time I come this way."

And so, taking leave of the admiring crowd, old Margaret's nephew drove off to a home and good fortune.

HERE are some sentences which contain all the letters of the alphabet:

Frowzy quacks vex, blight and jump.

The quick brown fox jumps over the lazy dog.

Pack my box with five dozen liquor jugs.

John quickly extemporized five tow bags.

Something I Remember.

BY X Y Z.

"Please help me a minute, sister."

"Oh, don't disturb me! I'm reading now," was the answer.

"But just hold this stick a minute, while I drive this pin through it."

"I can't now: I want to finish this story," said I; and my little brother turned away with a disappointed look, in search of somebody else to assist him.

He was a bright boy of nine years, and my only brother. He had been visiting a young friend, and had seen a windmill; and as soon as he came home his energies were all employed in making a small one (for he was always trying to make tops, kites, etc.); and all the morning, with tiny saw and jackknife, he had been engaged upon it, and now it only needed putting together to complete it; and his sister had refused to help him, and he had gone away very sad.

I had thought of this in the fifteen minutes after he had left, and the book gave me no pleasure. It was not intentional unkindness: only thoughtlessness; for I loved my brother, and was usually kind to him. I would have gone after him and afforded him the assistance he needed, but I knew he had found some one else. Yet I felt guilty, for I had neglected an opportunity of gladdening a childish heart.

In half an hour he came bounding into the house, exclaiming: "Come, Mary, I've got it up! Just see how it goes!"

His tones were joyous, and I saw that he had forgotten my petulance; so I determined to atone by unusual kindness. I went with him; and, sure enough, on the low roof of the woodhouse was fastened a miniature windmill, the arms whirling around fast enough to suit any boy. I praised the windmill and my little brother's ingenuity, and he seemed happy, and forgetful of any unkindness; and I

resolved, as I had many times before, to be always more gentle and obliging.

A few days passed by, and then the shadow of a great sorrow darkened our house. The joyous laugh and noisy glee were hushed, and our merry boy lay in a darkened room, with anxious faces around him, his cheeks flushed, and his eyes unnaturally bright. Sometimes his temples would moisten and his muscles relax, and then hope would come into our hearts, and our eyes would fill with thankful tears. It was in one of these deceitful calms in his disease that he heard the noise of his little wheel, and said to me:

"I hear my windmill."

"Does it make your head ache?" I asked. "Shall we take it down?"

"Oh, no!" he replied. "It seems as if I were out of doors, and it makes me feel better. Don't you remember, Mary, that I wanted you to help me fix it, and you were reading, and told me you couldn't? But it didn't make any difference, for mamma helped me."

Oh, how sadly those words fell upon my ears, and what bitter memories they awakened! How I repented, as I kissed little Frank's forehead, that I had ever spoken unkindly to him! Hours of sorrow passed, and we watched by his couch, hope growing fainter and anguish deeper, until, one week from the morning on which he spoke of his sports, we closed his eyes, once so sparkling, and folded his hands over his pulseless heart.

He sleeps now in the grave, and home is desolate; but his little windmill, the work of his busy hands, is still swinging in the breeze, just where he placed it, upon the roof of the woodshed; and every time I see the tiny arms revolving, I remember our dear little Frank, and I remember also those thoughtless, unkind words of mine.

MUCH of our tissue paper is manufactured from old rope, which shows the good use that can be made of what at first might be considered worthless.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—A new book by Agnes Repplier is entitled "A Happy Half-Century and Other Essays."

—Messrs. Methuen & Co. publish "Corot and his Friends," by Everett Meynell; and "Selected Poems of Francis Thompson," edited by Wilfrid Meynell.

—A new edition (for use in England) of "The Roman Breviary," translated by the Marquess of Bute, is among William Blackwood & Sons' new publications.

—"A Spanish Reader," compiled for beginners, by C. A. Turrell, includes paraphrases of familiar fables and extracts, more or less interesting, from standard writers. Avellanda's "Baltasar," edited by Carlos Bransby, is for more advanced Spanish students, and is all that could be desired in the way of notes and vocabulary. These text-books are published by the American Book Co.

—"Der Wanderer Kalender," another year-book for German Catholics, published by the paper whose name it bears, furnishes, besides the information proper to almanacs, nearly one hundred pages of miscellaneous reading matter in prose and verse, with numerous illustrations. The frontispiece in colors is both artistic and appropriate; but the same can not be said of a few other pictures, which to our mind are not just what they ought to be.

—The *Athenæum* is of opinion that the study of Irish ecclesiastical history will be facilitated by the publication of the "Annales Hiberniæ, 1410-1530." These calendars of transcripts were extracted from the Vatican Archives by the late Rev. Father Costello, O. P., and were left unpublished at his death, three years ago. The first volume, dealing with Ulster, with a critical Introduction by the Rev. A. Coleman, and supplementary notes by Dr. Grattan Flood, will be published next month by Mr. W. Tempest at the Dundalgan Press, Dundalk.

—"Nizra, the Flower of the Parsa," by Andrew Klarmann (B. Herder), is both less lengthy than the author's former novel, "The Princess of Gan-Sar," and less likely to provoke the more or less justifiable censures that were lavished on that elaborate story. The present book deals with the visit of the Wise Men to Bethlehem in quest of the new-born King of the Jews. Nizra is the daughter of Caspar, and an entirely admirable young lady, who accompanies her father on the memorable visit. Her ultimate

appearance, due to the action of St. Thomas, forms the climax of what will be found to be a readable if not an exciting volume. The author's avowed purpose in the book is to place the concise and scant reports of the Gospel writers side by side with contemporary events of profane history; and we think the purpose is on the whole successfully effected.

—A misplaced punctuation mark in an account of a recent prize-novel contest and its winner affords the occasion for the following paragraph in the London *Academy*:

We are interested in this Mr. Lorraine, not because he is the author of "The Great Prize Novel," but because Mr. Unwin has caused at least one beautiful thing to be said about him. We read in Mr. Unwin's free-and-easy paper, *M. A. B.*, the following words: "Rupert Lorraine's intellectual stature corresponds with that of the outer man. Standing six foot two in his boots in spite of his love of literature, he is very far from being a mere bookworm." The comma in these sentences is where we have placed it; and if it was not so placed intentionally by the editor of *M. A. B.*, it certainly ought to have been. That a man should stand six foot two in his boots in spite of his love of literature is a most gratifying circumstance. We congratulate Mr. Lorraine and Mr. Unwin.

—We are indebted to Mr. Patrick E. Burke, of New Orleans, La., for a copy of the biennial report of the Board of Control for the Leper Home of the State of Louisiana to the Governor and Assembly. This board is composed of nine members, including three physicians, Mr. Burke being the president. As information concerning the Home has not been widespread, the following extracts from the report will prove of interest:

The State has acquired by purchase a tract of 360 acres in the Parish of Iberville and known as the Indian Camp Plantation—about two miles south of Whitecastle and on the opposite side of the river. Here has been erected a modern sanitarium fully equipped for the treatment of leprosy and which can compare favorably with any similar institution in the world. The Home comprises seven modern cottages—three for the female patients, built in 1902 and 1903; and four for male patients, completed in 1906. These cottages are designed on the most modern scientific lines of hospital building. Each room is separately ventilated and heated by a direct indirect system of steam-heating. Especial care has been devoted to the bath and toilet rooms in each cottage. . . . The problem was to avoid any possibility of infection. In these cottages accommodations can be had for seventy-five patients, and at the present time this is sufficient for all requirements. The clinic building is a modern one, the operating room well lighted and the floor cemented and drained. In connection with the operating room are sterilizing rooms equipped with sanitary wash-stands. The clinic is equipped also with a pharmacy room and separate rooms for the sexes. The cottages and clinic are connected by a covered portico which makes it possible for a patient to walk or be conveyed from one cottage to another, to the clinic or the dining room. . . . The largest share of credit for the successful management of the Home should be given to Sister Benedicta and

the five Sisters who have entire charge of the domestic affairs, the nursing and providing for the comfort of the patients. The noble sacrifices made by this band of women can never be fully appreciated.

—The late Bishop Tierney, as depicted in the obituary notices of the Eastern press, bears a somewhat striking resemblance to the late Archbishop Montgomery, of San Francisco. Rarely, if ever, in the public eye during life, he is proclaimed after death a notably forceful and striking personality—a great power, although working as unostentatiously and quietly as the ocean tides. A particular instance of his beneficent activity is thus cited by the editor of the *Sacred Heart Review*:

Among the many ways in which the Bishop's zeal found an outlet was his work for the Catholic press. He was a believer in the power of the press properly directed, and he was always a warm and generous friend of the *Review*. At the risk of being considered egotistical, we will say that after the formation of the corporation of New England clergymen which at present owns the *Review*, Bishop Tierney gave to its manager, the Rev. John O'Brien, a large sum of money, to help in the work of establishing and maintaining this paper, which he believed to be doing much good for the Faith, imposing at the same time the obligation of silence. His lamented death removes this obligation, and the *Review* mentions this gift now, as one of the many good and generous, but hitherto unknown, works of the Bishop of Hartford.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' price generally includes postage.

"Catholic Life; or, the Feasts, Fasts and Devotions of the Ecclesiastical Year." 75 cts., net.

"The Dangers of Spiritualism." J. Godfrey Raupert. 75 cts., net.

"Modern Spiritism." J. Godfrey Raupert. \$1.35, net.

"The See of Peter and the Voice of Authority." Rev. Thomas Dolan. 60 cts.

"Dear Friends." D. Ella Nirdlinger. 60 cts.

"The Eucharistic Mission." Rev. William Lescher, O. P.

"A Conversion and a Vocation." \$1.25.

"Lourdes: A History of Its Apparitions and Cures." Georges Bertrin. \$2, net.

"History of the German People at the Close of the Middle Ages." Johannes Janssen. Vols. X. and XI. \$6.25, net.

"The Queen's Daughter." Joseph J. Wynne. \$1.

"Political Economy." Charles S. Devas, M.A. \$2.

"Fraternal Charity." Rev. Father Valuy, S. J. 40 cts., net.

"Priestly Vocation and Tonsure." Rev. L. Bacuez, S. S. \$1, net.

"What is Life? A Study of Vitalism and Neo-Vitalism." Bertram C. A. Windle, M. A., M. D., etc. \$1, net.

"The Acts of the Apostles." With Introduction and Annotations. Madame Cecilia. \$1.25.

"History of Economics; or, Economics as a Factor in the Making of History." Rev. J. A. Dewe, A. M. \$1.50.

"Rosette. A Tale of Paris and Dublin." Mrs. William O'Brien. \$1.25.

"For My Name's Sake." From the French of Champol's "Sœur Alexandrine," \$1.10, net.

"All about Salads." Mrs. Lewis Clarke Lucas. 75 cts.

"The New Matrimonial Legislation." Rev. Charles J. Cronin, D. D. \$1.90, net.

"Pentecost Preaching." Rev. Arthur Devine, C. P. \$1.50, net.

"Stories New and Old, American and English." Hamilton Wright Mabie. \$1.50.

"A Martyr of Our Own Day." From the French by the Rev. John J. Dunn. \$1, net.

"Cords of Adam." Rev. T. J. Gerrard. \$1.50.

"The Eucharistic Heart of Jesus." \$1.

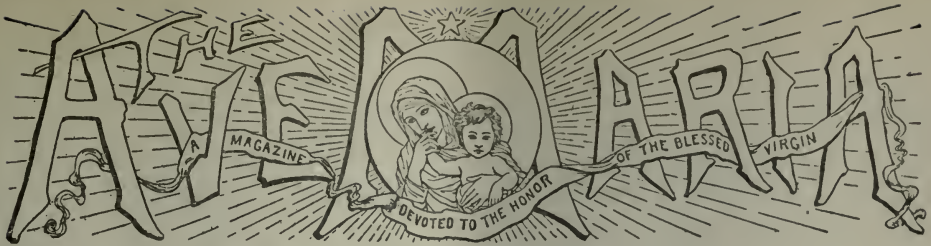
Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. John F. Greve, of the diocese of Scranton; Rev. Michael Busch, archdiocese of St. Louis; Rev. James Kinsella, archdiocese of Milwaukee; Rev. C. Schnuchel, archdiocese of Chicago; Rev. A. M. Cheneau, S. S.; Rev. Joseph Murray, S. J., and Rev. V. Vander Putten, S. J.

Dr. Frank Campbell, Mr. William Dixon, Mr. James Keefe, Mrs. Margaret Willis, Mr. James Gorman, Mrs. Anna Bruther, Mrs. Elinor Collins, Mrs. Joseph Grinder, Mr. P. H. Walsh, Mrs. Margaret Bartley, Mr. Patrick McCann, Mr. Henry Kinkelarr, Mr. William Walsh, Mrs. Gertrude Nicolai, Annie Lawler, Mr. Leon Steger, Mr. Michael Hayes, Mr. William Gashe, Miss Bessie Franey, and Mrs. Catherine Sherlock.

Requiescant in pace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LXVII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, OCTOBER 31, 1908.

NO. 18.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C. S. C.]

An Offering *

BY S. M. R.

BEHOLD, I bring my heart all dark with sin!
And yet a spark of childhood's faith within
Bids me to hope Thy pardon, Lord, to win,—
Oh, take it!

I know 'tis little worth, this heart of mine,
That now I lay upon this blessed shrine;
'Neath blows of anguish make it worthy Thine,—
Oh, break it!

And when, dear Lord, Thy hand hath chastened
me,
Keep Thou the heart that here I bring to Thee;
A dwelling for Thy love and majesty,
Oh, make it!

Regina Sacratissimi Rosarii.

BY THE REV. H. G. HUGHES.

FOR some years past we have been familiar, both in America and Europe, with warnings against the "yellow peril" by those who believe in the reality of the menace offered to modern civilization and institutions in both continents by the growing power of Japan, and the probable imitation by China of the example set to them by that vigorous and enterprising race. There is presented to our minds from time to time in the public press a vivid picture of the horrors that

would come upon us were the numberless populations of Eastern Asia, armed with modern weapons, disciplined and taught the usages of modern warfare, to break their bounds and pour upon the shores of the New World, or, crossing the wide tracts that intervene, to burst upon the fertile and desirable lands of the European States. It is a picture, and a possibility that can not be contemplated without dread; and who shall say that such a thing might not happen? No disposition of political power, no ascendancy of any race, no civilization or polity, is promised an unending permanency. What happened to the great Byzantine Empire might happen also to the loose confederation of States in Europe that has succeeded their ancient union under the name of the Holy Roman Empire. Were these Asiatics to become capable of conquest, America, too, from her geographical position, would certainly be threatened. The results of success on the side of the invaders would be too terrible for words; for the hatred of the foreigner, that for so many centuries closed the territories of the Yellow Races to outsiders, would not be likely to diminish if, after a long and bloody struggle, those races found themselves the masters of the peoples whom they had for so many years merely repelled from all peaceful intercourse.

What we are, perhaps, justified in regarding as, at any rate, a very remote danger, was for eight long centuries a real and proximate peril to Christendom. For eight centuries Christian Europe had to engage in a struggle to the death,—

* Suggested by a prayer of the Church used in the consecration of a chalice.

a struggle for her Christianity and her civilization against a fierce and relentless enemy. That enemy was the Turk, the inveterate foe of the Cross of Christ, to whom the very name of Christian was hateful, and who was possessed by a fanatical zeal for the religion of the false prophet, that exhibited itself in the form of compulsory conversion at the point of the sword. "Accept the Koran or die!" was the burden of the Ottoman's preaching, and of his missionaries, the wild and frenzied soldiery who believed that death in battle against the Christians would transport them to a paradise of unending sensual delights.

It was in the ever-memorable year 1048 A. D. that the Turks, who had originated in the vast territory known as Tartary, and had gradually pushed their way south and west, came first into contact with Europe and with Christianity. "Of all races," writes Cardinal Newman, this "was the veriest brood of the serpent which the Church has encountered since she was set up."* Whilst "for four centuries the Turks are little or hardly heard of," writes the same illustrious author, "suddenly, in the course of as many tens of years, and under three sultans, they make the whole world resound with their deeds; and while they have pushed to the east through Hindostan, in the west they have hurried down to the coasts of the Mediterranean and the Archipelago, have taken Jerusalem, and threatened Constantinople" (ib., p. 90); and he adds that since the year 1048 the Turks have been the great Antichrist amongst the races of men, and "the inveterate and hateful enemy of the Cross."

Of the barbarous cruelty exercised by the Turks toward those Christian populations in Western Asia and the Eastern confines of Europe that fell under their sway, there is not space to say much. All are familiar with the story of the sufferings of pilgrims to the Holy Places in Palestine. A few more words quoted

from Cardinal Newman will give a vivid presentment of the kind of enemy that Christendom had to face:

"It was said by a prophet of old, in the prospect of a fierce invader: 'A day of clouds and whirlwinds, a numerous and strong people, as the morning spread upon the mountains. The like to it hath not been from the beginning, nor shall be after it, even to the years of generation and generation. Before the face thereof a devouring fire, and behind it a burning flame. The land is like a garden of pleasure before it, and behind it a desolate wilderness; neither is there any one can escape it.' Now, I might, in illustration of the character which the Turks bear in history, suitably accommodate these words to the moral or the social or the political or the religious calamities of which they were the authors to the Christian countries they overran.... I might allude (if I dare, but I dare not, nor does any one dare) to those unutterable deeds which brand the people which allow them, even in the natural judgment of men, as the most flagitious, the most detestable of nations. I might enlarge on the reckless and remorseless cruelty which, had they succeeded in Europe as they succeeded in Asia, would have decimated or exterminated her children....

"Or I might in like manner still more obviously insist on their system of compulsory conversion, which, from the time of the Seljukian sultans to the present day, has raised the indignation and the compassion of the Christian world; how, when the lieutenants of Malek Shah got possession of Asia Minor, they profaned the churches, subjected bishops and clergy to the most revolting outrages, captured the youth and led off their sisters to their profligate households; how, when the Ottomans conquered in turn, and added an infantry—I mean the Janizaries—to their Tartar horse, they formed that body of troops, from first to last, for near five centuries, of boys, all born Christian—a body of at first 12,000, at last 40,000

* *Historical Sketches*, vol. ii, p. 88.

strong,—torn away year by year from their parents, . . . trained to the faith and morals of their masters, and becoming in their turn the instruments of the terrible policy of which they had themselves been victims; and how, when at length, lately, they abolished this work of their hands, they ended it by the slaughter of 20,000 of the poor renegades whom they had seduced from their God. I might remind you how within the last few years a Protestant traveller tells us that he found the Nestorian Christians, who had survived the massacre of their race, living in holes and pits, their pastures and tillage land forfeited, their sheep and cattle driven away, their villages burned, and their ministers and people tortured; and how a Catholic missionary has found, in the neighborhood of Broussa, the remnant of some twenty Catholic families, who, in consequence of repudiating the Turkish faith, had been carried all the way from Servia and Albania across the sea to Asia Minor; the men killed, the women disgraced, the boys sold, till out of a hundred and eighty persons but eighty-seven were left, and they sick and famished, and dying among their unburied dead."

It is a fact even now characteristic of Protestant literature in many quarters that one can read summaries of Turkish history in encyclopædias and similar works of reference, and not meet with the least hint as to the power that saved all Europe from meeting the same fate at the hands of the Turks that fell upon Asia Minor, the Holy Land itself, and a part of European territory. English authors, at least, are more concerned to praise the Ottoman nation for their undoubted bravery, to recall their courage in the war with Russia, to point to improvements in Turkish administration induced by the threat of the Powers, and to a certain amount of civilization that they have acquired. At the moment of writing, the Sultan is the object of praise and admiration for granting a sort of constitution to his people; but also, and still

more recently, a threatening cloud has arisen on account of the alleged determination of Bulgaria to shake herself free from the hated Turkish rule. Should war arise, it is difficult to understand how any one at all acquainted with the past history of the Turks could look with equanimity at the success of their arms.

But enough has been said of this extraordinary people to introduce the real subject of this paper. The power that repelled them, after variations of success and defeat, from their long-continued attempts upon European Christendom, was a spiritual power, the only ruler whose dynasty will never cease; one who, in the task he had to perform, made use, indeed, of temporal weapons, but whose chief strength lay in those spiritual forces that he has at his command, and which he invoked to bring success upon the arms of those who fought under his auspices for God and for the Church, for home and for hearth. I speak, of course, of the Popes, Vicars of Jesus Christ, true fathers of the faithful, whose uninterrupted cry from the eleventh to the eighteenth century was "War with the Turks!" From Sylvester II., who first saw the necessity of, and suggested a scheme for, united defence against the common enemy, down to Clement XII., so late as the beginning of the eighteenth century, Cardinal Newman mentions twenty-two Popes who made it their duty, either by encouragement or by active enterprise, to oppose the persistent efforts of Islam to tear down the Cross of Christ from the front of civilization.

Nor is all this in the least inappropriate to, or unconnected with, that title of our Holy Mother Mary which stands at the head of this paper, *Regina Sacratissimi Rosarii*,—Queen of the Most Holy Rosary; for it was undeniably the prayers of Catholics, offered to God and to Mary in the form of that great Catholic devotion, which turned away the scourge from their homes and temples, and gained the blessing of Heaven upon their armies and

navies at a time when the peril had become extreme and the position of Europe truly critical. It was when the Germans, under the leadership of Luther, had apostatized from the Faith; Henry VIII. had made the breach with Rome; and his daughter Elizabeth, who now sat upon the throne of England, was daily making that breach wider. In 1393 the Turks had gained a signal victory over 100,000 Christians who had gathered against them under the King of Hungary. Bajazet, the Sultan, had declared that he would overrun Germany and Italy, and "feed his horse with a bushel of oats upon the altar of St. Peter's at Rome." After the battle—that of Nicopolis—10,000 Christian prisoners were offered the choice between death and the Koran, and had refused to buy their lives at the price of apostasy. They were butchered one by one in the presence of the conqueror. From this time the Turks had pursued a victorious course. By 1453, Constantinople had at last fallen to them; and in 1571 they took possession of the island of Cyprus, putting to death the Catholic population, and being helped in their work by the members of the Greek Schismatic Church. But their time had come. A saint, Pius V., sat on the Throne of Peter; and it was under his direction and with his encouragement that an alliance was formed among the Papal States, Spain, and the Venetians, and a fleet fitted out, which, with the eyes of all Catholics upon it, sailed forth to do battle with their fearful enemy.

"The holy Pope," writes Cardinal Newman, "was securing the success of his cause by arms of his own, which the Turks understood not. He had been appointing a *triduo* of supplication at Rome, and had taken part in the procession himself. He had proclaimed a Jubilee to the whole Christian world, for the happy issue of the war. He had been interesting the Holy Virgin in his cause. He presented to his admiral, after High Mass in his chapel, a standard of

red damask, embroidered with a crucifix and with the figures of St. Peter and St. Paul, and the legend, *In hoc Signo vinces*. Next, sending to Messina, where the allied fleet lay, he assured the general-in-chief and the armament that 'if, relying on divine rather than on human help, they attacked the enemy, God would not be wanting to His own cause. He augured a prosperous and happy issue,—not on any light or random hope, but on a divine guidance, and by the anticipations of many holy men.' . . . A fast was proclaimed for the fleet, beginning with the Nativity of Our Lady. . . ."

The engagement took place on the 7th of October; and during all that day the Holy Pontiff in Rome, and the Catholics there and elsewhere, offered up continually and fervently their earnest supplications for victory. That victory was given to their prayers, and was so decisive that a Protestant historian has said of it that "the battle of Lepanto arrested forever the danger of Mahometan invasion in the south of Europe."* News of the victory first came, not from the scene of the fight, but from the Pope himself, who received supernatural intelligence of the Christian triumph on the evening of the day of battle. In the engagement 30,000 Turks fell, 3500 prisoners were made, 130 Turkish vessels taken, 12,000 Christian slaves liberated; and the result has been that "though the sultans have had isolated successes since, yet from that day they undeniably and constantly declined, and have lost their prestige and their self-confidence; and the victories gained over them since are but the complements and the reverberations of the overthrow at Lepanto."†

* Alison's "History of Europe," quoted by Cardinal Newman, op. cit., p. 157. Note.

† Newman, op. cit., p. 157, where he supports his statement by an appeal to Protestant historians, and observes that it is remarkable that this engagement should not be included in Creasy's "Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World."

It was to none other than the Queen of the Most Holy Rosary, to Mary, of whom all valiant women, as Judith and Deborah, are the types; to Mary, who crushed the head of the ancient serpent, that St. Pius V. and all Catholics ascribed the overthrow of the enemies of the Cross of Christ. "On the very day on which the victory was gained," we read in the Office for Rosary Sunday, "the confraternities of the Holy Rosary throughout the world were sending up their supplications and reciting their accustomed prayers." It was not the first, nor was it to be the last, time that the Rosary should gain in an eminently clear and unmistakable manner the special aid of the Mother of God in times of great danger to the Church. It was the devotion of the Holy Rosary as used and promulgated by St. Dominic which defeated the Albigensian heresy.

Innumerable benefits, says the Breviary lesson, have come to the Christian Commonwealth from this so salutary practice. In acknowledgment of the debt owed to Mary, St. Pius V. instituted the feast of Our Lady Help of Christians, and added "*Auxilium Christianorum*" to the Litany of Loreto. Gregory XIII. appointed the feast of the Holy Rosary to be kept in all churches where there was an altar of the Rosary. Clement X. extended the feast to all churches within the Spanish dominions. It was to the devotion of the Rosary and to the Queen of the Holy Rosary that Clement XI. ascribed the great victory—one of the "reverberations" of Lepanto—gained by Prince Eugene of Savoy over the Turks near Belgrade in 1716, on the occasion of one of their last attempts at regaining their ancient power. By this victory Germany and Italy were delivered from imminent peril of invasion, and the siege of the island of Corfu was raised. This last great Christian victory happened on the feast of Our Lady of the Snow, when the confraternities in Rome were engaged in solemn and public recitation of the

Rosary for the defeat of the infidel armies; and to commemorate the answer to their prayers, Clement XII. extended the festival of the Rosary to the universal Church.

It is therefore not to be wondered at that the late Holy Father Leo XIII., of happy memory, recalling the benefits gained for the Church by the devout use of this devotion, and by the appeal to the Queen of the Most Holy Rosary, should have prescribed it as the most effectual defence against those bitter, dangerous and relentless foes with whom the Church has to engage in conflict in our own time; and should have set apart the one month in the year for united supplication to the Blessed Virgin, through whom so often God "has brought our enemies to nought." Those enemies are no longer fighting under the Crescent, but they are no less determined foes of the Cross. They are urged on by invisible forces,—by forces initiated and impelled by the great enemy of Christ and of Mary, that same serpent between whom and the Woman God has set perpetual enmity. They are the forces of atheism and of materialism, of Socialism and Freemasonry, of indifference, of pseudo-science, of scepticism and of rationalism. Modernism itself, so lately struck by the anathemas of Christ's Vicar, must be reckoned in the list; for it is but a form, and the most subtle form, of the revolt against Faith by Reason seduced and led astray by pride.

The Evil One, sad to say, has found human instruments ready to his hand; and into these he has instilled, together with the false notions with which they are possessed, that instinctive hatred of the Catholic Church which characterizes all the enemies of truth and goodness, who rightly recognize in her the accredited representative and propagator of both. The seductions of false teaching, "the profane novelties of words, and oppositions of knowledge falsely so called," are in truth more dangerous than any visible assailant; and movements against Chris-

tianity and the Church which take their rise from erroneous systems of thought, whether in the sphere of religion or philosophy or politics, are more likely to subvert the Faith, unless they are opposed by weapons of the spiritual order, than the open attacks of hostile armies or the violence of persecutors. The latter do but slay the body, and rouse instant horror and repulsion by their barbarities; the former contaminate and corrupt the mind, and thus make allies of those whom they would destroy. But against both these dangers the Queen of the Most Holy Rosary can and will defend us, if, to quote again the words of the Divine Office, "we ever honor the Most Holy Mother of God by this devotion that is so pleasing to her, in order that, just as she enabled the faithful of Christ to put to flight and destroy their earthly enemies, so also she may enable us to overcome our hellish foes."

Phileas Fox, Attorney.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XVI.

FORTUNATELY, Phileas did catch the evening boat, deciding to take his supper on board; and, as the darkness settled down like a pall over the face of the waters, he sat upon the deck, watching the huge leviathan of a steamer churning its way, with dashing of foam and whirling of machinery. Light talk and laughter sounded from the various groups around him, or came forth from the brilliantly lighted saloon, until gradually, as it grew late, the groups dispersed and the apartment became almost portentously still.

The young lawyer was now left in solitary possession of the deck, smoking his cigar, and letting his thoughts wander over the whole range of impressions that had been stamped upon his mind during the recent weeks. Above his head, in the

clear blue of the firmament, the Northern Crown and Bootes, the Herdsman, disputed the sovereignty of the heavens with the Dipper and the princely Orion. Their radiance seemed fairly dazzling in that bright arc, thick crowded with those constellations which, by the quaint symbolism of their names, recall the dawn of the world's history.

It was very late indeed when Phileas abandoned that peaceful scene and the soft lulling of the waters, for the cabin, where a fellow traveller was already sleeping the sleep of the weary. The early morn found the energetic lawyer astir, and hastening to the deck to watch the steamer ploughing through the harbor of Tea Party fame, and the crowd of hurrying people. They included every class and condition, from the commercial traveller, genial, bumptious, endlessly loquacious, or grim and taciturn, to the merchant prince whose family had long since ensconced themselves at Newport or elsewhere, and who was running down to Boston for the mere pleasure of the sail; belonging for the most part, however, to the varied and often nondescript company of tourists, voluble, anxious and ardent in the pursuit of sight-seeing.

Phileas, who had but little luggage and consequently no anxiety, observed them all, as he waited, with the closeness of attention that his profession fostered, until presently the vessel came to anchor with a prodigious straining and creaking, a whistling and shrieking; and before him lay the city, which is perhaps the most historic within the radius of the Northern States. There the pale ghosts of the Puritans seem to stalk, marvelling at modern progress; the quiet and peaceful Quakers appear to glide through the winding streets, where too often for them they underwent persecution, and where, in common with other strange sectaries and the witches, ghastly victims of superstition, they endured undeserved torments. The Colonial governors, the Revolutionary worthies, and the tribes-

men of old Massasoit still haunt the shores and inhabit the thoroughfares, now given over to the rush and bustle of commerce.

Phileas registered at a hotel which has been identified with the growth of the metropolis; and after breakfast set forth to seek that secluded spot where he hoped to find the widow's mysterious lodger. The lawyer was tolerably well acquainted with the Puritan city, and admired, as he went, the Common, oasis of verdure, and Beacon Street, where the magnates of the East India Company and other commercial potentates had set up their palatial residences.

He discovered without much trouble that quiet hostelry, where a gentleman answering to the lawyer's description had taken up his abode some weeks previously, but, as the clerk added with a touch of resentment, without registering. He was elderly, he led a retired life, he saw no visitors. Phileas suggested that he would like to send up his card, but the official behind the desk was inexorable. The orders from No. 48 were to admit no callers, and those orders should be obeyed. Phileas was baffled for the moment; but, by a happy inspiration, he resolved to make his way to Father Driscoll, and see what assistance he could lend. Putting on his hat, he took a trolley to the magnificent church where the priest from New York was now stationed. He was fortunate enough to find him at home.

He was a gray-haired, rugged-featured man, considerably above the average height, with a genial manner, an all-pervading atmosphere of common-sense, and a particularly clear judgment. He heard Phileas' story to the end, measuring him meantime with that keen insight into the character of others that becomes almost a sixth sense.

"I am sorry," he said quietly, "that you did not bring me an introductory line from Father Van Buren, which would have made assurance doubly sure. But

I am going to take it upon myself, Mr. Fox, to introduce you as an old pupil of one of our colleges, and as a friend of Father Van Buren. And," he added half jestingly, "I hope you will do nothing to discredit me."

Phileas met him eye to eye, thus giving the experienced director of souls an assurance stronger than any spoken pledges.

"Just let me have one of your cards," he said, "and I will write a line upon it."

He did so; and almost immediately afterward Phileas rose to take his leave, having asked no questions and solicited no information which the priest might have preferred to withhold.

"I shall be glad to see you again," Father Driscoll said cordially; "that is, if you have a few minutes to spare; and if not, I shall be anxious to hear how your business has progressed."

That interview, brief as it was, had established an unusual friendliness of feeling between the young man and the old, and their hand-shake was a warm one. The lawyer returned to the modest hostelry in that quiet neighborhood, where birds sang and trees waved as if forgetful of the rush of city life so near. Early in the afternoon, Phileas sent up the card upon which the priest had pencilled a few words. He waited in a very fever of suspense for the result of his application, and could scarcely control his impatience when after a few moments he saw the bell-boy leisurely advancing toward him.

"The gentleman in No. 48 will see you," he announced briefly; "and you're to go up."

Phileas felt his heart beating almost to suffocation, so momentous did he realize that interview and its results to be. Interest, curiosity were, moreover, excited to an almost intolerable degree. He made an effort to gain a full command of his faculties before he followed the bell-boy to the elevator and into a corridor bordered on either side by a row of precisely similar doors. At one of these,

which stood in about the centre, the boy knocked. On receiving the summons to enter, he ushered Phileas into the apartment, not without an evident lingering of curiosity concerning the unusual circumstance of a visitor being admitted.

With an emotion that caused his face to pale and his pulses to beat, the lawyer beheld seated in an armchair, close to the window, an old man of an appearance so distinguished as to seem out of place in that small and narrow apartment. He could easily have been imagined presiding on the bench, filling a gubernatorial chair, or in any other position of distinction. But the impression that he made upon Phileas was deepened by the fact that the latter never had any doubt from the first that here was the hero in that old romance, the husband of the imperious mistress of the Monroe Street mansion, and the defendant in the celebrated suit. Nor was it alone the resemblance to the portrait which produced that conviction, since it did not so instantaneously seize him, but gradually grew from his study of the face before him.

As Phileas stood stunned, bewildered as it were, by the prospect of that success in his quest which he felt was at hand, the old man spoke. His voice was singularly harmonious, with a tone and accent that belonged to a more tranquil and possibly a more formal era than our own, when there was time to pronounce the syllables. He extended to his visitor a shapely and well-cared-for hand, which Phileas took with a deference that well became him, and elicited a mental note of approbation from the other.

"I must apologize, Mr. Fox," he said, "for the seeming discourtesy of my attitude. I am just enough of an invalid to make motion at times irksome."

"I should rather apologize for my intrusion," Phileas replied readily, "only that it is justified by a grave necessity."

"Any one introduced by Father Driscoll is welcome," said the other, courteously; "though, as perhaps he has told you, my

visiting list under present circumstances is necessarily limited."

The smile with which these words were uttered was singularly winning, and the lawyer could well understand the figure which this man must have cut in his youth. In the still noble physique were traces of that rare beauty which had been manifest in the portrait, and which detracted nothing from a dignified manliness. There was an ease and grace in the manner which betrayed an intimate association with the highest circles of society. This seemed, in fact, a relic of the early Colonial days, when the beaux of the period were no less famed for wit and genial courtesy than for the carefulness of their attire. One could have fancied this old man sitting there in that obscure lodging, as Phileas reflected, the associate of Aaron Burr, of Alexander Hamilton, the Willises and the D'Orsays.

As there was ever so slight a pause after the last remark, the lawyer felt called upon to explain the errand which had brought him thither. Yet he was conscious of all the difficulty of approaching a painful subject; the more so that the exquisite courtesy of the older man served as a viewless but effectual barrier against any intrusion upon his private feelings.

"I will tell you frankly, sir," said Phileas, "that I am at a loss how to begin. The matter which has brought me here is vital, but at the same time it opens up issues that are so painful."

"Perhaps," remarked the listener, who had visibly started at this preamble, and over whose face had crept a shadow, "it might be better to leave them unopened."

"Unfortunately," said the young man, "it is imperative that you should give me a hearing."

"Are you a lawyer?" the gentleman inquired.

Phileas answered in the affirmative; and the other turned away toward the window, as though he would fain have

avoided a blow. After a moment he observed, in a low voice:

"I will hear what you have to say. I feel sure that you will not exceed your duty."

"I must necessarily ask a question," began the attorney, "which I did not put even to Father Driscoll, and which I trust you will not consider intrusive, since upon the answer must depend all further communications upon my part. And perhaps it is only fair to say that I have already anticipated the answer."

"Ask what you will," replied the old man, with the same air of submitting to the inevitable; and Phileas paused to arrange the form of his inquiry.

"Am I correct in assuming," he asked at length, "that you are—the defendant in the case of *Spooner vs. Vorst*,—that you are, in fact, Mr. John Vorst himself?"

It was evident that the occupant of the chair had not expected so point-blank a question, and for an instant he seemed to have lost his self-control. A mortal pallor overspread his features; he started from his reclining attitude to an erect position, and cried:

"By what right do you ask me such a question? Upon what do you base your assumption as to my identity?"

"My right is simply that of justice to yourself and others," answered Phileas, firmly, the strength of his character suddenly asserting itself, and to some extent dominating the other. "And as to my assumption, it rests upon many small links in a chain which has led me here, upon a conviction which has seized me since I have come into your presence, and also" (he hesitated an instant) "upon your resemblance to the portrait."

"You have seen the portrait?" the older man exclaimed, and there was a startled look upon his face as of one driven to bay. Then he sank back into his chair, passing his hand wearily over his face. "Am I never to be done with that miserable case,—never to be secure even in the most obscure retreat?"

"Believe one thing, sir," interposed Phileas, seizing upon the tacit admission, and speaking under the influence of a strong emotion. "No word nor act of mine shall tend to your annoyance. I am here altogether in the interests of right and justice, that old wrongs may be righted and old difficulties adjusted."

"That can scarcely be, sir," said the gentleman, coldly. "There are difficulties which can not be adjusted, nor, I warn you, can they be discussed."

"But discussion is absolutely necessary, Mr. Vorst," pleaded the lawyer; "and I am sure that your sense of justice will permit me to make a definite statement of much that has transpired within the past year. The credentials which I have brought from one in whom you have confidence must assure you that not without the gravest reasons would I have intruded upon your privacy. May I speak?"

The head was once more bowed and there was a look of distress upon the face, but the desired permission was given.

"Let me preface my statement of the new aspect of affairs by an announcement that may possibly be new to you," began the attorney,—“that the plaintiff in the case of *Spooner vs. Vorst* has become a Catholic."

"She, Martha, a Catholic!" cried the old man in amazement, while wonder and incredulity were written upon every feature.

"Having been received into the Church by Father Van Buren just one year ago, she is naturally desirous of readjusting her business affairs."

The old man looked steadily down at the floor, and there was silence between the two. Then he said slowly:

"Your statement is, indeed, of the gravest importance, and no doubt must make a material difference. Did these business affairs, however, concern me alone, my preference would be to leave things as they are. Personally, I have but one desire—freedom from strife. But, since the rights and interests of

others have to be considered, I will hear what is proposed."

In the same attitude of weariness, and keeping a strained attention upon the lawyer, John Vorst listened, according a meed of admiration to the speaker for the brief and well-chosen words in which he made his statement, together with a delicacy that avoided all needlessly painful references. And this thought he expressed when Phileas had concluded.

"The plaintiff," he said, "is fortunate in her attorney."

"Who," said Phileas, laughing off the compliment, "was introduced to her by Father Van Buren as a briefless young barrister, at liberty to give unlimited time to her affairs."

"I am quite sure he had other considerations in his mind when he made that recommendation," remarked the old man, courteously; "and as for the briefs, they will not be long in coming. But to return to the matter in hand. You must give me a little time to adjust my mind to new conditions. Of course it is now unnecessary to inform you that I am indeed John Vorst. I shall be most happy to see you again in a day or two, when I have had time to consider the new aspects of the case."

He outstretched a cordial hand to Phileas, who, thus dismissed, took his leave, elated at the progress he had made, and promising to call within the week.

(To be continued.)

The Lost Dream.

BY ROBERT COX STUMP.

THE vibrant viol soars in prayer

Above the reach of earthly things.

Is it an instrument that flings

This sudden, quivering sorrow on the air,—

Merely a cry of soulless wood and strings?

Nay! 'tis the musician's breaking heart that
sings

A threnody for Beauty, fleet as fair.

A Saint of the Last Century.

BY ELLIS SCHREIBER.

(CONCLUSION.)

WHILE engaged in the work of the apostolate in Rome and in the neighboring cities, preaching and giving missions with wonderful results, Don Pallotti experienced keenly the want of zealous co-operators who would labor with him for the revival of religion among Catholics, and the diffusion of the Faith among unbelievers. He felt that he was called by God to found an institute for this purpose, yet he took no steps toward the realization of the project until an unexpected incident led to the formation of the Society of Pious Missions.

One day, toward the end of the year 1834, one of his penitents, a simple, pious man, came to the rector of Santo Spirito. He had been much impressed by a discourse delivered by a missionary lately returned from Arabia, depicting the spiritual desolation of that land. "How sad," he said, "to think that those unhappy people have no books to teach them the saving truths of religion!"

"So it is," Pallotti replied. "Yet more sad is it that we who have good books do not trouble ourselves to read them."

"I have been thinking, Father," the man continued, "that we might have St. Alphonsus' 'Way of Salvation' printed in Arabic and sent to those benighted people."

"That would cost a great deal of money; where is it to come from?"

"Nothing is easier, Father, I will make a collection from house to house, asking in your name for a contribution to the good work."

To this Pallotti demurred; his humility took alarm. "Not in my name," he said. "If you like to make the attempt, do so in the name of Jesus Christ."

"That is an excellent idea," the man rejoined, and immediately he left the

house. In half an hour he returned, his pockets full of money, which he requested Pallotti to take care of, while he went on a further quest.

Pallotti detained him, and they set to work to sort the coins he poured out on the table,—coins of every value, with banknotes to boot. When all was counted, the sum collected was found to amount to 15,000 francs (\$3000),—proof sufficient of the love and respect felt for the venerable servant of God by all classes in Rome. He had but to hold out his hand, and rich and poor, prince and peasant, hastened to lay their offerings in it. Unwilling to take on himself the disposal of so large a sum, Pallotti called a committee of priests and laymen to decide upon the manner of spending it. This committee formed the nucleus of a permanent institution for the spread of useful knowledge. From this beginning, the Congregation, to which at a later period Pius IX. gave the title of *Pia Societas Missionum*, took its rise.

On the 9th of January of the following year, Don Vincent was, after saying Mass, enlightened by the Holy Spirit concerning the work he was to accomplish,—the whole plan of the Society being made plain to his interior vision. Like the Orders founded by St. Francis and St. Dominic, it was to consist of three classes: (1) priests living in community under a rule, who were to be entirely devoted to the active work of the apostolate both at home and abroad; (2) a Congregation of Sisters, observing as far as possible the same rule, consecrated to the education of heathen girls in foreign lands; (3) an Order embracing all members of the clergy and laity who would pledge themselves to promote the object of the institution by personal assistance, by alms, or by prayer.

The founding of this institute, like that of every work which is to prosper and be permanent, was a long and difficult undertaking. In the seclusion of a monastery Pallotti spent many months in

pondering over his task. One evening when, after long deliberation, he began to write the constitutions and rules, he was rapt in ecstasy, and on coming to himself he found that the blank pages had been filled by an unseen hand. At the time he concealed the fact that Our Lady had appeared to him, encouraging and assisting him. The rule was not submitted to the Holy See until 1846, when Pius IX., on his accession to the Chair of Peter, approved and confirmed it. At their profession the Pallottine Fathers pledge themselves not only to observe poverty, obedience, and chastity, but also to persevere in the Congregation and not accept any benefice or ecclesiastical dignity.

In the reception of postulants, Pallotti was most careful, remembering that the words of the prophet, "Thou hast multiplied the nation, and hast not increased the joy,"* may be applied to superiors who are over-anxious to increase the number of their subjects. A missionary priest once said to him: "Don Vincent, what do you intend to do with your congregation, as you are so few in number?" The servant of God instantly rejoined: "Yes, they are few; but all are men of sterling worth. St. Francis Xavier was one alone, yet he converted ten thousand heathen." Such was Pallotti's discernment in discriminating between true and false vocations, that he rarely had to dismiss a novice. If compelled to do so, he did not let him go without providing him with suitable employment.

Not only did Pallotti set before his subjects a high standard of sanctity, he desired them to be men of learning and mental culture. With this object in view, he held conferences every day on points of theology or general erudition. For their physical welfare he manifested an almost paternal solicitude. In regard to sleep, although he habituated himself to three hours' rest at the most, he used to say that until the age of thirty-three young

* Is., ix, 3.

men required seven hours' sleep and ample nourishment. After they had passed that age, he allowed them to curtail, at their own discretion, their period of repose or the amount of food they took. In the supervision of their conduct, his maxim was that a superior must see everything, overlook much, and correct little. *Superior omnia videat, multa dissimulet, pauca corrigat.* And, indeed, such was the respect he inspired that he seldom had to rebuke or punish. Whenever it was necessary to administer a reprimand, he did so effectually and with the utmost tact and circumspection.

Poverty was made of paramount importance in the community. Pallotti desired his priests to subsist on alms, and he would not accept large sums for the support of the house. It is related in the process of his beatification, as an instance of his disinterestedness and love of justice, that a very wealthy gentleman gave, on his deathbed, the whole of his property to Pallotti, for the benefit of his Congregation. When the servant of God, on inquiry, learned that his benefactor had several very poor relatives, he went to the Holy Father, and asked and obtained permission to make over all the legacy to them, leaving it to their generosity to devote a portion of it to charitable objects.

Wonderful indeed was the manner in which the funds he needed were supplied. In all trials and pecuniary difficulties his maxim was *Fiducia et orazione*,—"Confidence and prayer." These were the last words he addressed to his priests; and countless times during his lifetime his confidence in God, his prayers for the divine aid, were richly rewarded.

Father Vaccari, the procurator of the community, on one occasion wanted twenty scudi to make up the sum required to purchase something necessary for the house. He appealed to his superior, who said: "Let me see what I can do. Here are three scudi as my contribution." The procurator replied that it would not go

far toward supplying the deficiency. Don Pallotti rebuked him for his want of faith, and bade him trust in God. The three scudi were locked in a drawer. The same evening the payment of the bill was demanded. Father Vaccari then unlocked the drawer, intending to give the three scudi on account, when, to his astonishment, he found a packet of gold containing the exact amount he was in need of. On his reporting this to Don Pallotti, adding that the key of the drawer had been all day in his pocket, the servant of God remarked with a smile: "Did I not say you had no faith? Trust in God; He will provide for us."

Many instances of a similar nature are recorded in his biography. Of these we will quote one, which Father Raphael de Melia heard from the lips of a certain Princess de Fiano. In November, 1849, Pallotti called on her to solicit an alms for a family in great destitution. The Princess begged to be excused, since she happened to have no money in the house that day. Another day, she said, she would willingly aid him in his charitable work. The servant of God answered that he wanted the money that very day. Although the Princess again pleaded her inability to contribute, he insisted, and would take no denial. In virtue of obedience, he bade her fetch whatever was in her cash box. She complied, but found only two paoli—small coins not amounting to a shilling. She took them and returned to her visitor. On opening her hand to give them to him, she saw, not two paoli, but a number of gold pieces. Dumfounded by the miracle, she stared at the coins in amazement. Pallotti enjoined on her strict secrecy concerning this occurrence, which she scrupulously observed until after his death.

Among the countless instances in which Pallotti exercised his supernatural power of healing the sick, the following, related by Father Vaccari, is a remarkable one. The servant of God had arranged to give the "Exercises" at the orphan asylum

he had founded at St. Agatha. On the appointed day he repaired thither to deliver the opening discourse. He was met by the superior, who assured him that it was impossible to begin the retreat that day, since all in the house had the influenza; almost everyone was in bed; and those who were not actually laid up had hardly strength to fulfil their duties. "Trust in God,—trust in God," the holy man answered. "The retreat must begin to-day."—"Indeed, Father," the superior said, "if you were to go upstairs you would see for yourself what a sick house we have."—"When the time comes," he replied, "ring the bell that all may assemble in the chapel." The superior promised to obey his orders. Accordingly the bell was rung, and all the inmates of the house betook themselves to the chapel, the sick leaving their beds to respond to the summons. To the astonishment of all, and especially of the superior, not one of the girls coughed or gave any sign of indisposition that evening, or on any other day of the retreat. The doctors in attendance considered this an undoubted miracle, and openly expressed their conviction that it was so.

Vincent Pallotti well merited the title given him of the Apostle of Rome. In the comparatively brief period of his public ministry, he revived the spirit of religion and rekindled the light of faith, which, in consequence of the troublous times at the beginning of the nineteenth century, was burning low even in the hearts of Christians. Nor did he confine his activity and zeal to his immediate sphere of labor: the needs of other lands, where heresy prevailed or heathen darkness reigned, were ever present to his mind.

During the period that Dr. (afterward Cardinal) Wiseman was rector of the English College in Rome (1825-1840), he became acquainted with Pallotti, who was much interested in the revival of Catholicism in England. In 1848, he sent Father Raphael Melia to found a church and house of the Congregation in London.

For this purpose Pallotti promised to give him 5000 scudi (about £1000). On the eve of his departure, 100 scudi were still wanting to complete the sum. "Trust in God; He will supply what is lacking," Pallotti affirmed. That same day tidings came that a wealthy nobleman had died, bequeathing a large sum to the Society of Pious Missions, which was to be placed at once to Pallotti's credit. The handsome church dedicated to St. Peter, built with this money, was finished and opened for divine worship in 1863; and the hopes of its pious founder for the success of the mission have been fully realized.

The transcendent virtues that distinguished Don Pallotti—his glowing charity toward God and toward all men for God's sake, his life of extraordinary austerity and penance, above all his profound humility,—gave him power not only over the souls of men, but with God and His Blessed Mother, whose devoted servant he was. It is recorded that when his father, who was suffering from malignant cancer, was given over by the physicians, although ready to acquiesce in the divine will, he earnestly desired a prolongation of life in order to arrange his temporal affairs, and begged Vincent to procure this favor for him. Vincent knelt down before his image of the Madonna; for three hours he remained motionless, absorbed in prayer. Then he rose from his knees and told his father that his request was granted: he would live another year, but he would die without a priest to assist him in his last hours. The sick man regained his health miraculously. Exactly a year later he expired suddenly, but not unprepared, since on the previous day his son advised him to approach the sacraments. This he did, and on leaving the church breathed his last.

Don Pallotti in numerous instances predicted the death of certain persons; for he possessed in a high degree the gift of foreknowledge. One day he accosted a young man, a complete stranger to

him, who was engaged in a game of quoits, bidding him, for the love of Jesus and Mary, to withdraw to some retired place and commend himself to the mercy of God. The young man obeyed somewhat reluctantly, and seated himself in a secluded arbor. The servant of God came again to him and said: "If you want me at any time, send for me,"—giving him his address. The young man returned home in perfect health, but about midnight he was attacked by cholera. He called to his mother to summon Don Pallotti. Before the messenger had gone far he met him on his way to the young man's house. He heard his confession and went to fetch the parish priest to administer the Last Sacraments. In an hour's time the young man expired.

Another gift, rarely bestowed even on eminent saints, that of bilocation, was accorded to this holy man. There are on record several remarkable instances of his being seen in two places at one and the selfsame hour. Of these we will give one. Two young men were in the habit of going together every week to the church of Santo Spirito for confession. One day one of them, calling for his friend, found him not quite ready to accompany him; so he went on first, expecting the other to follow. Whilst in the confessional, he observed that for some time Pallotti did not utter a word. Presently he turned to the penitent and said: "Offer your Holy Communion for your friend; he is dead." On leaving the church, the young man hastened to his friend's house, and found that he had suddenly died in the interval of his absence; and, what was yet more astounding, he was told that Pallotti had been with the dying man, to speed him on his last journey.

Don Pallotti was the founder of several charitable institutions for the shelter of orphans and young girls who were often exposed to grave danger through want of guardians. The first was the *Pià Casa*

di Carità, which was placed under the care of a sisterhood. This was soon overcrowded, and some years later another orphan asylum was established near Santo Spirito. The funds for the support of these institutions were supplied in a truly marvellous manner.

Though Don Pallotti engaged zealously in temporal works of mercy, it was to spiritual works that his whole soul was devoted. Hearing confessions, converting sinners, preparing the sick to make a holy death, were the occupations most congenial to him. *Caritas Christi urget nos*, were the words most frequently on his lips. Almost the whole of his time was spent in the hospitals, the barracks, the prisons, the schools and colleges of Rome, in all of which his ministrations were crowned with the happiest results. One who lived with him for several years tells us how his days were generally spent.

"After saying Mass, unless he was wanted to hear confessions in his own house or was called to the sick, he betook himself to the Hospital of Santo Spirito in Sassia, where he remained until the dinner hour. His labors for the salvation of souls were interrupted only by the Breviary, which he recited on his knees. It was often very late when he left the confessional, and recited the Hours; when this was ended, he would cross his arms upon his back, lay his head upon them and take a few hours' sleep. If he stretched himself upon his bed—a sack filled with straw,—he held a metal crucifix clasped to his breast. In his earlier days he often passed the whole night before the Blessed Sacrament." His biographer says that in his lifetime no name was more popular, no personality more beloved in Rome, than that of Vincent Pallotti.

His unbounded affection for our Blessed Lady and his extraordinary devotion to her must not pass unmentioned. It has already been said that he always carried about on his person a beautifully painted image of the Madonna, with which he worked many striking miracles. Of this

picture he caused copies to be made, one of which he gave to every missionary whom he sent out, saying, "O Blessed Mother, go, thou and speak to those benighted people!" When he spoke of Mary, his countenance was lighted up with supernatural radiance; his words became eloquent, his manner that of one inspired. In giving missions, he found no theme so efficacious in touching the hearts of his hearers as that of the greatness, the goodness, the loving-kindness of the Mother of God, the power of her intercession on behalf of her clients. Few could resist the unction wherewith he spoke.

When the Revolution of 1849 broke out, and a lawless rabble looted religious and other houses, maltreating and even putting to death priests who opposed them, Pallotti took no other precaution against the violence of the mob than that of commending his community to the care of the Queen of Apostles. "Dearest Mother, see thou to this!" he would say. His house was not invaded, nor was one of his followers in any way molested.

The closing scenes of the life of this holy man are no less edifying than the earlier ones. The feast of the Epiphany, on which the vocation of the heathen to the faith of Christ is commemorated, had long been celebrated in Rome with special solemnity. (The "Feast of Languages" it was called in the College of the Propaganda.) Vincent Pallotti conceived the design of giving a yearly mission to persons of all classes and nationalities during the Octave of the festival. This mission, which afforded the members of his Congregation a means of gaining experience for apostolic work in other lands, was held for the first time in 1836, in the Neapolitan church; but the concourse of people was so great that it had to be transferred in the following year to a more spacious church, situated in a central part of the city. Pallotti's idea was to bring together Christians of all nations round the Crib of the world's Redeemer,

and he caused a beautiful Crib to be constructed within the sacred edifice. Sermons were preached and confessions heard in all European languages, and the Holy Sacrifice was offered according to the Syro-Chaldaic and the Greek as well as the Roman rite. The mission was usually closed by a Cardinal, who, whilst giving the final blessing, held in his arms an image of the Infant Jesus.

The results of these missions were most gratifying. Pallotti entered with heart and soul into the arduous work they entailed, his zeal literally consuming him. The last mission in which he took part was in January, 1850. He then preached the opening discourse, as well as the final one, giving the benediction with his favorite image of the Divine Child. On going down into the sacristy, he said to the priests who gathered round him: "Next year you will have to do all yourselves." Only by a strong effort of the will had he kept up till the close, January 13. Then his strength broke down completely. Never before had the church been so crowded as that year, never had the confessions and Holy Communions been so numerous.

Pallotti returned home, chilled to the bone. The weather was wet and cold, and he had given his cloak to a mendicant. The next morning he said Mass in the chapel of a convent at some distance. On leaving, he said to the superior: "This is the last time of my coming. We shall not meet again." That day and the next, though ill, he persisted in visiting the sick, and receiving those who came to confide to him their sins and sorrows. On Wednesday a sharp attack of pleurisy laid him low. He patiently complied with the physician's directions, although he knew full well that the remedies prescribed would be of no avail.

On the 22d, the eve of Our Lady's Espousals, he seemed in an ecstasy; his countenance shone as if a foretaste of celestial glory were vouchsafed to him. Prematurely aged by labors and auster-

ities, he had the appearance of an old man—far older than his fifty-four years would warrant,—as he lay on his hard couch in his narrow room, surrounded by his priests and scholars. With tears they besought him not to leave them fatherless: to ask God to spare him to them a few years longer. “Not so, dear children,” he replied; “let me go whither Our Lord calls me. To-morrow a glorious and happy feast will be kept in heaven. Trust in God. I have prayed for you. The Congregation will live and be blessed by God. O Jesus, let Thy benediction rest on these my sons! The blessing of charity, of wisdom, of—” The last words he uttered were unintelligible. Raising himself by a supreme effort, with the crucifix in his hand, he gave a last blessing to the weeping bystanders; he then sank back and calmly expired.

The grief and lamentations in Rome were universal when his death was known. “A saint, an apostle, the father of the poor, is taken from us!” was the general cry. Crowds of every rank and class flocked to the chapel where his remains were exposed; and it was with no slight difficulty that the priests who watched beside the bier, aided by the police, prevented the people from cutting off small portions of his clothing as relics. The body was interred in the church of San Salvatore in Onda, where his tomb may be seen on the Gospel side of the high altar.

At the moment of his death, Pallotti was permitted by God to appear to one of his penitents, a Carmelite monk in the monastery Della Vittoria, who was then in the choir with the rest of the community. On beholding the glorified form of his beloved confessor, he could not refrain from exclaiming: “Behold the soul of the Abbate Pallotti now ascending to heaven!” Many authentic instances are also recorded of cures and conversions effected by his intercession or by the use of his relics.

In December, 1850, the Fathers of the Society of Pious Missions petitioned the

Holy See for permission to begin the *processus ordinarius* in view of the canonization of their venerated founder. Not until 1867, however, was the decree declaring him Venerable issued by the Sacred Congregation of Rites; in the year 1906 he was pronounced Blessed.

This sketch can not be better concluded than by quoting the words of our late, Holy Father, Leo XIII., concerning Pallotti: “I knew him well in my younger days; and I myself witnessed his extraordinary activity. I often saw him in his lifetime; and such was the high esteem in which I held him that immediately upon hearing of his death, which occurred while I was Bishop of Perugia, I had a bust of this saintly priest sculptured and placed in the antechamber. Every morning, as I passed out on my way to the chapel, I besought him to obtain for me the divine assistance to make a good preparation before saying Mass.”

On March 23, 1906, the marble slab on the spot where his remains were laid fifty-six years before, at the church of San Salvatore in Onda, was removed, and the leaden coffin raised to the floor of the church. It was carried on the shoulders of the Pious Missionaries to a room in the adjoining mission house; and there, after the seals of a Cardinal Vicar of half a century ago had been verified, the lid of the coffin was removed, and the remains of the servant of God disclosed to sight before being reinterred. His spirit still dwells with his sons, and on them rests the blessing he invoked with his last breath—the blessing of charity, of wisdom, and of fortitude.

HABITUAL novel-reading often destroys the taste for serious literature; and few things tend so much to impair a sound literary perception and to vulgarize the character as the habit of constantly saturating the mind with inferior literature, even when that literature is in no degree immoral.—*Lecky*.

How the Reward Came.

BY FRANCISCUS PRODIO.*

ON the narrow road, covered with coarse rubble, that leads from the high forest country, by many turnings and windings, down a steep slope to the village, was heard the sound of fierce, half-suppressed grumblings and curses. An old, crooked little man, in dilapidated leather breeches and tweed jacket, holding a short pipe in his toothless mouth, was tugging with angry impatience at a low wooden sledge heavily loaded with logs of wood. It had stuck between the sharp-pointed stones, and refused to move in spite of all endeavors. The old man cursed and swore between his empty jaws, and poured out the stream of his fury with such celerity that it would seem as if his purpose was to make a record in profanity. Again a desperate pull: the sledge did not stir; and again a most horrible oath.

As he spoke, there sounded behind him a sonorous voice, full of gentle but earnest warning:

"But, my man, how can you curse so?"

The old man looked up, and slowly took off his fox-skin cap.

"The new Pfarrer!" he murmured, and then pointed to the sledge. "Your reverence thinks I shouldn't swear. Just look here! This is the fifth time it has stuck since I left the top of the hill. Could anything be more aggravating?"

"You are certainly Rupert Bodsteifer, known as 'the devil's Rupert,' because you are always saying bad words. I have heard of you. You swear because your sledge has stuck fast—"

"Do you expect me to sing?"

"You swear under all circumstances."

"Because I'm always getting stuck fast, whatever I do."

"You never go to church."

The old man threw an obstinate glance

at the priest, and murmured peevishly:

"I'll do that when I'm happy; I wait for happiness all my life, and it doesn't come."

The Pfarrer sternly replied: "Why do you grumble, man, that happiness does not come to you, while all your life long you refuse to come to Him who is the Fountain of all happiness,—God, who rewards the good and—"

"Does He reward the good?" broke in the old man, as he replaced his fur cap on his grey head. "I can't say. All my life I've never stolen or robbed or done harm to any one, and yet every bolt from heaven falls on my house. Don't shake your head, Pfarrer, but stop a moment. I was a brave soldier in the Kaiser's army. I had married a wife, and always worked faithfully and zealously. We had built a house; it was burned over our heads. We built it again, and thought that the two best and finest cows in the valley belonged to us; we lost them. We began again, and with hard toil got a field—the best soil on the hillside,—and when the fruit was hanging on the boughs, down came a landslip of the overhanging rocks, and field and fruit were gone forever. Our little vineyard was devoured by grubs, our cabbage patch by worms; our field down by the mill, ever since it belonged to me, has produced nothing but weeds. Nature has given me no reward for all my sweat and labor."

"Nature does not reward where God does not bless, and God does not bless where man does not pray."

"Other people don't, Pfarrer, and still are lucky. Down in Tobelthal, that fellow Markl is certainly a homicide, drunkard, rascal, usurer, who oppresses people, and is a thief; but he has thirty cows on the mountain, the biggest farm-yard in the district, and a house like a castle. Ten years ago he was a common servant. He has not only cursed, he has committed many crimes."

"Is the man still alive?"

"I don't exactly know. He was in

* Translated for THE AVE MARIA, by J. F. S.

prison two years ago for smuggling. He got twenty years or thereabouts, I think."

"And you envy him this luck? He had his luck from wickedness; but when the devil lends a *groschen* he demands a thousand ducats as interest. Look at Merkfelsbauern here in the village! He is the richest man hereabouts—"

"Twenty years ago he was poorer than I," interrupted the old man; "and he's not a bit more industrious or honest."

"But he prays instead of cursing, and so blessing comes upon his fields and his house; for happiness passes away, but blessing stays. His son has studied and become a priest."

"My son had that in his mind,—he is in the town; but it takes money to study, and he has become a clerk. Just now he is badly off, and must go hungry, poor boy! He is clever and honest. I've not seen him for eight years. He doesn't come home, because he doesn't find the happiness there which he seeks. For us there is no reward."

"Because you live without God. Seek Christ's kingdom, man! Press the cross to your heart—"

"I've done that already," said the old man; and he rummaged under his red waistcoat, and presently brought to light a silver crucifix, scarcely the length of a finger, hanging on a narrow band. "You see, Pfarrer, I've got a cross, and there's something written on it, but I can't read it. It is in a foreign language."

He handed the Pfarrer the cross, which bore the inscription: "*Deo fidelis*."

"What does that say?"

"It says: 'True to God.' And you have been living all your life *untrue* to Him. How do you come to have that cross?"

"I've had it these thirty years,—since I left the army. The day I was discharged, as I was going with my box from the barracks through the town, on my way to the station, I saw three big fellows attack a young gentleman, and ill treat him as if they wished to murder him on the spot. He was crying: 'My book!

my book!' His clothing was torn to rags. It was night, and there was no one to help; so I put down my box, and brought down my stick full on one of the rogues' back. They ran as hard as they could, and disappeared. When I turned to take up my box, I could see nothing of the lad. Perhaps he had feared, the rascals would come back again. As I stooped to pick up my box, I saw this little cross lying between the stones. At once I thought that he had lost it; but he did not return, and I had no time to lose; so I took it and hung it round my neck. I might often have sold it when I was hard up, for it's solid silver; but I've not let it go. I've often thought that the devil is waiting to take everything from me, if only he could make me give it up."

The priest returned the cross, saying in a tone full of significance:

"If only you would pray instead of cursing! Prayer is work for God, and He never leaves it unrewarded. You must carry the cross not only *on* but also *in* your heart, and be true to Him who died upon it. But remember that even where God does not give earthly good things, He grants His peace. Pray, Bodsteifer, and curse no more; and the reward will not fail you."

He gave the old man a friendly nod, and walked on up the mountain path.

The old man scratched his head in a puzzled manner, and looked downward toward the little village church. "The reward?" he murmured. "And He gives at least His peace? I have no peace, and I can never pray. But to go in there does one good. And He helps everyone else,—perhaps He will help me." And, leaving his sledge to its fate, he hobbled on, with strange feelings in his heart, almost rapidly, down to the village—and to the church.

There stood Bodsteifer before the high altar, clutching his fur cap in his brown, horny hands. He saw the Tabernacle in front of him, but did not know how he

should speak to Him who dwelt therein. He had never prayed, he could not pray now. But deep within his breast, full as it was of sadness and anger, he felt something incomprehensible, mysterious, almost terrifying, and yet peace-bestowing. "My God! Jesus! Redeemer!" He could think of these words, nothing more.

Then he took out the little silver cross, and sank on his knees. With voiceless prayer he held it up toward the Tabernacle. Perhaps He who was there understood and would help him. He gazed fixedly upon the cross that surmounted the Tabernacle, and thought: "Lord, I am not Thy servant; I have done no work for Thee; I can do none. Thou canst not reward me for anything I have done; but, since Thou art rich, Thou canst bestow an alms upon me. Give me Thy peace, and then I will learn to work for Thee, that I may receive a reward." The unspoken prayer rose earnestly, but with a hard effort, in Bodsteifer's heart, and he held up the cross still higher.

A half-uttered cry of astonishment sounded behind him; there was a hasty whisper, and presently a hand rested softly on his shoulder. Turning round, he saw a footman in livery, who whispered that his master, who had been seated in a pew near at hand, wished to speak with the old man, and would wait for him outside the church.

As he came out of the porch, a man, evidently of high rank, stepped up to him and said:

"On my journey I went for a few moments into the church; I saw you kneeling and lifting up the little cross. Tell me, my man, where did you get it?"

"A young gentleman, I believe, lost it in the city when three rascals set upon him one night long years ago. I interfered with my stick, and the thieves ran away, I after them. When I turned back, the young gentleman was nowhere to be seen; only this little cross lay on the ground. Ever since then I've kept it—"

"My deliverer!" the stranger inter-

rupted him joyfully, and warmly pressed his hand. "I was that lad; and the little cross, a family heirloom, I then wore, as you do now, on my breast, whence it was torn during the fight with my assailants."

Bodsteifer shook his head. "Was it only that, then, which the rascals wanted?"

"You have earned the right to know," answered the stranger. "Listen, then. It was about six months after the death of my grandfather, who was known to be an eccentric man, but who was universally beloved on account of his deeds of charity, which corresponded to his wealth. One day before his death he presented me—I was always his darling—with an old, worn Bible, and said: 'Take it, Edward; and if ever you find yourself disinherited by Destiny, read often and diligently therein; for in this book, which contains God's testament, every man may find his rightful inheritance, since it contains the very truth of God.' I took the book, and laid it, unread, on my bookshelf, secretly amused at the old man's whim, as I called his exhortation. I knew better than to read an old Bible! When my grandfather died, a will was found which, contrary to all expectation and to his own promises, excluded myself and all his relations from sharing in his property, and appointed three former servants as his sole heirs.

"This will was disputed by us, who were the rightful heirs, and the matter came into court. One night I could not sleep, and for the first time, out of very weariness, took my grandfather's Bible into my hand. There I found, on five leaves which had been stuck into the book, a will in his own handwriting, appointing myself and our kindred as his sole heirs, and also leaving large sums in charity. There was no doubt: here was the true will; the other was false and unauthentic. Though it was the middle of the night, I hastened with the Bible to my brother, who lived not far away, to share my discovery with him. On the way the three rascals who had forged the false will met

me; they recognized me and began to jeer at me. I flared up, and with boyish thoughtlessness shouted out, waving the Bible: 'You are lying cheats! Here is the truth,—the real will!' Then they fell upon me, to tear the book away from me; and if you had not come up they would have gained their end. I did not wait for your return from pursuing them, but hastened to my brother with my treasure. I have never seen you since until to-day. You then secured for me and ten poor families a life free from anxiety; and yourself, whom I have sought so long in vain, must now be free from all care. If you are in poverty, I will supply your need; and if you have children, I will secure their future; in a word, I will—"

He would have continued speaking, but the old man, pressing his cap to his breast, cried, half laughing and half in tears, as he joyfully lifted his eyes to heaven:

"The reward!—the reward!"

The next day the old man presented himself, with a transfigured face, at the door of the Pfarrer's sitting-room. To the priest's question as to what he desired, he answered in a trembling voice:

"The reward has come, Pfarrer,—the reward is here! We keep our cottage; it will become a good house, and our old age will be bright and happy. Our boy has his future secured, and the dear Lord God—"

In the excess of his joy he began to weep. Then he related to the Pfarrer, who listened joyfully, what had happened to him the day before, and concluded:

"And now, your reverence, I pray you make me a good servant of the Lord, that I may work diligently and only for heaven. Pfarrer, teach me God's work,—teach me to pray."

"That I will indeed!" cried the priest, much moved, as he seized the old man's hands. "See, here is the way clearly marked. Prayer gives man's honest work value in God's sight,—a value that merits a reward in heaven. Every man strives

for an earthly inheritance, but it is only the heirs of eternal life that the good God gathers into His kingdom. Let him who is oppressed by the riddle of the cross he has to bear, ask of the Church, and she will solve it for him. And happy is he if he follows her counsel. He will seek peace and find his salvation."

"Your reverence is right," nodded the old countryman. "On every cross that comes to us there is inscribed in homely script: 'True to God!' But to read it one must carry it to the church, and by prayer work for Him who carried the whole world's cross. At once we find His mercy; He helps us to bear the cross; He even takes it altogether away, and reckons with true human joy the work of His servant as meriting a heavenly reward,—our all-loving, all-good Lord, Jesus Christ!"

A Modern Martyr.

FROM the bimonthly bulletin issued by the Missions Etrangères, the editor of the *Catholic Watchman*, of Madras, India, translates the following account of a recent martyrdom, furnished by the Rev. Father de Guelbiant, a missionary attached to the Vicariate of South Sz-chuan, an extreme western province of China, where foreigners are still persecuted and in constant dread of being put to death. Within the missionary's jurisdiction are mountains inhabited by the Lolos, a dark-skinned people, with whom the Chinese, it would seem, are often at war. In an interval of peace, the chief of a Lolo tribe had permitted his brother, a boy of fifteen, named Lao, to attend a mission school established for Chinese children. The Father continues:

"Every time I appeared Lao would ask me for baptism, which I felt I could hardly give him, knowing that as he grew up there would be little chance, humanly speaking, of his persevering as a Christian. Everyone loved him. He spoke equally

well Chinese and Lolo, so I called him to our village last May to assist in preparing a Lolo vocabulary.

"That summer some Lolo pirates, living along the banks of the Ya-long River, sacked the home of a rich Chinese family. The mandarin of Ho-si found it easier to vent his wrath on the innocent brother of my young assistant than to attack a ferocious tribe, so the former was apprehended and thrown into prison. His mother and other relatives protested against the cruelty, and tried to have him released by the Chinese legal processes; but to no avail. The prefect was delighted to have a Lolo in his power, his hatred of these Blacks being intense.

"Soon the whole mountain side was in a ferment. The Lolo tribe took up arms; and the Chinese mandarin, becoming frightened, conceived the idea of using Lao as an ambassador of peace, since he could speak both languages. The boy, thinking only of his brother's release, readily assented.

"At the outset things looked promising; the Lolos, who had camped around the city, retired some distance, but refused to lay down their arms while their chief was in prison. Negotiations continued, and Lao quietly went among his people to interview them. In the meantime the Mandarin Kin received from neighboring Chinese villages an offer to join with him in attacking the Lolos. He accepted, and five hundred fully armed Chinese lined up for battle against the Lolos on the mountain side.

"Lao, unarmed and smiling as usual, returned to continue his services as peace-maker, when immediately the pent-up fury of all the Chinese was vented on the poor boy, who was simply covered with knife wounds. Amid cries of triumph, his assailants threw him, gasping, before the door of the Ya-men, the mandarin's residence.

"The mandarin was not pleased with their victory, and showed courage enough to order them to take the dying boy

into the Ya-men. But this exhibition of clemency so infuriated the rabble that the functionary was obliged to keep the poor youth outside. A Christian woman now managed to get near enough to speak to him, and heard him ask for a priest, the only sound that escaped his lips.

"That very day, by one of those dispensations of Divine Providence which revive one's faith, I arrived at Ho-si, where for five months I had not been able to go. I took advantage of a temporary truce to visit some Christians in the place. As soon as I arrived, I was told what had happened; and, feeling that time was precious, I hurried toward the Ya-men, accompanied only by my altar boy.

"At the mandarin's door, the victorious troops were making a great noise, which several of the mandarin's attendants were trying to silence. Under the influence of that fear which a European always inspires, the lawless mob allowed me to approach the spot where the life of my little martyr was ebbing away, as he lay prostrate on the blood-stained dust. I questioned him: 'Do you know me?'— 'Oh, yes, Father! Please baptize me.'— 'You wish to die a Christian? You remember your catechism: God our Father, Jesus our Saviour, the Church our guide? You remember, you believe?'— 'Certainly,' he remembered and believed. With his right arm, the only uninjured member of his body, he made the Sign of the Cross; the altar boy handed me the water and I baptized him, while the crowd pressed round so as almost to suffocate us.

"Meantime the mandarin, apprised of my presence, and fearing another disturbance, came out, and, pretending not to see me, made a show of driving back his warriors. For a few moments more I exhorted the dying boy, meantime suffering in spirit all his terrible pains; and, during the short interval of quiet following the mandarin's efforts, I called to some around me and said: 'Take this child and care for him. It will be only for a day at most.' They promised to do as I asked.

But as soon as the crowd realized that the guard whom I had directed were assisting him, they made a furious charge, and in less than fifteen minutes had crushed out the little sufferer's life. I thanked God. Lao's recovery was impossible, and his agony was heartrending.

"Fortified by the triple baptism of desire, blood, and the holy sacrament, the boy was an expiatory victim for the crimes of his race; and I shall not be surprised to see many conversions among those terrible Blacks. Lao was the first of his people to die a Christian."

Throw Something Over the Fence.

AN old gardener was very generous to the poor. Many a piece of money, for which he might have bought a new garment, a piece of furniture, or some other comfort for himself, he gave to the needy who asked help of him. Whenever he did so he used to say: "Now I will throw another apple over the fence."

At length some one asked him what he meant by these strange words. He replied, with a smile:

"I once called several children into my orchard, and told them to eat as much as they wished of the fruit which lay upon the ground under the trees, but forbade their putting any into their pockets to take away with them. But one of the boys slyly threw some of the finest apples over the fence, that he might find them when he got outside. The boy was blameworthy, of course; but, as the bee draws honey from many a poisonous flower, so I learned from this ill deed something good. For I thought it is with us men here below as with the children in this garden. We may, to be sure, use the good things of this world, but can take nothing away from it with us; that which we give in charity, however, we throw over the garden fence, so to speak, and sometime—in eternity—we shall find it again."

Notes and Remarks.

Among the various reports of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul recently received, that of the Council of Brooklyn has particularly interested us. This Council is fifty-three years old, comprises fifty-one conferences, and has a membership of about nine hundred. The growth in membership is steady but slow,—a fact which may be accounted for, in part at least, says the Report, "by the number of fraternal societies amongst our Catholic men, all of which, by means of entertainments and amusements, make a special appeal to the social instinct of their members. The St. Vincent de Paul Society, on the other hand, subordinates the comfort and convenience of its members to the interests of the poor. Hence membership in our Society brings with it certain definite obligations, which, although self-imposed, are none the less binding,—the obligation of attending the meetings of the Conference regularly, and taking one's share of the external works of charity in which the Conference may be engaged." In a word, there is in the St. Vincent de Paul Society a good deal more work than recreation, more hidden exertion than outward display; and accordingly it appeals less to nature than to grace. All the more honor to those sterling Catholics who keep its ranks from depleting.

It is doubtless quite true that the reading of medical books by the laity has the effect of increasing invalidism; also that the advertising of all sorts of remedies accounts for a great deal of disease, real as well as imaginary. Nevertheless, we are inclined to think that an attentive perusal of some portions of a little book on "Applied Physiology," by Dr. Robert Hutchison, would incline most readers to spend more time in the sunshine and open air and less money on physicians and medicines. What a

senseless thing it seems, when one stops to think of it, to remain indoors devouring drugs and drinking tonics, instead of taking a turn in the fresh air and the sunshine, nature's own sure invigorators? Many people swing clubs regularly every night before going to bed—thus perhaps inducing heart disease—who never take a good long walk, though there is no exercise more healthful. By a good long walk we mean two or three miles, which is quite sufficient, unless one has nothing to do, or dyspepsia. But here is what we intended to quote from Dr. Hutchison, himself a teacher of physiology and also an able clinical physician:

The reader may be surprised at the small size of the book; but when one deals only with the *facts* of physiology, it is astonishing to find how little space they occupy, and how few of them have as yet any direct practical application.... There is no chapter on the muscular or nervous systems or on the special senses. These omissions are intentional; for the writer is convinced that most of the nerve-muscle physiology, as ordinarily taught to students, is perfectly useless to the physician; and as regards the nervous system and special senses, the time is not yet ripe for writing this applied physiology.

Which goes to show that physicians themselves have much to learn,—that many gaps exist in their knowledge of the phenomena upon which life depends.

A graphic summary of all that we have read and heard of the Eucharistic Congress in London is given in this concluding paragraph of a paper contributed to the current *Nineteenth Century and After* by Canon Moyes:

It is allowable to think that it is not in connection with this episode of Government intervention that the Eucharistic Congress in London will be longest and best remembered. The strenuous struggle and vindication of freedom and equality in matters of civic right is, no doubt, all that is laudable and inevitable; but there is quite another mentality amid the beautiful ways of peace which we associate with our devotion to the Blessed Sacrament. It is rather upon the scenes which gather around it that the memory will linger in recalling the wonderful week of the Congress. The Wednesday

evening, with the solemn entry of the Cardinal Legate proceeding... up the nave of the densely thronged cathedral; the six Cardinals... representing Spain, Milan, France, Belgium, Ireland, and America; the hundred bishops in the chancel...; the weird glory of the Byzantine liturgy, with its object-lesson of Rome's far-reaching breadth of ritual comity, and its harking back to the centuries of our early Christian origins; the charming procession of the schools, in which the little children cheered in their own shrill way, and fairly danced with glee as they waved their handkerchiefs in defiance before the Legate; the wonderful fervor of the faithful massed together on the early Sunday morning in the enormous throng around the cathedral doors, singing from time to time their favorite hymns to the Blessed Sacrament, to while away the long hours that must elapse before the opening; the Pontifical High Mass sung by the Cardinal Legate, girt by hundreds of the episcopate and clergy and a concourse of some eight thousand souls; the solemn bestowal of the Apostolic Blessing and its proclamation in Latin and in English to the vast congregation; and last of all, and perhaps most of all, the thrilling moment on that September Sunday evening when the Host was carried in procession out of the cathedral toward the sea of eager faces that were waiting without; when the thousands inside heard and caught up the strains of the *O Salutaris Hostia*, which was being sung by the tens of thousands outside; and when amid the sacred silence which spoke, as words never can speak, a multitude's faith and adoration, the Cardinal gave the Benediction from the loggia over the great porch of the cathedral,—these are the things that are still most in our thoughts, and that the little ones who were held up in arms to witness them will tell to their grandchildren in the long years to come.

Writing to the *Catholic Standard and Times* from McSherrytown, Pa., a Sister of St. Joseph tells of an apparently supernatural cure effected through the intercession of the venerated Bishop Neumann,—that of a sick man named Weaver who had been given up by two physicians and anointed by his pastor. Says the Sister:

There was a pressure on the man's brain which the doctors could not remove. The sufferer's right side was paralyzed. He could not utter an intelligible word. The physicians said anything they might try to do would be death to him, so they preferred to let him die

in peace. I spoke to him some time to console him, and did my best to make him reconciled to God's holy will. He was about to leave behind him a wife and three small children. This thought made him cry like a baby. When I was leaving I put my hand in my pocket to see whether I had a medal to give him; but, not finding any there, I took the medal of Bishop Neumann, attached to my beads, and with it made the Sign of the Cross three times on the top of his head and behind his ear, where the severe pain was, and we said three "Our Fathers," three "Hail Marys," and the "Glory be to the Father."

After we left he became quiet and fell into a peaceful sleep, the first he had had for a long time. After waking up for a little while, he fell asleep once more. I called again on that same day, after school, when I was told that he was still sleeping. I took that medal from my beads and gave it to his wife to hang about his neck, after I had blessed him with it. We again said the same prayers, and left without waking him.

He slept the whole night. Next day the physician called again; and when he saw how much better the patient was, he said: "We doctors can claim no share in this: it is God Almighty's work, not ours."

Mr. Weaver is at present sufficiently recovered to attend High Mass and visit the convent. The conclusion of the Sister's letter is significant:

"I went to Holy Communion several times in honor of Bishop Neumann, and promised, if he would obtain the cure, I would write an account of it and send it to the Redemptorist Fathers and ask them to publish it. So I am trying to keep my part, as he has done his part."

Apropos of a Methodist bishop's recent denial of the usual assumptions of what is commonly called "evolution," the *Inter-Ocean* makes these remarks, rather notable, we think, in a secular daily:

Among all decent civilized men there is universal agreement of the necessity of religion. Only a few eccentrics contend for the possibility of a morality that abides and is potent without a religious sanction,—that does not look to a power more than human and to a life beyond that of man. Only those sunk in an insanity of self-conceit impute to themselves perfection, or deny their human errors and sins and their

need of salvation. All sane men, even those most sunk in vice, admit that they are not all they should be, and confess their need of salvation from their sins.

The message of salvation it is the mission of the preacher to deliver. He confronts a world prone to sin because it is human. As the servant of his Master, it is his business to turn men from their sins, and, through faith, to lead them to right living in this world, that they may pass over to another without fear. Let the preacher stick to his mission to declare as one having authority the truth of the Gospel and its power to save men from their baser selves and enable them to die in peace; and all the wrangling over strange hypotheses of the origin of the human race will be to him as the bickerings of kites and crows.

As a corrective of the eccentric doctrines so frequently formulated by professors of the Chicago University, the *Inter-Ocean* impresses us as being of distinct value to the Western metropolis.

"Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay," sang Tennyson in the first "Locksley Hall"; and the preference thus stated for progress over comparative stagnation has rarely been challenged, at least in the Occident. In "The Mis-carriage of Life in the West," however, we find something of an opposite view. The title belongs to a paper contributed to the *Hibbert Journal* by P. Rámanáthan, C. M. G., H. M. Solicitor-General, Ceylon. It is an interesting, even if not a convincing, article; and this, its concluding paragraph, is worth reproducing:

It is folly to call this wide expansion of sensuousness and worldliness an Age of Progress. Sages declare that cities get filled with the rural population when love of finery and amusement dominates the minds of the people. The flight of the peasantry from agricultural holdings into towns, known already to be too full of the unemployed and unemployable, is like the rush of insects into a bonfire lit in a tropical night, and affords positive proof that the spread of sensuous ideals is breaking up the very foundations of society. The steady backsliding of every class into deeper depths of worldliness, irreligion and frivolity, is utterly inconsistent with true progress or true civilization, by which is meant the ideas and practices which con-

sciously uplift a nation from the corruptions of sensuousness and unrighteousness to a higher plane of life, where reverence for the spirit and its careful extrication from the mazes of worldliness are the chief aims of human endeavor.

There is assuredly enough of truth in the foregoing to give pause to some of our most optimistic eulogizers of present-day conditions in art and science and sociology.

An educational event which seems to have escaped the attention of all our English and American Catholic papers is the tercentenary of the University of Oviedo; though its celebration last month was attended by representatives from the chief universities of France, England, Switzerland, and America, North and South. The coincidence of the celebration with the beginning of the academic term no doubt led to many other universities (especially German ones) being unrepresented. The functions were continued for three days. From an extended account of them in the *Athenæum*—the only one that has come under our notice—we quote the following passages:

On the first day the statue of Archbishop Valdés, of Seville, Grand Inquisitor of Spain, and counsellor of Charles V., who, for his endowments of education, may not unfitly be described as the Wykeham of the Spanish kingdoms, was unveiled by the Minister of Public Instruction on behalf of the King. The statue represents the Archbishop seated and in an attitude of deep thought, and is one of the most successful of modern works, full at once of dignity and feeling. The ceremony was impressive, combining the nature of a State function with that of a fraternal assembly of representatives of learning in different countries. Among the most striking speeches were those of Dr. Juan Dihigo, of Cuba, and Mr. W. R. Shepherd, of Columbia University, both of which were received with remarkable enthusiasm.

Among the many eminent scholars from Latin countries were the two Messrs. Mérimée, from Toulouse and Montpellier—the elder of whom (son of the author of "Colomba") made the most brilliant speech on the evening of the 25th,—and M. G. Bonnier, head of the Fontainebleau Botanical Laboratory. In the afternoon (of the 21st) a visit was paid to the

Museum of Asturian Antiquities, which contains much interesting work of the eighth and ninth centuries; and to the very striking church of St. Julian, as well as to the rich Cathedral Library.

On the 23d the University and the foreign representatives attended High Mass in the cathedral, when an excellent sermon, on the true meaning of education as distinct from mere instruction, was delivered by the Bishop of Tuy, who quoted Bacon, and eulogized the work of the Universities of Bologna, Paris, Oxford, Cambridge, Salamanca, and Alcalá.

On the 25th the festival of the primary schools of Oviedo occupied the morning, and the inaugural session of the University Extension the afternoon. At the latter, Mr. Armstrong made an extremely interesting and spirited speech in Spanish, which was very warmly received. The Rector of the University devotes great energy to the work of relating the primary education of the city to the courses of the University by carefully graduated steps, in which the important work done in University Extension—pioneer work of the kind in Spain, and full of hope—plays a significant part. The English representatives have been much struck by the harmony which prevails between city and University authorities, and the officials of the Church and the Government, in the work of national education as represented at Oviedo.

Between whiles there were informal excursions to Salas, where is the tomb of Valdés; to the wonderful churches at Narranco, Covadonga, etc. The *Athenæum's* correspondent—probably Major Martin Hume, who represented both Cambridge and London—concludes his account by remarking:

Much more might be said, but enough has perhaps been written to express both the extreme interest of the commemoration of a University so characteristic in its history and so full of important promise for the future; and the pleasure of the foreign delegates in having been allowed to take part in proceedings marked by such national enthusiasm, such zeal for learning and education, and such gracious and abundant hospitality, courtesy, and consideration, on the part of every class in Oviedo.

The exclusion of reference to Christianity from French schools ought to be rigid enough now to satisfy the most crazy of anti-clericals. In the last edition of a popular school reading-book, "Le Tour

de la France par deux Enfants," the two children who visit the chief objects of interest in their own country "no longer enter the cathedrals."

All Frenchmen who deserve to be classed as sane deplore the warfare against religion, and are asking themselves when will it end, and what will the results be. The removal of the basis on which moral education has hitherto rested has proved so disastrous that the Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques has chosen for its prize essay this year "Des causes et des remèdes de la criminalité croissante de l'adolescence."

A trio of American authors, two non-Catholic D. D.'s, and a physician, have compiled a volume, "Religion and Medicine," the publishers of which declare:

The book illustrates how an alliance between the highest neurological science of our time and the Christian religion in its primitive and simplest form, as modern Biblical scholarship has disclosed it, may become a powerful weapon with which to attack the causes that lie behind the neurotic and hysterical temperament that characterizes the life of to-day. The work is written by two scholars trained in scientific theology, and a physician of high reputation as an expert in psychological medicine.

The volume has reached the desk of "Papyrus," reviewer for the London *Catholic Times*; and his opinion thereof is worth while contrasting with the publishers' advertisement:

The authors of this book may set forth the ideas which possess their souls of combining into one spiritual creed religion and medicine. Their religion is not that of Christ. Their medicine is unknown to the British pharmacopœia. Votaries may flock to their Emmanuel Church in Boston. (American votaries are eager to flock anywhere.) They are so subconscious of right reason that thousands are ready to follow any fresh prophet of novelties that rest on the virtues of cascara sagrada and half a dozen misapplied verses of Scripture. The cascara does them good; they attribute its benefits to the new interpretations of the old texts. Thus their religion mingles with their medicine, and their pastor becomes their medicine-man. These medicine-men have now written

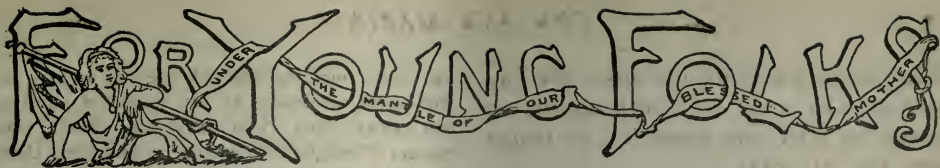
out their medico-religious theory, and it is a wonderful testimony to the power of good will run away from clear thinking. Their whole system of religion is pantheism, and their theory of religious-medicine is hypnosis. They have patients, and they assert that they effect cures. Be it so. But, then, it is well to remember a modern writer's epigram: "There are some religious enthusiasts who never reach the stage of criticism. They remain permanently in a stage of rapturous acceptance."

John Townsend Trowbridge writes, in the *North American Review*, about "Early Investigations in Spiritualism." An interesting fact mentioned by him is that "Robert Owen, the Socialist, then an octogenarian, through Mrs. Hayden's mediumship, became converted from his lifelong philosophical scepticism to a belief in immortality. The avowal of this conversion through her means I had from the aged philanthropist's own lips, when I saw him in London in the spring of 1855, and talked with him through his ear-trumpet on what had become to him the most vitally interesting of all topics."

It is noteworthy that Mr. Trowbridge rejects all theories regarding the phenomena of spiritism save the *prima facie* one, that these phenomena are caused by spirits. He writes:

I do not propose to philosophize on the subject here, but merely to point out that, while electricity may be employed in the production of raps and kindred phenomena, it can hardly supply the intelligence accompanying them; and that, although telepathy may enable your medium to select from a number of folded paper pellets the one on which you have secretly written the name of a departed friend, and write for you a message on some subject known only to you and that friend; yet when he slips up his sleeve and shows you that friend's initials raised in red welts on his arm (all which I have witnessed), telepathy steps down from the witness-stand and walks out of court.

The evidence is increasing on every hand that spiritistic *séances* are decidedly dangerous assemblies for Christians to frequent. The devil is active enough in our daily life: there is no need of inviting his presence and co-operation.



A Little Painter.

BY MICHAEL EARLS, S. J.

YOU have seen the country painter
At the corner of the lane,
And his name in great red letters
Printed on the window-pane.
I just watched him mixing colors,
Bending over with a stick,
Turning, lifting, till he finished;
And I'm sure I know the trick.
So I'm going to do some painting.
And no little job have I;
It's no fence along the roadside,
Nor a chimney near the sky;
But I'm going to paint the orchard,
And the trees upon the hill,
All the hedges by the garden,
And the willow near the mill.
For the summer now is over,
And the leaves must change the green
To a thousand tints and colors,
When October takes the scene;
Brown must be the oaks and beeches,
Crimson must the hedges be,
Twenty shades upon the maples,
For our Autumn Queen to see.
So I'll gather up my colors,—
Sunset gold and red of dawn,
And the mountain mists of purple,
And the white fog on the lawn;
Then the winds will do the mixing,
And my brush will be the breeze;
Cold and clear will be the canvas,
When the rains have washed the trees.
Look, while still the lawn and woodland
Hold the green of summer days!
Look, and fill your eyes with wonder
When you see October's ways.
Soon my canvas will be ready,
Soon my brush will ply its trade;
Then you'll see my gold and purple
Over all the forests laid.

The Little Black Chest.

I.



CLEAR starry night lay over
the little village of Tiefenau.
The watcher's horn had
already sounded the mid-
night hour, and the lights in
the houses had disappeared. Only through
the windows of a vine-covered cottage
at the end of the village glimmered a
faint lamplight.

Inside this cottage, in a small but
neatly kept room, a young woman stood
before an old-fashioned cabinet, searching
its many drawers and compartments with
an anxious face. She was the widow of
the village school-teacher, who had been
dead only a few short years. In her left
hand she held a little lamp, whose
flickering light revealed a countenance
in which grief had made deep inroads.
Anxiously she lifted box after box, opened
drawer after drawer, examined carefully
every pigeonhole. At length, after hunting
through the entire cabinet, with trembling
hand she put the little lamp down on
the table, buried her face in her hands
and groaned aloud.

"Mother, dear mother, what is the
matter?" exclaimed a clear, soft little
voice from the back part of the room;
and the curtains of the great high-posted
bed parted, and there looked forth the
thoughtful face of Elsbeth, the widow's
daughter and oldest child.

The mother took her hands from her
face, and, trying to speak in a natural
voice, said:

"Go to sleep, Elsbeth dear,—go to
sleep, darling! It is very late, and you
can not help me just now."

"But, mother," said the little maiden,

"do you think I can sleep while you are so troubled and sad? Why, I have been awake ever so long, and have watched your face growing sadder moment by moment. Speak, mother dear, and tell me all."

"I might as well," said the mother, her reserve suddenly giving way; "for you would have to know it to-morrow, as I can not keep it any longer."

Then, with a glance sideways to the bed where her two boys lay slumbering, with no foreboding of the dark shadow hovering over them, she seated herself by her daughter on the side of the high-posted bed.

"Elsbeth," said the mother, caressing the soft flaxen hair of her darling, "to-morrow we shall no longer have any home. This house will then become the property of another—if I can not find the little black chest."

Elsbeth started up in a dazed, frightened way, and exclaimed:

"Mother, I don't understand you at all! What do you mean?"

"This, my dear child. It is perfectly true that this little homestead is our own property, but I can not prove it. Your precious father always felt that he had not many years to live, and our future was therefore his greatest care. The father of the present magistrate was his friend, and a rare good friend. Our little garden, together with the ground for this cottage, he let your father have at a bargain. And, not only that, he lent him the money with which to build.

"From year to year, with strict economy, the debt was lessened; and at the end of the third year, on a fine summer evening, he came back from the house of the magistrate, his face all lighted up with joy, and said that the last dollar had been paid, and that this was now our own little house. With my own eyes I saw him put the receipt in the little black chest, along with our marriage certificate and his college diploma; and then he put the chest back again in the third

drawer of the old cabinet, where it was always kept. The following year we buried your dear father, and then came sickness to poor grandpa, from which he recovered only with an unsound mind.

"I wish I knew what it was grandpa wanted to say to me when at length he came to die," said the mother, interrupting herself in her story. "His reason seemed to come back for a short time, but speech failed him. Three months later came the present magistrate, son of your father's deceased friend, and brought with him a note for each sum your father had borrowed to build this little house. 'Oh, that was paid long ago!' I exclaimed. 'I will show you the receipt.' I rushed to the cabinet to get the little black chest; but, to my horror, it had disappeared.

"Elsbeth, up to this hour I have hunted high and low for that chest, in every nook and corner of the house, but I can not find it. The present magistrate, who does not seem to like us, would not believe my statement that the money had been paid, and has gone to law about it. I have offered to take an oath that the debt was cancelled, but I am simply put aside with, 'Until you can show the receipt, the note stands against you.' The magistrate has counted up the interest for all these years, and to-morrow morning the sheriff is coming to take the house and furniture to satisfy his demands. To-morrow, Elsbeth, we shall be homeless beggars."

II.

The morning sun of the new day arose over Tiefenau, and glided through the leafy roof of the neighboring forest, over whose green mossy path three children wandered.

"Take your brothers, Elsbeth, and go with them into the wood. I can better endure the coming hour if I am alone," said the mother, after their breakfast was over; and, though Elsbeth would greatly have preferred to remain by her mother's side, she called the little boys to her at

once. "Get a tiny basket, and we will go and gather wild strawberries," she said.

Hans, the eldest boy, ran quickly into the house for a basket; but little Fritz meanwhile stepped mysteriously up to his sister and said:

"Elsbeth, hear what the magistrate's boy Niklas says. He told me his father would come and take our house and everything in it. It's a lie, isn't it?"

"False it is not, dear Fritz," said she; "but Niklas is an unkind boy to say so."

"Not false?" said Fritz, nervously. "Well, anyhow, he shan't have my new slate and my little rabbit." And he ran back into the house, and quickly returned with slate and pet. "There, Elsbeth!" said he, entirely comforted. "Now we can go. They can't harm us."

So they walked together over the familiar wood path, but not so merrily as usual. Hans looked carefully right and left for ripening berries; the little Fritz trudged along, loaded with his slate and rabbit; and Elsbeth walked silently after her brothers, stopping to rest when they did, and following listlessly whenever they started onward. She didn't look around or above her; if she had, she would have seen that the clouds were threatening, that the sunshine had long since vanished, and that a thunderstorm was close upon them. All at once the branches of the trees began to sway heavily to and fro, the lightning flashed, and the thunder gave an angry growl.

"A thunderstorm!" exclaimed Elsbeth, started at last from her reverie; "and a fierce one too, and we are so far from the village!"

Just then the rain began to fall; and, though the leaves of the trees protected them for a while, it was not long before the heavy drops came pelting through. Elsbeth looked anxiously at the boys in their thin linen jackets.

"Oh, I know something!" said Hans, in a glad voice. "I know something! Here, a little to the left, scarce a hundred steps, is a place where we can have shelter."

Elsbeth took Fritz's slate; and, hiding the rabbit under his jacket, the little fellow followed quickly after his sister, who did her best to keep up with their flying guide.

"That's it!" said Hans at last, pointing to the rotten trunk of a giant oak that stood on the side of a deep hollow.

The children climbed quickly down, and found themselves standing before the projecting roots of this mighty tree, which seemed to welcome them to room and shelter. In they rushed; and even Elsbeth, with all her sorrow, could not help rejoicing at the snug little house.

"This was poor grandpa's summer castle," said Hans; "but I didn't dare to tell any one. It will do no harm, now that he is dead. He surely can not care now."

"Grandpa's summer castle!" exclaimed Fritz, curiously.

"Yes, of course," said Hans. "Once last summer, when I was strawberrying, I came here and climbed down the hollow. All at once I heard a noise in the cave, and I thought perhaps there was a fox inside; so I looked in as cautiously as I could, and there I saw grandpa dragging the stones to build this seat here,"—and Hans struck the little rough heap on which he and his brother were sitting. "Grandpa made me promise I would never tell I had found him here. He didn't want any one in the village to know it, he said, else we might have bad luck."

Elsbeth had listened to Hans' story; but when they became silent, and gave themselves up to play, her thoughts turned sadly toward home and her poor mother. By this time the sheriff had certainly arrived, and now mother was showing him through the house and the garden and all around her little property. It was small, but represented the toil of many years. And now all belonged to another; they, the rightful owners, were homeless beggars.

Her heart beat fast as these thoughts took possession of her, and the narrow

cave seemed close and unendurable. She threw her little frock up over her head and stepped outside. Heavy drops of rain fell on her outstretched arm, but they were few and far between; the thunder had ceased, and the blue heavens appeared again through the drifting clouds.

All at once little Fritz called to her in a loud voice:

"O Elsbeth, Elsbeth, come quick! See what I have found!"

Listlessly Elsbeth re-entered the cave.

"See!" said the little fellow. "I was building a house here out of the stones for my rabbit, and Hans was helping me, when we found this lying underneath."

Therewith he held up a package carefully tied in paper. Elsbeth tore off the covering, and there came to light a small, queer, old-fashioned black chest.

A cry of joy sprang to her lips. Her heart fluttered painfully in its excitement. With trembling fingers she threw open the cover, and there before her eyes, in the undoubted handwriting of the old magistrate, was a piece of paper which said that the school-teacher, F., having borrowed a sum of money, to build his house, had paid the same back; but, the note having been lost, this was written to give him a clear title in case a demand should ever appear against him.

"Mother!" was all Elsbeth's lips could frame. She hastily closed the precious chest, bound it as well as she could in her joyous excitement, and pressed it tightly to her heart. "Come, children, follow me home as fast as you can!" she cried to her astonished brothers."

And she flew through the wood like a bird.

"That was what grandfather tried to tell mother," she thought, as she sped on her way.

In the house of the widow were the sheriff and the magistrate of the village, the hard creditor. They had been through all the rooms, estimated the value of the entire property, and it scarcely covered the principal and interest of the note.

They were in the front room, and the negotiations were nearly concluded, when all at once the door flew open and the excited Elsbeth, with glistening eyes and beating heart, stood before the little company.

"Mr. Sheriff," cried she, as soon as she could get her breath, "my father paid that note! The magistrate has nothing more to expect from us."

And thereupon she stepped up to the table, laid the little black chest upon it, and produced the receipt in the unquestionable writing of the present magistrate's father.

Again a starlight night broods over the little village of Tiefenau, but no lamplight of an anxious watcher shines through the window of a little vine-covered cottage at the end of the village. Only the moon looks through the vine leaves into a little room, where gently slumber a widow and her children, whose dreams are full of happiness and home.

A Christian Hero.

Godfrey de Bouillon, whose name is one of the glories of Belgium, was in his youth trained in Christian piety by his mother Ida; and in the use of arms by his father, who was a renowned warrior. When he had reached the years of manhood, he possessed all the qualities of a great prince and a Christian hero. Hence he was chosen to take command of the First Crusade, numbering about six hundred thousand men. Overcoming all difficulties and dangers, he succeeded in driving the infidels from the Holy Places, and soon entered Jerusalem at the head of his victorious army. Arrangements being made to proclaim him King of Jerusalem, and to crown him with a costly diadem of gold, he refused it, saying, "God forbid that I should wear a crown of gold where the King of kings wore a crown of thorns!"

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

At a recent meeting of the British Society of Franciscan Studies, Père Ubald d'Alençon, editor of "Les Études Franciscaines," read a paper on "L'Angleterre Franciscaine dans le Passé."

—An interesting work by M. L. E. Beedham, entitled "Ruined and Deserted Churches," has just been published by Mr. Elliot Stock. It includes many illustrations, and deals with disused places of worship in all parts of England; and, to rescue some of these from oblivion is the object of the author.

—Mr. Andrew Lang recently reviewed, in the London *Morning Post*, the English translation of "Lourdes," by Dr. George Bertrin, and declared:

If we accept the facts of Professor Bertrin (as I do, till they are proved to be incorrect), events occur at Lourdes of the sort called "miraculous."

—Vol. II, of "Meditations for the Use of Seminarians and Priests," translated and adapted from the French original of the Very Rev. L. Branchereau, S. S., is published by Benziger Brothers. It deals with "Christian Virtues." As in Vol. I., the translator's adaptation has for object the rendering of the meditations more suitable to the needs and the temperament of English and American readers.

—As we have recently been led to suspect from the republication in certain of our exchanges of oldtime Irish stories and witticisms, there has appeared a new edition of "Irish Wit and Humor." It is brought out by F. Pustet & Co., and constitutes an anecdotal biography of Swift, Curran, O'Leary, and O'Connell. Those unfamiliar with the book will find it eminently worth while; and even connoisseurs in Hibernian wit and drollery will probably derive ample entertainment from a reperusal of the stories they delighted in long ago.

—A new volume of sermons, by the Rev. John McQuirk, D. D., LL. D., is issued by the St. Paul's Library, New York. Its title is "Short Discourses for All the Sundays in the Year," and the instructions contained therein are based upon, or extracted from, the Catechism of the Holy Council of Trent, sometimes called the Roman Catechism. To his brother priests the author says in his preface: "Away with ready-made sermons; find the matter in this Catechism and compose your own sermons. Nor does this militate at all against the writing of such a book as the present; for in the use of this book half the labor of consulting the Cate-

chism itself is overcome: and you will so find the matter as to be easily digested and assimilated to your own mind,"—a statement which a cursory examination of the volume tends to verify.

—The "Little Manual of St. John Berchmans' Altar-Boys' Society," to which we recently directed attention in these columns, has been reissued in the form of a bound booklet,—an improvement which both the boys and their parents are likely to appreciate. Mr. J. Schaefer, publisher.

—Two new publications of the Oxford University Press will doubtless find many readers among Catholics. We refer to "St. Bernard on Consideration," translated by George Lewis; and "The Mirrour of the Blessed Lyf of Jesu Christ," a translation of the Latin work entitled "Meditationes Vitæ Christi," attributed to St. Bonaventura, made before the year 1410 by Nicholas Love, Prior of the Carthusian Monastery of Mount Grace; edited by Lawrence F. Powell.

—In answer to the good old grandmother's inquiry as to how her favorite grandson was getting on at college, his father said, with no concealment of sarcasm: "Oh, famously, I think! He has already broken one finger, sprained his ankle, and hurt his back a little." The editor of the *Dial* also was disposed to be sarcastic when he wrote:

The "real activities" of an institution of learning are not, as the unreflecting might hastily infer, intellectual: they are muscular. The occurrence of an intercollegiate football game in the Stadium at Harvard, on the afternoon preceding the opening of the academic year, was an event of a nature that might have excited comment in an earlier age; but now the cutting short of one's vacation in order to return to college and undergo a week or ten days of preliminary training for a game that itself takes place before the term opens, is taken as a matter of course. In fact, one of the leading Boston newspapers, in its editorial mention of this first football game of the year at Cambridge, speaks of it as inaugurating "the season's real activities at the university." These physical activities, then,—chiefly brachial and crural on the part of the eleven elect, pulmonary and bronchial on the part of their less "beefy" mates and admirers—are henceforth to be regarded as the "real activities" of a university. A revised and amended edition of Newman's "Office and Work of Universities" is now in order.

—That religion should be at "the very centre" of all the great poets of our time is less remarkable than that non-Catholic literary critics should be foremost in characterizing the best of the work of Francis Thompson as the inspiration of his religious faith, though, as all of them are aware, that faith was the Catholic

faith. Says the London *Times* in the course of an extended review of "Selections" of Thompson:

"Nothing," he says, "would have surprised Diderot more than to be told that a hundred and fifty years after the appearance of his *Encyclopædia* the finest minds of Europe would still be giving much of their thought to religion, and in particular to the Christian religion. Yet here in this volume is the essence of the most remarkable of recent English poets; and it is quite certain that what is most remarkable in it looks to religion for its inspiration, and in particular to that form of religion known as Christianity, and to that form of Christianity known as Catholic and Roman. From the middle of the nineteenth century it began to be evident that such things as travelling by steam, talking along wires and submarine cables, and lighting houses by electricity, even such greater things as the conception of the evolutionary development of life, could never satisfy the higher demands of such a being as man. And the result has been that poetry, which is so closely connected with those higher demands, has never been fuller of religion than it has been for the last fifty years. . . . None of these poets was for a moment content with evolution and the electric telegraph; they all felt forced to look through and beyond all that: *tendebantque manus ripæ ulterioris amore*." Of this preoccupation with religion, Thompson was, perhaps, the most conspicuous instance of all. Not only through his great poem, "The Hound of Heaven," not only through his last, "In No Strange Land," which is almost his finest, but through nearly all his best work rings the great sentence of Augustine: *Fecisti nos ad te et in quietum est cor nostrum donec requiescat in te*. Perhaps the present selection, appearing as it does under Roman Catholic auspices, may tend to give special emphasis to this side of Thompson; but there is no doubt that, whatever other sides he had, this was the finest and most essential; and, no doubt also, the one the poet himself would most have wished to live after him.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' price generally includes postage.

"Meditations for the Use of Seminarians and Priests." Vol II. Very Rev. L. Branchereau, S. S. \$1, net.

"Irish Wit and Humor." 50 cts.

"Catholic Life; or, the Feasts, Fasts and Devotions of the Ecclesiastical Year." 75 cts., net.

"The Dangers of Spiritualism." J. Godfrey Raupert. 75 cts., net.

"Modern Spiritism." J. Godfrey Raupert. \$1.35, net.

"The See of Peter and the Voice of Authority." Rev. Thomas Dolan. 60 cts.

"Dear Friends." D. Ella Nirdlinger. 60 cts.

"Lourdes: A History of Its Apparitions and Cures." Georges Bertrin. \$2, net.

"The Eucharistic Mission." Rev. William Lescher, O. P.

"A Conversion and a Vocation." \$1.25.

"History of the German People at the Close of the Middle Ages." Johannes Janssen. Vols. X. and XI. \$6.25, net.

"The Queen's Daughter." Joseph J. Wynne. \$1.

"Political Economy." Charles S. Devas, M. A. \$2.

"Fraternal Charity." Rev. Father Valuy, S. J. 40 cts., net.

"Priestly Vocation and Tonsure." Rev. L. Bacuez, S. S. \$1, net.

"What is Life? A Study of Vitalism and Neo-Vitalism." Bertram C. A. Windle, M. A., M. D., etc. \$1, net.

"The Acts of the Apostles." With Introduction and Annotations. Madame Cecilia. \$1.25.

"History of Economics; or, Economics as a Factor in the Making of History." Rev. J. A. Dewe, A. M. \$1.50.

"Rosette. A Tale of Paris and Dublin." Mrs. William O'Brien. \$1.25.

"For My Name's Sake." From the French of Champol's "Sœur Alexandrine," \$1.10, net.

"All about Salads." Mrs. Lewis Clarke Lucas. 75 cts.

"The New Matrimonial Legislation." Rev. Charles J. Cronin, D. D. \$1.90, net.

"The Eucharistic Heart of Jesus." \$1.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. John Rohde, of the diocese of Green Bay; Very Rev. Jeremiah Canon Moynihan and Rev. M. M. Gleason, diocese of Peoria; and Very Rev. John Ryan, D. D., archdiocese of St. John's. Brother Constantine, C. S. C.

Sister M. Loretto (Hare), of the Order of the Visitation; and Sister Mary Francis, Sisters of the Sacred Heart of Mary.

Mr. George Fox, Mrs. Lucy Campbell, Mrs. Sarah Farrell, Mr. George Muth, Mrs. Nora Cook, Miss Alice Baxter, Mr. James Kinney, Mr. Thomas Lyng, Eliza McManus, Mr. Herman Eichner, Mr. Patrick Furey, Mrs. Mary Berry, Mr. John Green, Mr. Charles Herald, Mrs. Elizabeth Regan, Mr. Joseph Pate, Miss Mary Pate, Mr. David Flynn, Mrs. A. C. Gillace, Mrs. Robert McConnell, and Mr. George Moss.

Requiescant in pace!



THE MADONNA OF ST. LEO.
(BASILICA LIBERIANA.)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LXVII. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, NOVEMBER 7, 1908. NO. 19.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C. S. C.]

A Sinner's Prayer.

BY T. A. M.

GRANT to my eyes, O Lord a flowing fountain
Of bitter tears, to wash my sins away;
Lift Thou the load of sin that, like a mountain,
Is weighing down upon my soul to-day,—
Ego peccavi!

Upon the cross Thy life for men was given,
Thy Precious Blood bought mercy from on
high;

A world of sinners by Thy death was shriven;
Hear me, though greatest of them all, who cry,
In te speravi!

Lourdes.

BY THE REV. ROBERT HUGH BENSON.

I.

THE first sign of our approach to Lourdes was a vast wooden cross, crowning a pointed hill. We had been travelling all day, through the August sunlight, humming along the straight French roads beneath the endless avenues; now across a rich plain, with the road banded on either side to avert the spring torrents from the Pyrenees; now again mounting and descending a sudden shoulder of hill. A few minutes ago we had passed into Tarbes, the cathedral city of the diocese in which Lourdes lies; and there, owing to a little accident, we had been obliged to halt, while the wheels of the car were lifted, with incredible ingenuity, from the

deep gutter into which the chauffeur had, with the best intentions, steered them. It was here, in the black eyes, the dominant profiles, the bright colors, the absorbed childish interest of the crowd, in their comments, their laughter, their seriousness, and their accent, that the South showed itself almost unmixed. It was market-day in Tarbes; and when once more we were on our way, we still went slowly; passing, almost all the way into Lourdes itself, a long-drawn procession—carts and foot passengers, oxen, horses, dogs, and children,—drawing nearer every minute toward that ring of solemn blue hills that barred the view to Spain.

It is difficult to describe with what sensations I came to Lourdes. As a Christian, I did not dare to deny that miracles happened; as a reasonably humble man, I did not dare to deny that they happened at Lourdes; yet, I suppose, my attitude even up to now had been that of a reverent agnostic,—the attitude, in fact, of a majority of Christians on this particular point,—Christians, that is, who resemble the Apostle Thomas in his less agreeable aspect. I had heard and read a good deal about psychology, about the effect of mind on matter and of nerves on tissue; I had reflected upon the infection of an ardent crowd; I had read Zola's dishonest book;* and these things, coupled with the extreme difficulty which the imagination finds in realizing what it has never experienced—since, after all, miracles

* The epithet is deliberate.

are confessedly miraculous, and therefore unusual,—the effect of all this was to render my mental state a singularly detached one. I believed? Yes, I suppose so; but it was a halting act of faith pure and simple; it was not yet either sight or real conviction.

The cross, then, was the first glimpse of Lourdes' presence; and ten minutes later we were in the town itself.

Lourdes is not beautiful, though it must once have been. It was once a Franco-Spanish town, set in the lap of the hills, with a swift, broad, shallow stream, the Gave, flowing beneath it. It is now cosmopolitan, and therefore undistinguished. As we passed slowly through the crowded streets—for the National Pilgrimage was but now arriving—we saw endless rows of shops and booths sheltering beneath tall white blank houses, as expressionless as a brainless, well-bred man. Here and there we passed a great hotel. The crowd about our wheels was almost as cosmopolitan as a Roman crowd. It was largely French, as that is largely Italian; but the Spaniards were there, vivid-faced men and women, severe Britons, solemn Teutons; and, I have no doubt, Italians, Belgians, Flemish and Austrians as well. At least I heard during my three days' stay all the languages that I could recognize, and many that I could not. There were many motor-cars there besides our own, carriages, carts, bell-clanging trams, and the litters of the sick. Presently we dismounted in a side street, and set out to walk to the Grotto, through the hot evening sunshine.

The first sign of sanctity that we saw as we came out at the end of a street was the mass of churches built on the rising ground above the river. Imagine first a great oval of open ground, perhaps two hundred by three hundred yards in area, crowded now with groups as busy as ants, embraced by two long white curving arms of masonry rising steadily to their junction; at the point on this side where

the ends should meet if they were prolonged, stands a white stone image of Our Lady upon a pedestal, crowned and half surrounded from beneath by some kind of metallic garland arching upward. At the farther end the two curves of masonry of which I have spoken, rising all the way by steps, meet upon a terrace. This terrace is, so to speak, the centre of gravity of the whole.

For just above it stands the flattened dome of the Rosary Church, of which the doors are beneath the terrace, placed upon broad flights of steps. Immediately above the dome is the entrance to the crypt of the basilica; and, above that again, reached by further flights of steps, are the doors of the basilica; and, above it, the church itself, with its soaring white spire high over all.

Let me be frank. These buildings are not really beautiful. They are enormous, but they are not impressive; they are elaborate and fine and white, but they are not graceful. I am not sure what is the matter with them; but I think it is that they appear to be turned out of a machine. They are too trim; they are like a well-dressed man who is not quite a gentleman; they are like a wedding-guest; they are *haute-bourgeoise*, they are not the nobility. It is a terrible pity, but I suppose it could not be helped, since they were allowed so little time to grow. There is no sense of reflectiveness about them, no patient growth of character, as in those glorious cathedrals, Amiens, Chartres, Beauvais, which I had so lately seen. There is nothing in reserve; they say everything, they suggest nothing. They have no imaginative vista.

We said not one word to one another. We threaded our way across the ground, diagonally, seeing as we went the Bureau des Constatations (or the office where the doctors sit), contrived near the left arm of the terraced steps; and passed out under the archway, to find ourselves with the churches on our left, and on our right the flowing Gave, confined on

this side by a terraced walk, with broad fields beyond it.

The first thing I noticed were the three roofs of the *piscines*, on the left side of the road, built under the cliff on which the churches stand. I shall have more to say of them presently, but now it is enough to remark that they resemble three little chapels, joined in one, each with its own doorway; an open paved space lies across the entrances, where the doctors and the priests attend upon the sick. This open space is fenced in all about, to keep out the crowd that perpetually seethes there. We went a few steps farther, worked our way in among the people, and fell on our knees.

Overhead, the cliff towered up, bare hanging rock beneath, grass and soaring trees above; and at the foot of the cliff a tall, irregular cave. There are two openings of this cave; the one, the larger, is like a cage of railings, with the gleam of an altar in the gloom beyond, a hundred burning candles, and sheaves and stacks of crutches clinging to the broken roofs of rock; the other, and smaller, and that farther from us, is an opening in the cliff, shaped somewhat like a *vesica*. The grass still grows there, with ferns and the famous climbing shrub; and within the entrance, framed in it, stands Mary, in white and blue, as she stood fifty years ago, raised perhaps twenty feet above the ground.

Ah, that image! . . . I said, "As she stood there!" Yet it could not have been so; for surely even simple Bernadette would not have fallen on her knees. It is too white, it is too blue; it is, like the three churches, placed magnificently, yet not impressive; fine and slender, yet not graceful.

But we knelt there without unreality, with the river running swift behind us; for we knelt where a holy child had once knelt before a radiant vision, and with even more reason; for even if the one, as some say, had been an hallucination, were those sick folk an hallucination? Was Pierre de Rudder's mended leg an

hallucination, or the healed wounds of Marie Borel? Or were those hundreds upon hundreds of disused crutches an illusion? Did subjectivity create all these? If so, what greater miracle can be demanded?

And there was more than that. For when later, at Argelès, I looked over the day, I was able to formulate for the first time the extraordinary impressions that Lourdes had given me. There was everything hostile to my peace,—an incalculable crowd, an oppressive heat, dust, noise, weariness; there was the disappointment of the churches and the image; there was the sour unfamiliarity of the place and the experience; and yet I was neither troubled nor depressed nor irritated nor disappointed. It appeared to me as if some great benign influence were abroad, soothing and satisfying; lying like a great summer air over all, to quiet and to stimulate. I can not describe this further; I can only say that it never really left me during those three days. I saw sights that would have saddened me elsewhere,—apparent injustices, certain disappointments, dashed hopes that would almost have broken my heart; and yet that great Power was over all, to reconcile, to quiet and to reassure. To leave Lourdes at the end was like leaving home.

After a few minutes before the Grotto, we climbed the hill behind, made an appointment for my Mass on the morrow; and, taking the car again, moved slowly through the crowded streets, and swiftly along the country roads, up to Argelès, nearly a dozen miles away.

(To be continued.)

WILL you honor your dead? Do not spend yourselves in vain lamentations; choose rather to sing psalms, to give alms, and to lead holy lives. Do for them that which they would willingly do for themselves could they return again into the world; and God will accept it at your hands as if it came from them.

—St. John Chrysostom.

Phileas Fox, Attorney.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XVII.

FATHER DRISCOLL secured for Phileas a notification to wait upon John Vorst for a second interview. The worthy priest, glad of an opportunity to pay a friendly visit to the lawyer from New York, brought the message himself to the hotel, in the big empty drawing-room of which the two were enabled to speak quite unreservedly. After a few moments of desultory conversation, during which no allusion whatever was made to the matter in hand, Phileas himself told what had passed at his interview with John Vorst; and Father Driscoll evinced the liveliest satisfaction at the prospect of an amicable settlement of the long-standing difficulties.

"John Vorst deserves," he said, "if ever a man deserved, to have a few years of tranquillity before his final departure. He has had such a long, harassing time of it. And I may tell you that I regard him as an ideal layman. But what is the next step to be taken?"

"I should advise," answered Phileas, "that Mr. Vorst return to New York with me. I am quite satisfied that Mrs. Wilson is growing very feeble, and the sooner matters are settled the better for all parties."

"I am altogether of your way of thinking," said the priest. "But can you make the necessary arrangements for his return in so short a time?"

"I think so," declared Phileas. "I chance to have been brought into contact, professionally, with Mr. Vorst's former landlady, and his room at her house is still vacant. If he consents, I shall wire her. Then there need not be much delay in 'fixing up things'; for Mrs. Wilson is only too anxious for a final adjustment. In fact, as a measure of precaution, and acting on my advice,

she signed most of the important papers before my departure."

"Good!" said Father Driscoll. "Then you will call upon Mr. Vorst to-day, as he has expressed a desire to see you. But, if you wish, I shall go to the hotel now and prepare him for your suggestion."

"I shall be very grateful," said Phileas; and he accompanied the priest to the door, where they stood a few moments, commenting on the buildings and the streets of the Puritan city.

Father Driscoll said, in parting:

"You have a good profession, my boy. Honor it and it will honor you. It needs ideals, you know; the higher the better." Then he added, softening the admonition by a laugh: "You ought to change your name when you're dealing with honest men. I was a little afraid of you when I glanced at your card."

Phileas was somewhat sore upon that point, but he joined in the laugh.

"You will be quite a *rara avis* then: an honest lawyer, and a fox that is not predatory."

When Phileas was ushered into John Vorst's presence that afternoon, he found the old gentleman quite reconciled to the proposal, and even anxious to return to his old quarters.

"That good creature, Susan O'Rourke, made me so comfortable," he said, "she quite spoiled me for anything else; and, then, at my age one sighs for the old places that were familiar to one's youth. I don't know precisely why that should be so, Mr. Fox," he went on, reflectively. "One place ought to be quite as good as another to those who have almost finished the great journey. For, wherever we are, the mighty pageant—in which we no longer have part—goes on very well without us. But I suppose it is in the same manner that we go back to read the pages of a well-thumbed volume. Its familiarity is its charm."

It was with evident reluctance that John Vorst entered upon the pecuniary details of the approaching contest.

"I will confess," he said, "perhaps to my shame, that I have never had any great aptitude for affairs. It is true, at one time I hotly contested that claim,—or, rather, my counsel did," he added with a smile. "But that was on abstract grounds of justice, in order not to prove myself a swindler; and also because of a sentimental attraction toward that old house in Monroe Street, where my boyhood had been passed. Moreover, then, as now, there were others to be considered,—a widowed sister, since dead, who has left children. I have never seen them, because I faded out of active life before they had entered thereupon. There is also a brother of mine, who has taken Holy Orders and resides in England. For their sakes nothing must be left to chance."

It was, therefore, agreed that Phileas should wire at once to Mrs. O'Rourke; and that, two days later, the two men should travel together to New York.

Phileas Fox was fairly treading on air, in the height of his satisfaction. That long and tedious case, which he had fancied might stretch out interminably, was thus in the way of being settled almost immediately. He sent from the office of the hotel a wire addressed to Mrs. O'Rourke. It ran thus:

Have front parlor prepared for your old lodger, who returns on Friday.

PHILEAS FOX.

Then he went over to the cathedral, and knelt in fervent prayer for the successful issue of what remained to be done. After which he permitted himself the luxury of a carriage, and drove out to Mount Auburn and to those other lovely suburbs which have made Boston famous.

His mind, relaxed and at rest somewhat from the strain of anxiety and suspense, turned instinctively to pleasanter things; and he recalled, amongst others, that trip to Staten Island which he had so recently made with the most charming girl in the world. For by this time he had come to regard Isabel in some such light; and he felt a real gratification at

the thought that he was so soon to see her again, and to be brought into active relation with her. It occurred to him, with a sudden sinking of his spirits, that the cessation of the case would no doubt bring about the cessation of their intercourse. Their ways led so far apart; he a briefless barrister; while she had been brought up in a wealthy and exclusive sphere, to which he in no sense belonged. Then, with the optimism of youth that gilds all things just as the sun was then gilding and bringing out the iridescent colors of the lovely groups of flowers, he began to wonder if she were, after all, so far removed from him; or if she would be content in a year or two, or when he had made his way somewhat, to share his fortunes and struggle upward at his side. He smiled at the swiftness with which his thoughts had gone forward; and, awaking from his reverie, he strove to give his whole attention to the sights which the driver was showing him.

That evening he dined at the hotel with John Vorst; and, in fact, was so much in his society during those two days that he felt as if he had known him for years. On board the boat returning to New York, the two, who had been so strangely brought into each other's life, talked with a freedom which is not always the result of long acquaintanceship. Upon one subject alone John Vorst maintained an inviolable reserve, and that was wherever the plaintiff in the famous lawsuit was concerned. The name of Martha Spooner Wilson was never so much as mentioned; the relation in which the two had stood to each other, the reason of their separation, and all the rest of that tragic story, remained as a sealed book. If he were aware that the attorney had been informed of all those things, he gave no sign. And it was on only one occasion that he spoke of another matter that was dear to his heart—that religion which he had so faithfully loved and practised for nearly the allotted span.

"Our faith," he said,—“what a splendid heritage it is, and how worthy the consideration of reasoning man! It meets us at every point during the journey of our life, and sets up landmarks. It controls, directs, satisfies and brightens intellectual aspirations; it feeds the heart. Envidable the young man who sets out in life under the guidance of that true pilot, that alone can weather storms.”

They sat and conversed thus until the night was far worn. The lights in the saloon were lowered, and the groups had gradually dispersed. There was a solemnity there, under the stars looking down from a deep, calm, azure, where the white clouds scudded here and there like wandering spirits in search of a haven.

"I have often said to myself," continued the elder man, "'Look up at those stars and doubt if you can.' That sidereal world seems the vast witness of truth."

"And," thought Phileas, "some men, like this one before me, are likewise witnesses of truth in the various positions which they fill in life."

In the early morning, the two men breakfasted at a place on Broadway where the most delicious cream-topped coffee could be had, together with Vienna rolls, crisp, delicate bacon, strawberries and cream. It was an enjoyable meal, over which the pair lingered. John Vorst rejoiced at being back again once more in the city which he had known and loved.

"I have been a traveller in my time, Mr. Fox," he said; "but I am always well content to find myself in this curious, cosmopolitan thoroughfare, which boasts no beauty, and which, with its feverish bustle and haste, is unendurable to the cursory observer. But there are quiet portions of Manhattan, where tranquillity is almost as obtainable as in the country; and I see it, besides, through the glamor of years. I fancy myself once more thrilling at thought of exhibiting my new topcoat or beaver, my patent-leather boots, or any other article of finery, on the avenue of a Sunday morning. I always

see Broadway as I first consciously remember it half a century ago."

When Phileas rang the bell at Mrs. O'Rourke's door, it was opened by Susan herself. Her face was fairly beaming, though her eyes were streaming with tears. Every trace of care, of weariness or of cynical doubt, was momentarily gone.

"You see I have brought him back to you!" exclaimed Phileas, indicating his companion.

"And may God in heaven bless you for that same!" answered Susan.

To her late lodger, who was somewhat slower in reaching the upper step, she began a series of curtsies, as though the newly-arrived had been her feudal lord and she his tenant at will.

"Is it yourself, sir?" she cried.

"It is indeed, Mrs. O'Rourke," replied Mr. Vorst, with corresponding warmth, and seizing the toil-roughened hand of the landlady in a cordial grip. "I'm glad to see you again."

"And I'm as proud and glad as—"

She could find no apposite comparison, so she left her sentence unfinished, and fell to wiping her eyes with her apron.

"But of course you got Mr. Fox's telegram?" John Vorst inquired.

"I did indeed, sir; and here's your room ready for you just as the day you left it."

She threw open the door of the same apartment into which upon a former occasion she had ushered Phileas, and showed the spacious room, clean, well-aid, and as shining as two days' good cleaning could make it.

"It's myself is glad to see you in it once again!" the poor creature repeated enthusiastically.

"You may thank Mr. Fox for that," laughed Mr. Vorst, expanding, under the warmth of her greeting.

"I do thank him; and morning and night, when I go on my knees, I'll always remember him for that same, as well as for the kind acts he did to me."

John Vorst turned a glance of warm approval upon the young attorney.

"You must tell me all about it," he said to Susan; "for you and I both are feeling very grateful to him."

"I can not wait for that recital," said Phileas, joyously. He, too, was in excellent spirits at the result of his journey. "I have to get back to sober life, and I must not have my head turned."

Phileas, having seen his new friend, for whom he felt a real attachment and a boundless admiration, installed in his old quarters, took the Subway down town to his long-neglected office. He threw open the door with a new feeling of importance; he aired the room, which had a close smell, as though it had been long unused; he arranged the chairs and tables, and dusted the folios.

When at last he sat down at the desk, he felt as if he had been dreaming, and was still a briefless barrister, with no work to do save dozing over an imaginary case. He reviewed in swift succession all that had taken place since that first day when he took possession of this legal sanctum; and his thoughts lingered oftenest and longest upon Isabel Ventnor. He brought her image before him with a delight which no longer left him any illusion as to his sentiments toward her. Her face, fresh, laughing, yet mobile and sensitive, had a far greater charm for him—or so he said to his impressionable heart—than many a one more perfect in coloring or outline. Her slender, well-proportioned figure, dressed always with that harmony of detail that far surpasses costliness of material, seemed to him the most delightful and the most attractive in the whole range of femininity. He hoped that he should see her again very soon and very often.

He was roused from his reverie by the opening of his office door, and a voice demanding if Mr. Fox was back yet. He answered that question in the affirmative; and during the next few hours the door continued to open and to admit an almost continuous stream of people. They were mostly petty clients such as

build up a practice. Each was, however, in as great a hurry as though his particular affairs were of paramount importance, and as if it were impossible for him to wait an instant. Hence there was not a moment wherein the lawyer found himself free to wait upon Mrs. Wilson; but he decided that if he did not go thither that evening, he would certainly go the following day. And the following day he went under circumstances which he could not have foreseen.

It was immediately after luncheon; and Phileas had just come in from the crowded streets, hot, dusty and tired, when the telephone rang. Isabel Ventnor, in a voice so agitated as to be barely recognizable, asked:

"Has Mr. Fox returned?"

"Yes," said Phileas. "He is speaking."

"For God's sake come at once! Don't lose an instant. It is Isabel Ventnor."

Before he could ask any questions the instrument was shut off. It took Phileas scarcely an appreciable time to reach the street and hail a passing cab, in which he caused himself to be bowled along at a breakneck pace by the quietest ways, through which there might be the least obstruction.

The mansion lay in a sort of repose that seemed more pronounced than usual. The sun fell in long, slanting beams over the trees where they stood in their prim rows or waved in swaying curves. Cadwallader, with face that was ashen gray and eyes rolling wildly, opened the door without a word. He brought the lawyer to the library. Phileas paused, spellbound, upon the threshold.

Isabel, with pallid, terror-stricken face, pointed to a figure in the chair,—the same that had fascinated the young man on the opening of the door. Seated before the table, as he had seen her last, her eyes wide open and burning in their sockets, with their unseeing gaze fixed upon an unoccupied corner of the room, was the mistress of the mansion.

Ghastly in the extreme was the appear-

ance she presented. She was clad in a rich gown of brocade, and fairly ablaze with jewels, which, as Phileas quickly surmised, belonged to the rows of cases that he had seen in the safe. Those receptacles, in fact, lay empty upon the table; while their glittering contents, chiefly diamonds in the form of necklaces, tiaras, bracelets, rings and aigrettes, had been employed to deck the shrunken frame of Mrs. Wilson. The resplendence of the stones fairly dazzled the eyes that looked at them. The lawyer's glance wandered to the safe in the corner, which stood wide open, staring with desolate blankness, its long-guarded secrets displayed to every comer. From the lips of the strangely bedizened figure came forth inarticulate sounds, apparently addressed to some shadowy presentment of overwrought fancy. It was a singular, a weird scene, that sent a shudder through the attorney's frame and shook his healthy nerves.

"What should we do?" inquired Isabel, who, though white to the lips, stood ready for any emergency. "I thought it better to wait till the doctor comes before making any effort to disturb her."

"Has she been long like this?" Phileas asked.

"I scarcely know myself," the girl answered. "I went out, as I often do, for a walk; leaving Mrs. Wilson, apparently in her usual health, taking her afternoon sleep upon the couch in her own room. I was not gone long; and when I came in Cadwallader told me that she had dressed alone—a thing she never does,—and had come downstairs, also without assistance. The Negro met her, and offered his arm; but she had passed him by without a word, walking very straight, as he had not seen her for years. She had come into the library and closed the door, so that he had been afraid to follow. Of course I rushed in here as soon as I heard his story, and found things as you see them. I tried to bring her back to consciousness and to make her hear my voice, but it

was all no use. I telephoned for the priest and the doctor. Both were out, but I am expecting them every moment. Then I thought of you, and I thank you so much for coming promptly."

"I wonder," said Phileas, "if it would be better to try to rouse her, or to wait a little longer?"

"Perhaps we might try again," declared Isabel; and, kneeling down, she put her arm around the aged figure and said: "Don't you know me, dear? It's Isabel."

But the eyes looked past her with the same wild stare, and the lips continued to murmur inaudible words.

"Perhaps if *you* were to try?" said Isabel; and Phileas, bending down, took Mrs. Wilson's withered hand, now burning with fever, into his own, so cool and firm. He spoke very distinctly.

The unseeing eyes were turned on him an instant, and the voice, thick and husky, and altogether unlike its ordinary clear enunciation, managed to form the question:

"Are you John Vorst?"

"No," answered the young man. "I am your attorney, Phileas Fox."

For an instant the face became disturbed, as with some effort of memory; it seemed as if reason were struggling back into the unnaturally distended eyes. But the expression almost instantaneously faded, though the hand rested in the cool, strong grasp.

"Are you tired, Mrs. Wilson?" asked Phileas, soothingly.

The genuine pity and tenderness in the tone fell gratefully upon Isabel's ear. It likewise seemed to please the delirious patient, whose gaze became less unnatural, while something like a smile hovered about the lips.

"If we could get her upstairs it might be better," Phileas declared to Isabel.

But at that moment the door opened, and the old family doctor entered, closely followed by Father Van Buren. The former examined the patient carefully.

"It is a singular case," he said; "but I do not think there is any immediate

danger of death. It would be well, however, if she could be put to bed as soon as possible, without unduly exciting her. It is of the utmost importance that she be kept quiet."

It was Phileas who took from her the jewels—though she at first resisted the attempt,—and gave them into Father Van Buren's keeping, that they might be locked away. Then the young lawyer raised his client in his strong arms, as though she had been a little child, and carried her upstairs.

(To be continued.)

To Friends in Heaven

BY THE REV. EDMUND HILL, C. P.

BELOV'D, in happy days gone by,
 When we were living far apart,
 Our letters spoke from heart to heart;
 And oft with aid of memory's eye
 For our surroundings. That sweet lake
 Where you would wait for me to come:
 The house familiar, cozy home;
 And one still dearer for your sake.
 And then the holy convent walls—
 Fair Deering last:—each sacred spot
 Is like a blue forget-me-not,
 Which blooms forever and recalls
 A love not born to fade and die.
 But when my Muse would greet you now,
 The *where* she knows not, nor the *how*,
 Of your existence. They defy
 Imagination's boldest flight.
 Around you bloom no "fields Elysian,"
 But gives the Beatific Vision
 "Eternal rest, perpetual light."
 Yet in that Vision you behold
 This way-worn pilgrim with his needs:
 Your power of help, too, far exceeds
 What fondest prayer could do of old.
 My Muse, then, may be dumb; but I
 Each day will hail you in your bliss
 With "Pray for me, remember me!" This
 Will still be sweetest company.

A School of Saints.

BY R. F. O'CONNOR.

A CONTEMPORARY English author has written a book called "The School for Saints." * But there is no need to have recourse to fiction to portray one. The Church, in its Third Orders, already possesses such a school, in which the science of the saints is learned and put in practice.

Ever since the Third Order of St. Francis was instituted, nearly seven centuries ago, at Cannara, near the river Topino, a few miles from Assisi, it has produced saints in all the walks of life, infusing into every grade of society the Franciscan spirit. It has had its representatives on the Pontifical Throne, in the ranks of the Church's hierarchy, in literature and art; among the learned and unlearned; in the palaces of kings and in the cottages of the poor; among the highest as well as the lowliest. In the Middle Ages it soon became a political as well as a social force with which rulers had to count. The Popes found it a powerful auxiliary in their struggle against the pretensions of the German emperors. It helped to secure the definite triumph of the Guelphs over the Ghibellines. When Frederick II. asked his chancellor, Peter of the Vineyards, why the Italians were so hostile to him, Peter answered: "Do not be surprised, your Majesty, since all the citizens of Italy are Franciscan Tertiaries, and deem it their duty to follow the Papal party."

The Third Order of St. Francis was the first movement which showed the strength and value of popular organization. It heralded the advent of democracy and made the first breach in feudalism. It identified the rights of the people with the rights of the Church, and cemented the union between faith, or fidelity to

* "The School for Saints." By John Oliver Hobbes. London: Fisher Unwin.

religion, and patriotism. It created a new bond between princes and peoples, between the classes and the masses, and made them realize their reciprocal interdependence. It brought into close contact the cloister and the world, to the betterment of the latter.

Louis IX. of France wanted to abdicate the crown to become a Friar Minor, and abandoned the idea only when persuaded that Providence had destined him to be a ruler. He drew as near as he could, however, to the cloister, became a Tertiary and practised the cloistral virtues while seated on a royal throne. Cardinal Ugolino—who, Thomas of Celano tells us, often laid aside the insignia of his dignity, put on the coarse habit of the friars, and, barefooted, took part in their religious exercises,—wished to resign the cardinalate and become a Franciscan; but St. Francis, who had foreknowledge of his future elevation to the Papacy, dissuaded him, and he was content to be affiliated with the Order as a Tertiary.

More than thirty personages of royal rank wore the habit of the Third Order. The most illustrious names in history figure in its annals: Dante, Christopher Columbus, Michael Angelo, Raphael Sanzio, Cardinal Bellarmine, Lope de Vega, and many others. "You praise me for wearing the grey habit and coarse cord of your illustrious founder over the Roman purple," wrote Cardinal Trejo to Father Luke Wadding in 1623. "I do not deserve such praise. If this garment appears mean, I have the greater need of it, since, raised to a higher degree of honor in the Church, I ought to humiliate myself more to avoid pride. But is not the habit of St. Francis a real purple, fit to enhance the dignity of kings and cardinals? Yes, it is truly a purple dyed in the blood of Jesus Christ, and in the blood that issued from the stigmata of His servant. It invests with royal dignity all those who wear it. What have I done, then, putting on this holy habit? I have joined purple to purple,—the purple of royalty to

the purple of the cardinalate. Thus, far from having humiliated myself, I have reason to fear I have done myself too much honor and glorified myself more than I ought."

The Third Order has not only extended the Franciscan influence far and wide, but has, through the medium of its members, created new Orders. St. Francis of Paula, founder of the Minims; St. Angela Merici, foundress of the Ursulines; St. Ignatius Loyola, founder of the Society of Jesus; St. Francis Caracciolo, founder of the Minorites; and St. Paul of the Cross, founder of the Passionists,—all were Franciscan Tertiaries. It prepared the way for the establishment of those numerous congregations and associations, confraternities and sodalities, which have contributed so much to the reformation of social habits and the sanctification of souls; and was instrumental in the multiplication of hospitals, asylums, and other benevolent institutions.

St. Francis popularized the religious life, and was the initiator of that social action which is now justly regarded as a most important development of the ethical side of Christianity. In his Constitution, *Humanum Genus*, of April 20, 1884, Leo XIII. placed the propagation of the Third Order of St. Francis among the principal means to be used to oppose a barrier to the anti-Christian tendencies of foreign Freemasonry, and to protect people from the contagion of those detestable sects, designating it a true school of liberty, fraternity, and equality,—not in the absurd sense in which Masons understand these words, but in the sense in which St. Francis interpreted them in practice, without dreaming of suppressing all distinctions among men, but harmonizing the various conditions and duties of life to the profit of the interests and dignity of civil society.

The Third Order is still doing the work St. Francis designed it to do. "The Third Order," said the Blessed John Baptist Vianney, Curé of Ars, himself a Tertiary,

as were Pius IX. and Leo XIII.,—"the Third Order is called to revive the spirit of Christianity in our age of combat and persecution." The two million Tertiaries scattered over the world are, therefore, aggregated not only for the purpose of self-sanctification, but to fill a great missionary and social rôle. As the family is the unit of the State, it is in the homes of the people the work is chiefly to be done.

Among the numerous Tertiaries whose lives illustrate the beneficent influence of the Tertiary spirit upon family life, was Frances Del Triglio, the daughter of poor peasants, born in 1557 at Serrone, a small parish in the Marches of Italy. Her birth, like that of St. Francis—conformable, as his was, in everything to the Saviour's—took place in a stable, which her mother, Dominica Boccacci, who was working in the fields, had barely time to reach when, upon a cold stone, she brought into the world her child of benediction. Though christened Magdalen, her father called her Frances in memory of his own mother. An attraction to prayer, solitude, and almsgiving characterized her earliest years. While still an infant she lost her father, whose death reduced her mother to the greatest poverty, and led her to the grave when the little one was only nine.

Having early chosen Christ for her Spouse, and thrown herself into the arms of Divine Providence, Frances began to tread the way of the Cross, along which she was conducted to the summits of perfection. Her relatives, instead of protecting her, treated her rudely, and often left her the whole day without food, so that she had to appease the pangs of hunger with such wild fruits as she could gather in the fields. She had much to endure, but bore it patiently, consoled and fortified by an apparition of Our Lady, who assured her of her unceasing protection. She also found an abundant source of consolation in the wise direction of her confessor, who

taught her to meditate on the Passion.

The treatment Frances received from her brother, a man of harsh character, caused her married sister Hortensia, who lived in the village of Pitino, about six miles from Serrone, to receive her into her house, where she enjoyed some months of peace. But a wicked woman having stolen something, Frances was falsely accused of the theft; and, without inquiring into the matter, or giving a word of explanation, her enraged brother-in-law turned her out upon the street. It was night-time, and she walked on, not knowing whither she was going. Finally she found herself at the edge of a precipice, below which flowed a river, into which she was tempted, for a moment, to throw herself, she felt so unhappy. A lady of singular beauty suddenly appeared before her, took her by the hand and led her to her uncle's house in the neighboring village. She turned to thank her protectress, but the latter had already disappeared.

Frances was at first kindly received by her uncle, until he found she was a burthen, when she was constrained to return to her brother. Stricken with painful maladies, particularly paralysis, which deprived her of the use of her hands, she could neither dress herself nor take her meals without assistance. Stretched on straw in a corner, insufficiently sheltered from cold, rain, and wind, too poor to purchase medicine, she patiently awaited her cure from on high. After remaining two months in this sad state, her patience was rewarded. Going out in company with a woman, she stopped on the way before a chapel, on the door of which was represented the Resurrection. Suddenly there shone from the divine image a number of rays which illuminated the countenance of Frances, who felt herself instantaneously cured,—a miracle which took place in presence of several persons, and was quickly noised abroad throughout the district.

To the sufferings imposed upon her by God she added voluntary corporal pun-

ishments, mortifying herself in various ways. Her extraordinary virtues became so manifest that many of those who had persecuted her would fain shower benefits on her. Her brother one day saw her in her room environed with a miraculous light. On another occasion, having blown out a lamp she had lit before an image of the Blessed Virgin, severely censuring her for what he called her extravagance, he saw a taper lit by an invisible hand. He grew to know her better from day to day; and henceforth, far from treating her harshly, he conceived for her a sentiment of veneration. He also began to live more devoutly,—a change which was due, under God, to his sister's prayers.

Returning late one evening with his horse from a distant part of the country, night came on, and he wandered close to the bank of a river, into which he was in danger of falling, as he could distinguish nothing and had lost his way. In his extreme embarrassment, his sister suddenly appeared, seized his horse by the bridle, rescued him from the danger, and then disappeared. On his return home he related to her his surprising adventure. She told him that, having known the danger he was in, she had recourse to prayer, and angels had led her to the spot in time to save him from imminent death. Later, when he was in his last illness, she offered up her good works to shorten his purgatory. After his death, she bestowed the most affectionate care upon his young widow and her little daughter; and when, three years afterward, her sister-in-law passed away in her arms, Frances took charge of her orphaned niece.

Thoroughly grounded in humility by the sufferings she had endured, she concealed as best she could the favors she received from God, fearing vain praises would diminish the merits of her good works. When, despite this, her holiness became known, she redoubled her precautions, changing her ordinary dress so as not to be recognized when she went to some town or village on the occasion

of a pilgrimage or religious festival; and kneeling in an obscure corner of the church, so that no one might witness her ecstasies. Notwithstanding all these precautions, people followed her every time she left the house, begging her to cure their maladies. Rich and poor, the educated and uneducated, went to visit her, and begged her prayers. All these demonstrations, we are told, were a severe penance to Frances.

She went frequently to San Severino, to venerate the relics in the different churches in the city. Going one day into the Benedictine church, she experienced a heavenly perfume near the high altar, indicating that a sanctified person was interred there. Those who accompanied her attributed it to her imagination; but, to their great surprise, she showed them the incorrupt body of St. Illuminatus preserved in a shrine. The miracles wrought at the tomb of the Blessed Bentivoglio, in the Franciscan church, inspired her with a desire of becoming affiliated to that Order. In the same city she chose as her confessor Father Bartholomew Acchillei, because, assisting one day at his Mass, she saw the altar surrounded by a multitude of angels. He received her as a gift from God. She disclosed to him in all simplicity the extraordinary graces of which she was the recipient, and under his enlightened direction she made great progress in the way of perfection.

The Passion was the principal subject of her meditations, during which she realized within herself so vividly the sufferings of Our Lord that she would swoon away like one dead. Having frequently prayed that she might participate in His sufferings, a large oblong wound appeared in her left side toward the region of the heart, as if it had been made by a lance. It was very red and bleeding. This favor was granted to her in her youth, but she told no one. Blood issued from it whenever she contemplated the Passion, particularly every Friday,

when she prayed for sinners or for the departed; as if God wished to show her, by a visible sign, the intensity of His love for the souls He had redeemed by His Precious Blood. Nothing could stop the bleeding. When the wound closed, blood came from the mouth to such an extent that physicians were astonished that so wasted a frame could contain so much blood or suffer such a loss of it. The wound, the blood, and linens steeped in it, exhaled a delightful perfume.

(Conclusion next week.)

"The Sighing of the Prisoners."

BY THAMONDA.

I WAS making my first retreat at the convent of the Sisters of Marie Réparatrice during an ever-memorable visit to sunny Malta, the island of my lifelong love. My first retreat, I said; and I was making it at the mature age of twenty-eight, with all the fervor and enthusiasm of the recent convert.

Nevertheless, for all my fervency, and for all the real happiness I derived from my spiritual exercises, there was a heavy load of sadness and anxiety at my heart. For my one brother, the only living relative I had, and very dear to me, was, unfortunately, though not a chronic invalid, very delicate in health and subject to frequent nervous prostrations, neuralgic in character and agonizingly painful. Moreover, though not by any manner of means a devout Protestant—being, in point of fact, a very careless living person,—his unaccountable dislike and even hatred of the ancient Faith had been grievously accentuated by my conversion thereto; and it had long been my one desire and prayer that my poor Mark should share with me the greatest happiness that had ever gilded my life. But his intense sufferings only made him the more unapproachable and more unwilling to do even so much as think

on religious subjects. I was constantly consumed by a great fear that he would die in this sad state, and my prayers for him were almost continual; still nearly three years had elapsed since I left the "City of Confusion," and my dearest hopes seemed even more impossible of realization than before.

In the convent chapel, during my visits there, I had more than once observed, with admiration and reverence, a Sister who seemed always to be absolutely rapt in ecstasy and lost in prayer before the Most Holy, her eyes brilliant and oftentimes suffused with tears, but always intently fixed on the Tabernacle, her cheeks flushed, her small white hands tightly pressed together, save when the beads of her wooden rosary slipped through the thin fingers. And beholding her thus dissolved in prayer, every morning as fervent as the day before, I was filled with a great desire to see and speak with her, and also to get her to mingle my unfortunate brother's name with her saintly orisons.

And one day, happening to be returning to my little apartment from the chapel, I met, face to face in the corridor, the nun who was at that moment uppermost in my thoughts. With a sweet smile and gracious inclination of her head, she would have passed me in silence only that, seizing my opportunity, I begged her to come into my apartment, for I had something special to say. Gently she acquiesced, listening with tenderest sympathy and real sorrow to my tale of distress; then, kindly pressing my hand, she said in the soft, musical tones of her native Italian:

"I will recommend him to the prayers of my dear friend, Suor Maria Filomena. I am certain that she will obtain what you wish."

I positively gasped with astonishment. For Suor Filomena, a bright, charming Sister of the Order, having contracted a seemingly trifling chill, had died with startling suddenness about three months previously. And to my convert mind, all

unused to the "wayside sweetnesss," the hidden violets, as it were, springing from the strong roots of the Church's doctrines and beliefs, the idea of praying to a departed friend, although so sensible and so natural a thought, was quite astounding.

"But—but Suor Filomena is dead!" I at last objected.

She turned her brilliant eyes upon me a little wonderingly.

"Of course she is dead," she agreed; "but she is my dearest friend, for all that. Death makes no difference,—or, rather, it but unites souls more closely. And lest it should be that Suor Filomena is suffering—in need of my help,—daily do I plead before our Blessed Lord for her, reminding Him that He also is a prisoner; asking Him if, knowing the bitterness of bondage, He will not compassionate His captive. . . . And, whether she is 'in bands' or already blessed, will she not be grateful? Will she so utterly forget our friendship as, when I beg her to pray for me, not to listen,—a thing she would never have dreamed of doing on this imperfect earth?"

As I remained silent, struck by her words and trying to realize the new beauty of the thought, she added, rising:

"Always commend your dearest hopes to God through the Holy Souls. It is what I so often advise, and how efficacious it is you would be surprised to learn. I will remember your brother" (A sudden, strange light shone in her eyes). "I *promise* you that the 'sighing of the prisoners' shall obtain you this favor, and more than you have asked."

My retreat ended, I returned to my brother, who, to my great surprise, wished to spend the summer, in a quiet little fishing village; his usual tastes lay more in the direction of noisy, bustling cities, and their somewhat doubtful methods of amusement. Blessing Suor Maddalena and her friend in heaven, I gladly assented to his proposal, and soon we had made ourselves at home in one of the most

peaceful little havens of rest imaginable. A fortnight after we had settled, entering the pretty parish church rather earlier than was my custom one afternoon for my daily visit, to my exceeding surprise, I met my brother coming out. In answer to my inquiries later on, he explained that, being out on a ramble, he had suddenly been seized with one of his violent neuralgic attacks, and, scarcely able to see for pain, staggered rather than walked into the little church he was passing, and there sat down to rest for a short time.

"I think," he continued, with some hesitation, "that, in spite of the pain, I must have fallen asleep in the cool shadows; for I thought I was enveloped in a sort of haze, and that I heard some one come up to me,—some one whose movements were like a low, gentle melody. Then a pale light seemed to shine by my side, and a cool hand touched my throbbing forehead—oh, so thrilling a touch it was!—and said so softly: 'Be thou healed.' Then I woke, and, whatever caused it, my headache was entirely gone; I felt strong and well as I have not felt for years. And, going out, I met you."

For months after this strange event his health steadily improved, nor was there ever a recurrence of the almost periodic neuralgic fits that had since his childhood rendered life a burden to him. But with this mysteriously imparted strength there came, to my sorrow and surprise, no desire of "the better things," no thought or inclination in the last degree tending heavenward; on the contrary, the old antipathy to religion seemed to have grown stronger and more violent. But with faith and constancy I still daily commended his exceeding need to the powerful intercession of the Church Suffering, to whose charity I was sure his wondrously restored health was due.

Therefore, when, some eight months later, accepting with alacrity an engagement necessitating his residence in the

garrison city of M., he went gaily out to Egypt alone, I merely, with added determination and fervor, continued to "storm the Heavens" with the help of the "spirits perfect, the already chosen," as Dante styles the departed faithful.

But after a time his letters, never very frequent, grew even fewer and farther between, their tone colder, and their general tenor of a nature to cause serious misgivings and even alarm. At last, however, after six months' silence there came a letter whose contents, writ in a weak, trembling hand though they were, sent me to my knees in a joyous transport of gratitude and praise. For—O joy!—Mark was a Catholic at last; he would be a priest, and was already on his journey back to Europe, where he purposed entering a seminary at once, if his health were sufficiently recovered.

It appeared that he had, some little time previously, been instrumental in consigning to prison for their misdeeds several low-class Arabs. These fellows, on their release, set upon him in revenge one dark night, and succeeded in dangerously wounding him with their daggers. Indeed, so extreme was his predicament that, had it not been for the timely intervention of a French missionary Father, who happened to be passing, he would not have survived that night. For, calling to him for help, and struggling with a last desperate effort, Mark fell senseless just as the strong arm of the missionary, who interfered at the risk of his own life, was thrown around him. He added that it was in the modest little house of the good Fathers, who devotedly nursed him back to life, that his conversion took place,—a sudden grace, like that of St. Paul, received during the last moment of that death-struggle just as he fell fainting into Father Jean's arms. And before their simple Tabernacle, at the moment of his First Communion, it was that the irresistible vocation which urged him home first took possession of his whole being.

And after I had seen him settled in the

seminary, radiantly happy, I bethought me that there was still another soul who would share to the full our joy and gladness. Accordingly, I promptly went to visit the convent of Marie Réparatrice, and forthwith poured into the willing and delighted ear of Suor Maddalena the marvel of the answer, so far beyond my fondest dreams, to her fervent and devoted supplications. After having sufficiently exhausted the subject, it struck me to ask her why it was, if I might know, that she had such a devotion to the Holy Souls. Nothing loath, but rather with pleasure, she explained.

"I owe my vocation to them, I am sure," smiled she; "and I certainly owe them the happiness of being enabled to follow my call, for the most insuperable obstacles barred my way. But it is not so much of *that* that I would speak. From a child I have always had a special attraction toward this devotion; partly" (she laughed), "I suppose, because I was born in November. But the most lasting impression, I think, made on my youthful mind was caused by a forbidden visit, under escort of our Mahomedan maid-of-all-work, in my French nurse's absence, to the Turkish prison in C., where her brother had been incarcerated for some offence or another. I should explain that my father was Italian Consul in that city; and, as my mother died when I was three, I was naturally left to the care of the servants, who were not all that they might have been. But to my dying day I shall never forget the sunken face, the dull, lacklustre eyes of the poor prisoner, who was, I believe, a mountain bandit; nor the pathetic gesture with which he raised his heavily manacled hands, saying as he did so: 'This is what is killing me, Fatmeh. Oh, for a breath of the fresh mountain air!'

"Years later, in the convent school, during a retreat, the preacher gave us a powerful sermon on Purgatory, telling us that 'it is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the Living God,' and that the

Holy Souls are God's prisoners, who 'shall not go free until they have paid the last farthing.' Spellbound I listened; for with the word there rose before me that pining, pathetic Turkish captive. And ever after the thought of the Holy Souls possessed me so exceedingly that the devotion is, as it were, the passion of my life. All I wish for, all I fear, all my friends' intentions and desires, I commend to them; and the intense gratitude of 'the prisoners of Jesus Christ' for the slight solace I try to obtain them is manifested by the wonderful answers I receive; you yourself can speak from experience. But," she added, disclaiming any share in my brother's conversion, "I have found that the most certain way to succeed is to have a great devotion to the Blessed Eucharist; to offer your tears, your supplications and expiations for them to the Sacramental Mediator; as it were, to link Purgatory with the Tabernacle. For how can their Judge, Himself a prisoner, often a neglected, pining captive,—how *can* He resist your pleadings if you yourself are always striving to lighten His own loving bondage by every means; if before *His* prison door you beg Him to open that of your friends?" She paused, her eyes shining with tears. "And," she concluded, "how can our requests fail of being graciously heard? Did He not tell us that 'As long as you did it to one of these My least brethren, you did it to Me'?"

Is there anything within the whole circumference of the universe so worthy of compassion, that may so deservedly claim the greatest share in our devotions and charities, as to see our fathers, mothers, our nearest relations, lie burning in cruel flames?—"Purgatory Surveyed."

WE pray for all who are departed this life in our Communion, believing that the souls of those for whom the prayers are offered receive very great relief while the holy and tremendous Victim lies upon the altar,—*St. Cyril of Jerusalem*.

Our Lady and the Holy Souls.

BY EMILY HICKEY.

WHEN Dante had his vision of the place where the Holy Souls are cleansed from their sins before their entrance into that heaven they must one day attain, he saw how the life of Our Lady was used to help and stimulate and comfort them, as they went through the penance that would end in their fitness to see the face of Our Lord, and to live where all is holiness and perfection.

On each of the seven terraces which go round Dante's mountain of Purgatory, the souls are cleansed from one of the Seven Deadly Sins,—cleansed through the stress of much pain, which they bear joyfully, being prisoners of hope, who are one day, however far off it may be, to rejoice in God's light and beauty and rest.

The first of the Deadly Sins is pride,—indeed the source, as the chief, of them all. The Church has always taught that the cure of sin is in the gaining of virtue; and so each of the souls is striving, on each of the seven terraces, to gain the virtue in which he had failed during his mortal life. Thus, the proud labor hard for humility; eager to be humbled, thankful to bend; desirous only to bend, if it were possible, lower and lower still. And as they go round the mountain, on this first of its terraces they see, sculptured in white marble, carved in absolute perfection of skill, instances of the virtue of humility. The first of these carvings is the Annunciation, as the first instance of every one of the virtues is taken from Our Lady's life. "The Angel who came to earth with the decree of peace that for many a year had been wept for," says Dante, "which opened heaven from its long ban, in front of us appeared engraven there with such truth that he did not seem a silent image.

One would have sworn that he was saying *Ave!* because there was she portrayed who turned the key to open high love; and in her mien she bore impressed these words, *Ecce ancilla Dei*, as distinctly as a figure is stamped in wax." Our Lady is Queen of Humility.

On the second terrace the souls are being cleansed from the stains of envy, and here spirits invisible speak "courteous invitations to the table of love." The first voice cries repeatedly, *Vinum non habent* ("They have no wine"),—the words in which Our Lady reminded her Son of the need at the wedding at Cana; she so loving, so generous in her consideration for the embarrassment of the master of the feast, for the feelings of the guests! For she is Queen of Charity.

The third terrace cleanses the sin of anger. And in a dream of ecstasy comes the sight of "many persons in a temple, and of a Woman about to enter, with the sweet mien of a mother"; and in her tender, "Son, why hast Thou done so to us? Behold Thy father and I have sought Thee sorrowing," and her silence thereafter, she is shown as the Queen of Gentleness.

On the fourth terrace the slothful are hastening, hurrying along with holy speed; and one of the two in front calls out as he weeps, "Mary ran with haste to the hill country." This is the haste that brings no loss of dignity. St. Bonaventure calls Our Lady's haste strenuousness (*strenuitas*). "Haste, haste, that time be not lost through lack of love!" cry the Holy Souls; and she who knew no lack of love is the Queen of Zeal,—the zeal that tramples sloth under its feet.

The fifth Deadly Sin is avarice, or covetousness; and on the fifth terrace there is heard a voice calling amid tears,—calling as if under the supreme physical anguish of dawning motherhood, "Sweet Mary, so poor wert thou as may be seen by that hostel where thou didst lay down thy holy Burden." So is Our Lady Queen not only of holy poverty,

but of contentment. Her words, "Be it done unto me according to thy word," were never once in her made void.

The sixth terrace purifies from the sin of gluttony. Here there is a mystical tree bearing wholesome and fragrant fruit, and watered by a clear spring. A voice from the leafage tells how "Mary thought more how the wedding feast might be honorable and complete than of her own mouth." She is Queen of Temperance.

On the last terrace are the Holy Souls who are being freed from the stains left on them by impurity. The spirits who are passing through the fire of purgation, singing the Church's Matin hymn which prays for cleanness, at its end cry out Our Lady's words to the Angel in which, so quietly, so simply, she announces her own spotlessness: *Virum non cognosco*,—"I know not man." Our Lady is Queen of Chastity: she is *Mater purissima, castissima, inviolata, intemerata*,—evermore and evermore.

And so, O blessed Maiden, O glorious Mother, shall our souls be greatly, exceedingly, helped by the thought of thee, when we pass through that cleansing to which, in His mercy, may God bring us all! So shall the sweet thought of thee give us comfort and strength, thou Queen of all fair virtues.

THE essence of truest kindness lies in the grace with which it is performed. Some men seem to discount all gratitude, almost make it impossible, by the way in which they grant favors. They make you feel so small, so mean, so inferior; your cheeks burn with indignation in the acceptance of the boon you seek at their hands. You feel it is like a bone thrown at a dog, instead of the quick, sympathetic graciousness that forestalls your explanations, and waives your thanks with a smile,—the pleasure of one friend who has been favored with the opportunity to be of service to another.

—William^{W.} George Jordan.

With the Autocrat of St. Andrews.

THE Rev. George Angus, whose writings have so often been quoted in these pages, is like Moltke in one respect: he would not live his life over again. The "great silent one" was among the most honored men in Germany when he deliberately and emphatically declared that one life was quite enough for him. Father Angus describes himself as a contented man, taking things as they come, not excepting criticism, on which he makes some delightful observations. But first let us quote what he has to say—writing as usual in the London *Tablet*—in answer to the question, "Would you like to live your life over again?"

Dr. Doran, whom I know best by his "Lives of the Queens of the House of Hanover," said that he earnestly desired to live over again every hour and day of his life. Was he, I wonder, in earnest? When people look back upon their struggles, sorrows, cares, troubles, anxieties, blighted hopes, perhaps broken hearts, worries and disappointments, who can wish to have it all over again? So far, it *is* over; and a great joy in life, as the widow of Principal Tulloch, of St. Andrews, used to say, is "to get things over." In the closing words of "Vanity Fair," Thackeray asks: "Which of us is happy in this world? Which of us, having his desire, is satisfied?" Perhaps this was Thackeray's way of expressing what St. Augustine had said long before: "Our hearts are disquieted, O God, until they find rest in Thee."

We read in Scripture that the Blessed Virgin pondered certain things in her heart. Would Our Lady have liked Bethlehem, Nazareth, Jerusalem, all over again? Surely not. It was all over on the first Easter morning when she saw that "He is risen, as He said." But even then the joy was not unalloyed; for the Ascension was to come, bringing separation with it. Do we want the parting of friends, the tearing asunder of hearts, all over again? Shall not such come to an end some day in that country, a better country and that an heavenly, where there is no separation, neither sorrow nor pain? I think, however, that with Mary it was not completely over until the day of her being taken up, which we keep on August 15,—Lady Day in Harvest. . . . Then, indeed, for her it was over: Bethlehem and Nazareth were but sweet and solemn and sacred memories;

and "Behold we go up to Jerusalem," was finally accomplished in Mary's welcome to the New Jerusalem "which is above," and where she is (to accommodate Scripture again) "the Mother of us all." I think the late Lord Shaftesbury (but I read his Life I forget how many years ago) used to say that one of his most frequent dreams was concerned with going in for some examination; and he mentioned the relief felt when he awoke and found it was but a dream. Such has often been my experience. . . .

"Man goeth forth to his work and to his labor until the evening." Well, when the evening comes, do we really desire the toil and turmoil and heat of the day all over again? I do not. . . . The past is past, and can not be recalled; but I do not want to rehearse it. No doubt one might do better, but there would be at least a possibility of doing worse. . . .

Most criticism is like most gossip,—flippant, flowing, carping, and contradictory. The kindly sort of criticism is so comparatively uncommon that, with the generality of people, the words "critic" and "fault-finder" are synonymous. One who criticises is supposed to have no praise to bestow, though very few persons or performances ever merit unqualified condemnation. How little good results from criticism that is severe, even when it would seem to be called for! Few of us are disposed to correct our faults or to repair our failures by ungentle words. The little girl who said to a censorious grown-up, "The more you scold me, the more I won't mind it," taught a good lesson. We were reminded of this youthful philosopher by what Father Angus says in reply to some criticism passed upon his notes and comments. He doesn't mind either. To quote in part:

Criticism is always helpful. It is also interesting, because if a man criticises my writings, it shows that he has taken the trouble to read what I have taken the trouble to pen. Mr. Phœbus, in "Lothair," said that the critics are those who have failed in literature and art. Whether that be the case or not, I am always glad to be criticised, because when one puts one's goods in the shop window, criticism must be expected, and because one learns something. Thus a friend, who bears a name honored both in the story of the Oxford Movement and of the Second Spring, warned me not to split my infinitives, and to refrain from using the word

"obtain," but to write "prevail." I sit corrected. So the more criticism the better, because it is consoling to find that what has been written has not been written in vain. Another critic made a most true remark. He said: "You told us in *The Tablet* that your house cat is like his owner, in that he (the cat) is growing old. I think the cat is like his master in another respect: he likes his own way—and takes it." I agree. And I am in good company. For, in a review of that somewhat clumsy and inaccurate life of Cardinal Manning by Mr. Purcell, which notice appeared, if I remember rightly, in *The Academy*, the writer said: "... Manning liked a good fire, and had it; he liked his own way, and took it."

Although Father Angus' critics are numerous, they seem to be very friendly for the most part,—keen sometimes, but always kindly. We like to believe that "Split his infinitives!" is the harshest expression ever employed in referring to one so merry and wise, so fair-minded and kind-hearted, so amiable and delightfully old-fashioned as—let us call him—the Autocrat of St. Andrews.

The Passing Bell.

THE origin of the Passing Bell is difficult to trace. The earliest record that we have of its use is when Saint Hilda, Abbess of Whitby, died. As time went on, the custom of ringing a bell when one was *in extremis* became general; and there have survived minute instructions, in which each neighbor and friend was admonished to say a prayer for the departing soul,—“twice for a woman, thrice for a man, for a clerk as many times as he has Orders.”

From the wreck and devastation of the so-called Reformation the Passing Bell escaped; and it was not until the time of the first Georges that its use began to fail. The fact that many recovered after their soul-bell had sounded was by the prejudiced used as an argument against it, and the ringers began to be admonished not to begin their task until the person was really dead.

Notes and Remarks.

The Catholics of New England, but of Massachusetts and Boston more especially, have been celebrating the centennial of the establishment of the great archdiocese, whose first ruler was the illustrious Bishop Cheverus, afterward Cardinal Archbishop of Bordeaux. What a mighty change has been wrought in New England during these first hundred years of Boston's existence as a diocese! Not to speak of the growth of the Catholic population—from a handful to a host,—of the multiplication of churches and schools and charitable institutions, of the increase in the number of priests and prelates, or of the influx of religious Orders, male and female, there has been a constant weakening of all forces that could in any way arrest the progress of the Church. Bigotry is now in its last feeble throes; religion has gloriously triumphed. Not so very many years ago Irish Catholic families were obliged to flee from New England to what was then the Far West, to escape persecution from their Protestant fellow-citizens. We have read touching letters from pioneer pastors of the archdiocese of Boston, addressed to the heads of these families, exhorting them to be faithful in the practice of their religion, and to teach their children to love the Faith for which their parents had suffered. An unwritten chapter in the history of the Church in the United States is the story of the migration of Catholic families from the East to the West in the days of the Native Americans and the Know-Nothings.

There are churches in Massachusetts towns, and doubtless in other States of New England, that, as late as our own childhood, had to be guarded at night against anti-Catholic mobs bent on the “downfall of Popery.” In one small place, where there are now a church and school, with a resident priest and a religious Order of women, a night's lodging

was refused to Bishop Cheverus for the crime of being a "Romish priest." It was confidently asserted at that time and for long years afterward, from pulpit and platform, that the Catholic Church would never gain a strong foothold in the United States; and everything that could be done to prevent this was attempted. And now! A feature of the centennial celebration was an eloquent plea, by the Governor of Massachusetts, for religious toleration in its broadest and kindest sense!

It is easy to predict that when the Catholics of the archdiocese of Boston celebrate the two hundredth anniversary of its establishment, the progress of the Church in New England will meantime have been so great as to cause wonder that the centennial celebration could have occasioned so much enthusiasm.

For the benefit of those persons who still credit the assertion, attributed to Sir John Herschel, that there is evidence of animal and vegetable life on the moon, Prof. Poor, of Columbia University, is at pains to state, in his recent work on "The Solar System," that "instead of being an inhabitable world with land and water, trees and forests, the moon is an arid waste, a dead body, with no water, and without sensible atmosphere." Prof. Poor's work gives an account of the most recent developments of astronomical research as respects the bodies of our own solar system, the status of which in the universe is sufficiently indicated in the first chapter, on the moon,—a body of great importance to ourselves, but in herself "an attendant of an attendant of one of the lesser suns amongst the myriads that form the universe."

The recent Lambeth Conference took a step toward unifying the Protestant churches. A Consultative Committee of experts has been appointed to co-operate with the Archbishop of Canterbury in

the government and guidance of the Pan-Anglican communion. This body is to consist of eighteen representative bishops, who will speak in the name of the United Kingdom, the United States, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, the West Indies, South Africa, India, China, Japan, and the extra-provincial dioceses. Commenting on this projected Anglican popedom, the *London Catholic Times* sagely observes:

That Anglicans should desire to further their own unity is only natural. That they should think the great English-speaking world offers them a fine field for erecting a great English-speaking church, under the spiritual leadership of the See of Canterbury, is also natural. But such leadership will be merely directive, resting on mutual compromise, and sure to fall to bits at the first breath of disobedience from one of its affiliated churches abroad. An Anglican Papacy, arising from mutual concession, may possibly reign; by no possibility will it manage to rule. And a Papacy should rule.

In the meantime the mere desire, on the part of Anglicans, for a Pope is open confession that their whilom vehement denunciation of the principal of supreme authority in religion was a monumental error.

California was not really admitted into the Union: it thrust itself in. Congress had passed no bill for its admission until representatives of the people of California, calling themselves United States senators and members of Congress, appeared in Washington and demanded recognition. The passage of the bill was a mere form. Of course it was "all right," but it is a little singular that California should be the only State to celebrate the anniversary of its admission into the Union. Admission Day, they call it; and the celebration this year—on the 9th of September—was most enthusiastic. From an excellent address by Mr. John F. Davis, delivered at Monterey, we quote this reference to the Catholic Missions:

Such a scheme of human effort is so unique and so in contradiction to all that obtains to-day, that it seems like a narrative from another world. Fortunately, the annals of these

Missions, which ultimately extended from San Diego to beyond Sonoma, stepping-stones of civilization on this coast, are complete, and their simple disinterestedness and directness sound like a tale from Arcady. They were signally successful, because those who conducted them were true to the trusteeship of their lives. The reason that their work has passed away, and that nothing is now left of them but a few monuments to mark their resting-places, is because the peoples whom they subdued and civilized have themselves passed from these valleys and hills. It is a source of high satisfaction that there was here no record of overreaching the simple natives, no failure to respect what rights they claimed, no carnage and bloodshed, that have so often attended the expeditions sent nominally for civilization, but really for conquest. If the teeming acres are now otherwise tilled, and if the herds of cattle have passed away, and the communal life is gone forever, the records of what was accomplished in those pastoral days has immortalized the names of Salvatierra and Junipero Serra.

In a sense, the work of these Missions is now dead,—dead as the Blue Laws of Connecticut; yet the memory of those days still remains to us as a legacy; and what monuments are left of them are being preserved by us and will be cherished by our children. As the fishermen off the coast of Brittany tell the legend that at the evening hour, as their boats pass over the vanished Atlantis, they can still hear the sounds of its activity at the bottom of the sea, so every Californian, as he turns the pages of the early history of his State, feels at times that he can hear the echo of the Angelus bell of the Missions that are dead and gone; and, amid the din of the money-madness of these later days, can find a response in the better angels of his nature.

A notable speech by a non-Catholic was that made at the annual commencement of a Catholic training school for nurses in Cleveland, Ohio, by Dr. Thwing, president of the Western Reserve University. Among other things, he said:

I am sure that I speak in a sacred place, and I know I speak to many who are members of the great Holy Roman Catholic Church,—called Roman because of its place on the banks of the Tiber; but called Catholic because it is universal, belonging to all. But also I may speak to some who are not members of that blessed communion; I may speak to some who are members of no communion of the Church. But to you all I wish to say that religion is the

mightiest resource for the soul of man. In the blessed Catholic Church religion stands for life's great centre and life's widest circumference. Of it make the most. Lean back hard upon the great truths of that blessed religion. As your hands are eager in performing the duties that are given you to do, let your heart and your mind confide, as true daughters, in the blessed truths and loyalties of that great God-giving, man-receiving institution of the race.

Dr. Thwing's statement as to why the Church is called Roman and why Catholic is of itself rather gratifying; and his tribute to our "blessed religion" is, as we have said, noteworthy,—all the more so when one remembers the oldtime spirit of the Western Reserve.

Quebec and Italy are not the only countries in which emissaries of the sects make but little progress in their proselytizing campaign. The Madrid correspondent of the *London Times* holds no brief for Catholicism, but he is constrained to say:

The heads of these Protestant enterprises agree that Spain is a most barren soil for mission labor. They do not meet with much open hostility from the Church; they are often on good terms with individual churchmen; only they make no real impression. The boys they educate go away to drift into religious indifference. The girls go to become pious after the manner of other Spanish women. Some missionaries have come to the conclusion that all they do is to unsettle such Christian faith as their pupils have, and are drawing back from the work.

The good missionaries should long since have come to another conclusion,—that the conversion, from atheism and materialism, of millions of their own countrymen demands their undivided and most energetic efforts.

Some time ago, in a notice of the leper home established and supported by the State of Louisiana, we referred to the danger of leprosy's spreading in the United States, and repeated the warning, sounded many years ago by Mr. Charles Warren Stoddard, that, unless precautions were taken, "the most human and the most

horrible of all diseases," as it has been called, might some day become common among our people. The danger is greater than we had supposed. In the latest report of the president of the Board of Control for the leper home in Louisiana to the Governor and General Assembly, we find this startling sentence: "It might be well to state that there are many lepers scattered among the people who are a menace to the health of their families and to the public." "Well to state," "a menace"! Decidedly! The Governor of Louisiana has a great responsibility.

Catholic progress in England since 1850 is rather strikingly represented in a picture which the *Catholic Weekly*, of London, borrows from the *Daily Graphic*. The number of bishops and priests, of churches and chapels, and of religious houses for three different periods—1851, 1901, and 1908,—is depicted by heavy black lines, the difference in the length of which graphically illustrates a notable growth and development in all three categories. Expressed in round numbers, the lines represent for 1908 about four thousand bishops and priests, more than a thousand religious houses, and more than two thousand churches and chapels. The *Graphic* gives the Catholic population of Great Britain (England and Wales and Scotland) as two million one hundred and sixty thousand; and rates the Catholics of the British Empire at between twelve and thirteen millions.

Excellent work was done at the sixth annual meeting of principals of parish schools in the diocese of Columbus; and very excellent counsel was that given to the teachers by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Hartley. He said in part:

The one word of advice I venture to give you to-day is: Prepare yourselves well to do the work God has entrusted to you. The religious communities must prepare their young novices well for the work of teaching. The young teachers must every day prepare themselves

faithfully and well for their class work. Constant study and preparation will never fail to bring success to your school work. Our Holy Father Pius X., speaking out with all the tenderness and love of a true father's heart, has given you the best advice, and the best means to obtain success, in the glorious privilege which he has extended to you all by allowing you to receive Holy Communion daily. There you can derive every day—from the fountain source of knowledge, wisdom, and strength—the grace which will enable you to do your work well. I hope that God may bless and reward you for the great devotion and self-sacrifice you are so generously bringing to the glorious work of Christian education in our parish schools.

Apropos of the reference, in the foregoing, to Daily Communion, it is pertinent to add that exemplary Catholic teachers, and more particularly religious teachers, will nowadays deem it incumbent upon them to foster by word and example the practice of frequent and daily Communion among their pupils.

In an age when the dogmatism of religion is being loudly denounced by so many self-styled broad-minded, independent thinkers, it is interesting to note how frequently the dogmatism of science becomes exploded. Commenting on the scientific theory, long accepted as uncontradictable fact, that the world will gradually grow so cold as to preclude the possibility of life on it, the *Messenger* has this to say:

Just when everything seemed determined, and when everybody had quite settled down to accept the scientific conclusions, and discuss the question whether it would be twenty million or perhaps twenty thousand million of years before life would disappear from the earth, the whole subject was thrown into complete confusion by a single new scientific discovery. Not only are we no longer assured that the earth is going to freeze up, but now it seems perfectly clear, to the scientists at least, that the end of life on the earth is to come by overheating. The story of this sudden complete reversal of scientific conclusion is an interesting incident in modern science. About ten years ago a French scientist, Becquerel, discovered a new form of activity—radio-activity. All that he noted was that certain substances spontaneously gave off energy in

a form called "rays." At first his observation was thought to be scarcely more than an illusion. Out of it, however, there has developed a whole new science and some of the most surprising results that were ever obtained in so short a time in the history of science. The discovery of radio-activity has revolutionized more scientific thinking and upset more supposed scientific principles than perhaps any previous discovery. . . .

Is it not the irony of fate that the scientists have led the way back to the belief in the old-time teaching that this earth shall end in fire? It may be some consolation to those who found the heat oppressive last summer that they may go back once more and read with entire scientific approval the words of the Apostle Peter: "The heavens shall pass away with a great violence, and the elements shall be melted with heat, and the earth and the works which are in it shall be burned up."

The fact of the matter is that the so-called absoluteness of scientific truth is a palpable misnomer. Just as "one story's good till another's told," so one theory of the scientists holds good only until another upsets it,—and the upsetsings have of late years been both numerous and striking.

Under the caption, "Only an Onlooker," the *Washington Post* comments on the historical controversy over the early annals of Maryland, in which Dr. McKim upholds the Protestant side, while Cardinal Gibbons and Father Russell, author of "Maryland, the Land of Sanctuary," support the Catholic contention. The *Post* diplomatically states that the Cardinal is substantially, and the Doctor technically, right; but adds:

It is possible that there were more Protestants than Catholics, numerically speaking, in Maryland in 1649; but in those days population was not counted: it was weighed. There is no denial that the leaders were Catholics, and they created the polity and dictated the policy of the colony, and it was the beginning of religious liberty in Christendom. It is insisted that there is a twilight zone between a Roman Catholic and an English Catholic. It is a daringly adventurous and an exuberantly imaginative mind that will explore it. . . .

We believe it was Stephen Langton, a Catholic Archbishop of Canterbury, who above all other

personalities and potentialities, was instrumental in extorting from the tyrant King of England, John of Anjou, the Magna Charta, that has this passage, "No freeman shall be taken or imprisoned, or dispossessed of his free tenement and liberties, or outlawed or banished, or anywise hurt or injured, unless by the legal judgment of his peers or by the law of the land."

Magna Charta, the germ of Anglo-Saxon civil liberty, was the work of Catholics; and the Maryland ordinance of 1649, the germ of religious liberty, was likewise the work of Catholics.

Historical criticism in our day has upset not a few traditional opinions; but it is not at all likely that Dr. McKim can invalidate Maryland's claim to the title accorded to her in Father Russell's scholarly volume, "The Land of Sanctuary."

A letter from Roskilde, Denmark, informs us that the Abbé Dubillot, whose account of the Domkirke in that town we recently quoted from the *Missions Catholiques*, has published several inaccuracies. The frescoes—all that ever existed in the church—were restored in 1856. They date from the thirteenth century; though there are, behind the altar, four pictures of royal persons which are of the sixteenth century. In two of the chapels are still to be seen frescoes painted in 1464 and 1511. As to the ringing of the bell from the spire of St. Margaret's, at ten, three, and five o'clock, we are informed that it "has nothing to do with calling people to church. The bell is only ringing for the soul of Queen Margaret, a prayer to the Lord."

The French Academy, as well as the Cardinalitial College, loses a distinguished member in the death of Francis, Cardinal Mathieu. The late prelate was for many years a prominent figure in French religious affairs both as Bishop of Angers and Archbishop of Toulouse. Literary distinction came to him as author of "L'Ancien Régime des Lorrains," and of a history of the Concordat. Mgr. Mathieu was in his seventieth year and had been a cardinal since 1899. *R. I. P.*

Notable New Books.

The Lepers of Molokai. By Charles Warren Stoddard. New Edition. Enlarged. THE AVE MARIA Press.

This admirable little volume gives us a brief but vivid glimpse of that world of human suffering and of human heroism which is comprised in the words: Leper, Molokai, Damien. There are, we feel assured, few amongst our readers who are not familiar with that pathetic story which these words recall to memory, and who will not therefor give this book a warm welcome. Indeed, we are inclined to think that it is calculated to move the coldest and least impressionable heart.

Mr. Stoddard paid a personal visit to the leper settlement in 1884, and his graceful and sympathetic pen draws for us a moving picture of what he then saw and heard. In order to see and hear at all, there were difficulties to be overcome, government officials to be persuaded, obstacles to be removed. Mr. Stoddard's energy and enthusiasm triumphed over all these, and we have the result in his beautiful and fascinating pages.

It would be unfair, both to the author and to the reader, were we to give a condensed statement of the contents of the book, or even to present any sort of outline of the story. The book itself must be read, so that it may adequately convey its message; and we are confident that those who take it up will not find it an easy matter to put it down.

It must suffice to emphasize the fact that the author does not speak of what he has heard and imagined or inferred, but of what he has seen and witnessed; and that as a consequence every page of the book is vibrating with life and interest. Mr. Stoddard was once present at the final separation of some of those smitten ones from their home and kindred; he studied the conditions of social and moral life prevailing in the settlement; he closely observed the various stages which mark the onward course of the dreadful disease; he gained some insight into the inner life of the poor lepers. But, what is perhaps of still greater interest, he was for some days the sympathetic companion of Father Damien; he had opportunities of watching the many-sided activities of that heroic priest, and he was able to form an estimate of the magnitude of that sacrifice which culminated in the death from contagion of Molokai's glorious apostle.

These words will be more than sufficient to commend Mr. Stoddard's little book to our readers, and to introduce it to a wider circle

of the friends and admirers of Father Damien. The new edition is tastefully bound; it is printed in clear type and on good paper; and the price puts it within the reach of all. It is with genuine pleasure and satisfaction that we send it on its mission to the world and to Catholic hearts.

A Catholic History of Alabama and the Floridas. By a Member of the Order of Mercy. Vol. I. P. J. Kenedy & Sons.

More than a dozen volumes of biography, annals, and descriptive, historic, and educational essays—all from the prolific pen of the gifted and industrious author of this present contribution to Catholic historical literature,—render quite unnecessary the statement that her latest work will be found replete with interest and narrative charm. That it embodies also the most accurate accounts obtainable from original sources is only what was to be expected. The one reproach that may with some apparent justice be brought against the author is that her chapters are characterized by more of sketchiness and discontinuity than of cohesion and orderly sequence, chronological or other. This defect is possibly inherent in the subject; and in any case it can not materially affect the pleasure with which the reader will peruse the sixty-two chapters that constitute Volume I. of what must be acknowledged as a valuable addition to American histories. The more of these individual chronicles of separate States that are presented, the better will be the chance, later on, of our having a thoroughly adequate and authoritative general history of Catholic America.

Makers of Modern Medicine. By James J. Walsh, M. D., Ph. D., LL. D. Fordham University Press.

This book contains twelve studies dealing with the origin of modern medicine and its makers. Though of special interest to the student in medicine, it may be read with profit by any student. Dr. Walsh has his subject so well in hand as to make plain and interesting to everybody the technical observations or experiments related, and consequently his work is of distinct value. In the expositions of the wonderful discoveries which mark the origin of modern medicine, the reader will find a model of scientific method, together with the qualities which characterize the true scientist: creation, imagination, patient reflection, humility, sincerity, self-denial. In the lives of the men who have made the discoveries he will have an example of simplicity, of courage, of love for humanity; but, above all—and here we touch the very point which Dr. Walsh wishes to

emphasize—he will meet with religious men, filled with the sense of the presence of God in nature, and animated by a deep and active faith.

No student will read these lectures without feeling more enthusiasm for science, a greater devotion to humanity, a deeper respect and love for his Faith. In this way the book will have fulfilled the object intended by its author. Let us add that both printing and binding are excellent. The only regret we dare to express is the lack of a more complete bibliography, which would be of great usefulness,—if not for the general reader, at least for the student.

A Birthday Book of the English Martyrs. By Dom Bede Camm, O. S. B. Benziger Brothers; R. & T. Washbourne.

This book is a delight, and satisfies in a hundred ways. It is very Catholic, very artistic, and very English; and as one reads the long honor roll of martyrs one realizes that the indefatigable compiler speaks truly when in the introduction to this birthday book he says: "The days forever consecrated by their sacred blood are set in the calendar like sparkling gems flashing ruby-red in the light of Heaven." Besides the saint of each day of the year, the text furnishes a characteristic word or act of each, to which is added a sentence or two from the Scriptures to emphasize and illuminate the significance of the festival. To read the edifying bits of history, and the brief extracts from the writings or sermons of those brave soldiers of Christ, is to feel renewed in keeping up the good fight. There was simple faith in the days when Blessed Thomas More made this prayer: "The things, good Lord, that I pray for, give me Thy grace to labor for."

Of the Venerable Roger Cadwallador it is told: "A notable person coming unto him in his sickness, and he lying on his bed with his shackles on his legs, shaking them, he said to him that the high priest of the Old Law had little bells about the rim of his vestment; and I, stirring my legs, say: 'Hear, O Lord! these are my little bells.'" And of another glorious martyr we read: "Many times when Blessed John Fisher was Bishop of Rochester, it was his chance to come to such poor houses as for want of chimneys were very smoky, and thereby so noisome that scant any man could abide in them. Nevertheless, himself would there sit by the sick patient many times the space of three or four hours together in the smoke, when none of his servants were able to abide in the house, but were fain to tarry without till his coming abroad."

The title-page is richly rubricated and

illuminated, while the borders of the other pages are copied from rare medieval manuscripts. The plates are mostly taken from a late fifteenth century *Passionale*, printed probably at Delft in 1499.

The profits arising from this book are to go to a fund for building a chapel of English Martyrs at Tyburn Court, Hyde Park Place, London; and we hope it will not be long before such a monument is raised to their memory.

Vittorino da Feltre. By a Sister of Notre Dame. **The Man's Hands.** By P. R. Garrold, S. J. Benziger Brothers.

Here we have two new volumes in the St. Nicholas Series, edited by the Rev. Dom Bede Camm, O. S. B., and published in the interests of Catholic readers in English-speaking lands. We have already referred in terms of praise to this series, which is growing into quite a little library, each volume of which has the general interest of a book attractive in point of workmanship, and the particular interest of well-handled subject-matter.

"Vittorino da Feltre" is a biography full of inspiration. It is the life of one who was truly "a prince of teachers," as well as a teacher of princes; and presents, in addition to the facts of his life, a vivid picture of Italy in the fourteenth century. This volume is to be recommended also for its pedagogical value.

"The Man's Hands," by Father Garrold, is the initial story in a collection of three, based on history, but having the color and charm of fiction. The atmosphere is aglow with the ardor of souls that loved the Faith,—an ardor not chilled by persecution.

Sydney Carrington's Contumacy. By X. Lawson. Pustet & Co.

All AVE MARIA readers will remember with pleasure the story of Sydney Carrington and the well-drawn characters who came within the circle of the heroine's life. There is a quiet half-English, half-Southern air of distinction about this narration of cross-purposes in love, strong convictions in religion, and steadfastness—or "contumacy" as the title styles it—in striving for what Sydney believed the greatest happiness of the greatest number.

Perhaps, when one has followed the tangled threads to the end, there is a temptation to think that in some chapters the material might have been handled a little more skilfully as for example, in Sydney's long formal explanation of her relations with Henri; but that, on the whole, this story is admirably written and deeply interesting, as well as distinctly wholesome, must be granted by all.

FOR YOUNG FOLK

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

Suppose.

BY MARY M. REDMOND.

NOW, just suppose the flow'rs could talk,
And ev'ry blade of grass could walk,—
Oh, what a lively time there'd be!
The bees and birds would laugh with glee!

And just suppose the seas were dry,
And fish were swimming in the sky,—
How baby stars would wink and blink
To see the thirsty fishes drink!

Ah me, ah me! and just suppose
The trees were walking on their toes,
And held their heads so very high
They'd sweep the clouds from out the sky!

Then how the angry skies would frown
To see the clouds go tumbling down!
And how each boy and girl would run
To catch the filmy stuff,—what fun!

And just suppose the leaves could feel,
And knew each time you came to steal
The wee eggs from the wee brown nest,
And rend a tender mother's breast!

And just suppose *your* mother knew
The naughty things you sometimes do!
Ah, well! ah, well! we'll not "suppose,"
Because there's One who always knows.

HERE is the vow of knighthood that King Arthur and his knights made; and surely every boy can make the same, with just a word or two different in the form: "I will be faithful to God and loyal to the King. I will reverence all women. I will ever protect the poor and helpless. I will never engage in unholy wars. I will never seek to exalt myself to the injury of others. I will speak the truth and deal justly with all men."

Friends and their Fortunes.*

I.



ON the 18th of July, 1794, there passed into the court of the government prison, in Paris, a small carriage, in which sat a well-dressed but very pale young man, in charge of two men who evidently belonged to the Liberal party.

"Whom do you bring there?" asked one of the jailers, in a rough voice.

"Food for the guillotine," was the reply.

"What's the name?"

"It is the citizen Rovalet, of Cliffory; sometimes called 'Marquis.'"

"Bring him in; there is his place,—the farthest one to the left."

The heavy key was again turned and the bar placed against the door; and the Marquis found himself, for the first time in his life, in a dark cell. For a moment he thought he was alone, but he soon saw the figure of a man rising from a mattress on the floor.

"Who has come in here?" inquired this latter.

"A prisoner," answered the Marquis.

"Why are you imprisoned?"

"How can you ask that question? The whole nation is now divided into two classes—captives and those who expect to be captives. Now, he who does not belong to the latter class can always be looked on as belonging to the former."

"You are right," said the other, with a hoarse laugh. "May I ask your name?"

"The Marquis Rovalet, of Cliffory."

At these words the other man sprang from his couch and exclaimed:

"Why, I have known your father for

* Adapted from the German.

many years! To him I am indebted for my life. I was one of his postilions; and one day, as we were riding home from Drafleur, I drove too near the swollen Garonne and was carried away by the stream; and if the old Marquis had not rushed in and dragged me out at the risk of his own life, I should not be here at this moment. Truly, it would have been better to drown than to die on the guillotine. I have not forgotten his great kindness; and I thank you, as I have often thanked him, for his having saved my life."

The Marquis, much gratified to hear this testimony to his father's kindness, said:

"I suppose you are old Mesnel, whom I remember very well to have often seen in my boyhood?"

"Yes, that is my name. But, my good Marquis, how came you here?"

"I will tell you; the story is short. I protested against the execution of the Princess Elizabeth, and so Robespierre has taken measures to condemn me. You know that my father, because of his kindness to the poor, was very highly esteemed, and that there was nobody in our neighborhood who had reason to make any complaints against him. When the Jacobins came to capture me, all my servants and the people who lived on the estate declared I should suffer no harm. Still I saw that, sooner or later, I should be overcome, and consequently I gave myself up rather than cause the loss of any blood. But things can not go on in this way forever. Robespierre, who is now at the height of his power, will soon be as much hated as Marat."

The conversation went on from one subject to another, and finally Mesnel and the Marquis lay down in their corners to sleep.

"Have you anything to eat or drink here?" said the Marquis. "I have had nothing since noon."

"Oh, yes!" answered Mesnel, springing up and handing the nobleman a slice of bread and a jug of cold water.

The Marquis grasped the bread and water as if they were the greatest luxuries in the world.

The next morning and during the following days the two prisoners conversed again. The attendant always brought them their poor fare without saying a word. Every day other prisoners were taken from their cells and carried to the place of execution, and were never heard of again. Both Mesnel and the Marquis, as time went on, became very impatient, and said that if they were to be executed why not let the anxiety be over at once? Thus they complained, foolishly forgetting that He who orders all things wisely was also ordering their lives so that they might be spared.

It would have been well if both of these unhappy men, during the precious hours thus vouchsafed to them in that gloomy prison, had given themselves to prayer and self-examination. But it was at a time when the people of France cared very little for religion. Most of them seemed to be thirsting after blood.

On the evening of the eighth day the keeper of the prison, who in early life had been a good friend to Mesnel, came to the door of their cell and said:

"Mesnel, be ready; to-morrow it will be your turn."

"And my comrade here,—what about him?" asked Mesnel.

"Who is your comrade?"

"Rôvalet, of Clifforry."

"Let me see! I think that man must have been forgotten. I shall, however, go to-morrow morning and ask something about him."

"Don't do it, keeper!" said Mesnel.

But the exclamation was too late: the keeper was gone.

Mesnel then said to himself: "At last my turn is come, and to-morrow I suppose I must die. Still I might as well die to-morrow as next week; but, after all, I did wish to be spared a little longer."

Mesnel slept that night as well as could be expected; but the Marquis was much

disturbed, and it was only toward morning that he fell into a sound slumber. Later on, quick steps were heard coming along the hall, and a number of people seemed to be talking. Finally, the keeper came to the door of their cell and said:

"Mesnel, you are free. Robespierre has to-day followed to the grave the thousands whom he has been the means of putting to death."

That was the 27th of July.

"But my comrade?" asked Mesnel.

"You may take him with you, if you will go security for him."

"Of course I will. You know where you can find me. I have never hidden myself anywhere."

Mesnel took the Marquis tenderly by the arm and walked with him out of the prison.

"Now what more can I do for you?" asked the kind-hearted Mesnel.

"Help me to flee from the country."

"To flee from the country! Why should you want to do that, if Robespierre is dead? Soon the old order of things will be restored, and you will have nothing to fear."

"I do not trust circumstances," said the Marquis. "There are still many men who are bent upon taking the lives of their fellow-beings. I am not safe one moment. Help me as quickly as you can; the ground fairly burns under my feet."

"Where do you want to go?"

"To England."

"That is not possible. I can help you to Germany."

"Well, no matter where, only help me out of France."

"Then come with me."

Mesnel led the young Marquis through several narrow streets and alleys, and then through a court up to a certain house. Its door was locked, but the key Mesnel found in a deep hole at the foot of one of the posts of the balcony. It seemed to be a meeting-place for some secret society. When they had entered, Mesnel closed the door, and said:

"Here you are safe. A number of patriots were in the habit of meeting in this place. We were betrayed one midnight, and our party, overpowered by the police, were hurried off. That was how I came to be in captivity. Probably all my friends have been executed, or else we should likely see some of them here."

Then Mesnel drew from a cupboard a ham, which he remembered to have put there before he was captured. He had bought bread at the baker's as they came along. And the two men, of such different stations in life, took their first meal together out of prison.

The Marquis now changed his clothes, disguised himself in the garb of a peasant, and prepared to leave the city. When Mesnel saw him in his new attire, he said:

"That will never do. You do not look anything like a peasant. You have the face of a nobleman, and those clothes do not seem at home on you. But wait! I have hit upon something better."

Without another word, Mesnel went up into the garret of the old house, and, after rummaging about for a while, found what he wanted. It was an old hand-organ, and he brought it down with him.

"Now, see here," said he to the Marquis. "When the Revolution was at its height I was one of its most ardent sympathizers; and I went about the country with this organ, playing and singing the new Revolutionary songs to the peasants. But since King Louis was executed, I have been of quite another disposition. I have put the organ away, and done all in my power to restore the old order of things. If you will wait until the new government is established, I think I can secure you a safe place of refuge here. But if you insist upon going at once, then I will give you this organ, and I will paint your face with some brownish dye, give you a pair of false whiskers, and then I think you can go through France without much danger."

"But I can not sing," replied Rovallet; "and I ought to have something to certify where my home is, in case of danger."

"As to the first, whether you can sing or not, that makes no difference; and as to the latter, I will see."

Mesnel then went to a drawer, which he opened by pressing upon a spring.

"Here is some money, and here is a paper which will be of service to you."

After helping the Marquis to put the organ on his shoulders, Mesnel led him through some narrow streets and alleys to the city gate.

"Go through the next village without delay," said Mesnel, as they parted, "and stop in the second village all night. Then pass on as quickly as you can to the German frontier. Tell everybody you see that Robespierre is dead, and then no one will put any difficulty in your way. Farewell, and may God grant that you again return to your country, and find it in the enjoyment of better times than the present!"

The Marquis stretched out his hand to old Mesnel; and the latter, after bidding good-bye to the young nobleman, returned to the city.

(To be continued.)

"Old Fritz" and the Farmer.

Frederick, King of Prussia, popularly surnamed "Old Fritz," when taking a ride one day over the country fields, came upon an elderly farmer, whom he found ploughing his patch of ground, all the time cheerily singing a song.

"You must be well off, my man," said the King. "Does this acre in which you are so industriously laboring belong to you?"

"No, sir," replied the farmer, who knew not that it was the King. "I am not so rich as that; I plough for wages."

"And how much do you get a day?"

"Eight groschen," said the farmer.

"That is not much," replied the King. "Can you get on with so little?"

"Oh, yes," said the farmer, "and well, and have something over besides!"

"How is that?" continued his Majesty.

The man smiled and said: "Well, if I must tell you, two groschen are for myself and wife, two go to pay my old debts, two I lend, and two I give away for the Lord's sake."

The King, growing more and more astonished, said: "This is a mystery I can not solve."

"Then I will solve it for you," said the farmer. "I have two old parents at home, who kept me when I was weak and needed help; and, now that they are weak and need help, I keep them. This is my debt toward which I pay two groschen a day. The third pair of groschen, which I lend I spend for my children, that they may receive good Christian instruction. This, you see, will come handy to me and my wife when we get old. With the last two groschen I maintain two poor relatives whom I would not be compelled to keep; this I give for the Lord's sake."

The King had been all this time listening with the deepest attention; and, being well pleased with the man's conversation, he said: "Bravely spoken, friend! Now I will also give you something to guess. Have you ever seen me before?"

"Never," said the farmer.

"Then in less than five minutes you shall see me fifty times, and carry in your pocket fifty of my likenesses."

"This is a riddle," replied the farmer.

"Then I will solve it for you," said the King; and, therewith thrusting his hand into his pocket, he counted out into the farmer's hand fifty brand-new gold pieces stamped with the royal likeness; and, bidding the man good-bye, he said: "This coin is genuine; for it also comes from the Lord, and I am one of His paymasters."

THE words "so long" when used in saying farewell are not slang, but have a legitimate origin, as they form the expression used by Norwegians when concluding an interview. "Saa laeng," they say instead of "good-bye," pronouncing the *g* soft, and accompanying the words by a graceful wave of the hand.

The Lost Camel.

A dervish was journeying alone in the desert, when two merchants suddenly met him.

"You have lost a camel," said he to the merchants.

"Indeed we have," they replied.

"Was he not blind in his right eye and lame in his left leg?" said the dervish.

"He was," replied the merchants.

"Had he lost a front tooth?" said the dervish.

"He had," rejoined the merchants.

"And was he not loaded with honey on one side, and wheat on the other?"

"Most certainly he was," they replied; "and as you have seen him so lately, and marked him so particularly, you can in all probability conduct us unto him."

"My friends," said the dervish, "I have never seen your camel, nor ever heard of him but from you."

"A pretty story, truly!" said the merchants. "But where are the jewels which formed part of his cargo?"

"I have seen neither your camel nor your jewels," repeated the dervish.

On this they quickly seized him, and forthwith hurried him before the *cadi*, where, on the strictest search, nothing could be found upon him, nor could any evidence be adduced to convict him either of falsehood or of theft. They were then about to proceed against him as a sorcerer, when the dervish with great calmness thus addressed the court:

"I have been much amused with your surprise, and own that there has been some ground for your suspicions; but I have lived long, and alone, and I can find ample scope for observation even in a desert. I knew that I had crossed the track of a camel that had strayed from its owner, because I saw no mark of any human footstep on the same route; I judged that the animal was blind in one eye, because it had cropped the herbage on only one side of its path; and I per-

ceived that it was lame in one leg, from the faint impression which that particular foot had produced upon the sand. I concluded that the animal had lost one tooth, because, wherever it had grazed, a small tuft of herbage was left undisturbed in the centre of its bite. As to that which formed the burden of the beast, the busy ants informed me that it was corn, on the one side; and the clustering flies that it was honey, on the other."

A Great General's Chief Occupation

The name of Lamoricière stands prominent in the military history of France in the nineteenth century. His early intercourse with some companions at the Polytechnic School, and his almost constant engagement in warfare, dimmed for a time the lustre of the lofty Catholic principles instilled into him by a noble and pious father. He never lost the Faith, but the smoke of the battlefield sometimes concealed it from his view. A period of forced rest, in which he could no longer count on outward victories, turned his thoughts to interior conquest; and thus he left an example of spiritual bravery which, while exciting our admiration, also stimulates us to imitation.

One day an old comrade and friend visited him and found him bent over a map, on which he was noting the improvements of the armies in the Crimea. To hold down the curled corners of the map he had employed the books which were the usual companions of his leisure hours,—a catechism, his prayer-book, the "Imitation," and some other religious work. The visitor could not conceal his surprise at the sight of the four silent witnesses of the great General's occupation. "Well, yes," said Lamoricière, "that is my principal occupation. I do not wish to remain, like you, between day and night. I like to know where I go and to what I hold; and I make no secret of it."

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—The third volume of the new authorized edition of Crowe and Cavalcaselle's "History of Italian Painting," with copious notes by Mr. Langton Douglas, is announced by Mr. John Murray.

—The twenty-fourth number of "Educational Briefs," issued from time to time by the superintendent of Philadelphia's parish schools, is "The Reform in Church Music," by Justine Bayard Ward. This very interesting study is reprinted from the *Atlantic Monthly*, and well deserves its more permanent form.

—The lamented death of Mr. Joseph O'Connor, editor of the Rochester *Post Express*, has evoked innumerable tributes, none of them perfunctory. In one such tribute we find quoted Charles A. Dana's well-known estimate of the late editor's journalistic style:

Among the newspaper writers of our own country and of the present day, perhaps the best style is that of Mr. Joseph O'Connor, the editor of the *Post Express*, of Rochester. It is terse, lucid, calm, argumentative, and without a trace of effort or affectation.

—We have been much impressed of late weeks by the warmth, not to say the enthusiasm, of the welcome given to our fleet in Australia, as evidenced by the exchanges we receive from the Southern Continent. Special "Fleet numbers" of the *Sunday Times*, of Perth, and of the *Austral Light* magazine, of Melbourne, are the latest periodicals to excite our gratification over the auspicious visit of our battleships to friends on the other side of the world.

—The price of the sumptuous edition of "Letters of Cortes," lately translated and edited by Mr. Francis Augustus MacNutt, renders it inaccessible to general readers; besides, the edition was limited to less than a thousand copies. The work, which is in two volumes, presents for the first time in a consecutive English translation the five letters of relation from Fernando Cortes to the Emperor Charles V. Historians and scholars have long recognized these letters as the earliest and most authoritative source of information on Mexican conquest.

—We note among Catholic works announced by Messrs. Kegan Paul & Co.: "The Cardinal Democrat: Being the Life and Work of the Late Cardinal Manning," by I. A. Taylor; with portrait. (The great English prelate is here portrayed as the friend of the working classes, the advocate of the poor and the helpless, and the representative of democratic aspirations and hopes.) "Choice Morsels of the Bread of

Life; or, Select Readings from the Old Testament, compiled by Charles Coppens, S. J. The Douay Version and Notes." "On Eloquence," by Father Schleiniger, S. J., translated by J. Skellon and Father King, S. J.

—To the current *Dublin Review* Mary Monica Gardner contributes a notable sketch of Adam Mickiewicz, whom she styles "the greatest figure in Polish literature, the supreme poet of his race's agony." Mickiewicz was born two years before the close of the 18th century and died in the middle nineteenth. His fame rests chiefly upon his great epic "Konrad Wallenrod," "Thaddeus," and "Improvisation."

—Two recent publications of the Catholic Literature Association—which in spite of its name is not Catholic, but Anglican—would doubtless be as much of a surprise to most of our readers as they have been a shock to a number of the Low Church branch of the Establishment. One is "A Mary Hymn Book," compiled mainly from Catholic sources, and containing a list of all the feasts of the Blessed Virgin. The other is "The Holy Rosary," a penny booklet to which, we feel sure, the Pope himself would be pleased to give his approbation. These very small books are of very great importance. It is no surprise to learn that certain of the Anglican bishops regard them with "high disfavor."

—The Boston *Herald*, we are pleased to notice, has abandoned the comic supplement. It is to be hoped that the other great dailies, as they are called, will soon follow suit. In announcing the suspension of this accompaniment of Sunday newspaperdom, the *Herald* says:

We discard it as we would throw aside any mechanism that had reached the end of its usefulness, or any "feature" that had ceased to fulfil the purpose of attraction. Comic supplements have ceased to be comic. They have become as vulgar in design as they are tawdry in color. There is no longer any semblance of art in them; and if there are any ideals, they are low and descending lower.

Many protests come from the public against a continuance of the comic supplements. Parents and teachers object to them. Most discerning persons throw them aside without inspection, experience having taught them that there is no hope for improvement in these gaudy sheets. The supplements no longer amuse an intelligent public; they serve mainly to depress persons of taste, and distort such growing taste as may struggle for the light in others. The colored comic supplement is the clown of the newspaper establishment. The *Herald* believes that a great newspaper no longer needs a clown.

But the clown was retained until there was a general protest against his vulgarity and coarseness. Are there many people, we wonder, simple enough to believe that the p...

of newspapers are in the business for any other purpose than to make money, or that the majority of them have scruples as to how this is accomplished? Talk about newspapers forming public opinion and cultivating a taste for art!

—The particular Diva of Marion Crawford's latest novel, "The Diva's Ruby," is Margaret Donne of "Fair Margaret" and Madame Cordova of "The Primadonna." The new book is a sequel to the other two, although it is sufficiently complete in itself to be enjoyable without any knowledge of its forerunners. A ruby mine in Central Asia, and several characters connected therewith, give the author an opportunity for the exercise of his descriptive and delineatory powers in directions not exploited in either of the former works; and his powers are evidently still in their full vigor. As a separate story, "The Diva's Ruby" is engrossing enough to satisfy even the jaded novel-reader; as a sequel to its forerunners in this particular trilogy, it is eminently satisfactory. Van Torp and Lady Maud are abundantly vindicated, and Logotheti leaves the scene more gracefully than might have been expected. It is perhaps superfluous to add that the book is a novel by a Catholic, not a Catholic novel.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' price generally includes postage.

"Sydney Carrington's Contumacy." X. Lawson. \$1.25.

"The Lepers of Molokai." Charles Warren Stoddard. New Edition. Enlarged. 75 cts.

"Vittorino da Feltre." A Sister of Notre Dame. 86 cts.

"The Man's Hands." P. R. Garrold, S. J. 86 cts.

"A Catholic History of Alabama and the Floridas." A Member of the Order of Mercy. Vol. I. \$1.60.

"Meditations for the Use of Seminarians and Priests." Vol II. Very Rev. L. Branchereau, S. S. \$1, net.

"Irish Wit and Humor." 50 cts.

"Catholic Life; or, the Feasts, Fasts and Devotions of the Ecclesiastical Year." 75 cts., net.

"The Dangers of Spiritualism." J. Godfrey Raupert. 75 cts., net.

"Modern Spiritism." J. Godfrey Raupert. \$1.35, net.

"The See of Peter and the Voice of Authority." Rev. Thomas Dolan. 60 cts.

"Lourdes: A History of Its Apparitions and Cures." Georges Bertrin. \$2, net.

"Dear Friends." D. Ella Nirdlinger. 60 cts.

"The Eucharistic Mission." Rev. William Lescher, O. P.

"A Conversion and a Vocation." \$1.25.

"History of the German People at the Close of the Middle Ages." Johannes Janssen. Vols. X. and XI. \$6.25, net.

"The Queen's Daughter." Joseph J. Wynne. \$1.

"Political Economy." Charles S. Devas, M.A. \$2.

"Fraternal Charity." Rev. Father Valuy, S. J. 40 cts., net.

"Priestly Vocation and Tonsure." Rev. L. Bacuez, S. S. \$1, net.

"What is Life? A Study of Vitalism and Neo-Vitalism." Bertram C. A. Windle, M. A., M. D., etc. \$1, net.

"The Acts of the Apostles." With Introduction and Annotations. Madame Cecilia. \$1.25.

"Rosette. A Tale of Paris and Dublin." Mrs. William O'Brien. \$1.25.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rt. Rev. William Slocum, of the diocese of Hartford; and Rev. Victor Arnould, of the diocese of Cleveland.

Sister M. Henrietta, of the Sisters of Mercy.

Mr. William Druhe, Mr. Frank Boatman, Miss Mary Deegan, Mr. Joseph Tissier, Mr. Cornelius Crowley, Mrs. John B. Charron, Mr. Martin McCarthy, Mr. Hubert Zilles, Mrs. Elinor Collins, Mr. John Hempen, Mrs. J. H. McCafferty, Mr. Edward Bardgett, and Mr. Edmund Sell.

Requiescant in pace!

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For two poor missionaries:

B. J. M., \$5.

Three needy missions in China and Japan:

Mrs. M. L. O'C., \$1; Rev. T. F., \$5.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LXVII. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, NOVEMBER 14, 1908. NO. 20.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C. S. C.]

Our Mother.

(Rondeau.)

BY ARTHUR BARRY.

BEHOLD thy Mother throned on high!
No earthly queen with her may vie
In power, beauty, goodness, grace;
And yet of pride she bears no trace,—
Far humbler she than thou or I.

When life's conditions seem awry
Make her thy trusted, fond ally—
Canst thou not read in her sweet face,
"Behold thy Mother"?

On her God meant that we should cry
For aid, that she should e'er supply
To each a loving parent's place,
Else Christ to John and all the race
Had never said, as Death drew nigh:
"Behold thy Mother!"

A Glimpse at Good Work.

BY H. S. D.

CONTRASTING the steady progress of the Church in our own lands with the persecutions she suffers elsewhere, we Catholics of non-Catholic countries forget, perhaps, how overweighted we in fact are; how much there is to do and how little with which to do it; how easily and fatally our gaps are apt to be filled by the all-surrounding activities of non-Catholic philanthropy. Particularly is this true of our needs not directly religious, but involving the religion

of the needy ones,—specialized homes and sanatoria for cases of special affliction; the case of homeless lads and girls old enough to leave our orphan asylums to earn their own living, but certainly not old enough to care for themselves; the preservation in faith and morals of thousands more, who have homes of a sort, but little enough there that can either fill their leisure hours attractively or help to keep them near to God.

This century—"the century of the laity," as Cardinal Vaughan called it—has already seen in England encouraging signs of enlarged and growing activity in these matters. The "social conscience" of Catholics is being aroused on all hands,—in the seminaries, in the colleges and convent schools, among women of society, among business and professional men, and among the masses of our Catholic working class. And if the movement is not making great noise as a movement, this is due to some of the features in it which are most promising. Its activities consist largely in the efforts, here and there, of small groups of zealous lay men and women, eager to do a little good in their own local sphere,—believers in small beginnings, distrustful of grandiose schemes, very intolerant of advertisement, and too busy to talk much about what they are doing.

Thus we have arrangements at the point of completion for a small "Settlement" of university and business men in an overworked London parish; we have the Cambridge undergraduates supporting a large social institute for lads

in the "slums," with its clubs, entertainments, "labor bureau," and the like; we have the House of Residence, lately established in South London by the St. Vincent de Paul Society, for working lads who have no home of their own; we have the small homes on "family lines" where boys can be moulded by direct and hourly personal influence, and so made capable of a future usefulness that can not be hoped for where they are perforce treated as units in a large institution.

These and many more are lay works; and one can not speak here of still others which are clerical, notably the movements to provide Retreats and Catholic study clubs for the workingmen, both of which have been initiated by some of the younger members of the Jesuit Society, in which the new social movement has taken firm root.

But it is our immediate purpose to describe briefly one most appealing branch of these new activities,—that in behalf of our Catholic crippled children. Hitherto it has not been found possible to maintain any specialized provision for them. Little children who are crippled, and sometimes older girls, are received in some of our convent institutions; but a great, a twofold need has remained untouched—that of the crippled children of our poor living in their own homes or hovels, and that of the crippled boys, who need above all things systematic training, religious, moral, and mental.

In both classes it has been found that souls by the score, if not hundred, are losing the Faith. Too weakly to go much out of doors, these children miss Mass and school, and with these all religion. By neglect their malady is driven deeper (for their affliction is mostly the result of terrible, though avoidable, disease). By enforced idleness their character is debilitated. Too often their morals are finally destroyed by mendicancy at the bidding of worthless parents, sometimes in the open street, sometimes outside the saloon bars, sometimes, alas! inside. And

yet these are Our Lord's own little ones, His by their baptism; nay more, His by their involuntary sharing of His cross, often borne, like His, vicariously through others' sins.

What a wonderful work can be done for such afflicted ones in these days of advanced surgical, hygienic and pedagogic science, is seen in the marvellous public institutions in Copenhagen and Vienna; and, among Catholics, in the splendid works carried on in Paris by the Brothers of St. John of God and by Mlle. Chaptal and her colleagues,—the former in their Homes for the afflicted, the latter by her central institution for ministering to the tuberculous poor in their own homes. We, too, in England have the "special" public schools, with all the money of the State at their back, whither afflicted children are fetched every day in ambulances from their own homes, taught, trained, fed, and carried home again.

But if we must needs demand a Catholic school with a Catholic "atmosphere" for our healthy children, how much more do those need it whose battle is so much harder, and whose Faith is often already jeopardized! To make this provision, or rather to start the beginnings of it, has been the objective of two small movements of the laity during the past twelve months. Already, in the city of Birmingham, a society of ladies had undertaken to search out and to help the Catholic cripples there, and had already done good work, both privately and by securing from the local authorities facilities for the instruction of Catholic children in the "special" schools, and in other ways.

In London the movement has now been started on an extended scale, largely through the instrumentality of a lady closely connected with America, and well known over here by good works. She is helped by others, including a recent convert, the daughter of a famous Lord Chancellor, and the friend and for years the intimate of our Princess of Wales. Other ladies, recently won to the Church,

have found here a task ready to their hands; and, with the cordial support of authority, all are setting to work to search out every Catholic crippled child and young man or woman in our slums, to secure their establishment in the Faith through the help of the local clergy, and to further their moral and temporal well-being by co-operation with the various general and national societies and institutions already in existence.

But the second new work to which we have referred is one even more tangible; it may be visited and seen "in being" in one of the southern suburbs of London,—in a beautiful neighborhood well known to history as the home of the "Clapham Sect," where once lived that notable band of rich merchant-philanthropists—Wilberforce, the slave emancipator, the Macaulays, the Thorntons, and others of that type. To-day the rich merchant lives farther afield; and the fine old houses, with their large grounds and broad carriage-ways, are either occupied by institutions or are making way for flats and tenements.

Here Catholicism has established quite a colony of religious houses, institutions, and the like, among them the "family" Home, which is the headquarters of the young layman now so well known to Catholics in England in connection with the new social movement. To him Archbishop Bourne entrusted, two years ago, the further work of providing for our crippled boys, when a small institution previously provided for them was closed for want of funds. A true disciple of Don Bosco, whose life's example had attracted him first to work for the poor, and then to find his true vocation in working for them as a Catholic, he at once accepted the burden, though without any human prospect of funds to maintain a work which, from its very nature, must be exceptionally expensive. Prayer did the rest,—in fact, it did all; as it has done from the beginning for all his undertakings. Enough money was raised to

begin with; but the difficulty of securing a house near by proved obstinate, and was vanquished only in the afternoon of a day of prayer before the Blessed Sacrament enthroned, which he had asked the Bishop to sanction in order to meet this need.

A further blessing was the consent, sought almost as a last hope, of the Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul to undertake the arduous and most difficult task of the training of the children. Under their care are now thirty-five crippled boys, to become fifty when certain additions to the property are completed,—boys maimed, diseased, and backward mentally; some almost heathen in regard to religion, but now rescued and becoming happy in useful work, bracing environment, loving care; above all in an atmosphere of ardent Christian charity.

And rescued from what? Many from hunger and nakedness and a neglected disease; nearly all from idleness, uselessness, and the sense of helplessness. One had been abandoned in a Poor Law infirmary by bad parents; another had been begging in the streets for worthless ones; another had been found, one of a family of eight in one room, full of tuberculosis, yet sleeping in a small box, side by side with another child. Now you may see them happy in their bright home,—the little ones being taught by a good Sister; the older ones learning bootmaking and brush-making under zealous Catholic workmen,—learning to overcome their infirmities and grow up useful, self-supporting men; and even the most infirm doing something definite in the way of knitting and other easy work, and so taking their share in the upkeep of their home. For training is the special object of St. Vincent's Cripples' Home—training of body, mind, human character and immortal soul,—rather than the care of "hospital cases" or incurables. And if this be thought a hard saying for these little sufferers, the sufficient answer is: Come and see,—see how often worthy

and honorable workmanship, and, what is more, a happy, unself-conscious temper in the worker, can be won out of the discipline of suffering by a ministry of stimulating example and unselfish love.

Of course the hospital element must also be prominent in such a work, especially in these days when advanced orthopædic science and surgical treatment have rendered so many cases curable which could formerly be only alleviated. In this respect St. Vincent's is well abreast of the most modern public institutions. A leading surgeon in Liverpool, who comes up weekly to London to consult in difficult cases of this class, has installed his special open-air treatment at the Home, under the care of one of the Sisters who is a qualified nurse, and of a secular nurse trained by himself for the work. Just lately, too, the most welcome gift has been received of two houses by the seaside, not far from London, which will be of the utmost use for convalescents or for extending the work in other ways. Already they have afforded the welcome opportunity of giving all the cripples at Clapham a six weeks' summer holiday by the seaside.

It should be explained that the burden of maintaining a Catholic Home, exceptionally expensive as one of this kind must be, owing to its medical element and the diversity of its inmates' needs, falls upon the private charity of its friends. But not entirely; for we in England, engaged though we are in a hard struggle for justice with the educational authorities of the State, are happier in our public relationships than the Catholics of many other countries. Our Poor Law requires that the religion of its charges be strictly respected, and the boards of guardians are allowed to send Catholic children to Catholic institutions, paying their board from the rates; while they are forbidden to send them to private Protestant institutions, though they may retain them in the public "undenominational" infirmaries, workhouses, or Homes, with the obligation of providing facilities for

their religious instruction. Thus, in company with dozens of our Catholic Homes of various kinds, St. Vincent's receives paid State cases. But these can never form the majority; indeed, it is just the most urgent cases that can never receive such aid, as where the parents have lapsed, or the father was not a Catholic. Moreover, the first establishment of such Homes, and the maintenance in them of religion, fall upon private charity, the State pension providing only for the secular needs.

For its urgently needed extension, therefore, and for a great part of its upkeep, St. Vincent's must look to the charity of Catholics, already overburdened by diocesan, parochial and countless other claims. So far it has paid its way; though, like so many other works of Catholic charity, in real poverty, not knowing one day where the bread for the next was to be sought. Nobly have friends rallied round St. Vincent's, from men like Lord Ripon, that venerated model of the Catholic layman, to the children of the poor with their halfpennies. And readers of *THE AVE MARIA* will be interested to know that among the most zealous of its friends have been Mr. and Mrs. Bellamy Storer, who, making the acquaintance of the founder during a recent visit to England, have helped him greatly, on the platform and by their counsel and sympathy, in the starting of this work.

But happy as such a work is, notwithstanding its anxieties, in the happiness of its clients and the loyalty of its friends, its deepest joy and its most cogent appeal lie higher. The lay Catholic movement is not just philanthropic or social: it is religious; and a more than sufficient reward for all the toil is the happy sight when St. Vincent's cripples are gathered together almost daily around their founder, drinking in simple instruction, pointed with homely illustrations, in religious truths so beautiful to them, and often, alas! so new; but most of all when they are gathered in their simple chapel

for Holy Mass, some standing or sitting because unable to kneel, and one bright little fellow always carried in to lie on his back close beside the altar, very near the sacred Victim in whose sufferings he and his fellows are privileged to bear so marked a share.

That the children will grow up to understand this and rejoice, and that such a household will become a most availing source of fruitful prayer, who can doubt? It has been already known and experienced; requests for prayers come in by nearly every post, and signal favors have been granted in answer to petitions raised at the altars of houses connected with these works. It is not astonishing to those who know how they have been built up. Only one thing is wanted in return—more prayers, and still more prayers, for their good estate according to God's holy will, and for the spiritual needs of all who are connected with them.

Phileas Fox, Attorney.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

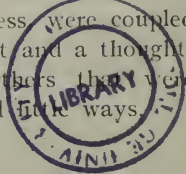
XVIII.

FOR the next few days Phileas was kept in almost constant communication with the mansion in Monroe Street. Isabel had learned to depend upon him in everything, and affairs of all sorts were referred to him. The young girl found herself in the peculiar position of being unacquainted with the more private concerns of the family, and yet feeling, intuitively, that there were grave reasons why she should not call into the intimacy of the household those relatives and friends who, on hearing of Mrs. Wilson's illness, drove up to the door in gorgeous landaus to leave cards of inquiry.

For such a remnant of the stream of fashion as yet lingered in town permitted itself to be momentarily diverted from its course into "that dreadful slum."

Some few, in the hurry of departure, offered their services by telephone. In other cases that departure was delayed. The woman who led so retired a life behind the iron gates which shut in the slum was known to be very wealthy, with the accumulated wealth of the Spooner and Wilson connection, to which was added—so far as the outside world knew—that of the Vorsts. The older people remembered when John Vorst was not only a beau (*the* beau in the most exclusive of circles) whom it was the ambition of every girl to secure as an admirer, if not a prospective husband, but the greatest "catch" from a monetary point of view. Now, it was fervently hoped amongst all these who thus remembered, or who became thus solicitous for her health, that the old woman, having no near of kin, might in the matter of her will go out into the byways of her distant blood relations and marital connections.

Isabel, on her part, was fully aware that for many a day Mrs. Wilson had had no love for her gay and fashionable kindred, and that she would feel very much aggrieved were they now permitted to intrude upon that privacy she so sedulously guarded. She believed, on the other hand, that Mr. Fox not only knew as much as, but a great deal more than, she did of the family affairs. Mrs. Wilson had told her, in fact, that the young lawyer was entirely in her confidence. Therefore, it was a perfectly safe and restful feeling to know that Phileas might be admitted at any time, without fear that he should happen upon some family skeleton. The girl was, moreover, conscious of those qualities that had caused Father Van Buren to recommend so young a man for the delicate and difficult post of Mrs. Wilson's adviser. The tact, the discretion, the energy and resourcefulness, were coupled with a kindness of heart and a thoughtful consideration for others that were manifested in a hundred little ways.



"What should I have done without you?" cried she, impulsively. That was when the first danger from that strange seizure of Mrs. Wilson's was over, and the doctor gave some hopes of the patient's recovery. As Isabel spoke thus the two were walking under the shade of the century-old trees. Phileas had, in fact, insisted that the girl should come out, exerting over her an elder-brother sort of authority, and insisting that the paleness of her cheeks and the circles around her eyes showed the need of fresh air and relaxation.

When Isabel made this exclamation, Phileas stopped and looked at her for a few moments without speaking; he reached up instead and plucked a spray from a flowering tree above their heads and handed it to her. Then he said:

"And I have been thinking what I shall do when I no longer see you every day."

Isabel started. Perhaps that possibility, or something else which his words implied, had never struck her before.

"You must come whenever you please. Mrs. Wilson, if she is able, will always be glad to see you."

"Yes, yes, I know!" replied Phileas, abstractedly,—"or at least I hope so."

"She took a great fancy to you," continued Isabel; "and you may consider it a compliment, she is so fastidious."

"I *do* consider it a compliment," assented Phileas; "and I shall always feel grateful for her kindness. Of course I shall only be too glad to come whenever I may, but it will not be quite the same thing. I shall not come into your life as I have been doing lately; and, in the order of things, friends must drift apart."

"Why should friends drift apart?" Isabel asked.

"There are grave reasons on my part," answered Phileas, "though they may not appeal to you with the same force. For my own peace of mind, it is advisable that we should not meet hitherto on the same intimate footing. Friendship on my side is impossible; and, as for any-

thing else, your sphere and mine are too far removed."

"You speak as if I were a princess or something of that sort," said Isabel, with an irrepressible gleam of humor in her eyes, "instead of being a poor companion."

"But," argued the lawyer, though a light as of hope began to shine on his face, "you have lived in such luxurious surroundings you have scarcely even imagined what poverty is, and I am at the very lowest rung of the ladder."

"And I," said Isabel, with a laugh which did not conceal a tremor in her voice, "besides being poor, shall be quite alone, if anything were to happen to Mrs. Wilson."

Phileas looked eagerly into the girl's face. He was young, having scarcely left boyhood behind him, and he was very much in love. Those words of Isabel emboldened him to say more than he had intended, and to neutralize the effect of his late prudent observation.

"If in such an event, or at any time," he cried impetuously, "you would give me the right to care for you, to—save you from that loneliness, and—forgive me if I speak too plainly—from that poverty which is so trying to a woman—"

He spoke hurriedly, almost incoherently, and he waited for Isabel's reply; but it did not come. She was absently plucking the flowers from the branch he had given her, and said nothing.

"If you think for one moment," he went on, "you could care for me or endure the life we should have to lead together for some years, it would be almost too great a happiness. Only remember that I have nothing to offer you but what I am and can make myself. I have no influential connections or great prospects of any sort."

Isabel was still silent, as though she were reflecting; and he added:

"Is it presumptuous to ask you if you could come down to me?"

"There is no question of coming down at all," Isabel replied gravely, "since I

have just told you that I am as poor and friendless as possible."

"And, of course," interposed Phileas, promptly, "I could never have loved you as I do if I had known—" Then almost immediately he corrected himself: "Even if you had been rich, I would have loved you all the same; only in that case I should have followed the advice of the old monk: 'Fly far, fly quickly, fly always.' But will you not even say one word?"

"I can not think of any word to say," answered Isabel. "All my thoughts are in confusion; for I do not believe that things in this house will ever go back to their old footing."

Phileas started. "What do you mean?" he asked.

"I do not think that Mrs. Wilson can last very long."

"But the doctor said—"

"Yes, I know; but I, who have watched her closely, feel that she is steadily losing ground. I shall be very lonely, very desolate, if she is taken from me; but for that very reason I can not think of anything else now, or answer a question which would require much thought."

"I should not have spoken," said Phileas, remorsefully. "I never dreamed of doing so when I came this afternoon. But perhaps, after all, it is better that you should know and understand how much I love you, and that you need never be lonely nor desolate if you are not afraid to be a poor man's wife."

Little more was said between the two, though they continued for a few moments longer to walk up and down under the trees, awestricken by that idea of change and death which Isabel had suggested. During that interval, however, Phileas felt more forcibly convinced than ever that there was nothing henceforward outside of that enchanted solitude save work—steady, ceaseless, unremitting work—which might enable him to gain that treasure within the iron gates that

now, for some mysterious reason, and despite Isabel's attitude of reserve, seemed within reach.

As he was passing out that day, the foolish young lawyer, who should have been so wise, picked up from the grass one of the flowers that Isabel's dainty fingers had plucked from the branch he had given her. He put it carefully into his pocketbook, and went forth into the fever and fret of the highways; and Isabel, watching from an upper window, noticed the little episode and smiled.

It certainly was as well, where Isabel was concerned, that the young man had spoken; for it brought a grateful warmth into the coldness of that sombre mansion, and gave a pleasant turn to her thoughts that had been all of gloom. She pondered upon the words, which this her first lover had spoken, with a pleasure which she sought to repress as unsuited to the tragic atmosphere about her. The prospect that Phileas had held out to her had no terrors for her nature, and the personality of Mrs. Wilson's attorney strongly attracted her. She felt convinced, too, that Phileas must necessarily rise in his chosen profession, since he possessed both intellectual capacity and energy of character, together with a certain magnetism and the friend-making quality,—all of which were likely to insure ultimate success. She had learned during this time of trial and bewilderment to rely upon the lawyer's judgment and to be cheered by his sympathy. Added to all this, the dawn of a new and powerful sentiment struggled with the grief, that was both real and strong, for her aged friend and protectress, who now lay, as she feared, in the grip of approaching dissolution.

Through the deariness of the mansion, and its almost abnormal stillness, rang the vibrant tones of the young man's declaration; and, as an echo, deep in the girl's heart sounded the words:

"I *do* love him, and I am not at all afraid to be a poor man's wife."

Lourdes.

BY THE REV. ROBERT HUGH BENSON.

II.

WE were in Lourdes again next morning a little after six o'clock; and already it might have been high noon, for the streets were one moving mass of pilgrims. From every corner came gusts of singing; and here and there through the crowd already moved the brancardiers—men of every nation with shoulder-straps and cross,—bearing the litters with their piteous burdens.

I was to say Mass in the crypt; and when I arrived there at last, the church was full from end to end. The interior was not so disappointing as I had feared. It had a certain solid gloom beneath its low curved roof, which, if it had not been for the colors and some of the details, might very nearly have come from the hand of a good architect. The arrangements for the pilgrims were as bad as possible; there was no order, no marshalling; they moved crowd against crowd like herds of bewildered sheep. Some were for Communion, some for Mass only, some for confession; and they pushed patiently this way and that in every direction. It was a struggle before I got my vestments; I produced a letter from the Bishop of Rodez; I argued, I deprecated, I persuaded, I quoted. Everything once more was against my peace of mind; yet I have seldom said Mass with more consolations than in that tiny sanctuary of the high altar. . . . An ecclesiastic served, and an old priest knelt devoutly at a prie-dieu.

When the time for Communion came, I turned about and saw but one sea of faces stretching from the altar rail into as much of the darkness as I could discern. For a quarter of an hour I gave Communion rapidly; then, as soon as another priest could force his way through the crowd, I continued Mass; he had not

nearly finished giving Communion when I had ended my thanksgiving. This, too, was the same everywhere,—in the crypt, in the basilica, in the Rosary Church, and above all in the Grotto. The average Communions every day throughout the year in Lourdes is, I am told, four thousand. In the present year of Jubilee, however, Dr. Boissarie informs me, in round numbers, one million Communions have been made, sixty thousand Masses have been said, with two thousand Communions at each midnight Mass. . . . Does Jesus Christ go out when Mary comes in? We are told so by non-Catholics. Rather it seems as if, like the Wise Men of old, men still find the Child with Mary His Mother.

At the close of my Mass, the old priest rose from his place and began to prepare the vessels and arrange the Missal. As soon as I took off the vestments he put them on. I assented passively, supposing him to be next on the list; I even answered his *Kyrie*. But at the Collect a frantic sacristan burst through the crowd; and from remarks made to the devout old priest and myself, I learned that the next on the list was still waiting in the sacristy, and that this old man was an adroit though pious interloper who had determined not to take "No" for an answer. He finished his Mass. I forbear from comment.

For a while afterward we stood on the terrace above the *piscines*; and, indeed, after breakfast I returned here again alone, and remained during all the morning. It was an extraordinary sight. From the terrace, the cliff fell straight away down to the roofs of the three chapel-like buildings, fifty or sixty feet beneath. Beyond that I could see the paved space, sprinkled with a few moving figures; and, beyond the barrier, the crowd stretching across the roadway and far on either side. Behind them was the clean river and the green meadows, all delicious in the early sunlight.

During that morning I must have seen

many hundreds of the sick carried into the baths; for there were almost two thousand sick in Lourdes on that day. I could even watch their faces, white and drawn with pain, or horribly scarred, as they lay directly beneath me, 'waiting for some man to put them into the water.' I saw men and women of all nations and all ranks attending upon them, carrying them tenderly, fanning their faces, wiping their lips, giving them to drink of the Grotto water. A murmur of thousands of footsteps came up from beneath (this National Pilgrimage of France numbered between eighty and an hundred thousand persons); and loud above the footsteps came the cries of the priests, as they stood in a long row facing the people, with arms extended in the form of a cross. Now and again came a far-off roar of singing from the Grotto to my left, where Masses were said continuously by bishops and favored priests; or from my right, from the great oval space beneath the steps; and then, on a sudden a great chorus of sound from beneath, as the *Gloria Patri* burst out when the end of some decade was reached. All about us was the wheeling earth, the Pyrenees behind, the meadows in front; and over us heaven, with Mary looking down.

Once from beneath during that long morning I heard terrible shrieks, as of a demoniac, that died into moans and ceased. And once I saw a little procession go past from the Grotto, with the Blessed Sacrament in the midst. There was no sensation, no singing. The Lord of all went simply by on some errand of mercy, and men fell on their knees and crossed themselves as He went.

After *déjeuner* at the Hotel Moderne, where now it was decided that we should stay until the Monday, we went down to the Bureau. At first there were difficulties made, as the doctors were not come; and I occupied a little while in watching the litters unloaded from the wagonettes that brought them gently down to within

a hundred yards of the Grotto. Once indeed I was happy to be able to fit a brancardier's straps into the poles that supported a sick woman. It was all most terrible and most beautiful. Figure after figure was passed along the seats—living crucifixes of pain,—and lowered tenderly to the ground, to lie there a moment or two, with the body horribly flat and, as it seemed, almost non-existent beneath the coverlet; and the white face with blazing eyes of anguish, or passive and half dead, to show alone that a human creature lay there. Then one by one each was lifted and swung gently down to the gate of the *piscines*.

At about three o'clock, after an hour's waiting, I succeeded in getting a certain card passed through the window, and immediately a message came out from Dr. Cox that I was to be admitted. I passed through a barrier, through a couple of rooms, and found myself in the Holy Place of Science, as the Grotto is the Holy Place of Grace.

It is a little room in which perhaps twenty persons can stand with comfort. Again and again I saw more than sixty there. Down one side runs a table, at one end of which sits Dr. Cox; in the centre, facing the room, is the presiding doctor's chair, where, as a rule, Dr. Boissarie is to be found. Dr. Cox set me between him and the president, and I began to observe.

At the farther end of the room is a long glazed case of photographs hung against the wall. Here are photographs of many of the most famous patients. The wounds of Marie Borel are shown there; Marie Borel herself had been present in the Bureau that morning to report upon her excellent health. (She was cured last year, instantaneously, in the *piscine*, of a number of running wounds, so deep that they penetrated the intestines.) On the table lay some curious brass objects, which I learned later were models of the bones of Pierre de Rudder's legs. (This man had for eight years suffered from a

broken leg and two running wounds,—one at the fracture, the other on the foot. These were gangrenous. The ends of the broken bones were seen immediately before the cure, which took place instantaneously at the shrine of Our Lady of Lourdes at Oostacker. Pierre lived rather over twenty years after his sudden and complete restoration to health.) For the rest, the room is simple enough. There are a few chairs. Another door leads into a little compartment where the sick can be examined privately; a third and a fourth lead into the open air on either side. There are two windows, looking respectively on this side and that.

Now I spent a great deal of my time in the Bureau. (I was given presently a "doctor's cross" to wear—consisting of a kind of cardboard with a white upright and a red cross-bar,—so that I could pass in and out as I wished.) I may as well, then, sum up once and for all the impressions I received from observing the methods of the doctors. There were all kinds of doctors there continually,—Catholics and free-thinkers, old, young, middle-aged. The cases were discussed with the utmost freedom. Any could ask questions of the *miraculés* or of the other doctors. The certificates of the sick were read aloud. I may observe, too, that if there was any doubt as to the certificates, if there was any question of a merely nervous malady, any conceivable possibility of a mistake, the case was dismissed abruptly. These certificates, then, given by the doctor attending the sick person, dated and signed, are of the utmost importance; for without them no cure is registered. Yet, in spite of these demands, I saw again and again sixty or seventy men, dead silent, staring, listening with all their ears, while some poor uneducated man or woman, smiling radiantly, gave a little history or answered the abrupt kindly questions of the presiding doctor.

Again and again, too, it seemed to me that all this had been enacted before.

There was once upon a time a man born blind who received his sight, and round him there gathered keen-eyed doctors of another kind. They tried to pose him with questions. It was unheard of, they cried, that a man born blind should receive his sight; at least it could not have been as he said. Yet there stood the man in the midst, seeing them as they saw him, and giving his witness. 'This,' he said, 'was the way it was done. Such and such is the name of the Man who cured me. And look for yourselves! I was blind; now I see.'

After I had looked and made notes and asked questions of Dr. Cox, Dr. Boissarie came in. I was made known to him; and presently he took me aside, with a Scottish priest (who all through my stay showed me great kindness), and began to ask me questions. It seemed that, since there was no physical *miraculé* present just now, a spiritual *miraculé* would do as well; for he asked me a hundred questions as to my conversion and its causes, and what part prayer played in it; and the doctors crowded round and listened to my halting French.

"It was the need of a divine Leader—an authority,—then, that brought you in?"

"Yes, it was that; it was the position of St. Peter in the Scriptures and in history; it was the supernatural unity of the Church. It is impossible to say exactly which argument predominated."

"It was, in fact, the grace of God," smiled the Doctor.

Dr. Boissarie, as also Dr. Cox, was extremely good to me. He is an oldish man, with a keen, clever, wrinkled face; he is of middle-size, and walks very slowly and deliberately; he is a fervent Catholic. He is very sharp and businesslike, but there is an air of wonderful goodness and kindness about him; he takes one by the arm in a very pleasant manner; I have seen dilatory, rambling patients called to their senses in an instant, yet never frightened.

Dr. Cox, who has been at Lourdes for

fourteen years, is a typical Englishman, ruddy, with a white mustache. His part is mostly senatorial, it seems; though he too asks questions now and again. It was he who gave me the "doctor's cross," and who later obtained for me an even more exceptional favor, of which I shall speak in the proper place. I heard a tale that he himself had been cured of some illness at Lourdes, but I can not vouch for it as true. I did not like to ask him outright.

Presently from outside came the sound of organized singing, and the room began to empty. The afternoon procession was coming. I ran to the window that looks toward the Grotto; and there, sitting by an Assumptionist Father—one of that Order who once had, officially, charge of the Grotto, and now unofficially assists at it,—I saw the procession go past.

I have no idea of its numbers. I saw only beyond the single line of heads outside the window, an interminable double stream of men go past, each bearing a burning taper and singing as he came. There were persons of every kind in that stream,—groups of boys and young men, with their priest beating time in the midst; middle-aged men and old men. I saw again and again that kind of face which a foolish Briton is accustomed to regard as absurd,—a military, musketeer profile, immense mustaches and imperial, and hair *en brosse*. Yet indeed there was nothing absurd. It was terribly moving, and a lump rose in my throat, as I watched such a sanguine bristling face as one of these, all alight with passion and adoration. Such a man might be a grocer, or a local mayor, or a duke; it was all one; he was a child of Mary; and he loved her with all his heart, and Gabriel's salute was on his lips. Then the priests began to come; long lines of them in black; then white cottas; then gleams of purple; then a pectoral cross or two; and last the great canopy swaying with all its bells and tassels.

(To be continued.)

A School of Saints.

BY R. F. O'CONNOR.

(CONCLUSION.)

DURING the great Jubilee of 1575, Frances, with her uncle and others, went on a pilgrimage to Rome. She was then eighteen. After visiting the churches and shrines in the Eternal City, the other pilgrims went to confession, but Frances waited until, passing before the church of St. Jerome, in which St. Philip Neri was hearing, she said: "It is here I must go to confession." Though she had never previously seen the saint nor heard of him, she went straight to his confessional. At first, to try her virtue, St. Philip was rather brusque, telling her that she was only outwardly good, and wanted to go roaming about the world. She humbly replied that no one knew her better than he did. When she spoke of her wish to enter the Third Order of St. Francis, he told her that she must be dreaming, that she was not worthy of such a favor. Finally he sent her away without apparently wishing to hear her further. But when he saw that she bore everything with saintlike patience, and resolutely remained in the church for confession, he called her back. Then he heard her with marked attention, showed her that he knew her life, gave her very excellent instructions, and, putting his hand on her head, blessed her, and she departed filled with consolation and light. She conceived the highest idea of his sanctity; and those who have written his life have not hesitated to add the testimony of the poor peasant girl to that of popes, cardinals, prelates, and other great personages.

There was then living in Rome a Tertiary named Antonia, whose holiness was known all over Italy. She was of humble extraction and untaught; but, from infused knowledge, discoursed luminously on divine things. Louis of Blois, in his

work on the "Signs of the True Church," says: "We have often seen her in ecstasy, and deprived of the use of her senses. Always ill and very poor, she was ever patient and cheerful. She was blind, and yet she knew persons who came to visit her without having had any previous knowledge of them. She made several predictions which were realized. She read into the very depths of souls."

Frances had heard of her at Seronne, and earnestly wished to talk with her. But how find her in so large a city? After prayer, she went out with her companions, passed through several unknown streets, and, stopping all at once, she said: "It is here Sister Antonia lives." At that very moment Antonia said to some persons who were with her: "Frances of Serrone is at the door; open it and bring her in." They knew each other in spirit, just as St. Anthony and St. Paul recognized each other in the desert. After embracing, they remained long in conversation, and formed a close acquaintance, which was afterward continued by means of letters.

After returning to her own city, Frances fell seriously ill of a malady which lasted an entire year. In spite of her physical sufferings, she continued to communicate daily, often abstaining from all food except the Blessed Eucharist. To this penance was added spiritual suffering in the assaults she had to endure at the hands of demons, who appeared to her in various forms, for seven years, and whom she vanquished by her moral courage and the Sign of the Cross.

Drawn toward the cloister, but unable to obtain admittance to a convent, by her confessor's advice Frances asked for the habit of the Third Order, which many young girls at San Severino then wore in their parents' house. A charitable person having procured all that was needed for the ceremony, at the age of twenty-two Frances was received into the Third Order by the guardian of the church of the Conventual Franciscans.

The Bishop of Camerino, having come

to San Severino, sent for her, and, in presence of her confessor and other priests assembled in the church, questioned her as to her mode of life and other matters. The girl completely satisfied him by her responses, in which she displayed a knowledge of religious subjects which astonished everybody. Happy at possessing so holy a soul in his diocese, he administered to her the Sacrament of Confirmation, her sponsor being a doctor who, through her prayers, was subsequently moved to embrace the ecclesiastical state and become a zealous priest.

Like all the saints, she was possessed of what has been called the passion of philanthropy, which in their case is not the mere outcome of natural benevolence, but of supernatural virtue; an expression of the *caritas Christi*, of the impelling power of which the Apostle speaks, and which finds its highest exemplification in the practical application of Christian ethics, as the saints understood them, to human conduct. She was so touched by the sight of poverty and misery that she felt urged to work the harder that she might have the more to give. Her great charity was bounded only by her means. In 1591 Italy was visited by a famine, and many were reduced to live on wild fruits, a course which led to many maladies. Frances was constant in her visits to the sick, to the poorest as well as to the wealthy, receiving from the latter wherewith to succor the former. She devoted special attention to young women and girls, dreading for their virtue dangers arising from poverty and distress.

Frances had a burning zeal for the conversion of sinners, and she was most successful in appeasing the passion of rivalry and revenge, which is so striking a trait in the character of Southern peoples. One day she suddenly left her work and hastened out. A supernatural movement seemed to impel her toward a certain place where the inhabitants of rival parishes were ready to resort to arms to settle their disputes. Blood was

about to be shed, when Frances rushed between the factions, and by her earnest language reconciled them. She specially interested herself also on behalf of illegitimate children, whom their mothers, to hide their shame, destined to destruction. It was proved in the process of beatification that she had saved fifty of these victims of libertinism.

Foreknowledge of future events and discernment of spirits, or reading consciences, were among the supernatural gifts with which she was endowed. After the death of Pope Gregory XIII., while the cardinals were in conclave, she was asked by a priest in the church of San Severino who would be the next Pope. She first declined to answer; but, pressed for a reply, said it would be Cardinal Montalti, who became Sixtus V. Not far from San Severino was a picture representing the Blessed Virgin with the Divine Infant on her lap. Frances, who often prayed before it, predicted that God would honor this picture by miracles; that a beautiful church, under the invocation of Our Lady of the Lights, would be built there, near which numerous servants of God would dwell. A few years later, miraculous lights appeared above this image; a great concourse of people flocked to the place; miracles were wrought, and a chapel built, which subsequently gave place to a handsome church, first served by Oratorians and then by Barnabites. Several persons having urged her, for the greater glory of God and the salvation of souls, to make known the extraordinary graces of which she was the recipient, she replied that it would be done fifty years after her death. This reply was a prophecy; for Urban VIII. had not yet prescribed, as he was soon to do, that in future no process for the beatification or canonization of saintly persons should take place until fifty years after their decease.

It would occupy too much space to enumerate all the miracles she wrought, for her whole life was a tissue of super-

natural facts. She was going one day to Loreto, in company with several others, when she suddenly broke away from them and ran to a small house isolated in the midst of the country, where she found a poor man who had been invalided for twelve months. After consoling him, she bade him prepare to go the next day on a pilgrimage to Loreto. He said he had lost the use of his hands and feet, and could not even carry food to his mouth. She persisted, ordering him, in God's name, to arise. The man promptly arose, regained the use of his hands and feet, and next day went to Loreto to return thanks to Our Lady for his cure. By her prayers Frances saved from death a citizen of San Severino who had fallen over a precipice. She also delivered Serrone and its neighborhood from a multitude of wolves that infested it,—a circumstance which recalls St. Francis and the wolf of Gubbio. Many witnesses affirmed that the oil in the lamp she kept burning before an image of the Blessed Virgin never diminished.

The fame of her holiness having spread all over Italy, she became an object of universal veneration. Ecclesiastics, secular and regular, spoke to her with great consideration and respect, and often came to converse with her and solicit the help of her prayers. Princes and nobles did not think it beneath them to write to this poor peasant girl.

Having foretold her approaching death, toward the close of March, 1607, she went to the home of her married niece at Serripola, where early in April she was stricken with fever. She at once sent to San Severino for her confessor, who heard her confession and gave her Holy Communion. She asked him to come next day, April 7, to administer Extreme Unction. She made all the responses, her face radiant with heavenly light, and with hands crossed over her breast. After uttering the words, "*In manus tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum,*" she calmly expired in the fiftieth year of her

age. As soon as she had ceased to breathe, a pleasing odor diffused itself around her remains, which were borne to the church of St. Paul at San Severino, whence they were soon conveyed processionally to the church of Our Lady of the Lights, as she had desired. The Bishop invoked her intercession in presence of the immense congregation; and Father Trajan Bossuti, an Oratorian, who was subsequently mitred, preached her panegyric.

A man who had been given up by the doctors, and was at the point of death, was restored to health during the passing of the procession. His daughter had rushed out, thrown herself on her knees in the street, and invoked Frances. After her death, also, she appeared in broad day to Annibal Cambiucci and cured him of a violent fever; and to one Egidius Santi, who had recourse to her when in danger of death. The very dust of her tomb gave health to the sick. In 1649 a quantity of it was conveyed to Madrid at a time of great mortality; and, administered in a little water, it healed many.

The process of her beatification, sanctioned by Urban VIII. at the request of the Bishop of San Severino, began in 1625, under the direction of the Cardinal Prince Maurice of Savoy, after whose decease it was continued by Cardinal Jerome Colonna. Her Life has been written by several biographers, including Father John Baptist Cancellotti, a Jesuit, who dedicated his book, published in 1665, to Pope Alexander VII., to whom he was confessor. The facts here related are drawn from this latter source.

After Long Years.

BY SARAH FRANCES ASHBURTON.

AFTER long years,

As Memory's pages one by one unfold,
How fair the face that once seemed wan and old,
The glance how loving that we once thought cold,
Recalled through mists of tears!

Over an Old Picture-Paper.

BY JOHN KEVIN MAGNER.

PROBABLY most Irishmen whose schooling has advanced beyond the "Three R's," and who have lived long in an English village near a colony of their exiled countryfolk, are familiar with the neighborly tax occasionally imposed upon the present writer, of "sindin' a few lines" to absent friends, or to some unreasonable creditor. The poor and unlettered of the Island of Scholars have an ingrained reverence for the use of the pen, and seldom allow its exercise in their behalf to go unrewarded,—not only with thanks and prayers, but with such material recompenses as their secretary can be induced to accept.

I remember once being offered a fine turkey by a poor fellow-countrywoman of the shopkeeping class, after what had certainly been a rather lengthy correspondence in the matter of an American legacy. I refused the bird, with genuine thanks; but it was of no avail. She solicited an interview with me the following evening, turned her gift loose—and very much alive—on the floor of my workroom, and fled incontinently. There was nothing for it but to slay and eat what was brought with such pertinacity of gratitude.

I wrote a few short letters the other day for a more aged and much poorer woman. She told one of the household that she would send me "an ould book" she had; and I said neither "Yea" nor "Nay," for a book can be returned when read. Also she had added that the book was as old as she was, and I was a little curious to know what one unable to read or write was doing with it these sixty years and more. The poor in England (of all nationalities) call nowadays by the name of "books" all stitched magazines, reviews, and even weekly journals that have a cover. So I was little surprised when the

"book" came to hand, and proved to be a copy of the *Illustrated London News*, dated February 13, 1847.

As a working journalist on the London press, I have had personal relations with the Ingrams and the Vizetellys, immediate descendants of the pioneers of English pictorial journalism in the Forties. The *News* belonged to the Ingrams, and gradually wore down its more ably conducted rival; though originally founded by a family of wood-engravers for no more exalted purpose than to puff a patent medicine they had bought,—a "Life Pill" still used in the provinces, and owned to this day by the head of the house, Sir William Ingram, Kt. Once a journalist, always one. When poor Théophile Gautier left the craft, after serving too long an apprenticeship, he found he could not write away from his old, malodorous quarters above what we should now term the machine-room. And so, with the consent of his former employers, he hied him back to his den, there to write sonorous prose in a familiar atmosphere.

If these sentences have crept in, it is only that the "atmosphere"—the strange love of the journalist for the *ana* of his exacting profession—may be effectually kept out. Let us take a different standpoint as we glance at this old picture-paper. The motto of the Four Masters supplies a vantage-point better suited to lovers of THE AVE MARIA. "For the glory of God," they wrote on the first page of their annals, "and for the honor of Erin."

Newman had been received into the Church barely two years before our paper appeared, so there is little in the pages before me to tell forth the glories of the Second Spring. But there are consoling premonitions of its advent. Take this advertisement, for instance, in a fairly good position, though immediately preceding the extremely unspiritual announcement of a work entitled: "What to Eat, Drink, and Avoid, with Diet Tables for All Complaints." Be sure the

devout and distinguished authors (or at least the one of them who was blamelessly in the wrong) could afford to be amused at this tilting in the after years:

This day is published, post 8vo. fine paper, bound in cloth, price 4s. 6d., "The Unity of the Episcopate Considered," in reply to the work of the Rev. T. W. Allies, M. A., entitled "The Church of England Cleared from the Charge of Schism, upon Testimonies of Councils and Fathers of the First Six Centuries," by Edward Healy Thompson, M. A., author of "Remarks on Certain Anglican Theories of Unity."

Episcopatus unus est cuius a singulis pars tenetur.

—*St. Cybrian.*

Thomas Richardson and Son, 172 Fleet Street, London; 9 Capel Street, Dublin and Derby.

The title of Mr. Allies' work—"The Church of England Cleared from the Charge of Schism," etc.,—reads as drolly in its way as the dedication of one of Archdeacon Manning's volumes of sermons to the Episcopalian bishop of New Jersey, in which he hails his American friend as "a Catholic bishop"! The saintly and affectionate Archdeacon lived to know better, and to help to teach the world better at the Vatican Council. And Mr. Allies read deeper and more widely the "Testimonies of Councils and Fathers of the First Six Centuries" within very few years from the date of our paper; so that his researches grew into "The Throne of the Fisherman," "Cathedra Petri," and many another noble book, during the hard-working course of his life as a Catholic layman, and secretary of the Catholic School Committee. In defence of the Holy See, indeed, he fought more directly than his splendid opponent of the book-advertisement.

As most readers are aware, Mr. Healy Thompson devoted his life to hagiography, both as author and editor. His Lives of St. Aloysius and St. Stanislas Kostka have long been spiritual classics, pervaded, too, by a haunting human charm. A less known work of his, the long Life of the Ven. M. Olier (rather hard to procure these days), is a fine piece of literature, comprising in its first quarter a wonderful

portrait gallery of the great French Oratorians contemporary with the founder of St. Sulpice, and notably of Père de Condren. Concerning this holy son of St. Philip Neri, St. Jane Mary Frances de Chantal once said that, while her kinsman and first director, St. Francis de Sales, was worthy to guide men, Père de Condren was fit to instruct angels. It is the testimony of a saint to the ascetical science of a holy man; yet, somehow, one feels it hard to forgive the *mot*.

"For the glory of God and the honor of Ireland." One can not forget the second clause of the Four Masters' dedication, when the date is the February of 1847, with the famine and famine-fever raging at their worst in stricken Erin, under an apathetic government. Here is a scrap from our journal's "Metropolitan News," which shows how the great Order of Mercy, which Catherine MacAuley had "buiided better than she knew" just in time for the famine, was already making headway in England, in readiness for the Irish immigration and the Catholic revival:

TAKING THE VEIL.—On Wednesday morning two ladies—Miss Jones, of St. John's Wood, and Miss Colgrave, of Bryanstone Square,—received the white veil and the religious habit of our Blessed Lady of Mercy, at the Catholic church, Bermondsey. The ceremony was performed by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Griffiths, Roman Catholic Bishop of London; assisted by the Rev. Messrs. O'Dwyer, Butler, Moore, and other priests. The postulants, habited in white. . .

It is not an ill-done report, all things considered; and was probably the work of one of those innumerable Irish reporters then crowding the London press, whom Thackeray has chaffed quite kindly in the pages of "Pendennis." He pretty well betrays his nationality by promoting the holy Vicar-Apostolic, and making him "Roman Catholic Bishop of London," some years before the re-establishment of the English hierarchy, and Wiseman's famous letter "from the Flaminian Gate," which frightened John Bull needlessly, and made him try to burden his statute book with the futile Ecclesiastical Titles

Bill. "Veilings" are happily so common now that no current illustrated London weekly would give an inch and a half of its space to reporting one of them. In those earlier and more ignorant days, an aged nun once assured me a Sister wearing the habit of her Order was followed whithersoever she went in London by groups of gapers; and men wearing the clothes and even having the appearance of gentlemen would go so far as to stare beneath the coif to see what manner of face it partially concealed.

Readers of the "Life of Mother Catherine MacAuley will remember well "the Catholic church, Bermondsey," in its connection with the sturdy English foundation of her then young and already most vigorous Order. It was at Bermondsey that the foundress made the acquaintance of the late Queen Victoria's *coiffeur*, and did not like him "a single bit." This was at an earlier "veiling" (also conducted by Bishop Griffiths); and one of the postulants was the daughter of a very noble English house, who rather overdid things in the matter of the quasi-bridal costume worn on such occasions. Mother MacAuley, as practical as she was holy, and gifted with all the humor of her race, was mortified by the needless expense; but said nothing, because (as her biographer tells us with feminine bluntness) the postulant was the first English noblewoman received into the Order, "and was what is called of an uncertain age." But when the family, on the morning of the veiling, imported the royal *coiffeur* and his assistant into the tranquil convent, Mother MacAuley felt inclined to rebel. She consented, however, to sit the operation out.

The *coiffeur* was a fat little Frenchman, of mountainous pride, who sat haughtily in a chair and read the newspapers while his assistant dressed the postulant's hair. At the end of the long performance he languidly arose, surveyed the completed work, flicked a curl into position with an airy finger, bowed, and departed, himself

in one cab, and his underling in another. Mother MacAuley's patience could no longer hold bounds. "Do you mean to tell me, child," she said, "that they have paid that man twenty guineas [I quote from memory] to come here and read the newspapers?" The reply was characteristic of a daughter of that British squirearchy which had given Mother MacAuley some bother in the first of her London foundations (made at Dr. Griffiths' invitation). "O Mother," expostulated Miss —, "it was a great honor to be able to get him to come here at all! You know he is not permitted to touch *anybody's* hair but the Queen's."

To any invalid or convalescent in quest of *pia hilaria*, the "Life of Mother MacAuley" may be cordially recommended in the same breath with Marshall's "Christian Missions." It is as holy, as dramatic, and as intensely amusing.

From Faith to Fatherland is an easy transition. We have tidings, in the Irish news of our picture-paper, of the fast-failing Liberator, whose great heart was soon to be buried in Rome, as was that of the "Catholic Bishop of London" in the chapel of St. Thomas in St. Edmund's College, Ware, where, as a schoolboy, I often served Mass, beside the tomb that enshrines it. "The meeting of the Repeal Association on Monday," we are told, "was very scantily attended. The Rent received amounted only to £29 9s. 6d. A letter was read from Mr. O'Connell, enclosing £5 10s., being the month's subscription of himself, his four sons, and thirty grandchildren, toward the insolvent exchequer of Conciliation Hall."

Brave and splendid old Dan! What a sad falling off from the days when Repeal subscriptions (or "rent") throughout Ireland ran into the thousands! But then the Great Hunger held the land in thrall, and the old man's eager lieutenants were breaking his heart.

In the course of his letter, "chiefly devoted to a commentary upon the government measures for Ireland," says the

report, he writes thus sadly and shrewdly: "I am sincerely sorry to inform you that any prospect of relief—I mean of substantial and comprehensive relief—from Parliament is, in my judgment, daily diminishing. There is, to be sure, a great deal of sympathy and good feeling both in and out of the House; and, generally, a very sincere desire that something efficient should be done to relieve the horrible destitution of the Irish people. But there are also many obstacles, and an unwillingness to place upon the British people the burdens absolutely necessary to give efficient relief to Irish misery. . . . I can not conceal from myself, and I ought not to conceal from the Irish nation, that there is, alas! but little prospect of substantial relief on that—I will call it by its right name—enormously large scale which is absolutely necessary to prevent hundreds of thousands of the Irish people from perishing of famine and pestilence. The government measures, so far as they go, are good, and their intention to relieve by those measures is apparent; but the measures themselves are not of half sufficient magnitude. It is essentially necessary to have food in the utmost abundance poured in, so as to extinguish the famine prices which devour the people. I trust in God that my health will enable me to take that active part which I desire on behalf of the famishing people."

The last sentence shows the lion heart of the dying Tribune. The one before it, which speaks of "famine prices," has lurid illustration on another page of our picture-paper.

"We next got to Skull," writes a special correspondent from the west of Ireland, "where, by the attention of Dr. Traill, vicar of the parish (whose humanity at the present moment is beyond all praise), we witnessed almost indescribable indoor horrors. In the street, however, we had the best opportunity of judging of the condition of the people; for here, from three to five hundred women, with money

in their hands, were seeking to buy food; whilst a few of the government officers doled out Indian meal to them in their turn. One of the women told me she had been standing there since daybreak seeking to get food for her family at home. This food, it appeared, was being doled out in miserable quantities, at 'famine prices,' to the neighboring poor, from a stock lately arrived in a sloop, with a government steamship to protect its cargo of fifty tons; whilst the population amounts to 27,000; so that you may calculate what were the feelings of the disappointed mass."

The pictures which illustrate this article are terrible. They certainly do credit to the pencil of the artist, a Mr. James Mahony, who is also responsible for the grim, well-written letterpress. But I had as lief describe the sights he saw and recorded in his sketch-book as discuss the dread photographs of battlefields in the American Civil War, that were once in too common circulation. That war is over, and so is the great Irish Famine, throughout the whole of which I have heard old peasant-folk say that they never once heard so much as a single word of impatience, still less of rebellion against the decrees of God. Little indeed could the "three to five hundred women with money in their hands," or tens of thousands of their less fortunate sisters, foresee that from their martyrdom would arise in a very few years the great Churches of America, Canada, Australia, and New Zealand.

I understand now why the picture-paper was kept all these years by the good soul who gave it to me. Her parents must often, with David, have prayed in their hearts: "Lord, Thou hast been our refuge from generation to generation: turn not man away to be brought low." Her children and she can now sing, in later words from that wondrous psalm: "We have rejoiced for the days in which Thou hast humbled us, for the years in which we have seen evils."

A Word about the Knights of Columbus.

IN view of the fact that renewed efforts are now being made to draw Catholic young men into the Young Men's Christian Association, active opposition to, or an unfriendly attitude toward, the Knights of Columbus strikes us as being especially regrettable. There are so many societies which it is forbidden to join and so few Catholic associations to take their place, while the advantages of being a member of some large social organization are so numerous, and in a worldly sense so important, it would seem wiser to encourage a body of Catholics like the Knights of Columbus than to discountenance them. The fear is expressed that in proportion as they increase in numbers they will decline in virtue, and finally rebel against ecclesiastical authority; that the Order will some day become a tool of politicians, and so on.

It may be quite true that, in certain places, the Knights of Columbus are not just what they should be; but surely this is no fault of the Order, the spirit of which is all that the most fervent and loyal Catholic could desire. Is it just to blame the whole society for the shortcomings of a particular Council? As a body, we think the Knights are most praiseworthy. Not to speak of what the Order has done for its own members, it has benefited the Church by promoting charitable and educational works, providing able lectures on religious subjects for the general public, affording means for the self-improvement and entertainment of the poor, the young, and the orphaned, by placing standard Catholic books in public libraries, and in a hundred other ways. Not all that is to the credit of the Knights of Columbus is published from the housetops, nor is it desirable that it should be.

There is, of course, a danger in the rapid spread of this organization; it does not arise, however, from the mere increase

of membership. There can not be too many Catholic men willing to identify themselves with the Catholic body; and the oftener these band together the better. Our one fear for the Knights of Columbus is lest their standard for membership be lowered. If, for the preservation of autonomy, they decline to amalgamate with other Catholic societies, this is unquestionably their right. We feel certain that any attempt to make the Order a political factor would be vigorously opposed by the Knights themselves, not all of whom, by any means, belong to one party of voters. If when a very worthy member of the Order is a candidate for some civic office which he is especially well qualified to fill, and his associates, regardless of political platforms, work for his election, they are to be praised rather than blamed for such action.

But the most unreasonable objection to the Knights, to our mind, is that their fruits are not commensurate with their numbers and their opportunities. As we have said, many of the most praiseworthy actions of the Order are hidden, and all the better so. A generous offering to an orphan asylum or some local charity need not be cackled all over the country. That one or many have profited by an opportunity for doing good, ought to be taken as a matter of course once in a while. To say that the Knights of Columbus have not fulfilled expectations is to provoke retort. Of what body of men anywhere can it be asseverated that they are doing all that they might, or as well as could be expected?

Until the Order comes to be radically different from what it is, there is no reason to fear that it will ever seriously conflict with ecclesiastical authority prudently exercised. Of one thing, however, we may rest assured. Undeserved censure of, or unwarranted opposition to, organizations like the Knights of Columbus will have the inevitable effect of driving many of our young men into societies that are forbidden.

Notes and Remarks.

A perusal of a somewhat full report of the proceedings of the Moral Education Congress leads to our practical agreement with this comment, from the *Academy*, on that much advertised convention:

We do not anticipate that any good will come to the cause of education from the so-called "Moral Education Congress." The only moral education that is of any value is religious education; and, while we are glad to see that many of the speakers at the Congress have emphasized this fact, the proceedings seem, on the whole, to have been largely made up of irresponsible and foolish talk from the mouths of cranks, faddists, and gentlemen from "furrin parts," who possess all sorts of wonderful nostrums, of which they would like to try the effects on the youth of this country. Fortunately for the youth, the Moral Education Congress is not likely to have any practical result at all, so far as it is concerned. A good many of the speakers at the Congress would themselves, in our opinion, be none the worse for a little further grounding in the moralities; and quite a number of them seem to be afflicted with atheism, socialism, and kindred diseases of the mind.

Ethical culture, as understood nowadays, is not, and can never become, an adequate substitute for Christian morality. The only education that can legitimately be styled "moral" is, as the *Academy* well says, religious education.

The election, by a considerable majority of votes, of Judge William H. Taft as President of the United States is a very remarkable tribute to him,—one that must be deeply gratifying to himself, as it is to all his friends and admirers. The many handicaps with which he had to contend, not the least of which was his too close identification with the person and policies of the present occupant of the White House, render his victory all the more creditable, and prove him to be a man of even greater power than was generally realized. As head of the nation, we feel sure he will do his own thinking and follow his own course of action. Acceptance of the Roosevelt policies does

not mean, either that they will not be modified, or that in promoting them spectacular methods will continue to be employed.

A man of spotless private life, and possessed of all those natural virtues and national traits which Americans most esteem, Mr. Taft will make an ideal President. An able and honest lawyer, a competent and honorable judge, his administration can hardly fail to actuate in large measure what all true patriots deeply desire. Those who meet Mr. Taft in private are especially impressed by his honesty, simplicity, and high sense of responsibility. One feels that he is a man to be trusted. Whatever his foibles may be, affectation, pretentiousness of any kind, is not among them. That it is his earnest desire to do his duty in all circumstances, and to the best of his ability, at once becomes evident to all who have dealings with him.

Long life, with health and happiness, to our President-elect! May he have the privilege of filling two terms of office and the honor of declining a third!

From the *Gateway* we clip the following very suggestive extract from a paper contributed by "Father Lambert," who, in the absence of any further means of identification, is, we take it, the Rev. L. A. Lambert, the distinguished metaphysician and polemic:

I find that in most cases most people in their lives use only the imagination or phantasm and volition, and very seldom stop to *think*,—yes, think *real thoughts*, and thereby use and cultivate and strengthen the higher faculties of their human natures. Their brains have been developed to the highest pitch with phantasms of material objects, and their volition flies into action at the least suggestion of the vibration of the brain, stirred by the remembrance of anything that is good for our physical or animal natures. Very seldom do we, as a nation of so many millions, go beyond imagination or phantasm, and we are carried away by these physical and animal impressions. Worse than all, we call upon our intellectual and will power to be subservient to phantasm and volition;

and thus we acquire the animal cunning, backed by the efforts of our higher faculties. Deep thought is rare. We boast that we do our own thinking. The newspapers are our Bible. Leaders talk us into following them, and, like sheep, we do follow. Books, plays, amusements, and promises of the leaders, like palatable things to eat and drink, we swallow, if they are dished up in the right way,—like liquor, no matter how bad or poisonous, if it only tickles our palate for the moment. Consequences are not considered. Now, I maintain that we as a nation have done all in our power to cultivate to their greatest expansiveness phantasm and volition, and have neglected to evoke the thoughtful power of the intellect and the great human power of the will.

Not particularly complimentary reading, perhaps; but measurably true, notwithstanding.

In the current issue of the *Dublin Review*, Dr. Bertram C. A. Windle discusses "The Future Universities of Ireland." Of two concessions which Mr. Birrell, in order to secure the passage of his Bill, was obliged to make to his Nonconformist allies, Dr. Windle says:

In the first place, whilst it is possible that theological faculties may be set up in the different colleges, and professors of theology appointed, provided that all this is done by means of private funds, no such professors, however high may be their educational standing, can be members of the Board of Studies of the University, or of the Academic Councils of the colleges, or of any faculty save that of theology.

The Academic Councils may, indeed must, contain all professors of arts, medicine, law, engineering—Choctaw even, if one cares to endow a chair of that language,—but can not contain a theologian. In fact, over the doors of these bodies might be written up a variant of the celebrated inscription which stood, or is said to have stood, over the gates of Bandon. We have said that we can not understand this extraordinary blot upon the Bill, nor can we imagine how the most anti-clerical of men can suppose that three or four theological professors could contaminate or override a body which will number thirty or forty, or perhaps even as many as one hundred members.

A further blot, due to the same extraordinary fear of the Church, is the denial to the colleges of the power to erect within their precincts

chapels for the worship of Almighty God, even at the expense of private funds.

This latter blot is, however, less serious than the former; since, as the *Review* writer remarks, "it will of course be possible to erect a chapel, should such seem advisable and feasible, on an immediately contiguous piece of ground to any college, provided that ground and chapel are paid for out of private funds."

Notwithstanding these drawbacks, Dr. Windle is by no means pessimistic as to the outcome of the new departure, as is evident from this extract from the conclusion of his article:

We look for a great improvement in both the two first-mentioned branches of education [greatly starved Primary Schools and a fatal intermediate system] as a result of the foundation of the new Universities. Their charters contain provisions which may well lead up to that proper co-ordination of education which is so much wanted in Ireland, and which never could have been arrived at whilst the higher parts of the educational edifice were incomplete.

For this reason, as for a thousand others, we welcome this measure and wish it every success. England seems at last to have learned the lesson that Ireland is a Catholic country, and that schemes of education intended for her benefit must, if they are to have any chance of succeeding, be constructed on lines at least not repulsive to Catholic ideas.

In a letter to the *Bulletin* of Philadelphia, a pious Episcopalian complains that "some of our most highly esteemed men are going over to Rome, while our bishops are squabbling over politics, or trying to have their salaries increased for the benefit of their fashionable wives and daughters. The deep thinkers, those who have given up all for God, are leaving us for a religion whose bishops seem to be more concerned for the glory of God and for the spiritual welfare of their clergy and laity than for show and politics. It does not seem fair for Rome to get the flower of our clergy, and give us in exchange. . . ."

It is always the "flower" of both the Protestant Episcopal laity and clergy that "go over to Rome." We wonder that

even the shallow thinkers among all denominations of non-Catholics do not oftener contrast the lives of those who enter and those who leave the Catholic Church. The difference is greater than between the practical and the nominal Catholic,—the first of whom illustrates his religion, while the second proves his disregard of it.

A sailor afloat and a sailor ashore are apt to be very different. As a rule, no class of men are more law-abiding or can be more easily governed than those "who go down to the sea in ships"—that is while they are on the water. On land they often lose their bearings and run afoul of the police courts. It is all the more gratifying, therefore, to hear continued reports of the good conduct of our man-of-wars men—so many of whom are Catholics—during their stay in different cities of the Southern Continent. Writing from Melbourne, a reader of THE AVE MARIA has this to say:

As regards the officers and men of the fleet, there is but one opinion entertained by all who met them. By their admirable and gentlemanly behavior, clean speech, sobriety, and chivalrous respect and courtesy to women, they won all hearts, and set an example which it is hoped will not be lost upon our Australian young men. Protestant and Catholic, they were alike a credit to the great nation they represented. If they can be taken as a sample of America's young manhood, she is indeed to be congratulated. . . . I had the pleasure of meeting the Rev. Father Gleeson, chaplain of the fleet ["sky-pilot"], who was a great favorite during his short stay in our city. I was very pleased to receive from him so favorable an account of the men, and especially to hear that there was a goodly proportion of total abstainers amongst them.

The acquisition by the Church of England of the ruins of Glastonbury Abbey is thus sanely noted by the editor of the *London Catholic Times*:

With real joy we can join our separated brethren in congratulation on their acquiring and placing in safety the venerable relic that remains after the tempest which destroyed so much of those great and lovely traditions that

haunt the walls of Glastonbury. On a former occasion we expressed a wish to see fixed on the walls some memorial to the name of the last recorded monk, Ringwoode. The last abbot also ought to be commemorated—Abbot Whiting. Far is it from us to regret that the ruin passes over to the Church of England. The more of such relics it acquires, the more will it meditate on "the ancient days," and drink in the old truths. The Abbey is preserved,—that is, what is left of it, which is, after all, not much. And we feel sure it will be guarded, and as far as possible restored. The old Abbey is safe, and what more can we want? We could not use it, if we had it; nor have we funds for such purposes. Moreover, we feel that Downside Abbey, in the same county, supplies its place in all the principles of monastic life.

The mere preservation of its name, "Abbey," makes of Glastonbury a potent reminder of olden Catholic days, and a protest against twentieth-century materialism. 'Tis well that the ruins are safe.

It is an exceptional case when the obituary of a lay-Brother of a religious Order consists of more than the barest statement of his name and the dates of his birth, taking the habit, profession, and death. How frequently these dry details might be expanded into a most interesting and edifying narrative, every member of a religious community, and many lay friends of such a community, must be aware. Occasionally the laconic death-notice is supplemented by a sympathetic sketch, as in the following case where the Rev. Father Devine, S. J., writes, in the *Canadian Messenger*:

Only a humble lay-Brother, and yet one whose death is sincerely regretted and deservedly mourned, is the life-summary of one of God's hidden servants, Brother Edward, a Redemptorist of Quebec, whose face was so familiar to all who had occasion to visit the residence of the Fathers in the old city. During nearly a quarter of a century, like his great prototype, St. Alphonsus Rodriguez, Brother Edward, in his humble porter's lodge, carried on an apostolate in kind words and kind acts. Courteous and gentle, and of unfailing charity to the hundreds with whom he came in contact, was the simple yet eloquent testimony of those who knelt near his coffin as he lay in the sanctuary of St. Patrick's Church. . . . The obsequies of

this holy old man were triumphal in character. Not only the parishioners of St. Patrick's, but the city clergy, headed by the Archbishop, came to honor the deceased religious. Only a humble lay-Brother, and yet it is such as he that God uses to give lessons to the great ones of the earth.

The corner-stone laying of the new home for the Sisters of the Good Shepherd in Chicago was differentiated from ordinary ceremonies of that nature by the address delivered on the occasion by a non-Catholic citizen of distinction. Says the *Inter-Ocean*:

Judge Tuthill, who, as Judge of the Juvenile Court, has during the last ten years sent over 1000 delinquent girls to the institution, said in his address:

"I have known the work of these Sisters for thirty-five years, and for the last ten years I have sent here hundreds of poor girls, who have been transformed by development of character and training in the Christian religion.

"Not only do they teach these girls their duty to God, themselves, and society, but they train them in the household arts, so that when they leave here they are fitted to occupy the highest position in the land,—that of a homemaker; and not even the President of the United States occupies such a position as the woman who can make a home."

It can hardly escape the attention of the sociological student that, in this day of the unspeakable white slave traffic, the mission of the Good Shepherd Sisters is most opportune. All well-wishers of humanity must rejoice in their success.

The presence, at the Eucharistic Congress in London, of Archbishop Carr has rendered timely the publication of some facts concerning that eminent churchman with which the general reader was unacquainted. In a personal sketch in the *Irish Packet*, Mr. J. L. Ford writes:

Since his arrival in Victoria, Archbishop Carr has won the unswerving love and loyalty of all his people, and the love and admiration and respect of those who were not of his fold. He is a man of singular prudence. As a journalist, it has been my business to study the trend of public affairs in every department of Australian life, to watch with care the utterances of public

men, and weigh their significance; and I declare my belief that during the twenty years Dr. Carr has governed the Church in Melbourne he has not made one mistake, or uttered a sentence that one would wish had not been spoken or ought to be withdrawn. He has to be always on the watchtower. The enemies—Ignorance and Prejudice—are ever on the alert to cast a shaft at the old Church, but Dr. Carr's shield is ever there to receive it. He is ever on the defensive, never on the offensive; and his methods are strengthened and made effective by their very gentleness. He is a statesman as well as a bishop. The other day Sir Thomas Bent, the Protestant Premier of Victoria, declared that Archbishop Carr was really the "greatest" man in the State.

Readers of the Australian prelate's "Lectures and Replies" are aware that, in addition to the titles given to him in the foregoing, Archbishop Carr is also an eminent scholar and a distinguished writer.

In a paper contributed by M. K. Inglis to the *Fortnightly Review*—a paper discussing "The State *versus* the Home"—there occurs this interesting passage:

We can carry into this twentieth century more than one practical lesson from the opening years of the Christian era,—the years of Our Lord's birth and childhood. The registration of the family; the accepting of the Child; the home life with parents and companions; the authority and love of the parents and the obedience and devotion of the Son; the learning of a trade; and, later, the leaving of the home, "to be about My Father's business,"—surely these at least hint to us the true way to solve our social problems.

"Home Life"—the simplest and most natural state of a community, the conservance of which could surely never be the solution of our complex difficulties? And yet simple everyday facts, overlooked because they are so simple, have been found to contain that which has led to the solving of the hardest of scientific problems, and has proved to be the most wonderful of discoveries. Why not in the social as in the scientific world?

The home is unquestionably the true unit of society. Its conservation is an essential condition to the permanence of beneficent national life; and its desecration and destruction—by divorce among other agencies—is a catastrophe that can not be too sedulously guarded against.

Notable New Books.

The Thirteenth Greatest of Centuries. By James J. Walsh, M. D., Ph. D., LL. D. With Illustrations. Catholic Summer School Press.

Is the thirteenth the greatest of centuries? Dr. Walsh answers very decidedly: Yes. At least and most certainly it is a great century, a very central period in the history of humanity. It has been customary for many—and the custom has not yet disappeared—to condemn it as an age of superstition, an age of mental and scientific stagnation, an age of social oppression. As the dominating force of this epoch was Catholicism, such a condition was attributed to Catholicism as its natural fruit. The argument was widely spread among the adversaries of the Church, and it is not sure that some Catholics were not themselves impressed by it, or at least were ready to admit the need of some apology for the Church. Let us say without hesitation that such a statement is a great, if not *the* great, heresy of history.

By some it may be considered as a condition of scholarship to speak of the Dark Ages, of the reactionary and barbarian Middle Ages. In reality, however, it is the manifestation of gross ignorance or false judgment. Unsurpassed in architecture where the queen of the arts had reached the highest point of perfection; peerless in theological and philosophical speculation and systematization; rich in paintings, poetry and music; possessing well-organized universities, with divers faculties and an immense number of students; an epoch whence the modern drama takes its origin; a time when hospital and charitable institutions were constituted on a firm basis; when the laws which restrict the powers of rulers and assert the rights of the people are clearly enunciated; when the principles and rights of the corporative system for workingmen were promulgated and first put into practice,—the Middle Age appears, to the serious student of history, as an age of art, an age of intense knowledge, an age of democracy in the true sense of the word. It furnishes us with some characters and names which are, and will remain for all time, types of perfection; and these characters realize in their life the very aspiration of the century: Francis the seraph, Aquinas the scholar, Louis the monarch, Dante the poet. And true it is that the inspiring and directing force in all these developments is Catholicism. The thirteenth century is above all a Catholic century. It has its shortcomings, indeed; it is only the thirteenth century. When we compare the present one with it, we see that many conditions

have changed; that new problems, or at least new elements in the divers human problems, have appeared; but in the management of these conditions, as well as in the solutions of these problems, the thirteenth century, with its wonderful accomplishments and its principles, will remain, in many respects, as an example and a guide. Progress does not consist in ignoring or despising what is past, but in preserving it with respect and using it with judgment.

All this is well exposed, and proved by Dr. Walsh in a very interesting manner. His book, though without pretension to originality, is a fine piece of work and a great act of justice. It should find its place in every school and in every library. The illustrations are worthy of the text.

Only one criticism. Dr. Walsh uses the expression "Christian socialism." This expression is in itself a fine one. Yet the word "socialism" has unhappily been restricted to a meaning so narrow that it seems difficult to use it in an acceptable sense. It is liable to disqualify the word "Christian" rather than to be corrected by it.

Sermons on Modern Spiritualism. By the Rev. A. V. Miller, O. S. C. Kegan Paul & Co.; B. Herder.

As a general rule, we do not insist at any length, in our notices of sermon-books, on the advisability of their being procured and attentively read by the laity. All rules, however, have their exceptions; and we very earnestly recommend Father Miller's book to our readers, lay as well as clerical. We venture the prediction that most persons will find the six sermons which make up its literary content thoroughly appetizing mental pabulum,—quite apart from their genuine value as doctrinal instructions. As for clerics, those who have not as yet studied spiritualistic phenomena with real earnestness can scarcely do better than peruse these luminous discourses once and again. The book is an excellent one to put into the hands of those—there are many, Catholics as well as non-Catholics,—who are tempted to dabble in spiritism.

True Indian Stories. With Glossary of Indiana Indian Names. By Jacob Pratt Dunn. *Sentinel* Printing Company.

This is an interesting little volume, and the stories it contains are well told, as well as true. They are likewise instructive, for they bring clearly to view important scenes and events in the early history of Indiana and the Northwest. The author is well known as Secretary of the Indiana Historical Society, and as such

has at hand data that enable him to deal trustworthily with his subject. The sympathy he evinces with the unfortunate Indians in their struggles to protect their homes and save their lands is creditable to his sense of justice. That they had sore grievances and ample grounds for the hostile attitude exhibited by them at times, may be readily inferred from the statement that "many of the whites did not hesitate to kill an Indian at any favorable opportunity, without regard to his hostile or peaceable attitude."

When, however, the Catholic missions were established among the Indians, peace followed and dwelt in wigwam and forest. But as the white population increased, the reserved Indian lands were greedily coveted; and after a period of agitation and bribery the helpless occupants were compelled, at the point of sword and bayonet, to migrate to a less fertile region in the remote Southwest. By means of deceit and cheating, misrepresentation and cruelty, not to mention the use of intoxicating liquors, the Indians of those early days, childlike in simplicity and credulity, were deprived of their homes and property, and taught to adopt ways and practices that led to disease and degeneracy. Admittedly a sad chapter in our history, it is probably as well that this little book is restricted, as far as practicable, to the area of a single State.

The Trial of Jesus from a Lawyer's Standpoint.

By Walter M. Chandler, of the New York Bar. 2 vols. The Empire Publishing Co.

This work presents a very attractive appearance. In quality of paper, bold typography, and serviceable binding, it reflects much credit on the publishers. The volumes treat respectively of "The Hebrew Trial" and "The Roman Trial" of Our Lord. By making this division of his subject, the author is enabled to deal more distinctively and fully with the Jewish laws and customs in the first volume, and with the Roman legal system in the other. The illustrations, eighteen in number, represent some of the most noted paintings of the great masters relating to Biblical subjects. In its mechanical and artistic features, the work deserves praise, and is well fitted to adorn the shelves of any library. In the treatment of his theme, however, the author reminds one of the saying that "a book must not be judged by its covers."

The work appears to consist largely of lectures, amplified and bound together by data of wide range in space and time. In his preface, the author enumerates specifically certain trials historically notable, as those of Socrates,

Charles I. of England, Warren Hastings, Aaron Burr, and Alfred Dreyfus. The object of drawing attention to them is evidently to prepare the way for the treatment of the unparalleled trial which is the stated subject of the work. This can hardly be said to be in good taste. Such trials are not sufficiently related to the title of the book in time, nature, or importance, to serve as an introduction to it or to justify a comparison in any sense. Moreover, it is found quite difficult to agree with the author in the opinion expressed touching some of the things discussed. Take, for example, the following quotation: "The trial and execution of Charles the First of England sealed with royal blood a new covenant of British freedom, and erected on the highway of national progress an enduring landmark to civil liberty." Inasmuch as the usurping Cromwell was willing to defend and serve the King, despite the attitude of Parliament, on promise of immunity and promotion, there was evidently but little principle involved in the wretched conspiracy and war for power and pelf. Nor can many agree with the eulogistic characterization of Aaron Burr, which concludes with these words: "His arraignment at the bar of public justice on the charge of high treason—that he had sought to destroy the country of Washington, the Republic of Jefferson, which is to-day the Union of Lincoln—was the sad and melancholy close of a long and lofty life." The inglorious career of that notoriously unscrupulous trickster can hardly be called "lofty" from any point of view.

Such quotations tend to show the style of the author, not less than his plane of thought. They suggest, unfortunately, the ephemeral newspaper article rather than a trustworthy historic record. In this vein, too, is the paragraph relative to the "burning of Savonarola." It is historically inexact and misleading. The same may be said of the alleged "burning of heretics by prelates in the Middle Ages." The civil officials alone, and not prelates, inflicted such punishment. It must be admitted likewise that there is something bordering upon the ludicrous in the comparison instituted between St. Peter and Marshal Ney. It must be acknowledged that these matters are not at all relevant to the title of the book. The same is true of the statement that the women of France paid the German war debt, that entertainment was denied to certain Jews at hotels by reason of race prejudice, and the like.

The bibliography of the work is reasonably comprehensive, although it fails to disclose one or two of the most valuable and trustworthy books dealing with the life and times of Christ. The curious old-time book called the Talmud

is appreciatively described, and quotations from it are freely made. Deep sympathy with the Jewish people is manifested in respect to their struggles and sufferings, progress and prosperity. They receive, as the "chosen people" of Jehovah, due recognition, and their criminal laws and customs are descriptively outlined in connection with the account of the memorable trial.

If we eliminate or pass over the irrelevant elements or disfiguring features of this work, we shall find much that is interesting, instructive, and useful from a historical point of view,—much that is additional to what we learn from the Scriptures regarding the greatest of tragedies,—the tragedy which touches the human heart with pity and contrition, and from which the eyes of faith and hope turn longingly to the sublime prospect of a blessed and eternal future.

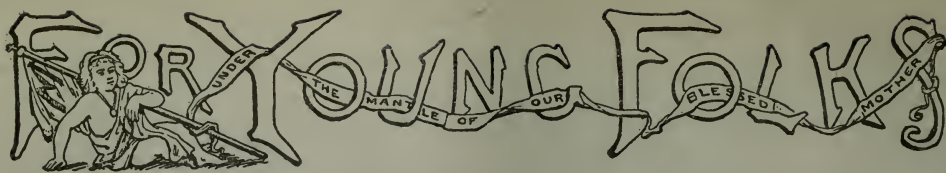
St. Thomas of Canterbury. By the Rev. Robert Hugh Benson. Benziger Brothers.

Subject and author attract in this new number of the St. Nicholas Series; nor is one disappointed in following this outline of the career of the great Saint of Canterbury. In the Introduction, a comparison is instituted between conditions as regards Rome and England in the twelfth century and Rome and France to-day. The similarity of the epochs gives point to Father Benson's conclusions, and lends a special importance to St. Thomas' attitude toward his beloved England and toward the Holy See.

Those who are unacquainted with the life and times of Thomas Becket will read this volume with eager interest, for the story carries one on irresistibly; and for those who know the history of the great Chancellor, the book will hold the charm of truth and of sympathy.

Stories for You and Me. By Mother Mary Salome. Benziger Brothers.

Just to look through this book is to conjure up a picture of the home sitting-room, with mother reading to the little ones; or the recreation room at school, with Sister surrounded by eager listeners, as, one after another, the stories are read and commented upon. There is not a dull page, nor is there a tale that does not carry a lesson folded away somewhere in it for some little girl or boy. "Lazy Lump" will make some young folk rather uncomfortable, while "D and Dumps" will "hit" a whole lot of little people. There are stories of men and women, of bees and dogs, of birds and mice and flowers, not to mention imps and erlkings; and Mother Salome tells a story as only one who knows and loves children can tell it. A book to be remembered at Christmastide.



A Little Sunbeam.

BY G. H.

A LITTLE sunbeam in the sky
Said to itself one day:
"I'm very small, but why should I
Do nothing else but play?
I'll just go down to earth and see
If there is any use for me."

The violet beds were wet with dew,
Which filled each drooping cup;
The little sunbeam darted through
And raised their blue heads up;
They smiled to see it, and they lent
The morning breeze their sweetest scent.

On, on it went, it might not stay;
Now through a window small
It poured its glad but tiny ray,
And danced upon the wall:
A pale young face looked up to meet
The sunbeam she had watched to greet.

And so it travelled to and fro,
And danced and glanced about;
And not a door was shut, I know,
To keep that sunbeam out;
But ever as it touched the earth
It woke up happiness and mirth.

I may not tell the history
Of all that it could do;
But I tell this, that you may try
To be a sunbeam too.

"A sunbeam too!" perhaps you say.
Yes, I am very sure you may.

For loving words, like sunbeams bright,
Dry up the fallen tear,
And loving deeds will often help
A broken heart to cheer.
So loving and so living, you
Will be a little sunbeam too.

Friends and their Fortunes.

II.

THE Marquis wandered leisurely
along the road, fearing that if he
should go too fast he might give
occasion for suspicion. He soon
found the organ becoming very heavy.
He put the straps first in one place
and then in another, but still the organ
pressed upon his shoulders very severely.
He did not remember ever to have carried
a burden on his back in his life, with
the exception of a gun when he used to
go hunting. Yet he determined to make
the best of his condition, and accustom
himself as much as possible to the incon-
venience connected with his escape.

While he was thinking of his adventure,
and on what might yet become of him,
he carelessly wandered from the road and
took a side path, which brought him to
the village of A. It did not take long to
find the old hotel, for it was the first
house on the right-hand side. It had no
sign over it to tell what it was, but that
it was a house of entertainment one could
readily see by the number of people at
the window drinking wine. He entered,
as it was too late to go farther. The
landlord did not pay much attention
to him, but pointed out a place at an
empty table and brought him the bread
and meat he had ordered. The peasants
were talking about the events that were
taking place in Paris and throughout
France. But they had not yet heard that
Robespierre had been put to death; for
their village was quite a distance from
the main road, and there was little com-
munication between it and Paris. As they
mentioned the name of Robespierre, and

were speaking of what his next probable movement would be, the newly arrived organ-grinder said:

"It seems to me, citizens, that you are not aware of the latest news. Robespierre himself has been executed."

His words caused great excitement.

"What!" exclaimed the principal man in the room. "Do you mean to say that Robespierre has been guillotined?"

"Certainly," replied the organ-grinder; "I am as certain of it as that I am here. I just came from Paris, having started out at five o'clock this evening."

At the mention of this a man in the midst of the party, not clad as a peasant, and evidently a spy, rose up and said:

"I call upon the three men sitting near that man to arrest him. He is evidently an enemy of the government; for I have been in Paris to-day, and know positively that the story of Robespierre's execution is false."

The peasants looked at one another in anxiety. However, the three men sitting next to the disguised Marquis seized him and immediately hurried him off to an upper story of the inn, which was the only place in the village which served as a prison. He was compelled to leave his organ behind him.

What freedom! The night before this the Marquis had spent miserably enough in the public prison, but now he had to stay in a place even worse than that. There he had had at least a bed, but here was neither bed nor table, only a little straw on the floor. The hours passed wearily by, and the unfortunate man found it almost impossible to get a wink of sleep. All the voices died away; and after a while, about two o'clock in the morning, quiet reigned in the whole village. At three he thought somebody was at his door. The latch was lifted and a man came in with a lantern in his hand.

"Arise and come with me!" were the words that were whispered in his ear.

"Who are you?" asked the Marquis.

"That you will soon know," said the stranger. "Come with me without delay, and I hope I shall be able to save you."

The Marquis went, half-dreaming. The stranger led him through a wood to an old house on the other side of it. The house had neither doors nor windows; but in the cellar, which was closed, and to which the stranger had a key, there was a room which had been used as a place for sleeping and eating. The man then told the Marquis to sit down, and took a seat himself. It was now as they sat together at the table that the Marquis discovered who the man was—one of the three who had arrested him a few hours before.

"But how does it happen that you are now doing me the great service of saving my life," asked the Marquis, "when last night you helped to arrest me?"

"I know that I assisted in arresting you, but I did so simply because I could not help it. While I was in the very act I discovered that you were in disguise, and believed that I could save you. My name is Brecourt, and, as sure as that is my name, so sure am I that you are a nobleman. Come, tell me who you are."

"My name is Rovallet of Cliffory."

"So you are no organ-grinder, as you seem to be. I knew that immediately on your arrival last night. I knew it by the way you set your organ down. I knew also, from the way in which you ordered your food, and from the way in which you ate and drank, that you were not a peasant. I observed further that you had lived in the west of France, for this was revealed by your language. Your whole manner convinced me that you were a man of education and good-breeding. I noticed further that when you wiped the perspiration from your face, the brown dye came off upon your handkerchief. By the way, why should a peasant take his hat off at all? Then, your false beard was hanging on one side, and almost any child could have told what it was."

"But why did you rush upon me so violently when the man gave his orders,

as though you were going to take my very life?"

"I wanted to get you out of sight of the rest; for I was pretty sure you would betray yourself before you got much farther on your journey. Tell me now what are your plans?"

"I wish to leave France; for I see there is no immediate hope of any great improvement. True, Robespierre is dead, but it will be a long time before the country is settled again."

"I must tell you I am doing much the same business as yourself. I am also a Royalist, in the service of the Count Artois; and I go about the country in all kinds of clothing, in part to get news to take to our court, and in part to labor for the cause of the banished princes among the people. Now that Robespierre is dead, I must go back to the city and find out the state of public feeling; and when I return again, I shall be able to assist you. You will be perfectly safe if you stay here; and therefore I should like you to remain until the day after to-morrow, when I hope to meet again. If I be not here by that time, all you will have to do will be to remove the bar from this door—the lock will not be fastened,—and this passport will carry you safe to Germany."

Let us leave Brecourt to his crooked paths, and concern ourselves with the fugitive in his little subterranean lodging. He was quite comfortable. The cellar was not at all damp. The floor was covered with boards; in the corner was a bed, while a cupboard contained plenty of provisions. He did not, however, dare to cook anything, as the smoke from the chimney would have betrayed him.

The Marquis looked around to see if he could find anywhere a concealed staircase, a trapdoor, or any place through which he might slip in case his lodging were invaded. But all was solid and firm; not a corner or cranny into which he could crawl. There was plenty of clothing, masks, weapons, some articles of luxury,

medicines, etc.,—everything necessary to conceal one's true character. But Rovallet, who was naturally of a frank disposition, felt little inclined to make use of disguises.

"How," said he, "does it look for a nobleman of so old and respectable a family as mine to make use of such devices as I have done to conceal the name that has been illustrious for centuries! Is a good Christian allowed, from fear of those who have no faith in God, to adopt a mask and thus conceal himself from the world? No! I should never have done it! I ought to have trusted in God, who protects the innocent. Oh, that I had not given away my clothes!"

While these thoughts were passing through his mind he heard a loud noise above him. There was the report of a gun, and the sound of feet running up and down, and some persons, evidently wounded, screaming in agony. Rovallet immediately put out his light, for in that dark cellar the occupant was compelled to have one all day long.

In a little while all was quiet; then he heard people coming downstairs, and sliding something heavy before the cellar door. They made an effort to open the door; but, finding it strongly fastened, they went off again with their burden. Soon after everything was silent, and the unwelcome guests seemed to have left. The Marquis did not like to sit in the darkness unless absolutely necessary, and therefore struck a light again; but he placed it in a corner and set the table before it. Now he had an opportunity to give a new direction to his thoughts, and they ran in this wise:

"So it appears I am not safe here. If the fellows had been a little more violent, they could easily have burst the door open; and it is a wonder to me that they did not suspect something wrong when a closed cellar existed under an open house. I am sure others will come here to-morrow, and that this same door will be broken open. I am not certain

that Brecourt will come to-day or even to-morrow."

Rovalet resolved, after mature deliberation, to leave his hiding-place and start off to Germany without waiting for Brecourt's return. In the wardrobe of the cellar he found various kinds of citizen's dress, one suit of which he resolved to appropriate after he had taken some rest; he then wrote a note to Brecourt, in which he explained the reasons for his hasty departure.

Having slept well, the Marquis dressed himself carefully in citizen's costume. But just now there occurred to him a difficulty which he had not thought of so long as he was in the cellar—the door was closed by means of the bar inside. But how could he close it after he had gone out? He could not think of leaving it open, and thus endanger the man to whom he owed his life. The experience of the night before told him that the attempt might be made to open the cellar again. How could he now get out of the difficulty? Suddenly it occurred to him that he had seen a number of keys on a shelf; quite possibly one of them might fit the cellar door. Accordingly he tried them, and eventually found one which fitted the lock. Then he opened the door, went out, locked it after him, and hid the key where none but a person who was expressly looking for it could find it.

The Marquis was now well on his way from the house where he had been concealed. He had taken no writing with him, not even the passport Mesnel had given him, nor that of Brecourt. He thought it was beneath his dignity as a nobleman to be denying his real character, and he had fully made up his mind that one can get on in the world as well by telling the truth as by telling a falsehood. Unfortunately, the clothing he had selected had formerly belonged to a Jacobin, who, at the instigation of Robespierre, had gone through that section of the country in the Reign of Terror in order to seek out the disaffected and present them

as candidates for the guillotine. He had scarcely reached the first town before he was looked upon with surprise and terror by even the children in the streets, and a number of people said as he passed, "There goes a betrayer! Catch him! His power has come to an end. Robespierre is dead!"

The Marquis had not gone much further when a number of men arrested him, and, in spite of his protestations, took him to the city hall into the presence of the mayor.

"What will you have done with this man?" said the mayor.

They cried: "That is one Chaslet, who betrayed our citizens! There is no doubt about it."

The old secretary, the very oracle of the mayor, assured him that it was not Chaslet, who was much older than this man. But the rest insisted that it was Chaslet. Finally Rovalet was asked if he was Chaslet, whereupon he replied:

"No. I am the Marquis Rovalet, of Clifford."

"Ah, ah!" said the mayor, "So highly born! How, then, did you come by this clothing, which evidently belonged to the Jacobin Chaslet? We all know that that fellow of all others, at least, was no special friend of marquises, counts, and noblemen in general. Where did you get this outfit?"

This question now brought Rovalet into difficulty; for he did not want to betray the friend who had lent him the clothing, and therefore said he could not give any further answer.

Then the people cried: "Any one can see he is Chaslet!"

"Have you no papers to confirm your declaration?" asked the mayor.

"No," replied Rovalet. "I have lost all my papers. I was confined in prison and awaiting my execution, and it was through Robespierre's fall that I was delivered. I received this clothing from a friend in order that I might travel unknown to Germany."

"Yes, yes!" said the mayor. "Such a story is very easily told. After Robespierre's death you had nothing more to fear; why, then, should you want to leave the country? However, your case shall be examined as soon as I have time. Meanwhile you must remain in the care of the jailer, who will lodge you in that tower. You have a fine view from it. Try to make yourself comfortable."

Explanations and importunities were in vain, and so the poor Marquis was consigned to quarters which were as bad as any he had yet occupied. There we must leave him for a while, and see what has become of his friend Brecourt.

(Conclusion next week.)

Said to a King.

Once upon a time there lived a powerful king, who reigned over a large and fertile country. He had crowns of gold and pearls, and sceptres of ivory and precious stones. His treasury was full of the costly things of the earth; tens of thousands of armed men were ready to obey his bidding, and his dominion extended from sea to sea. But without God's blessing worldly possessions are only an increase of care; and, as this mighty monarch feared not God, he was dissatisfied and unhappy.

In the dominions of the king there lived a certain dervis, famed on all sides for sanctity, wisdom, and piety; and the king, willing to profit by the instructions of the holy man, paid him a visit. He found him clothed in sackcloth, living in a cave surrounded with high rocks.

"Holy man," said the king, "I come to learn how I may be happy."

Without saying a word, the dervis led the king through the rugged pathways of the place till he brought him in front of a high rock, near the top of which an eagle had built her eyrie.

"Why has the eagle builded her nest yonder?" the dervis now asked.

"Doubtless," answered the king, "that it may be out of the way of danger."

"Then imitate the bird," said the dervis; "build thy throne in heaven, and one day thou shalt reign there in happiness and peace."

Now, the king would have willingly given the dervis a hundred pieces of gold, if he would have accepted them, for this precious piece of advice. It may be as useful to us as to the king; for we are all as much interested as he was in being happy.

The Scribes and the Pharisees.

The word Pharisee is derived from *pharash*—i. e., "to separate." And the name was well chosen to designate the Pharisees, whose ambition it was to keep themselves separate from all mankind, both as regards religious and political independence. This sect arose soon after the return of the Jews from the Babylonian captivity, and sprang from the Great Synagogue, or "College of Scribes," established by Esdras to interpret and teach the Law of Moses to the people. They were men who bound themselves to the strictest observance of the law, and they wished to be known as "pious men." The historian Josephus tells us that in his time they numbered about six thousand. The Scribes were of the Pharisees, but ranked higher, since they held the offices of the College

An Inspiring Picture.

Titian painted the picture of St. Christopher on the wall of the Doge's palace in Venice. The picture was so placed that the Doge must look upon it every morning when he left his room. Near the painting the following words were written: "Whoever shall behold the image of St. Christopher, on that day shall not faint or fail."

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—"Orthodoxy," Mr. G. K. Chesterton's new book, is largely autobiographical, and should have interest for all readers of "Heretics." It is the purpose of the companion volume to attempt an explanation of how the author came to believe the Christian faith. Both books are brilliant ones.

—As all the world knows, William Caxton, the first English printer, flourished about 1422-1491. Just when he set up his press at Westminster is not known, but it was between 1471 and 1477. "The Game and Playe of the Chesse," the first book printed in English, is dated 1474, but there is some doubt as to whether it was printed in England.

—The literature of the short story has been enriched by the publication of Elizabeth Jordan's "Many Kingdoms." It is a book for old people with young hearts. Mr. Howells, writing of another new book in which Miss Jordan was a collaborator, pays her a high compliment in saying that no writer to-day better portrays that fearful and wonderful person, the half-grown schoolgirl.

—Directors of choirs will be interested to learn of the following new publications: a Mass in C, for two voices, by Charles Gounod, arranged with tenor and bass, *ad libitum*, by Eduardo Marzo, published by Oliver Ditson Co.; a Mass in honor of St. Cecilia, arranged for four male voices by E. J. Biedermann, published by J. Fischer & Bro.; and "Hymn to the Pope," words by the Rev. A. Klarman, A. M., music by Charles Korz, published by Pustet & Co.

—A timely little book of devotions is "A Novena for the Souls in Purgatory," compiled by the Very Rev. A. O'Gorman, O. S. A., Kent, England, and published in convenient form by Benziger Brothers. The novena is arranged to include a short meditation on some phase of devotion to the Holy Souls, prayers and a litany. The book opens with an excellent exposition of the teaching of the Church on prayers for the dead; and the last pages are arranged for the names of dear ones whose anniversaries one wishes to record.

—From the Oliver Ditson Co., Boston, purveyors of the best in musical lines, we have received Panseron's "A B C of Music," a primer of vocalization, revised and extended by N. Clifford Page. This work, in its old form, proved a valuable text-book in the hands of teachers of singing, and the new edition keeps the

old qualities, while claiming new ones which make the book useful to students as well as teachers. As a supplement to this work, the same publishers offer "Twelve Lessons in the Fundamentals of Voice Production," by Arthur L. Manchester. It dwells upon essentials in the art of singing, emphasizing points too often forgotten. The suggestive list of songs in this book should be of special value to teachers.

—In Father Russell's "Pigeonhole Paragraphs," of the *Irish Monthly*, we find this interesting note:

To our knowledge more persons than one have written habitually "Mother Superior" instead of "Superioress," influenced, directly or indirectly, by an incident in the famous trial "Saurin vs. Starr," in the year 1869. At the beginning of the fifth day (it lasted twenty days) the Lord Chief Justice (Sir Alexander Cockburn) said: "Mr. Solicitor-General, would you mind saying 'Mother Superior' instead of 'Superioress'? You whose English is always so good will, I am sure, excuse this suggestion. 'Superioress' somehow grates upon the ear." The Solicitor-General (Sir John Coleridge, afterward the first Lord Coleridge) answered: "Quite so, my Lord. I am obliged to you. I ought to have remembered that 'superior' is in Latin both masculine and feminine."

—The M. H. Wiltzius Co. have brought out in cheap form, "The Business Side of Religion," the rather unique series of short articles contributed some months ago to a number of our Catholic exchanges by the Rev. J. T. Roche, I.L. D. The author expresses the hope, in his concluding pages, that he has hurt "the sensibilities of the poor pays, the slow pays, and those who pay nothing at all"; and we think it altogether probable that his hopes have been realized. Without agreeing with all of Father Roche's contentions, one may well commend his general purpose and its execution. Some minor defects detract from one's thorough enjoyment of these practical "talks." To speak of "secret societies" within the Church is to wrench one's connotation of that phrase. The little work deserves a wide circulation, especially among the class least likely, we fear, to procure it.

—The name "Isaac Pitman" on a book of phonography is a hall-mark of excellence; hence we are safe in recommending "Essentials of Phonography," published by Pitman & Sons. This pamphlet presents in convenient form, for learning and reference, fundamentals of outline construction, and contains also supplementary exercises to serve as tests of the learner's knowledge. Two other recent publications of Messrs. Pitman deserve notice and should be known to all teachers and students of their system of

phonography—a special edition in the form of lesson sheets of the “Course in Isaac Pitman Shorthand,” giving instruction by correspondence; and “A Practical Course in Touch Typewriting,” by Mr. Charles E. Smith, author of the “Cumulative Speller.” By this method the learner will be enabled to master the keyboard by the sense of touch. Both of these books are excellently produced.

—From the “Casual Comment” of the *Dial* we clip the following piece of wholesome advice, which originally appeared in the *Journal of New Jersey Libraries* for October, 1903:

Finest Orations, Noblest Essays, Royal Flám Flams, Huge Anthologies, and the like, all come to the secondhand man. Get them of him if you must. In a small library they are generally almost useless. In subscription books, cases like this are not uncommon. Maspero wrote several large and learned volumes, in French, on Egypt and Chaldea. They were translated and published in three or four volumes in England, costing libraries in this country about \$5 each. An American publisher reprints them in twelve small volumes with a few additional colored cuts, on heavier paper, and in larger type, and offers them through agents for \$34—and libraries buy them! Do not buy “sets” or complete editions of authors. Buy the volumes you need and as you need them. A complete set always includes several volumes you do not need.

And the set you buy at an auction, not because you need it at all, but because it is so good a bargain, is an encumbrance on your bookshelves and a memorial of your folly.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' price generally includes postage.

“St. Thomas of Canterbury.” Rev. Robert Hugh Benson. 85 cts.

“Stories for You and Me.” Mother Mary Salome. 75 cts., net.

“The Thirteenth Greatest of Centuries.” James J. Walsh, M. D., Ph. D., LL. D. \$2.70.

“Sermons on Modern Spiritualism.” Rev. A. V. Miller, O. S. C. 75 cts.

“Sydney Carrington's Contumacy.” X. Lawson. \$1.25.

“The Lepers of Molokai.” Charles Warren Stoddard. New Edition. Enlarged. 75 cts.

“The Man's Hands.” P. R. Garrold, S. J. 86 cts.

“Vittorino da Feltre.” A Sister of Notre Dame. 86 cts.

“A Catholic History of Alabama and the Floridas.” A Member of the Order of Mercy. Vol. I. \$1.60.

“Meditations for the Use of Seminarians and Priests.” Vol. II. Very Rev. L. Branchereau, S. S. \$1, net.

“Irish Wit and Humor.” 50 cts.

“Catholic Life; or, the Feasts, Fasts and Devotions of the Ecclesiastical Year.” 75 cts., net.

“The Dangers of Spiritualism.” J. Godfrey Raupert, 75 cts., net.

“Modern Spiritism.” J. Godfrey Raupert. \$1.35, net.

“The See of Peter and the Voice of Authority.” Rev. Thomas Dolan. 60 cts.

“Lourdes: A History of Its Apparitions and Cures.” Georges Bertrin. \$2, net.

“Dear Friends.” D. Ella Nirdlinger. 60 cts.

“The Eucharistic Mission.” Rev. William Lescher, O. P.

“A Conversion and a Vocation.” \$1.25.

“History of the German People at the Close of the Middle Ages.” Johannes Janssen. Vols. X. and XI. \$6.25, net.

“The Queen's Daughter.” Joseph J. Wynne. \$1.

“Political Economy.” Charles S. Devas, M. A. \$2.

“Fraternal Charity.” Rev. Father Valuy, S. J. 40 cts., net.

“Priestly Vocation and Tonsure.” Rev. L. Bacuez, S. S. \$1, net.

“What is Life? A Study of Vitalism and Neo-Vitalism.” Bertram C. A. Windle, M. A., M. D., etc. \$1, net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Bernard Hehl, C. P., and Rev. Joseph Landry, S. J.

Sister M. Aloysius, of the Order of Mercy; and Sister Mary Anne, Order of St. Ursula.

Mr. William Patton, Mr. John Fox, Mrs. Mary Murphy, Mrs. Annie Black, Mr. P. H. McTighe, Miss Margaret Moreland, Mr. John McCabe, Emma Sheckleton, Mr. John Quinn, Mrs. Margaret Wallace, Mrs. James McGowan, Mr. Andrew Stark, Miss J. C. Walsh, Mr. Thomas Royston, Mrs. Margaret Kerrigan, Mr. Edward Hope, Mrs. Anna McMahon, Mr. James Smith, Miss Julia McCormick, Mr. John Sice, and Mrs. Margaret Pelkey.

Requiescant in pace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LXVII. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, NOVEMBER 21, 1908. NO. 21.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C. S. C.]

Kindness.

BY L. H. O. E.

LET us be kind. The eyes that shine to-day,
To-morrow may be closed in death's long
sleep;

What vigils of regret our hearts may keep!
Too late the loving glance, or to unsay
The cruel word, or tender tribute pay.

How simple 'tis to make the pulses leap
With joy, or with a smile of love to sweep
The lengthening shadows of despair away!

What heart hath not some hidden cross to bear?

Some sacred memory, endeared by tears?
Who hath escaped life's heritage of care,
Of suffering or loss, of grief or fears?

Ah, there is need of kindness everywhere,
And words of hope uplifting like a prayer!

The Power of the Blessed Virgin to Work Miracles.

PLAINLY established in the Gospel itself is the power which the Blessed Virgin Mary holds from God to overrule natural laws, or, as we say, work miracles. Let us turn to the promises of her Divine Son, our Lord Jesus Christ. "Amen, amen, I say unto you, he that believeth in Me, the works that I do he shall do also, and greater than these shall he do."* To render this promise yet more impressive, Our Lord vouchsafed to strengthen it by a striking illustration—namely, of faith

ordering a mountain to remove, and the mountain obeying. The circumstances which called forth this wonderful declaration are remarkable in several respects.

"There came a man to Jesus, who fell down on his knees before Him, saying: Lord, have pity on my son; for he is a lunatic, and suffereth much; for he falleth often into the fire, and often into the water; and I brought him to Thy disciples, and they could not cure him. And Jesus answered and said: O unbelieving and perverse generation! how long shall I be with you? How long shall I suffer you? Bring him hither to Me. And Jesus rebuked him, and the devil went out of him, and the child was cured from that hour. Then came the disciples to Jesus secretly, and said: Why could not we cast him out? Jesus said to them: Because of your unbelief; for, amen I say to you, if you have faith as a grain of mustard-seed, you shall say to this mountain: Remove from hence to yonder place, and it shall remove; and nothing shall be impossible to you."*

We see by this that the unbelief of the disciples displeased their Master. He was indignant, grieved, and, if we may so express it, apparently surprised, that they had been unable to relieve the suffering child at the prayer of his father. He wished them, rather than Himself, to work this wonder. In like manner He rebuked the weak faith of the disciples in the storm, and of Peter walking on the waves. Indeed, Our Lord seemed to avail Himself of every opportunity to show the intimate

* St. John, xiv, 12.

* St. Matt., xvii, 14-19. Protestant version.

connection between faith and miracles, both as to working them and receiving them. "Take courage, daughter: thy faith hath made thee whole," was His reply to the unspoken prayer of the woman who touched the hem of His garment. "Do you believe I can do this unto you?" He asked the two blind men who followed Him; and when they answered, "Yea, Lord," He touched their eyes, saying: "According to your faith be it done unto you."

If, therefore, we put aside for a moment Catholic dogma respecting the Blessed Virgin, and try to regard her as merely "Christ's Mother"—the mother of an historical character,—whose faith in Christ could equal Mary's? Who believes in a man as strongly, as tenderly, as unshakably as his mother? Everyone knows that the greatest reprobate is not all bad in his mother's eyes; that the most commonplace of men is a hero, a genius, a saint, if you take his mother's estimate; and if you hesitate to accept it, she deems you blind, stupid, or envious. We call it one of nature's mysteries, this strong faith in a son's virtues or abilities. Now, are we to suppose the Mother of Christ different from all others in natural feeling and instinct?

When the joyful Shepherds, and those to whom they related the Angels' visit and the mystery of Bethlehem, conversed of these things, Mary kept and pondered them in her heart, just as our mothers treasure in their hearts the good sayings they hear about "the baby," and can repeat them years after. She is amazed at the wisdom of her Child in the Temple, disputing with the learned doctors of the law; and, after returning to Nazareth, "kept these sayings in her heart." Again, we remember our own mother's always being surprised at our sense and knowledge, and delighting in recalling what we said or did. Even the interpretation which has been given to certain texts as showing that Christ did not recognize her maternal authority, or care for her solicitude—alas

that the commentators did not perceive that in trying to depreciate the Mother they were blaspheming the Son, as disregarding one of His own Ten Commandments!—even this would make the Mother's picture more touchingly true to life, when we see her loving, faithful, and devoted to the last,—to the bitter end on Calvary.

Thus, then, it is plain that, viewing the Gospel narrative as mere biography, it must be admitted that Mary's belief in her Son must be greater than any other person is capable of, from the fact of being His Mother, and having the natural feelings that belong only to the maternal relation. And it follows as a necessary consequence that whoever holds the New Testament to be inspired, and believes Christ is God, must admit His Mother's power to do more wonderful works than it pleased Him to do during His mortal life.

Now, let us rise from the natural to the supernatural, and study for a few moments the Mary presented to us in Scripture,—the Mary honored by the Church. But, first of all, let us pause to acquire a distinct idea of what a "miracle" really is.

"Miracles form the most intelligible language by which men learn to understand Divine Providence," says the eminent Jesuit, Père Martin.* "As the admirable order which His laws have established in the universe is the general expression of the greatness of God, so the prodigies by which these laws are suspended are the particular expression of His wishes. God willed to found His religion on miracles, in order that these proofs of its truth might be equally accessible to all minds. Thus, from the epoch of its creation, prodigies have never ceased on earth. We are familiar with the dread majesty of those which characterized the Mosaic Law, and with the touching sweetness of those belonging to the Gospel. In proportion to the vividness with which the saints reproduce in their lives the humility of the Saviour of the world, God is pleased

* "Le Pèlerinage de Sainte Anne d'Auray," pp. 147, 150, 151.

to bestow on them a larger share of the glory of His power; and this power, by a sublime contrast, appears to be attached particularly to their earthly dust, and sometimes to the simplest representations of them."

We shall content ourselves with indicating the rules, fraught with wisdom, which the Church follows in judging of miracles. They are principally these four:

(1.) First of all, the fact of the alleged miracle must be duly established; and it is to be established, as all facts are, by proofs carefully collected and considered.

(2.) The fact being established, its utility must be shown; for God does not waste His power, nor does His wisdom lend its aid to scenes for the gratification of the idle and inquisitive.

(3.) The object being worthy of God, it must be proved that the means employed are not less so: it is by prayer and approved practices of religion that these favors are obtained.

(4.) The event, finally, must bear a supernatural character; that is to say, it must derogate from the laws of nature either in itself or in its accompanying circumstances. It derogates from natural laws in itself when it surpasses the limits of created powers, or the means which human wisdom and strength can furnish. Although we can not tell precisely the utmost limit of these forces, we know with perfect certainty many things to which they are unequal. Without being able to say the exact number of pounds a strong man may carry, I can indicate a number that no man, however strong, will ever bear. A fact is miraculous in its circumstances when these manifestly co-operate with a superior intention. Thus the cure of a disease may enter into the natural course of events; but to obtain a sudden and complete cure at the very instant it is implored, and after having tried all remedies in vain, is one of those things which can not be explained as accidental, or natural, and which must compel every sensible man to recognize

that the power of God has been exercised.

That the favors obtained at Lourdes and other shrines of Our Lady are in accordance with these four rules is self-evident. The cures are testified to by numerous and disinterested witnesses thereof; they are beneficial to the sufferers, and therefore worthy of Him who during His mortal life went about doing good; they are obtained through prayer offered in places approved by the highest ecclesiastical authority; and they take place inexplicably, often instantaneously, after every remedy accessible to the patients had been tried in vain during months, or, most frequently, during years.

Let us get firmly into our minds that the Blessed Virgin is as truly our Mother as she is the Mother of Jesus. This truth is so implicitly received from our earliest years that it is not easy to form an explicit idea of its importance. The impossibility of any one outside the Church receiving it, shows it to be an integral part of Christianity; and shows again how far from the real faith which Christ established is the "fragmentary Christianity" now so much in vogue. Outside the Church, no one, however earnest in seeking the truth, or pious in practising its accepted duties, ever attains to that unhesitating belief in Christ being our Brother, which even to the lukewarm Catholic seems the most natural thing in the world. Unwittingly enunciating the grandest truth of Christian faith, the Catholic claims Mary as Mother. Just as unconsciously denying that fundamental dogma, the non-Catholic claims Christ as Brother, but not Mary as Mother; and, in not recognizing her, rejects Him. There can not be a clear and practical acceptance of the fraternal tie which binds our Saviour Christ to us, without a quick and undoubting recognition of His Mother's maternal relationship to us likewise. Hence even the Episcopalians, while holding to the Nicene Creed, have but vague impressions of the hypostatic union. They can not take in the grand definition of the Incar-

nation so clearly given in the Athanasian Creed:

"Now the right faith is, that we believe and confess that our Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God, is both God and man. He is God of the substance of His Father, begotten before the world; and He is man of the substance of His Mother, born in the world. Perfect God and perfect man, of reasonable soul and human flesh subsisting. Equal to the Father according to His Godhead, and less than the Father according to His manhood. Who, although He be both God and man, yet He is not two, but one Christ. One, not by the conversion of the Godhead into flesh, but by the taking of the manhood unto God. One altogether, not by confusion of substance, but by unity of person. For as the reasonable soul and the flesh is one man, so God and man is one Christ."

Here we have the divine personality of Mary's Son as fully elucidated as human words can do so. Our separated brethren, unable to grasp this truth of "unity of person," imagine a certain "confusion of substance," and so receive not "one Christ," but "two." The Virgin Mary is the Mother of Christ the Man, but not of Christ the God; thus they argue, because they can not see that the two natures of Christ are united in one person—a divine Person. It is a mystery that can only be believed through that little phrase so familiar to Catholic lips from infancy: "Mother of God." Not more truly is God the Father of the Divine Redeemer than the Virgin Mary is His Mother. If, therefore, we have a right to call Almighty God our Father, because His Divine Son is our Brother, we have the very same right to call Mary our Mother. Father and Mother are indissolubly united here; and the stupendous fact that the Father is the Creator of all things, while the Mother is but a human creature, the work of His hands, furnishes us with no excuse for doubting it.

It is precisely this fact that gives us the *children's* claim on God. If one of

our earth-born race were not as truly the Mother of His Divine Son, Christ Jesus, as God is the Father, both Father and Son would be no nearer nor dearer to us than they were before the Incarnation. The first two Persons of the Holy Trinity held that relationship from all eternity: what would it matter to us mortals if they were pleased to have it take on a new form in some strange way? But it *does* matter to us that one of ourselves was necessarily connected with it in the closest, sweetest, tenderest and strongest of all ties—as Mother. This it is—only this—which enables us to love God as our Father. Without the mother there is no family. Through Mary we have an inalienable right to call the great God our Father; He is brought nearer to us, and, without for a moment losing sight of His transcendent majesty, we use our privileges with the native grace of children enjoying their birthright.

Then it is only needful to remember that as our Father, God, is both powerful and willing to help us in all wants, so is our Mother Mary; the only difference being that He has the power and will in and of His own adorable self, while she receives both from Him. That she has a right to them, follows from her office of Mother; for it is God Himself who teaches us intuitively that a mother can not be indifferent to her children's woes. Thus, both naturally and supernaturally, Mary may be expected to work miracles for her children; and all human beings are her children, being all the children of her Divine Son's Father; and she is ever showing, to those who petition for her favor, the wide world over, that she recognizes her relationship to them. Now, as at the marriage-feast of Cana in Galilee, Mary is the advocate with her Divine Son of all who petition for temporal or spiritual favors.

NOR is it to be denied that the souls of the departed are relieved by the piety of their living friends.—*St. Augustine.*

Phileas Fox, Attorney.

BY ANNA T. SADLER.

XIX.

AS if inspired by that understanding with Isabel, and the hopes it had engendered, Phileas Fox worked with an unremitting and ever-growing energy. Custom was pouring in upon him. He found it necessary to engage an office boy, who should help with the copying of documents, and other such matters as could be safely entrusted to him; and this new functionary was installed at a desk behind the curtain. The office chairs, once painfully new, began now to grow shabby with constant use; the shelves were filled with papers; and the attorney himself, as he bent over his desk, was an exceedingly busy man.

Early one Monday morning he had a visit from the assistant district attorney, who wanted his co-operation in an important case.

"I say, Fox," he said, "we've got an ugly customer to deal with. He's involved in a very network of illegal doings, and yet he manages somehow to keep on the safe side of the law. He's a shrewd fellow; he's got the nerve of I don't know what; and, besides, there's money behind him. He's feathered his own nest, and he knows how to rake in the shekels; and some big men are in the deals with him. I want you to take up the case against him jointly with myself, and to get evidence so that we can procure a conviction. I want to send him to Sing Sing for a long term; for he's about the worst blackguard in New York State."

"And that's saying a good deal!" cried Phileas, remembering certain experiences of his own.

"Yes. I suppose it would be pretty hard to beat Jason Trowbridge."

Phileas started. "Trowbridge?" he said. "Why, I've got almost enough evidence myself to convict him in any court."

The visitor raised his eyebrows incredulously. "I'm glad to hear it," he said. "But remember that 'almost' won't do for that rascal. He's a precious slippery customer."

"Well, I'll put my evidence before you in proper form," Phileas declared; "and I can tell you that I never undertook a case with greater pleasure, apart from the honor for a beginner like myself of being associated with you."

"We'll work it out together," the elder man said, with a kindly smile. "Our office is up to its ears in work just now; but if we can capture Jason, we'll do a great service to the community."

He then proceeded, with a cynicism engendered by long years of familiarity with crime, to unfold to Phileas such deeds and such schemes as fairly nauseated the listener, who from time to time gave vent to an exclamation that was like an explosive in the serene calm of the other's talk; and the keen eyes of the elder man twinkled, and his mouth, set firmly above the grizzled chin, formed itself into a laugh.

"You'll get used to it, my boy," he said encouragingly.

"Why doesn't the law take hold of this scoundrel, and a score or two of others, and shut them up?"

"Partly on the old principle that rogues need only rope enough to hang themselves in the long run, partly from the difficulty of convicting them. The law itself is beset on all sides by dirty trucklers, who are teaching rascals to elude it. Pah! it's sickening to think of it. But you'll find that there's no use in regret. If every man in this country of ours would only work for honest law and honest administration thereof,—why, the cities would be paradise instead of the other thing. It's graft, my boy, and graft again. But tell me now, what do you know about this Trowbridge?"

"For one thing, his real name is Gross."

"Oh, I guess he has half a dozen aliases! But what else?"

Phileas then related his own experience with the miscreant; and the big man laughed heartily at the description of Jason's visit and its results.

"Why, you lost the chance of your life!" cried the elder practitioner. "He'd have kept you busy from one end of the year to the other, and paid you well. You might have been driving your own motor by this time, and nine out of ten chaps would have jumped at the offer."

"Not decent fellows, surely?"

The other raised his eyebrows again and compressed his lips.

"Plenty of what the world calls decent fellows," he declared emphatically.

"They are a disgrace to our profession!" exclaimed Phileas. "They ought to be barred."

"You're at the boiling point of virtue yet," the older man commented.

Phileas found the attorney's cynicism revolting. He liked him better in that mood when he had blurted out his honest indignation; for he knew his reputation to be that of an honest man and a civic and national reformer.

"See here," continued the other, after a pause. "I guess you're a Roman Catholic, eh?"

"Yes," said Phileas, surprised at the question; "of course I am a Catholic."

"I thought so," said the other, looking at him thoughtfully. "And that reminds me of a little rhyme I heard somewhere:

When they're good, they're very, very good;
And when they're bad, they're horrid."

"They never have any excuse for being bad," said Phileas,— "not in their religion, at all events."

"That's right," agreed the other. "I haven't time to bother my head about any religion; but I guess yours is the best police system, anyhow. It's needed in this country, to keep the masses in order."

"It's needed everywhere, to keep all classes in order," responded Phileas, who was not quite pleased with his senior's way of putting things.

"I suppose so,—I suppose so," assented

the official, good-naturedly; and then, dismissing the matter, he made an appointment for the next day, and passed out with a farewell hand-shake that was unwontedly genial for him. He almost knocked into a person who was advancing toward the office door, and who was the very antithesis of himself. It gave Phileas a sensation of absolute relief, mingled with astonishment, to behold John Vorst standing upon the threshold.

Phileas, having hastened to accommodate him with his own chair, which was the most comfortable in the place, expressed both his surprise and concern that the old man should have ventured so far alone.

"Oh, I am not such an old hulk as you may suppose from seeing me seated in my armchair!" cried John Vorst; "though it's true I am a bit stiff in the joints."

His voice and accent were so delightfully modulated that they were a distinct relief to the lawyer, especially in the mood wherein his last visitor had left him. And the personality of the late comer seemed an equally delightful contrast to those degraded beings who had been brought before the young man's mind with photographic exactitude. Here was one, as Phileas felt with a curious satisfaction, who, with innumerable temptations offered to him, had never swerved from the path of rectitude. Occupying a high place as he had done in the world, being almost an international figure in social circles, he had held on unflinchingly to the ideals, above all to the faith, of his youth. Injuring no man, scandalizing no man, he had borne patiently and without bitterness manifold wrong and injustice; faithful to the law of God, and practising, though unostentatiously, the various devotions of the Church.

"Oh," thought Phileas, with the generous warmth of youth, "even apart from religion altogether, isn't it better to do as this man has done?"

For his heart was still sick within him, not only at the revelations he had heard,

but at the cynicism with which those revelations had been made by one whom he knew to be an honest and conventionally right-doing man.

Mr. Vorst, quite unconscious of the antithesis he presented, and of the train of thought which his appearance had suggested, was looking with pleased interest about the apartment.

"So this," he said, "is where you dabble in the law and expound its mysteries? It's an exceedingly pleasant room, with plenty of air and sunshine."

"Just see what a view I have from this window," said Phileas, boyishly, pleased with the other's approval of his surroundings. "I'll move your chair, and you can examine it at your leisure."

Mr. Vorst, in his whole-hearted way, expressed his wonder and delight at the strange and varied panorama outstretched before him.

"It makes me feel a century old at least," he said. "Picture to yourself, if you can, Mr. Fox, how this great wilderness of a city looked when I remember it as a boy. Not a single sky-scraper; only surface cars—horse cars at that—and omnibuses; never a telephone nor an electric light. And as for these thoroughfares, this maze of offices and buildings, those multitudes of human beings, divide them all by a tenth and you will have some idea of the New York of my boyhood. And now show me some of the sights, you watchman on the tower of human progress. To me they are all new. I never get farther down town than the twentieth streets."

Phileas pointed out the most prominent features in the landscape, all of which John Vorst regarded with pleased interest and appreciation, noting the contrasts, asking questions, and listening with that sympathetic joyousness which was so winning a trait in his character.

"Well," he said at the end of it all, "there are only two features that I recognize in this new scene, and they are like old and faithful friends: the

bay out yonder that shall flow upon its way and beat upon this shore long after that human swarm shall be gathered to their fathers, and the twin spires of Trinity and St. Paul's."

After the old man had thus expressed his admiration of everything, he said:

"But here I am talking away as if we were still in those leisurely old days, instead of being in conversation with a busy and rising young lawyer. Are we quite alone?"

"My boy may be behind the curtain," said Phileas. "I'll make sure, though I don't think he is precisely within earshot."

To make assurance doubly sure, however, Phileas dismissed the boy upon some errand; and then, locking the door that no one might intrude, he begged of John Vorst to acquaint him with his reasons for having made so unusual an effort.

"I received a letter this morning," said the old man, seeking for the epistle in question amongst half a dozen others in his breast pocket. "It is," he said, "from a person, whom I may possibly have mentioned to you before, and who has been the source of much annoyance to me for a long time past."

Phileas divined that his friend could be speaking of none other than William Gross, alias Jason Trowbridge.

"My connection with him," said Mr. Vorst, "dates back over several years. He was once in my employment; his father had been in that of my father. But like father, like son; we had to get rid of them both."

Phileas made no effort to interrupt the course of the narrative, even to the extent of remarking that he had heard something of all this before; and Mr. Vorst proceeded:

"He has annoyed me in many ways to gratify the grudge he bore me. He used to make it his business to spy upon my movements, to discover me in every new retreat, and to disclose the same, or to threaten that he would make such disclosure, to the lawyers. Through his

machinations I was driven from Mrs. O'Rourke's. I then went to Westchester, where, despite many painful associations, I was enjoying a real repose when he presented himself one rainy afternoon. I declined to see him. He hung about the house till late night, still kept at bay by my sturdy Teuton—"

"Whose acquaintance I also made," laughed Phileas.

John Vorst looked up in surprise, while the young man explained, telling for the first time of his visit to the house and its results.

"But," continued Phileas, "you were about to tell me of the miscreant's last intrusion on your privacy."

"He hung about the place, as I said, till late on into the night. Even after I had retired, I heard his uneasy step skulking about the gallery. Had he dared, he would, I verily believe, have forced an entrance, though he usually strives to keep upon the safe side of the law. Next day I left for Boston. The fellow had either lost the scent or he did not care to pursue it at that moment. Since my return, which he has in some way or another discovered, he has made sundry efforts to see me, always repulsed by worthy Mrs. O'Rourke; after which he had recourse to the mails, and this morning I received the sample of his epistolary style which I am about to show you."

Removing the letter from its envelope, John Vorst laid it before Phileas, who read its contents.

(To be continued.)

Poetry.

BY MARION MUIR.

EVEN as sunlit mountain waters flow
Down the long canyon, and such lustre throw
On every pebble strewn along its bed
It seems a crown's high treasure shed
Over the life-tales of humanity
Brightens the lovely tide of Poesy.

Lourdes.

BY THE REV. ROBERT HUGH BENSON.

III.

NOW, it is at the close of the afternoon procession that the sick more usually are healed. I crossed the Bureau to the other window that looks onto what I will call the square, and began to watch for the reappearance of the procession on that side. In front of me was a dense crowd of heads, growing more dense every step up to the barriers that enclose the open space in the midst. It was beyond those barriers, as I knew, that the sick were laid ready for the passing by of Jesus of Nazareth. On the right rose the wide sweep of steps and terraces leading up to the basilica, and every line of stone was crowned with heads. Even on the cliffs beyond, I could see figures coming and going and watching. In all, about eighty thousand persons were present.

Presently the singing grew loud again; the procession had turned the corner and entered the square; and I could see the canopy moving quickly down the middle toward the Rosary Church, for its work was done. The Blessed Sacrament was to be carried round the lines of the sick, beneath an umbrellino.

I shall describe all this later, and more in detail; it is enough just now to say that the Blessed Sacrament went round, that it was carried at last to the steps of the Rosary Church, and that, after the singing of the *Tantum Ergo* by that enormous crowd, Benediction was given. Then the Bureau began to fill, and I turned round for the scientific aspect of the affair.

The first thing that I saw was a little girl, seeming eight or nine years old, who walked in and stood at the other side of the table, to be examined. Her name was Marguerite Vandenabeele—so I

read on the certificate,—and she had suffered since birth from infantile paralysis, with such a result that she was unable to put her heels to the ground. That morning in the *piscine* she had found herself able to walk properly, though her heels were tender from disuse. We looked at her—the doctors who had begun again to fill the room, and myself, with three or four more amateurs. There she stood, very quiet and unexcited, with a slightly flushed face. Some elder person in charge of her gave in the certificate and answered the questions. Then she went away.*

Now, I must premise that the cures that took place while I was at Lourdes this August can not yet be regarded as finally established, since not sufficient time has elapsed for their test and verification. Occasionally there is a relapse soon after the apparent cure, in the case of certain diseases that may be more or less affected by a nervous condition; occasionally claimants are found not to be cured at all. For scientific certainty, therefore, it is better to rely upon cures that have taken place a year, or at least some months previously, in which the restored health is preserved. There are of course a large number of such cases; I shall come to them presently.†

* *La Voix de Lourdes*, a semi-official paper, gives the following account of her, in its issue of the 23d: "... Marguerite Vandenabeele, 10 ans, de Nieurlet, hameau de Hedezele, (Nord), est arrivée avec un des trains de Paris, portant un certificat du Docteur Dantois, daté de St. Momeleu (Nord) le 25 mai, 1908, la déclarant atteinte d'*atrophie de la jambe gauche avec pied-bot équin*. Elle ne marchait que très difficilement et très péniblement. A la sortie de la piscine, vendredi soir, elle a pu marcher facilement. Amenée au Bureau Médical, on l'a débarrassée de l'appareil dans lequel était enfermé son pied. Depuis, elle marche bien, et paraît guérie."

† Since 1888 the registered cures are estimated as follows: '88, 57; '89, 44; '90, 80; '91, 53; '92, 99; '93, 91; '94, 127; '95, 163; '96, 145; '97, 163; '98, 243; '99, 174; 1900, 160; '01, 171; '02, 164; '03, 161; '04, 140; '05, 157; '06, 148; '07, 109.

The next patient to enter the room was one Mlle. Bardon. I learned later from her lips that she was a secularized Carmelite nun, expelled from her convent by the French Government. There was the further pathos in her case in the fact that her cure, when I left Lourdes, was believed to be at least doubtful. But now she took her seat, with a radiantly happy face, to hand in her certificate and answer the questions. She had suffered from renal tuberculosis; her certificate proved that. She was here herself, without pain or discomfort, to prove that she no longer suffered. Relief had come during the procession. A question or two was put to her; an arrangement was made for her return after examination; and she went out.

The room was rapidly filling now; there were forty or fifty persons present. There was a sudden stir; those who sat rose up; and there came into the room three bishops in purple—from St. Paul in Brazil, the Bishop of Beauvais, and the famous orator, Monseigneur Touchet, of Orléans,—all of whom had taken part in the procession. These sat down, and the examination went on.

The next to enter was Juliette Gosset, aged twenty-five, from Paris. She had a darkish plain face, and was of middle size. She answered the questions quietly enough, though there was evident a suppressed excitement beneath. She had been cured during the procession, she said; she had stood up and walked. And her illness? She showed a certificate, dated in the previous March, asserting that she suffered gravely from tuberculosis, especially in the right lung; she added herself that hip disease had developed since that time, that one leg had become seven centimetres shorter than the other, and that she had been for some months unable to sit or kneel. Yet here she walked and sat without the smallest apparent discomfort. When she had finished her tale, a doctor pointed out that the certificate said nothing of any hip disease.

She assented, explaining again the reason; but added that the hospital where she lodged in Lourdes would corroborate what she said. Then she disappeared into the little private room to be examined.

There followed a nun, pale and black-eyed, who made gestures as she stood by Dr. Boissarie and told her story. She spoke very rapidly. I learned that she had been suffering from a severe internal malady, and that she had been cured instantaneously in the *piscine*. She handed in her certificate, and then she, too, vanished.

After a few minutes there returned the doctor who had examined Juliette Gosset. Now, I think it should impress the incredulous that this case was pronounced unsatisfactory, and will not, probably, appear upon the registers. It was perfectly true that the girl had had tuberculosis, and that now nothing was to be detected except the very faintest symptom—so faint as to be negligible—in the right lung. It appeared to be true also that she had had hip disease, since there were upon her body certain marks of burning; and that her legs were now of an exactly equal length. But, firstly, the certificate was five months old; secondly, it made no mention of hip disease; thirdly, seven centimetres was almost too large a measure to be believed. The case then was referred back for further investigation; and there it stood when I left Lourdes. The doctors shook their heads considerably over the seven centimetres.

There followed next one of the most curious instances of all. It was an old *miraculée* who came back to report; her case is reported at length in Dr. Boissarie's "*Œuvre de Lourdes*," on pages 299-308.* Her name was Marie Cools, and she came from Anvers, suffering apparently from *mal de Pott*, and paralysis and anæsthesia of the legs. This state had lasted for about

three years. The doctors consulted differed as to her case: two diagnosing it as mentioned above, two as hysteria. For ten months she had suffered, moreover, from constant feverishness; she was continually sick, and the work of digestion was painful and difficult. There was a marked lateral deviation of the spinal column, with atrophy of the leg muscles. At the second bath she began to improve, and the pains in the back ceased; at the fourth bath the paralysis vanished, her appetite came steadily back, and the sickness ceased. Now she came in to announce her continued good health.

There are a number of interesting facts as to this case; and the first is the witness of the infidel doctor who sent her to Lourdes, since it seemed to him that "religious suggestion" was the only hope left. He, by the way, had diagnosed her case as one of hysteria. "It had a result," he writes, "which I, though an unbeliever, can characterize only as marvellous. Marie Cools returned completely, absolutely cured. No trace of paralysis or anæsthesia. She is actually on her feet; and, two hospital servants having been stricken by typhoid, she is taking the place of one of them." Another interesting fact is that a positive storm raged at Anvers over her cure, and that Dr. Van de Vorst was at the ensuing election dismissed from the hospital, with at least a suspicion that the cause of his dismissal lay in his having advised the girl to go to Lourdes at all.

Dr. Boissarie makes an interesting comment or two on the case, allowing that it may perhaps have been hysteria, though this is not at all certain. "When we have to do with nervous maladies, we must always remember the rules of Benedict XIV.: 'The miracle can not consist in the cessation of the crises, but in the cessation of the nervous state which produces them.'" It is this that has been accomplished in the case of Marie Cools. And again: "Either Marie Cools is not cured, or there is in her cure something

* My notes are rather illegible at this point, but I make no doubt that this was Marie Cools.

other than suggestion, even religious. It is high time to leave that fake alone, and to cease to class under the title of religious suggestion two orders of facts completely distinct—superficial and momentary modifications, and constitutional modifications so profound that science can not explain them. I repeat: to make of an hysterical patient one whose equilibrium is perfect... is a thing more difficult than the cure of a wound."

So he wrote at the time of her apparent cure, hesitating still as to its permanence. And here, before my eyes and his, she stood again, healthy and well.

And so at last I went back to dinner. A very different scene followed. For a couple of hours we had been materialists, concerning ourselves not with what Mary had done by grace—at least not in that aspect,—but with what nature showed to have been done, by whatever agency, in itself. Now once more we turned to Mary.

It was dark when we arrived at the square, but the whole place was alive with earthly lights. High up to our left hung the church, outlined in fire,—tawdry, I dare say, with its fairy lights of electricity, yet speaking to three-quarters of this crowd in the rarest language they knew. Light, after all, is the most heavenly thing we possess. Does it matter so very much if it is decked out and arranged in what to superior persons appears a finikin fashion?

The crowd itself had become a serpent of fire, writhing here below in endlessly intricate coils; up there along the steps and parapets, a long-drawn, slow-moving line; and from the whole incalculable number came gusts and roars of singing, for each carried a burning torch and sang with his group. The music was of all kinds. Now and again came the *Laudate Mariam* from one company, following to some degree the general movement of the procession, and singing from little paper-books which each read by the light of his wind-blown lantern; now the *Gloria Patri*,

as a band came past reciting the Rosary; but above all pealed the ballad of Bernadette, describing how the little child went one day by the banks of the Gave, how she heard the thunderous sound, and, turning, saw the Lady, with all the rest of the sweet story, each stanza ending with that

Ave, Ave, Ave Maria!

that, I think, will ring in my ears till I die.

It was an astounding sight to see that crowd and to hear that singing, and to watch each group as it came past,—now girls, now boys, now stalwart young men, now old veteran pilgrims, now a bent old woman; each face illumined by the soft paper-shrouded candle, and each mouth singing to Mary. Hardly one in a thousand of those came to be cured of any sickness; perhaps not one in five hundred had any friend among the patients; yet here they were, drawn across miles of hot France, to give, not to get. Can France, then, be so rotten?

As I dropped off to sleep that night; the last sound of which I was conscious was still that canon-like chorus, coming from the direction of the square:

Ave, Ave, Ave Maria!

Ave, Ave, Ave Maria!

(To be continued.)

It is in childhood that pleasures count most, when the slightest investment of kindness brings largest returns. Let us give the children sunlight, love, companionship; sympathy with their little troubles and worries that seem to them so great; genuine interest in their growing hopes, their vague, unproportioned dreams and yearnings. Let us put ourselves in their places, view the world through their eyes, so that we may gently correct the errors of their perspective with our greater wisdom. Such trifles will make them genuinely happy,—happier by far than things a thousand times greater that come too late.—William George Jordan.

Margaret's Mission.

BY CLARA MULHOLLAND.

I.

MARGARET TYRELL stood before the glass, pinning on her hat and veil. She was pale, dejected, and sad at heart. Her life was a hard and trying one; and, although she longed to be patient and take everything for the best, bowing her head to God's will, she was often depressed, and felt that her trials and sufferings were almost more than she could bear. For herself she did not mind so much, but the privations and want endured by her delicate mother caused her intense pain. Yet, do as she would, she found it impossible to make things more easy or comfortable for her.

Margaret worked as a typewriter in a city office from one week's end to another. But her earnings were small,—barely enough to feed and clothe one person in a respectable way, and wholly inadequate for the support of two. Still, for some time the mother and daughter had struggled on valiantly and uncomplainingly, doing their best to make ends meet. Then Mrs. Tyrell had fallen into a low and delicate state of health; and, sadly, Margaret had taken her to the dispensary doctor.

"There's nothing radically wrong with Mrs. Tyrell, so far as I can see," he said, after carefully examining the patient. "What she requires is good, nourishing food and more fresh air."

It sounded an easy prescription; but, knowing that it was more than difficult for them, Margaret's spirits sank. She tried her best to bear up cheerfully, and prayed fervently to God and Our Lady for strength and help. From that day she pinched herself more severely than ever, in order to procure necessities for her mother. Seeing this, Mrs. Tyrell drooped and pined.

"I'm a burden,—a sad burden to my

poor child!" she would moan. "O my God, Thou knowest best! But, if it is Thy will, help us, save my Margaret, make things a little easier for her."

The days passed, the weeks ran on into months; and, although Mrs. Tyrell took the extra nourishment provided for her, lest she should pain her devoted daughter still more by refusing it, it did not seem to do her any good.

"Something must be done," the girl thought, with decision, one evening on her way home from the office. "I can not see my mother waste away and die before my eyes. It will be a difficult and trying mission; and, if it were only for myself, I'd never think of undertaking it. But for mother's sake I'll overcome my pride. I'll go to cousin Hildegarde Dundas. She never saw me; would not care to recognize me as a relative, perhaps; for she is a great lady, they say, and very well-to-do. Still, she is my father's second cousin—third perhaps; very far out, I know, but yet a cousin. For mother's sake I'll go to her, tell her of our struggles, and then—oh, if she has not a heart of stone she'll surely help us. To-morrow is Saturday—a half day in the city. So I'll put a bold face on it, and beard my grand relation, Hildegarde Dundas, in her own magnificent mansion. It's a splendid idea. I wonder I never thought of it before."

But the next afternoon, as Margaret stood before the glass, her mission suddenly appeared a trying and a useless one. The very thought of begging from her haughty and wealthy cousin cut her to the soul; the idea that had seemed so splendid the night before, now filled her spirit with dismay.

"She'll refuse to see me,—scorn me before her servants," she moaned. "And, oh, the misery and humiliation of it all! I—I'd give worlds to escape the ordeal, now that it comes near. But I've promised mother. She quite brightened up at the thought. Not for worlds would I disappoint her. And who knows? Some

good may come of my very unpleasant mission. So, in the name of God, I'll go,—conquer myself and go."

As she put the last pin in her veil, the sitting-room door opened and Mrs. Tyrell called out:

"Hurry, dear, or you'll be late!"

Margaret snatched up her umbrella and ran quickly down the stairs.

"Mother," she cried, "you should not come out into the cold air of the landing. Go back to the fire, dear,—go back!"

Mrs. Tyrell kissed her, and, taking her arm, drew her into the parlor.

"It was only for a second, dearest! I was getting anxious and impatient to see you off, Peggy. A fashionable lady like Hildegard Dundas will be driving out to pay calls, or engaged at home receiving visitors, if you are not there fairly early. And it's a good way to Cavendish Square, you know."

"Yes, I know." Margaret put her arm round her tenderly, and led her back to her armchair near the fire.

"You look very nice, Peggy. Mrs. Dundas will surely admire and like you I am sure. Don't blush" (smiling); "and yet do. It's becoming to my pet. Oh, if only there were some one to see you,—some one!"

Margaret was now rosy red; and, laughing, she put her arm round her mother's neck.

"I have you, dearest! Who else do I want?" said the girl.

"A dead-weight round your neck!"

"Hush! Don't say or think such a thing."

"I must, pet! I'd give worlds to see you happy and free from care. And—only for me you would not be in such grinding poverty."

"Without you I'd be wretched, lonely, most desolate. Every day, on my knees, mother, I pray that you may be long spared to me. And if" (laying her soft cheek lovingly against her mother's) "cousin Hildegard is kind, if one of my castles in the air becomes a reality, we'll

have better times together before long. So keep up your heart, mother; and bid me Godspeed."

"That I do from my heart, dear child! God bless and direct you, and keep you always from harm!"

Margaret kissed her warmly; and, lest she should see the tears that filled her eyes, and were kept from running down her cheeks only by great strength of will, she opened the door and hurried away.

"Just one little prayer for courage and the success of my mission," she thought, coming to St. James' Church; and, going up the beautiful aisle, she knelt down before the altar.

Strengthened and comforted, she left the church; and, walking quickly on, soon found herself in Cavendish Square. Her heart throbbing painfully, her color rising and falling, she went up the steps of a fine mansion that she knew was her cousin's home, and, without giving herself time to think, rang the bell. In a second the big double doors were flung wide open, and a powdered footman, with a supercilious stare of surprise and astonishment, asked her what she wanted.

"I wish to see Mrs. Dundas on business for one moment," she replied nervously.

"Impossible!" he answered shortly. "These are not business hours. Have you an appointment?"

"No. But I think—I am sure—Mrs. Dundas would see me."

"I'm not so sure. In fact—but wait a bit,"—softening as he met the girl's beautiful, imploring eyes. "I'll go and see. She's expecting somebody. Maybe it's you, after all. I can tell her it was a mistake, if she's angry. Follow me." And he led the way up a broad, softly carpeted stair, to the drawing-room door. Here he paused, and, looking at the girl, asked: "What name shall I say, Miss?"

"Oh, no matter!—that is—yes, Miss Tyrell," stammered Margaret, her knees knocking together. "Don't you think you had better first ask Mrs. Dundas if she would see me?"

"No, Miss, I don't. If I asked, she'd refuse. You don't know Mrs. Dundas. I do. It's all or nothing with her. She'll be angry, one way or another. But—well, I'll risk it, and announce you."

He threw open the door, and, standing aside to let the girl pass in, said in a loud, clear voice:

"Miss Tyrell, Madam!" Then he quickly withdrew.

A tall stately woman, with snow-white hair exquisitely dressed, a gown of rich brocade sweeping over the floor behind her, jewels flashing on her fingers and amongst the lace about her throat, took a few steps forward; then stopped short, frowning and annoyed.

"I have not the honor of Miss Tyrell's acquaintance," she said, in a cold, slow voice; "and I can not possibly talk to her now."

Margaret felt faint and turned very white. The tongue clove to the roof of her mouth, and for a moment she could not speak.

"I must ask you to withdraw." Mrs. Dundas pointed to the door. "I am expecting a friend, and can not be interrupted by a stranger. William has disobeyed my strict orders in showing you up here. Go, pray!"

"O Mrs. Dundas—please!" Margaret stammered. "My father was your cousin; he was a good man, but unfortunate, and left no money. My mother—it is for her I ask your kindness—is an invalid—"

"Your bold impertinence is incredible" (stamping her foot), "and not to be endured."

Turning, she rang the electric bell.

"William," she said to the footman, who soon appeared, stolid and rigid, upon the threshold, "show Miss Tyrell out; and, remember, I am not 'at home' to any one but Mr. Cecil Dundas. If you disobey my orders again, you may go."

She swept away to the farthest end of the room; and Margaret, her head high, a bright red spot on each cheek,

cast one indignant, reproachful glance at the proud, cold-hearted worldling, and, following the footman down the staircase, passed out of the house in silence.

"My mission has failed. God help me!" she murmured.

As Margaret went into the street, a young man, tall and straight, with thoughtful grey eyes and a handsome and intelligent face, came up the steps of Mrs. Dundas' fine house. He glanced admiringly at the girl as she passed, then went on into the hall.

"Who is that lady, William?" he asked the footman.

"She's a Miss Tyrell, and wished very much to see Mrs. Dundas."

"And she saw her, of course?"

"She wouldn't speak to her, Mr. Cecil, and ordered her out. The poor girl was awfully cut up and disappointed, though she struggled hard not to show it."

"She looked brave. Is my aunt in, William? Will she see me now?"

"Oh, yes, Mr. Cecil! She's waiting and watching for you."

"Good!" And he laid his hat and stick upon a table and walked slowly up the stairs after the footman. "Tyrell? Tyrell?" he thought. "To be sure, those are the distant relatives who suffered for their Faith. Ah, how little I thought of that in the old days! Now I must find them, and see if there is anything I can do for them. They will be a blessing and help to me now!"

Mrs. Dundas ran forward with outstretched hands to meet her nephew.

"Ah, truant!" she cried, kissing him, her whole face lit up with pleasure. "I thought you were never coming back. Your telegram to-day excited me beyond words. What is your news, Cecil? I am on the tiptoe of expectation. Tell me quick: are you going to be married?"

He laughed, and pressed her hands within his own, then suddenly grew grave.

"No, dear aunt. I don't think I'm a marrying man. Anyway, I have not yet met my ideal."

"You always were ridiculously fastidious and hard to please. I know shoals of pretty girls, graceful, accomplished and well off, who—"

He raised his hand quickly, and smiled.

"Yes, dear Aunt,—yes. But we need not discuss that question now. Possibly our ideas about marriage do not agree,—indeed, I'm sure they don't. But tell me" (abruptly, and looking her straight in the face) "why did you refuse to talk to that sweet-looking young girl, just now?"

She laughed and shrugged her shoulders.

"My dear Cecil, need you ask? I was expecting you."

"That is hardly a reason. A kind word would not have taken long. Have you any idea what she wanted?"

"Every idea. She was begging. The old story" (contemptuously), "unfortunate father, invalid mother. Why, if I listened to all these appeals, I would not have a halfpenny left!"

"I dare say. But I believe, Aunt, this girl is a relation of yours."

She frowned and her eyes grew hard.

"A distant one. But her grandfather was a fool, and she is now suffering for his wicked folly. Remember, 'the sins of the fathers are visited on the children.' When Austin Tyrell became a Catholic he was cut off, and forfeited his father's money. He did fairly well; but his son, and now his son's wife and daughter, are suffering."

"It is iniquitous, unjust!"

"Nonsense, Cecil! If a man behaves badly, leaves the church in which he was born for the idolatrous Church of Rome, he—"

"Hush, dear Aunt Hildegard! Do not say things you may live to regret."

Mrs. Dundas stared at him, then laughed scornfully.

"On that score, I could never say anything that I should possibly regret."

"Did it never strike you that Austin Tyrell was a martyr? Having come to believe the Church of Rome to be the one only true Church, founded by our Lord

Jesus Christ, he gave up everything for that Faith, suffered much; and so, instead of being a person to despise and load with scorn and opprobrium, he is in truth the noblest and most to be admired of all your ancestors."

"Really, Cecil," she gasped, "you talk wildly!"

"No, indeed: I talk—speak—the simple truth. And if you were not blinded by prejudice, you would be ready to say exactly the same. You would be the last person in the world, my dear Aunt, to make little of a man who was upright and honest in following the dictates of his conscience."

"Austin Tyrell, by his conduct, angered his father, broke his mother's heart, and disgraced his family. They all—every one—hated the Church of Rome."

"They were, and are, sadly narrow-minded and bigoted. In the old days such senseless bigotry was, at least, comprehensible. Lies concerning the Catholic Church were circulated and believed on every side; now, thank God, most people are more enlightened! That Church is known and venerated by—"

"Good Heavens, Cecil, how you talk! You might be a Papist yourself, I declare!"

Cecil smiled and laid his hand on hers.

"I came here to-day to tell you my great news, Aunt. I *am*, thank God, a Catholic!"

(Conclusion next week.)

It is not saying too much to call devotion to the Holy Souls a kind of centre in which all Catholic devotions meet, and which satisfies, more than any other single devotion, our duties in that way, because it is a devotion all of love, and of disinterested love.—*Faber.*

WHAT consolation, however great, that can be given to the afflicted of this world, is comparable with that which is brought by our prayers to the poor souls in Purgatory, who have such bitter need of help?

—*St. Francis de Sales.*

A Missionary among the Persecuted Poles.

BY A. WALTER.

MORE than thirty years ago a priest of the Society of Jesus was travelling from Cracow to the town of A., in Poland,—sent by his superiors to give spiritual help to the Catholics of that place, who were grievously oppressed. The ecclesiastical conditions in this region were indeed deplorable. By one stroke of the pen in the imperial chancery, thousands of Catholic Christians had been separated from Rome and declared Orthodox schismatics. They were compelled to recognize the Russian “popes” as their rightful pastors, and to receive from them the holy sacraments.

The hero of our story was fully conscious of the difficulty of his mission, and the perils inseparable from it. If his pastoral work was to be successful, the greatest circumspection was demanded. He pondered over the ways and means by which he could avoid, as much as possible, the keen eyes of the Russian police. A happy thought occurred to him: he would give himself out to be a music-teacher, and as such would, of course, wear ordinary lay dress. If he could succeed, without observation, in gaining an entrance into families under the guise of a music-master, he could then impart to them the spiritual aid of which they stood in need. No slight work was it to bring those brave Catholics the help they so earnestly longed for.

It was arranged that he should celebrate the divine service at night-time, in a wood at some considerable distance from the town. But the Russian police must be misled. So on various evenings the poor Father was laid in a farm wagon, and straw packed over him so well that he could with difficulty breathe; and in this way he made the journey through the darkness to the forest.

Arrived at the destined spot, there, in a holy silence, under cover of the

night, he celebrates the august Sacrifice of the Mass, and preaches the word of God to the devoutly attentive throng. There he administers holy baptism, hears confessions, and imparts to the faithful the Bread of Life. Thus many hours have passed by. The solemn, mysterious worship of God is ended. The flock vanish as silently as they came. Only the brave men who have brought the priest are left. They are fearful for the safety and life of their beloved pastor.

“It is not advisable,” they tell him, “for you to go back the same way that you came. You had better go on foot.” And they begin to dress him as a peasant. “You can safely be seen in those clothes. Go, in God’s name!”

Meanwhile day has broken, and the people are beginning to stir. On one occasion, what is it the priest sees in the grey twilight of the morning? Does not that figure look like a gendarme? Yes, indeed, it is one. The Father does not lose his presence of mind. He begins to walk unsteadily, and to sing a merry song with a stammering tongue.

The gendarme throws an inquiring glance toward the strange traveller; but the Russian costume and the uplifted voice do not permit him to suspect anything wrong.

One day the missionary was summoned to the Bishop.

“Reverend Father,” began his Lordship, “you must help an unhappy man. A gentleman of noble family, once an earnestly believing, zealous Catholic, had the unhappiness to fall into indifference. Irreligious company did the rest, and so it came to pass that he lost faith and fell away from our Holy Church. Stung by remorse of conscience, he now wishes earnestly to return to God. You must help the miserable man to leave his country and go far away. A passport will be needed for this. If he stays in Poland and returns to the Catholic Church, he will lose all his property. He desires

to expiate his grievous sin in a Spanish monastery. Now you know," his Lordship concluded, "what you have to do."

"But, my Lord, how must I begin? Though the confidence reposed in me is a great honor, I confess that I am not equal to so hard a task."

"Go to the Countess Sobianowsky. She possesses very great influence with the most influential people. A loyal protector of our poor Catholic people, she combines an accurate knowledge of our affairs with an unusual diplomatic versatility, most helpful in one so attractive as herself. We have to thank her for all the liberty we still enjoy in A. She is the only one that can help you. Tell her that I sent you."

The following morning, about eleven o'clock, the Father betook himself to the residence of the Countess. A high railing of gilded ironwork surrounded the castle on every side. The mighty gate, the central part of which bore the splendid and noble arms of the celebrated Sobianowsky family, stood open to the stranger. A number of footmen in handsome livery waited in the hall and passages. The Bishop's recommendation procured the priest an interview with the mistress of the house. He was conducted by a high, broad flight of stairs to a reception room. Presently he heard the rustle of a silk dress, a side door opened, and a lady of extraordinary beauty and proud bearing entered the room.

The music-master made a low bow which the lady acknowledged with a slight inclination of her head.

"My Lady Countess, his Lordship the Bishop sends me on an affair of great importance."

"Who are you?" asked the lady in a severe tone.

"Be kind enough, Countess, to spare me answering that question."

"Are you a Jesuit?"

"Ah, Countess, I beg—"

"One moment, sir!" and the Countess disappeared.

After a while a servant girl came in and inquired:

"What is the gentleman's desire?"

The astonished Father asked himself what the girl could be doing there. But as she turned again to him, repeating, "What is the noble gentleman's pleasure?" he recognized the voice of the Countess, who had changed her beautiful gown for the simple dress of a maid. The Father now made known his request.

"It is a difficult matter," replied the Countess. "I will see what can be done. In what name do you wish the passport to be made out?"

"I will leave the name to you."

"Good! Come back, then, in a few days, at eight o'clock in the evening. I will do all that lies in my power."

The Countess, in fact, lived a twofold life, which involved incredible sacrifices on behalf of the Church and the service of the poor and suffering. She lived, to all appearance, as a highborn woman of the world, entertaining according to her rank. She was ever the charming hostess, attracting all hearts by her magic influence. But every morning she rose at five o'clock, and, accompanied by one faithful servant, left the castle by a side door, and, dressed like a peasant girl, went to the parish church. After assisting at Holy Mass, she sought the poor and sick, comforted them with her kind and loving words, and substantially relieved their necessities. Then she returned to the castle, dressed in her usual clothing, and was once more the highborn Countess.

A few days later, at the appointed hour, the Jesuit Father presented himself at the castle. He was, as usual, dressed like a layman. Russian gendarmes were walking up and down in front of the castle; a great company was arriving, carriage after carriage.

"Ah," thought our hero, "that is not safe! I must go back."

The brilliantly lighted carriages, adorned with the arms of some of the noblest in the land, followed each other in a long

line to the castle door. Elegant ladies in ballroom toilette, officers with ribbons and decorations, prominent politicians, and Russian aristocracy, had accepted the Countess' invitation. The great hall was filled with a loud and yet refined confusion; guests were nodding to and greeting each other on all sides; liveried servants were busying themselves with the needs of the company. The rooms of the dark old castle shone like a sea of light. All was laughter and brilliancy. It seemed here, for a moment, possible to forget that earth is a vale of tears. Among the guests was the prefect of police, his Excellency General Poniatowsky, the most powerful man in the town of A.

As the old clock tower of the castle announced the midnight hour with twelve resounding strokes, the music stopped, and, as if unrolled by unseen hands, the great folding doors of the banqueting room, where for centuries the ancestors of the noble family had feasted, were thrown open. When the good wine had warmed the guests a little, the Countess took the opportunity to prefer her request.

"You must do me a little service," she said, turning to the chief of police.

"What is it, Countess?"

"To procure me a passport for Count H., who is intending to go abroad."

A slight cloud passed over the officer's high forehead. Then his accustomed elasticity, and the self-control of a man of the world, asserted themselves over his inward annoyance, and, with a most obliging smile, he said:

"Countess, your wish is a command to me. I will endeavor to make the impossible possible."

The lights were at last extinguished, and the old grey castle sunk in the darkness of night. One soul, however, was watching, and praying for the unhappy and the oppressed. She was filled with a holy peace; for she knew that those hours of feasting and dancing had not been in vain, and that she had used

these earthly things only as means to save a wretched soul.

The next day the Father returned to the castle, looking carefully in all directions as he approached.

"Thank God, the way is clear, and I can venture to-day!" he said to himself.

All went well. Soon he reached a wicket gate, on the opposite side of which stood the Countess.

"Here is the passport," she said. "It has not been easy to get it."

Thanking her with all his heart, and with his face aglow with joy, he left the castle, and conveyed to its destination the document that had cost so much to obtain.

Count H. before long found himself beneath the shelter of a Spanish Carmelite monastery, there to do penance for the fault he desired to expiate.

Bernadone and His Band.

DURING the Jubilee of 1825 a novel sight was witnessed in Rome. A venerable priest walked through the streets *en route* to the Castle of St. Angelo, at the head of thirty brigands, including the notorious Bernadone, all of whom, previous to that, were the terror of Italy.

This good priest, knowing that several of this notorious band of highwaymen were his parishioners, determined to make an attempt to convert them during the Holy Year. Having recommended the matter to God by fervent prayer, he betook himself, Breviary in hand, to the wildest spot of the mountains, between the kingdoms of Naples and the Papal States. Being come to the brigands' quarters, he was accosted by

"Who goes there?"

"Allow me to approach," replied the priest. "I am alone and without arms. You ought to know me, for I baptized several of you. Lead me to your chief."

One of the brigands went with the news to his captain. The latter said the priest might come, but that he should remain

as hostage, for fear there might be some plot, and that he should lose his life if anything went amiss with them.

The priest, having accepted the conditions joyfully, was escorted to headquarters. It was surrounded by thick brushwood and craggy rocks.

"What brought you here?" asked the chief.

"My friends," said the priest, "I am your father, and I want you to know how I feel for you. What a life you lead! In what state are your souls? Whilst your friends, neighbors, and such a multitude of foreigners are profiting by the Holy Year, you multiply your crimes. Think of this. Will you alone refuse the graces of the Jubilee? Oh, is it not time to give up sin? I've come to bring you back."

All were astonished, and refrained from speaking. The captain finally broke the silence:

"If we are pardoned, we will give up this life immediately; but if we are to lose our lives, better to die here."

"I can't promise you anything," replied the priest. "No one sent me. But I will ask the Holy Father to pardon you, and then I will come back. Meantime, I conjure you, think of your souls."

They bandaged his eyes and led him to the highway. He went straight to Leo XII., and obtained a promise that their lives would be spared, but that otherwise they should submit, without reserve, to the demands of justice.

Having returned, and submitted the decision of the Holy Father, the good priest begged them not to lose so favorable an opportunity.

"After all," said he, "it is better to be in prison here for a few years than to be forever in hell."

Marvellous effect of faith! They submitted, and hence that strange procession witnessed in Rome. Some were sentenced for years, others for life. A tourist to Rome mentions having seen Bernadone in the Castle of St. Angelo in 1842.

A Glorious Martyr.

BEARERS of the name O'Hurley may well be proud of it as that of one of the most glorious of Ireland's many martyrs. The name O'Brien, however, which was that of his mother's family, is not less honorable. Indeed, if the martyr-bishop of Cashel had been of another nationality, he would be known to fame for all time as Dermot O'Brien-O'Hurley.

He was a native of Limerick. After an excellent training from his pious parents, he pursued a brilliant course in the Universities of Paris and Louvain. In Rome he attracted the attention of Gregory XIII., who appointed him to the See of Cashel. At that time Queen Elizabeth was carrying out a most relentless persecution of Catholics. Her officials surpassed her in cruelty. In order to escape their spies, the Bishop went about amongst his flock in disguise, and succeeded for a few years, thanks to the fidelity of those to whose spiritual wants he ministered. He was at length arrested, hurried off to Dublin, and there kept in chains in a dark and loathsome prison for about six months, whence he was led before the Lord Justices Loftus and Wallop.

At first they received the prelate very kindly, and promised a free pardon, and even promotion, if he denied the spiritual power of the Pope and acknowledged the Queen's supremacy. He replied that he had resolved never to abandon for any temporal reward the Catholic Church, the Vicar of Christ, and the one true Faith.

Seeing that promises failed, his judges had recourse to frivolous arguments. These failing also, torture was resorted to. The holy prelate was bound to the trunk of a tree, with his hands and feet chained, and his legs forced into long boots reaching to his knees. The boots were filled with salt, grease, oil, hemp, and pitch, and his legs were then burned in

a fire for over an hour. The pitch and other materials boiled over. His flesh was torn off so that his bones were laid bare. When the boots were pulled off, the sight was so horrible that no one could bear to look upon it. Still the holy sufferer, notwithstanding these dreadful tortures, kept his mind fixed on God, and never once uttered a complaint. He was then ordered back to the same foul prison, to make him suffer still greater torments.

A few weeks later instructions were sent to have him executed immediately, as it was rumored that efforts were being made to obtain his release. Lest there should be any demonstration, he was carried to the place of execution before daybreak, where, to make the death struggle still more painful, he was hanged by means of a rope made of twigs, only three of his flock being present. His body was secured by a citizen of Dublin, and finally interred in consecrated ground, June 7, 1584.

The Olive Tree.

Olive trees have a very ancient and sacred symbolism. In pagan days they were dedicated to Minerva, while there are frequent allusions to olive trees in the Old Testament, especially in the Psalms. To the Christian, the Garden of Olives must forever shrine them in hallowed and solemn memory. The Church, in the liturgy of Palm Sunday, has constant reference to the boughs of olive of the Hebrew crowd,—“the sprigs of olive in a manner proclaiming the advent of the spiritual unction,” and also typifying “in Christ the richness of mercy.” Mention is likewise made of the branch that the dove brought to the Ark, whereby “God bade the dove announce peace unto the earth”; and yet again, the Church prays that “we, bearing palms and boughs of olive, may go forth with good works to meet Christ, and enter into everlasting joy with Him.”

Notes and Remarks.

President Roosevelt, as everyone knows, is not in the habit of mincing his words; and he did not do so in a letter, made public last week, addressed to a bigoted person in Dayton, Ohio, who during the recent political campaign expressed dissatisfaction with the Republican candidate on religious grounds, declaring that “the mass of the voters that are not Catholics will not support a man for any office, especially for President of the United States, who is a Roman Catholic.” To which the President replies: “I believe that when you say this, you foully slander your fellow-countrymen. I do not for one moment believe that the mass of our fellow-citizens, or that any considerable number of our fellow-citizens, can be influenced by such narrow bigotry as to refuse to vote for any thoroughly upright and fit man because he happens to have a particular religious creed.”

President Roosevelt is so desirous that the people of this country should be above the prejudice which he himself hates and denounces that he asserts in the most positive terms that such is really the case. It isn't, though. The nomination of a Catholic for the presidency of the United States would mean certain defeat for his party. Mr. Roosevelt believes, as we all do, that this republic will endure for many centuries. “If so,” he says, “there will doubtless be among its Presidents Protestants and Catholics, and very probably at some time Jews.” The phrasing of this sentence is an admission that at present neither Catholics nor Jews “have any show.” We think that the Jew is likely to reach the White House before the Catholic; and we feel sure that if a Jewish candidate of ability and integrity were chosen for the presidency, he would have the heartiest support of all his Catholic constituents. Another thing of which we are quite as certain is that a Catholic in name only, or an unworthy Catholic,

would be most strongly opposed on all sides by Catholics themselves.

It is a fact, though President Roosevelt is probably unaware of it, that Catholics have far more regard for sincere non-Catholics of any creed, or of no creed, than for those among their own co-religionists whose conduct belies their profession.

Dr. George T. Angell, the venerable editor of *Our Dumb Animals*, writes rather scathingly, in a recent issue, of a disgraceful riot in Massachusetts, the rioters being students of a "literary institution." We quote his closing paragraph, in which, by the way, the italics are his, not ours:

At the close of the scrimmage, it is stated that more than a hundred students of the lower classes, followed by another hundred of the upper classmen and their associates, paraded the principal streets of the city, mingling their class yells with hideous howls and other challenges to combat. What is the matter with our Protestant institutions? *And why do we never hear or read of these doings in Catholic colleges and schools?*

As an answer to Mr. Angell's question, we would say that Catholic educators always insist (or *should* always insist) on the maintenance of reasonable, respectable discipline. While quite willing to concede that "boys will be boys," and to deal leniently with the harmless pranks that are evidently merely the efflorescence of youthful exuberance, they deny any necessity or excuse whatever for boys' conducting themselves as disreputable young ruffians. Present-day tendencies, be it incidentally remarked, make for laxity rather than strictness in the maintenance of college rules; and the Faculties of our Catholic educational institutions should bear in mind that they can not afford to lose one of their most valuable assets—the prestige of rational disciplinary regulations firmly enforced.

Rep'ying to a correspondent who asks, "What is the Catholic idea and belief

with reference to the future, after death, of non-Catholics such as . . . ?" (several specifically named individuals), the *Bombay Examiner* answers:

We do not profess to know the future fate of any man except by forming a judgment from his manifested conduct. According to our theological principles, every man who dies in what we call a "state of grace" is saved, and every man who dies "out of the state of grace" is lost. In speaking with outsiders, it will be enough to explain the "state of grace" as a state of friendship with God, implying a good life according to the man's lights, and either freedom from grievous sin or else sincere repentance. This rule applies not only to Catholics but also to non-Catholics, so far as they are sincere in their convictions, and fail to realize the claims of the Church and their duty of joining it. These being our principles, their application depends on a question of fact. Do the various persons enumerated answer to the above description? If so, we may assume that they will be saved, through God's accepting their good faith and their good intentions. That is all we can say on this subject.

Apropos of this question of the salvation of non-Catholics, it is to be remarked that the more extended becomes the knowledge of Catholic doctrines among those outside the Church—and missions to non-Catholics are certainly disseminating those doctrines very widely,—the less likely is the plea of "invincible ignorance" to be valid. Most educated non-Catholics, it would seem reasonable to suppose, must nowadays entertain at least a doubt as to the fact of their sect's being the true Church of Christ, and another doubt whether the genuinely true Church be not that of Rome.

Apropos of the Boston religious centenary, the *Sacred Heart Review* quotes from an oldtime periodical a very interesting Protestant appreciation of Bishop Cheverus. It appeared in the *Boston Monthly Magazine* of June, 1825. We quote in part:

In 1795 he was invited by Dr. Matignon, with whom he had been slightly acquainted in Paris, to join him in Boston. . . . A pious Protestant clergyman considered it his duty

to go and talk to these Catholics, and see if it were not possible to convince them of the errors of their belief. But, after an interval of some length, he returned to his friends, who were waiting to hear the success of the mission, exclaiming: "These men are so learned, there is no doing anything with them in argument; so pure and evangelical in their lives, there is no reproaching them; and I fear it will give us much trouble to check their influence." The enlightened part of the community, however, indulged no fears from the establishment of a Catholic church in Boston; on the contrary, they made no small exertions to assist in building up one. They saw the United States was extending her arms to embrace emigrants from all nations, and knew these foreigners would be better governed by their own creed than ours, which but few could understand who were not educated in this republican country. . . .

Writing of Bishop Cheverus' departure from Boston in 1823, Mr. Samuel L. Knapp, editor of the magazine just quoted, said: "The parting scene I never shall forget. At a very early hour in the morning, the vestry was filled with Protestants and Catholics, dissolved in tears to think they should never see him again. It required all his firmness to support himself in bidding them farewell. As he left the house for the carriage, lisping infancy and silver-haired age rushed forward to pluck his gown and share the good man's smile; and the last accents of his blessing were mingled with the moans of grief at his departure."

Under the caption "Is College Education a Detriment?" the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* observes:

Mr. R. T. Crane, of this city, is out with his annual proclamation about the uselessness of higher education to the boy who has to make his way in the world. We should have fewer such proclamations from the men who commonly issue them if these men would take the trouble to understand what a higher education can be reasonably expected to do for youth, and so free their minds from a rather general delusion on the subject.

The question is one that is bound to come up periodically, and it has been so thoroughly ventilated already that there remains little or nothing new to be said

upon it. The *Iron Age*, a few years ago, made this statement:

Records prove that in producing establishments, the college man at thirty is far in advance of the man of the same age who entered by the apprentice door. The graduate may have been twenty-five before he donned a jumper, but in five years he learned more with the college training he had as a foundation than the regular journeyman in fifteen years of actual work in the shop.

The foregoing quotation simply confirms in specific instances the general truth which Newman so eloquently and lucidly enunciates in this passage from "The Idea of a University":

As health ought to precede labor of the body, and as a man in health can do what an unhealthy man can not do; and as of this health the properties are strength, energy, agility, graceful carriage and action, manual dexterity, and endurance of fatigue, so in like manner general culture of mind is the best aid to professional and scientific study, and educated men can do what illiterate can not; and the man who has learned to think and to reason and to compare and to discriminate and to analyze, who has refined his taste, and formed his judgment, and sharpened his mental vision, will not indeed at once be a lawyer or a pleader or an orator or a statesman or a physician or a good landlord or a man of business or a soldier or an engineer or a chemist or a geologist or an antiquarian, but he will be placed in that state of intellect in which he can take up any one of the sciences or callings I have referred to, or any other for which he has a taste or special talent, with an ease, a grace, a versatility, and a success to which another is a stranger.

Nothing better has ever been written on the subject of intellectual culture.

As an offset to the flood of loose talk, and the occasional stream of loose writing, one meets with on a subject of some importance, it is distinctly worth while to reflect on this paragraph from *Rome*:

The Roman Congregations, then, are not infallible in their judgments or in their doctrinal decisions concerning faith and morals, even when they have the approval of the Pope; but it does not by any means follow that such sentences and decisions are not binding. To assert the contrary would be to deny the obligation of obedience to the Vicar of Christ himself except in those cases when he exercises his

gift of infallibility. It would mean anarchy in the Church. The Pope, even when he is not defining infallibly doctrines of faith and morals, is always the supreme authority in the Church, and as such has a right to our obedience in all religious matters; and the obedience due from Catholics to the doctrinal decisions of the Roman Congregations is the obedience due to the authentic magisterium of the Church as far as this is delegated to them.

The mental habit of requiring a dogmatic definition before assenting to any truth, or acquiescing in any disciplinary procedure, is not the hall-mark of an exemplary Catholic in any rank of life or any stage of intellectual culture.

Recent happenings in Eastern Europe have drawn to that portion of the world more attention than the general reader normally gives to the affairs of any other country than his own. Some interest may accordingly attach to the views, on the Turkish revolution, of the late Turkish Chargé d'Affaires in Washington, Mr. Alfred de Bilinski. Writing in a recent issue of the *Nineteenth Century and After*, he says:

But, it may be objected, the regeneration of Turkey will bring to the fore the Egyptian question. Quite so. It will bring it to the fore, and lead to a solution which will rid Great Britain of an incubus. Having to admit, as all Englishmen must, that the United Kingdom can not, by reason of what it owes to itself, oppose, in any case, the efforts of Turkey to establish order, security, and justice in her midst, Englishmen will have to look squarely in the face the consequences of this attitude—namely, the transformation of the Ottoman Empire at no remote period into a Power so formidable as to make it impossible for their country to refuse to evacuate Egypt if that Power insists upon it. So that Egypt will have to go, because inevitably Turkey will demand it. Will this be a loss? Will it be a humiliation? Neither.

Great Britain entered Egypt for the purpose she declared: to restore order in the country. Having attained this object, she loyally opened negotiations with Turkey for her withdrawal. At the last moment the Sultan, indoctrinated by France and Russia, refused to sign the Convention which was to regulate this operation. Great Britain stayed on, and, falling in love

with the good work she was doing in the country, decided not to retire until she could be sure that the edifice of reform she had raised was sufficiently advanced and consolidated not to require her further supervision. In the interval she realized the advantage of being in possession of the Suez Canal, and this undoubtedly added to her reluctance to leave. But the guardianship of the Canal is important to her only on account of India. Now, the evacuation of Egypt would form automatically the basis of an alliance between Great Britain and the Ottoman Empire, which would place the Canal in safe hands—the hands of her new ally,—and contribute a further element to the security of British tenure in semi-Mussulman India by creating a strong link between the Khalif, grown enormously in prestige and authority in the world of Islam as the head of a reformed and powerful Turkey, and the King-Emperor.

The student of world-politics, who watches the manipulation of the pawns in the "game of empire," is not at all likely to agree with Mr. de Bilinski's views as to England's probable action regarding the continued occupation or the proximate evacuation of Egypt; but, as one solution of what will necessarily become a question of practical politics, those views are none the less interesting.

In the course of a notice of a book on religion, in a current magazine, the reviewer delivers himself, after the somewhat oracular fashion affected by the "advanced" thinkers of the present omniscient age, to this effect:

On the one hand, true religion can not exist where reason is bound or stultified by unquestioning obedience to human authority. On the other hand, natural science and logic as such, free as they are, can not supply a content rich enough to satisfy the entire demands of religion.

The latter of the two statements is rather obvious, not to say platitudinous; the former is vitiated by the assumption that the "unquestioning obedience" of the religious man—of the Catholic man, at any rate—is given to *human* authority. That obedience, it ought not to be necessary to say, is yielded, directly as to many matters, indirectly but not less really as to others, to authority that is divine.

Notable New Books.

A History of the Holy Eucharist in Great Britain. By the Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C. SS. R.
 Edited by the Rev. H. Thurston, S. J. B. Herder.

This reprint of a monumental work in commemoration of the Eucharistic Congress in London, is as happy in execution as it was in conception. It is, in a sense, a revised edition of England's most important historical work on the Blessed Sacrament, and embodies the fruits of Father Bridgett's arduous research and scholarly compilation, as well as the riper fruits of a later ecclesiastical historical lore.

With the author and the editor, the reader must exclaim as he reads these pages: "How wonderful has been the history of the Holy Eucharist in Great Britain!" Father Bridgett's work tells the story of the Blessed Sacrament in Great Britain from Saxon times down to the Reformation. The Canons of the Council of Arles carry us back to an early period of the history of Christianity in the home of the Briton; and from that time on we have a continuous record of the part played by the Holy Eucharist in the life, spiritual and temporal, of the people. One traces the development of the Church, the relations of diocese and diocese, as well as relations with Rome, in following the process of unification in observances throughout England, and the establishment of uniform regulations as to ritual.

There is an explanation of old rites, wherein are to be found the beginnings of the rubrics of to-day. The privileges enjoyed by the faithful, the customs regarding the Viaticum and the reservation of the Sacred Host, the effect of interdicts on congregations and on individuals,—all make more than interesting reading to the Catholic of our times, when the Sovereign Pontiff is urging the faithful often to approach the Holy Table.

This splendid book is in folio form, is printed in large, clear type, and is enriched with numerous reproductions of rare prints, illuminations, etc. It has as frontispiece "The Mass of St. Gregory," from the famous wood engraving by Albert Dürer. Altogether, it is a noteworthy book in honor of a memorable occasion.

The Flaming Sword, and Other Legends of the Earth and Sky. By Edith Ogden Harrison.
 A. C. McClurg & Co.

One is immediately attracted by the make-up of this really beautiful book. Cover-design, title-page, illustrations, broad-margined pages,—all are of the best in the art of bookmaking.

Of the stories and legends there are fourteen. All have to do with some phase of the beautiful in nature; and have, moreover, a human interest aside from their beauty. "The Flaming Sword" tells of the entrance of Satan into the Garden of Paradise; "The Jewelled Dipper" embodies the old story of Naomi and Ruth; "The Rainbow" is a tale of the time of Noah; and so on, throughout the book, Bible stories and legend and fancy are woven together, but in such a way as not to tamper with the Biblical narratives.

We feel sure that Mrs. Harrison's beautiful book will gladden the hearts of many fortunate little folk at Christmas-time.

Clotilde. By Marguerite Bouvet. A. C. McClurg & Co.

A book that really pleases the little folk has an interest also for the grown-ups, and "Clotilde" stands this test. It is a charming story of child life, with New Orleans as a setting. Clotilde and Bébé are lovable indeed; Ursule is a treasure of fidelity, a servant of the old school. Madame—what shall be said of her? She is no doubt typical of a certain kind of mother; but, as "all's well that ends well," we feel only pity for her, as we think of all she missed by not knowing earlier the heart of her little daughter. Then there is Monsieur de Sabla; of course he is the Prince Charming for Clotilde. The happy years spent by our little French maiden at the convent are drawn with sympathetic touch, and one realizes the great power for good that religious women exercise over their young charges.

Any little girl who finds "Clotilde" in her Christmas stocking will owe a big debt to Santa Claus and to Marguerite Bouvet.

The Apocalypse, the Antichrist, and the End.

By J. J. Elar. Burns & Oates; Benziger Brothers.

Every student of the Apocalypse is well aware of the almost insuperable difficulties which confront him at nearly every verse. The present work is an attempt to interpret the meaning of the mysterious Revelation. Indeed, it offers only an opinion, but an opinion which is worthy of consideration; for it is the result of serious study. It has, moreover, the guarantee of the Westminster *imprimatur*.

The author, J. J. Elar (a pseudonym, we suppose), opens his book with an elaborate introduction, wherein he discusses the literature of the subject, the personality of the writer (St. John Apostle), and the date of the writing (the year 67, during Nero's persecution); he shows the manner of Revelation, presents a synopsis of the writing, and illuminative historic

notes. A commentary on each verse follows; and in a review of chapters ii and iii, the author essays to determine the meaning of the Seven Churches, which he believes to be a symbol of the seven ages of the Church. In an appendix, on the Antichrist and the End, he attempts to ascertain the meaning and characters of these two factors.

The book shows a close acquaintance with the whole Scripture. It is learned, seriously written, and though, as we have said, it is, and can be, only the expression of an opinion, it is very instructive. It opens new views on the mysterious book itself and on the meaning of the inspired writer, and therefore can not fail to interest and to inform the student of Holy Scripture.

But for a book so rich in details, why not an index or at least a table of contents?

Virtues and Spiritual Counsel of Father Noailles.

Translated from the French of the Rev. E. Baffé. By the Rev. John Fitzpatrick, O. M. I. Benziger Brothers.

Father Noailles was the founder of the Congregation of the Holy Family of Bordeaux, and it is indeed meet that his life and labors should be set before Catholic readers, especially before religious. The matter embodied in this work is taken chiefly from the good priest's letters to the Sisters whose spiritual director he was, and from instructions lovingly and reverently cherished in the memory of those who looked to him for guidance.

In the course of these counsels, every principle of the religious life is touched upon with almost the effectiveness of the spoken word. Poverty, obedience, recollection, zeal, mortification, and all the other virtues which should be practised by those consecrated to God, are urged as necessary to the true religious; and as one reads the solicitude of a kind father in the lines, one realizes also how faithfully the writer must have practised what he so earnestly preached. His devotion to our Blessed Lady showed itself in a childlike confidence in her power of intercession; and he found constant verification of the familiar declaration which opens the beautiful *Memorare*.

History of the German People. By Johannes Janssen. Vol. XII. Translated by A. M. Christie. Kegan Paul & Co.; B. Herder.

The present volume of Janssen's great work, dealing with art and popular literature to the beginning of the Thirty Years' War, is one of the most interesting of all. It forms Book III. of the original, which, as the reader is aware, was improved and somewhat enlarged by Dr. Ludwig Pastor. Were it only for the notes

which he has supplied, we should be grateful to him; they are numerous and in many instances of high value. Students especially will know how to appreciate them. The titles of the chapters will give some idea of the wealth of information contained in this volume; they are: Religious Drama; Polemical-Satiric Drama—The Devil on the Stage; Secular Plays—Pictures of the Time and its Morals, English Comedians, Dramas of Murder and Immorality; Light Literature—Books of Jests and Love Stories, Lampoons, Writings Hostile to Women, On the Art of Drinking, The 'Amadis' Romances; Literature of Wonders and Horrors; Literature of Occult Arts, Magic, and Devil-Literature.

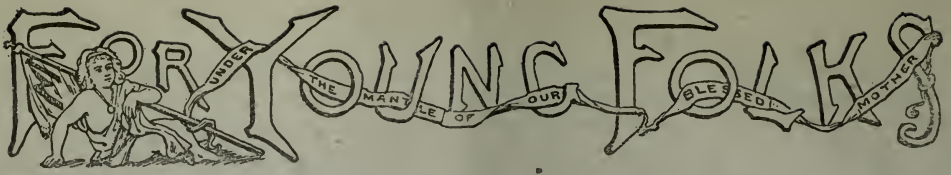
At every page there is something to rivet the reader's attention, and for the student to take note of. Especially readable is the concluding chapter, which presents a dark picture of Germany in the sixteenth century. Let us quote the last paragraph:

On the soil of such universally prevalent belief in the marvels of occultism, magic and devilry, amid the coarsening and deterioration of intellectual, moral, and religious life which is so plainly apparent in the art and the popular literature of the period, there was abundant scope for the prolific growth of one of the most terrible episodes in the whole history of mankind—namely, the belief in witches, and the persecution of witches.

There are two indexes,—one of places, the other of persons. Paper, printing, binding, etc., are uniform with the other volumes, leaving nothing to be desired. Of the translation we have several times spoken. It was an unusually difficult work, and Mr. Christie has performed it with much credit to himself.

The Little Flowers of St. Benet. Gathered from the Dialogues of St. Gregory the Great. Kegan Paul & Co.; B. Herder.

This is a most attractive book from every point of view. Under the title "The Little Flowers of St. Benet," are incidents gleaned from the life of the great patriarch of monasticism, told in the simple language of understanding by another saint of God, the greatest of the Gregories. The sanctity of the holy Founder, attested by many miracles, is set forth much after the manner of "The Little Flowers of St. Francis." The book is illustrated by Paul Woodroffe, with eight full-page drawings and other designs, all of which are in keeping with the general artistic tone of the publication. Translated into the English tongue in 1608, this little bouquet of spiritual flowers carries us back, not only three hundred years, but to the time of Pope Gregory; and, farther still, to the sixth century, when St. Benedict served God on earth.



Friends and their Fortunes.

III.

BRECOURT, who believed in the false principle that "the end always sanctifies the means," had moved about from one quarter of Paris to another—now in the slums, and now in the palaces,—trying all the time to get fresh information for the benefit of the party he was serving. In the evenings he went to the coffee-houses and other places of resort, in order to see if he could not learn something from the talk of the people. He had ready admission everywhere, because he knew the secrets of all and could speak in their language. The people regarded him as a friend, for he communicated to them from the fruits of his experience something which they had not before known, and yet he did not tell enough to betray his party. After a while, when he had learned as much as he could, he would return to Paris.

Late one evening Brecourt came to the lonely house in which he hoped to find Rovallet. The door was closed, and there was no reply to his knock. He now struck a light, and, having a key in his pocket which would fit the cellar door, he opened it and went in. He found on the table the letter which the Marquis had left to explain his reasons for going away.

"Now," said he to himself, "he has gone and done a foolish thing. It is hard to get on with these inexperienced young people; they never know how to manage. I may help them on one side to reach the saddle and they fall off on the other."

Brecourt had a good many such

thoughts. When he finished speculating as to where Rovallet had probably gone, he lighted his dark lantern and began to search the upper part of the house. But what he found there has nothing to do with our story.

On the evening of the following day a well-clad traveller was proceeding in an open carriage through the streets of the town of F. He stopped at the hotel on the market-place. In the best room of the hostelry some citizens were sitting at the table, discussing the affairs of the day. The man who had alighted from the carriage looked like an officer, although he was dressed as a civilian.

"Where have you come from, fellow-countryman?" asked one of the company.

"Just from Paris," replied the man.

"Indeed! Anything new there?"

"I do not know very much that is going on. The day before yesterday I received orders to go to Germany, and have been so busy with the necessary preparations that I had no time to look for news. I hear, however, that some of Robespierre's men have been beheaded."

"I should think that the guillotine had already swallowed enough blood," said another citizen.

"When will these executions come to an end?" remarked another. "They are already making people half crazy."

"That is just it," said the officer; "and I should not wonder at all if my servant, whom I wished to take with me to Germany, has not become foolish enough to run about the country trying to make people believe he is a marquis. I am very sorry, for he was a good fellow; but my commission requires haste, so that I can not wait to find him."

At these words the people looked at each other, and one of them said:

"A foolish fellow was arrested here

the day before yesterday, and is now lodged in the tower. He came in the clothing of a Jacobin spy, who had made himself odious to the people. Perhaps that is the very man you mean."

On hearing these words, the officer hastened to the mayor, and, by means of a passport, he represented himself as General Serrier, whom the government had sent to Germany. Orders were given to bring the prisoner into the mayor's presence, and as soon as he was brought Brecourt—for it was he—said to him:

"What have you been doing, Charles, that you must be put under lock and key? You crazy fellow! I am on my way to Germany, and should have gone without you if I had not accidentally learned you were here."

Rovalet, who immediately recognized Brecourt and perceived his plan, determined to carry out his former resolution and not conceal the truth, and therefore answered:

"You know very well that my name is not Charles, but Marquis Rovalet of Cliffory."

"Now, you see, Mayor!" said Brecourt. "He still contends that he is a marquis, and will not get rid of the idea. But I can not delay to explain the matter further. My business requires all possible haste, and I hope you will deliver the man to me so that I may continue my journey."

Rovalet still insisted that he was no servant but a nobleman, and no one must believe he was anything else.

"Oh, yes, we know that!" said Brecourt, smiling. "But you will yet get your senses when times become quiet again."

The mayor naturally believed Brecourt, and thought that Rovalet was foolish. He therefore released him, and allowed him to leave the place with Brecourt.

When the Marquis and Brecourt had reached the country road leading to Germany, the former declared his unwillingness to deceive the people.

"I beg you," replied Brecourt, "if you value your life, to be patient in this

respect until we reach the station where we shall spend the night; then I will explain everything to you."

Rovalet did so, although he felt all the time that he was doing wrong; but he told no falsehood, and the dress he wore was all he had.

Not far from the River Rhine there lived the rich Count Marfelstein. He was a truly excellent man, and very much beloved by all who knew him for his charity. His estate had almost become a prey to the French emigrants who had been streaming into Germany for months. Everyone came to him for succor. Many were noblemen. Of course the Count could not take them all into his own house, and therefore erected little homes on his estate for them, and gave them plenty to eat. But things could not go on in this manner much longer. His means were not sufficient to accomplish everything, and therefore he said to the people he was harboring:

"Gentlemen, I have done as much as I can to lessen the sorrows of your exile, but I must say to you that the support I have given to you can not go on as heretofore. Hereafter I can keep on my estate only those who are willing to labor for what they receive. You may work on whatever you select,—either in digging ditches, tending sheep, making cheese, plaiting baskets, or anything else you please."

Among those thus addressed was the Marquis Rovalet of Cliffory. As soon as he had reached the German frontier he left his benefactor and proceeded alone. On reaching the Count's estate, he went to the house and told who he was. Count Marfelstein was very kind to him, and gave him a pleasant little home on the third story of his own house, and told him he could lodge him for a number of days in that way. It was on the third day after his arrival that Rovalet went to the Count and said:

"My dear Count, I can only confess I have never learned to labor, and that I

shall do very poorly at it. I was the only son of wealthy parents, and therefore the most of my time was spent in study or in society. I know it was a great mistake not to have learned to do something. I have no muscular development, and the most I have ever done was to carry a hand-organ on my back a little while, and that almost broke it. However, if you will kindly advance me five dollars, I will do what I can in the way of starting a little trade in linen bags."

The Count was very much pleased with this confession of the Marquis, and gladly lent him the required sum. Rovalet then bought a number of sacks, and with these he went about the country and offered them for sale. After he had bought and sold his third lot of linen bags, he was enabled to pay back to the Count the money he had borrowed from him, besides having enough profit left to make a new investment. The Count was greatly pleased with the conduct of the Marquis, especially when he learned that the young nobleman was a fervent Catholic.

Both of the good Count's own sons, Walter and Egbert, had been taught trades, in order that, in case of necessity, they might have something to rely on. Walter learned agriculture, and could plow, reap, and do all other things connected with cultivating the land. Egbert learned basket-making and also book-binding.

Many years passed by, and nearly all the French emigrants had gone from the banks of the Rhine, like storks in the South when spring comes. Only here and there one remained, because he had found it to his interest to do so. The sons of Count Marfelstein had grown up to be young men, and Count Walter had gone, as an officer, with Napoleon's army to Spain. He had now received his discharge, and in returning home had, of course, to go through France. On this journey he was accompanied by only a servant. One evening he came to the banks of the Garonne, and on the other

side of the river he saw, among many smaller buildings, a large castle, nearly all of the windows of which were illuminated. Count Walter asked the ferryman if there was a hotel in the village.

The man answered: "I do not think you need go to a hotel: you would be welcomed in the most friendly way by the gentleman who lives in the castle."

"What is his name?" asked the Count.

"Indeed, I can not tell you; I have been here only a short time. I lost my leg in the battle of Vittoria, and on that account have received this situation. I live on this side of the river quite alone, and do not know what is going on at the other side. I know only that the gentleman who lives in the castle is called by everybody in the village 'the good Marquis.'"

"What is the name of the village?"

"The village is called Cliffory."

"Cliffory? Cliffory? Why, I know that name. I have heard it often,—I am sure of it; but I can not remember exactly where I heard it."

In the meantime the boat had reached the other bank of the river, and the Count went up to the castle. He announced himself as an officer from Spain, and was immediately shown to a room, where he made his toilet, and was then taken in to supper. He learned from the servant that the name of the owner of the castle was Marquis Rovalet, whom Count Walter recognized as soon as he saw him. But the Marquis did not recall the Count at all.

"What! do you not know me?" asked the officer. "I should have known you had I seen you anywhere."

The Marquis was a little confused, but was obliged to confess that he did not know his visitor.

"I believe you were once a member of my father's family, and used to sell linen bags," said the traveller.

"Why, are you one of the sons of Count Marfelstein?"

"Yes, and Walter is my name."

The two then embraced each other.

The Marquis introduced the officer to his wife and their guests, who were standing around, in these words:

"This is the son of my dear friend and noble benefactor, Count Marfelstein, of whom you have heard me speak so often."

That evening was spent by the Marquis and the Count in relating their experiences since they had last separated, and in both cases they were experiences of very great interest. Next morning the Marquis conducted the Count round his premises, and showed him long rows of buildings, where his workmen labored at their trades. One building was a cabinet shop, another a locksmith's, another a hoe factory, another a plane factory, another a saddler's shop; and there were others besides. The only people who worked for the Marquis were those who had been extremely destitute. His enterprise prospered. He had become a very wealthy man, and all the people in his employ had found a way to make a living and had done well. This lesson he had learned from the Count's father, and God had blessed his good resolution. After a while the Marquis conducted the Count over his gardens and fields, and toward evening they went back to the castle to dine.

Rovalet had three sons, and these were now introduced for the first time to the Count. Mesnel was also introduced to him,—yes, the same Mesnel who had been the Marquis' fellow-prisoner. The Count then asked:

"What has become of Brecourt, or whatever his name was,—the man who helped you to get out of France?"

"Oh, yes, I remember him well! Poor fellow! he has been dead many years. Under Napoleon's government he was continually laying plans to help the Bourbons; but his trickery was at last found out, and he was executed. I wrote to him once that if he did not abandon his crooked ways, he would finally fall a victim to the malice of others."

After passing a few weeks at New Cliffory, as it was called, Count Walter

proceeded on his journey, having taken a most affectionate farewell of the Marquis and his family.

This story has been related to me by Rovalet's brother; and, because of the reliable source from which I have it, I think it almost too good to keep, and therefore I tell it to you. You need not keep the secret, however, but may tell it to as many others as you please, only be sure you tell it as I have done.

(The End.)

One of Grandma's Stories.

"Just one more story, grandma, about when you were a little girl and lived in the woods," said Frank.

Grandma slowly drew off her spectacles and shut her book. Then she leaned her head back against the large easy-chair and shut her eyes, thinking.

"I remember as if it were yesterday," she said, raising her head and looking at the children, who had gathered around her. "I was only seven, and my little baby brother wasn't a year old.

"'I'm going to the spring house,' said mother, 'and you must stay in the room and rock baby if he wakes.' So I took my knitting (for I had already learned to knit), and was very proud of the stocking that was growing under my hand.

"It was a cool day, late in autumn, and the doors were all shut. Baby slept and I knitted for half an hour. Then he awoke and began to cry. As I got down from mother's great easy-chair, where I had been sitting, I thought I heard a strange noise outside. It wasn't our dog Lion, for he had gone off with father to the mill. Something rubbed against the door and made the latch rattle. I felt afraid, and went to the door and fastened the bolt. I stood still, listening, with the baby in my arms (he had stopped crying), and I could hear my heart beat, thump, thump, thump.

"All at once there came a short, cruel kind of a bark, and then a snarl. A moment after the window broke with a loud crash, and I saw the long head, open jaws, and fiery eyes of a wolf glaring in upon me. An angel sent by our good Father in heaven must have told me in that instant of terror what to do. The wolf was climbing in through the small window, and to have lingered but a second or two would have been instant death. Moved as if by a power not my own, and without thinking what it was best to do, I ran, with baby held tightly in my arms, to the stairs that led into the loft. Scarcely had my foot left the last step when the wolf was in the room below. With a savage growl he sprang after me. As he did so I let the door, which shut like a cellar door, fall over the stairway, and it struck him on the head and knocked him back. A chest stood near, and something told me to pull this over the door. So I laid baby down and dragged at the chest with all my strength. Just as I got one corner over the door the wolf's head struck it and knocked it up a little. But before he could strike it again I had the chest clear across. This would not have kept him back if I had not dragged another chest over the door, and piled ever so many things on top of them. How savagely he did growl and snarl! But we were safe.

"For a long time the wolf tried and tried to get at us, but at last I could hear him going down the stairs. He moved about in the room below, knocking things around for ever so long, and then I heard him spring up to the window. At the same moment I heard my father's voice shouting not far off. Oh, how my heart did leap for gladness! Then came Lion's heavy bark, which grew excited, and I soon heard him coming down the road in the wildest way. The wolf was still in the window. I could hear him struggling and breaking pieces of glass. Lion was almost upon him, when my father called him off in a stern command. All was silent

now; but the silence was quickly broken by the sharp crack of a rifle, which sent a bullet into the wolf's head, killing him instantly.

"'Father! father!' I cried from the loft window.

"He told me afterward that my voice came to him as from the dead. He ran around to that side of the house. Mother was with him, looking as white as a sheet. I saw them both clasp their hands together and lift their eyes in thankfulness to God.

"When I tried to pull the chests away I could not move them an inch. In my great danger God had given me strength to pull them over the loft door; but, now that the danger was past, my little hands were too weak to remove them. So father had to climb up by a ladder to the loft window and release baby and me from our place of refuge. Mother did not know anything of our danger until she had finished her work in the spring house. Just as she came out she saw the wolf's head at the window, and at the same moment father and Lion appeared in sight."

"I wonder the wolf didn't get you," said Frank, with wide-open eyes, breathing deeply.

"God's care was over us," answered grandma; "and it's over us continually. We are in danger every hour, but He gives His angels charge of our welfare."

Fast Travellers.

Many birds fly a mile a minute; and, if the wind is favorable, they are able to continue at that rate hour after hour. Swifts have been known to travel two hundred miles an hour. Wild geese travel from twelve hundred to fifteen hundred miles a day. It is claimed that the tiny flame-breasted humming-bird builds its nest as far north as Alaska, and winters in Lower California and Mexico, travelling a distance of over two thousand miles a year.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—An official Bulletin of the Holy See, of which there will be two issues a month, is announced to appear in January from the Vatican Printing Press. Besides laws made by the Holy See, either directly by the Sovereign Pontiff or through the Roman Congregations, it will contain all the Acts of the Holy See and decisions of the Roman Congregation and Offices which are destined for publication.

—“A Punctuation Primer,” by Frances M. Perry (American Book Co.), is a neatly bound booklet of one hundred pages, dealing not only with the specific subject announced in its title, but with the division of paragraphs, and cognate topics in the preparation of manuscript. It will be found extremely useful to the tyro in literary composition, and will not fail to interest even the connoisseur.

—“The Daily Companion,” for the use of religious, published by Benzigers, is a collection of devotions suitable for the duties and occasions common to life in a convent. Besides the prayers for the daily, weekly, and monthly exercises, this convenient little manual presents novenas in preparation for the great feasts of the Church. The usefulness of the book would be increased had the compiler furnished an index.

—The biography of Dr. Watson (Ian Mac-laren), just published by Dr. Robertson Nicoll, throws some light on the sympathy which the famous Scotch writer entertained for Catholicism and Catholics. Dr. Nicoll states that Dr. Watson's ancestry on the mother's side was Catholic, his grand-uncle being a well-known and influential priest in the Highlands. He also states that some of Dr. Watson's closest and most appreciated friends were priests.

—The new edition of the Marquess of Bute's translation of the Roman Breviary, for use in England, is a handsome demy 4to volume. The translator has taken great pains to elucidate difficult passages, to explain the historical and other allusions, and, above all, to verify the references to the Holy Scriptures. “If the book should fall into the hands of persons who are not Catholics, he ventures to hope that it may at any rate be the means of softening some prejudices.”

—In an address delivered at the recent council meeting of the Irish Catholic Truth Society, in Dublin, Cardinal Logue declared that the reason why he took so great an interest in the Society was that it not only supplied an antidote for

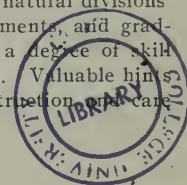
immoral literature, but that it also counteracted the effect of publications from which all reference to the supernatural is excluded; and this his Eminence characterized as “godless literature.” That is the danger by which educated young people everywhere are now surrounded.

—“The Crusader's Almanac,” published for the benefit of the Holy Land, by the Commissariat of the Holy Land, Washington, D. C., is one of the most interesting of the many annuals that have reached our desk. “The Work of the Crusader's Association,” which opens the Almanac, lends special zest to the articles on the Holy Land. Of course there are the usual calendar features, with holydays, feast-days, etc., to which are added the special feasts of the Third Order of St. Francis.

—In view of the Holy Father's late Encyclical on Frequent Communion, we commend most highly a pamphlet recently published by P. J. Kenedy & Sons. It is “Frequent and Daily Communion,” by the Rev. Julius Lintelo, S. J., translated from the French by A. O'B., and edited by the Rev. E. Mullen, S. J. This little work covers the history of the Papal decree, explains the urgency of man's needs which prompted its promulgation, sets forth the advantages accruing from frequent Communion, and answers the objections sometimes urged against this salutary practice.

—Part V. of “Leading Events in the History of the Church,” by the Sisters of Notre Dame, published by Benziger Brothers, includes brief accounts of parties, movements and happenings in the history of the Church from the time of the Jansenists to the death of Leo XIII. The series is, as its name purports, merely an enumeration of events, and yet the point of view from which the work is written is in itself a commentary. Though intended for students, the set should be of even more value to teachers for ready reference, and in the making of outlines for reading and lecture work.

—The third revised and enlarged edition of Prof. J. Singenberger's “Melodeon-Playing,” published by Pustet & Co., is a book that will become dearer to the learner in proportion to his progress in the art of playing church music. The work is divided into three natural divisions. The first begins with the rudiments, and gradually leads the pupil to such a degree of skill as every organist should attain. Valuable hints are also given about the construction and care



of the instrument. The second part is especially servicable, even to the experienced organist, on account of the wealth of material, both original and selected from the most approved sources, in the form of preludes in all the major and minor keys, and in the ancient church modes. The third part contains the responses at Mass, Vespers, and Benediction. The book is excellently printed and substantially bound.

—The second volume in the American Book Co.'s series of readers on commerce and industry is "How the World is Clothed," by Frank George Carpenter. A substantially bound and profusely illustrated book of more than three hundred pages, it is well adapted to its purpose of interesting children in the sources of their clothing, and furnishing them with all necessary information thereon. So far as books are capable of doing so, this one supplies the place of a personally conducted tour around the world—the world of clothing,—from the raw material to the finished product.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' price generally includes postage.

"Virtues and Spiritual Counsel of Father Noailles." \$1.75, net.

"The Little Flowers of St. Benet." 75 cts.

"A History of the Holy Eucharist in Great Britain." Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C. SS. R. Edited by the Rev. H. Thurston, S. J. \$7.

"History of the German People." Johannes Janssen. Vol. XII. Per two volumes, \$6.25, net.

"St. Thomas of Canterbury." Rev. Robert Hugh Benson. 85 cts.

"Stories for You and Me." Mother Mary Salome. 75 cts., net.

"The Thirtieth Greatest of Centuries." James J. Walsh, M. D., Ph. D., LL. D. \$2.70.

"Sermons on Modern Spiritualism." Rev. A. V. Miller, O. S. C. 75 cts.

"Sydney Carrington's Contumacy." X. Lawson. \$1.25.

"The Man's Hands." P. R. Garrold, S. J. 86 cts.

"The Lepers of Molokai." Charles Warren Stoddard. New Edition. Enlarged. 75 cts.

"Vittorino da Feltre." A Sister of Notre Dame. 86 cts.

"A Catholic History of Alabama and the Floridas." A Member of the Order of Mercy. Vol. I. \$1.60.

"Meditations for the Use of Seminarians and Priests." Vol. II. Very Rev. L. Branchereau. S. S. \$1, net.

"Irish Wit and Humor." 50 cts.

"Catholic Life; or, the Feasts, Fasts and Devotions of the Ecclesiastical Year." 75 cts., net.

"The Dangers of Spiritualism." J. Godfrey Raupert, 75 cts., net.

"Modern Spiritism." J. Godfrey Raupert. \$1.35, net.

"The See of Peter and the Voice of Authority." Rev. Thomas Dolan. 60 cts.

"Lourdes: A History of Its Apparitions and Cures." Georges Bertrin. \$2, net.

"Dear Friends." D. Ella Nirdlinger. 60 cts.

"The Eucharistic Mission." Rev. William Lescher, O. P.

"A Conversion and a Vocation." \$1.25.

"History of the German People at the Close of the Middle Ages." Johannes Janssen. Vols. X. and XI. \$6.25, net.

"The Queen's Daughter." Joseph J. Wynne. \$1.

"Political Economy." Charles S. Devas, M. A. \$2.

"Fraternal Charity." Rev. Father Valuy, S. J. 40 cts., net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Gerald Power, of the archdiocese of St. Louis; and Rev. G. E. Viger, S. S.

Brother Hugh Victor, of the Brothers of the Christian Schools.

Sister M. Teresa, of the Sisters of Notre Dame; and Sister Ida, O. S. B.

Mr. Henry Tumelty, Mr. Frank Pratt, Mr. P. H. Broderick, Mrs. John L. Clark, Mrs. Johanna Sheehan, Mr. William Ellis, Dr. Walter J. Corcoran, Miss Alice E. Clark, Mrs. Elizabeth Hickey, Mr. William Roberts, Mrs. Mary Duffy, Mr. Joseph Ziegler, Mr. Patrick H. Walsh, Mr. Conrad Lucke, Mrs. F. Casserly, Mr. John A. Schmidt, Mr. Lewis Hogan, Mr. William Tebeau, Miss Rosina Rooney, Mr. Louis Weinbrecht, Mr. Edward McKeon, and Mr. Andrew Basel.

Requiescant in pace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LXVII. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, NOVEMBER 28, 1908. NO. 22.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C.S.C.]

Advent.

FROM THE GERMAN, BY J. F. S.

WHEN the storm-wind tells of winter,
And the nights are long and cold,
When the latest autumn blossoms,
Dying, strew the frost-chilled mould,
Then the glow of dawning springtide
Finds in Christian hearts its birth;
For a Child comes down to bless us;
Paradise shall bloom on earth.

When the golden grain has vanished
From the silent, lonely fields,
Round His altars God's new harvest
In His own its growth upyields.
When the last frail leaves have fallen,
And the icebound stream is still,
Songs of life, all new and glorious,
Through our sacred temples thrill.

An Old Catholic Agriculturist.

BY JOHN HANNON.

I.

THE text-books of English history that were current in our youth used to whimper over the folly of France in revoking the Edict of Nantes, and thus driving so many Huguenot silk-weavers to Bethnal Green and Spitalfields, there to drone psalms in peace and enrich London by their handicraft. While the present rather nebulous *entente cordiale* subsists between the two hereditary cross-Channel foes,

no voice is being raised on the English side to regret the quite irremediable loss to French agriculture that the *Bloc* has incurred by expelling the religious Orders,—the flower-growing and distilling monks of the Grande Chartreuse, for instance; and (rather more notably) the Brothers of the Christian Schools, now settled in their new agricultural college at Les Vauxbelets, in Guernsey, beneath the British flag, yet in sight of the shores of France.

During the short period that has elapsed since their expulsion by those whom some one has called the "*Bloc-heads*," the good Brothers have conferred many benefits on the Empire, and especially on the island that shelters them. They have crossed the wild strawberry with the variety termed the Noble, for example; and thus produced a fruit that is salable and edible as late as October. No small matter this; for rich London has an insatiable appetite for fruit out of season, and the Channel Islands are London's market-garden. The Brothers have also introduced into the island a special cabbage—the "*marrow-stalked*,"—which is planted in June and cut in March, and grows an enormous succulent stem, making cheap and excellent fodder for cattle. "*Marrow-stalk*" forage requires no care in storing, and needs extremely little cultivation once planted; as weeds will not grow near it, whatever the reason.

Another cabbage for which British housekeepers must thank the good Frères des Ecoles Chrétiennes is a dwarf variety, with a stem like a football. These stems,

as big as huge Swedish turnips, provide that desideratum of the monotonous British *cuisine*—a new table vegetable. The Brothers now produce also a new fodder they call "Sorgho." It is a hybrid between ordinary cattle maize and millet, and is invaluable as a diet for milch-cows.

The narration could be prolonged, but enough has perhaps been said to indicate the gain of England and the loss of France in the matter of their respective treatment of skilled French agriculturists. No pæans have been raised over it as yet in the British secular press; but, then, the newcomers are Catholics and "monks," not refugee Protestant layfolk.

The modern British press, however, is not too bad, all things considered, as the world saw in the friendly attention it paid the Eucharistic Congress. Doubtless when the veneer of this curious *entente* wears thin—as it has already begun to do in places,—the agricultural papers at least will devote far more space than they now do to the high-grade work of the Frères at Les Vauxbelets.

Somehow the triumphs of the brave Brothers of Les Vauxbelets have sent the writer's mind travelling back to fine old Sir Richard Weston, the staunch Catholic squire of Sutton Manor, Surrey, who gave British farmers the turnip and clover—"the great clover," as it was then called,—under Charles I. in 1645; and who lived on to construct the first canal ever seen in England, while Cromwell fought, and the Long Parliament seemed to reign. Both as an agriculturist and as a scientific landowner, Sir Richard owed all his debt to Catholic Flanders, where he had been educated, like so many "pestilent Papists" of the period.

How many British farmers (and by consequence American ones) are aware that they owe their crops of red clover and "turmut's" to devout Brabant, through a Catholic knight whose useful life numbered the one and sixty years from 1591 to 1652? And how many fluent economists of our daily papers would

even care to know that the canal system of England (and thus of America) was first adopted from a Catholic land by one of the "unprogressive" religion, while Cromwell and his stalwarts were making canals of innocent blood around the market-cross in Drogheda? Yet so it is; though there has been a positive conspiracy of silence on the point in all accepted manuals of English history, as used in schools, and, in my young days, bought (necessarily) for class-work in Catholic colleges.

Bigger books are fairer to the great Catholic farmer's memory, as the bigger and more intelligent British journals will very soon be to the kindred work of the Frères at Les Vauxbelets. The mischief is that the "big" books, published in the last twenty years, when non-Catholic historians seem finally to have realized that their work is to set forth a narration, and not to defend a side, should so slowly percolate into our "exam"-ridden system of education.

In 1645, then, the year of the battle of Naseby, and in the midst of the civil wars, Mass-going Sir Richard Weston published anonymously a very remarkable book on agriculture, in which he detailed a system that effected a practical revolution in British farming. In the valuable historical sketch prefixed to the article on "Agriculture" in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*,* there is a brief but fairly accurate reference to Sir Richard's work—though the author, Mr. J. Wilson, makes the mistake of confounding him with Sir Richard Weston, his kinsman, who was ambassador, and afterward minister as Earl of Portland. "Such is fame," as Lord Byron said: "you are killed in battle, and they spell your name wrong in dispatches!"

Mr. Wilson, however, an eminent British authority on farming, very truly declares that Sir Richard's little volume marks "the dawn of the vast improvements which have since been effected

* Vol. i, p. 297, 9th edition.

in Britain." He further speaks of Sir Richard as having the merit of being "the first to introduce 'the great clover' into English agriculture about 1645, and probably turnips also. His directions for the cultivation of clover are better than was to be expected."

The result was astonishing. In less than ten years after its introduction, says Mr. Wilson, "the cultivation of clover, exactly according to the present method, seems to have been well known in England." A few summers ago, certain latter-day Catholics, who went to Sunday Mass at the chapel of St. Edward in Sutton Manor (a modern foundation of the Salvins, the present heirs of old Sir Richard Weston), beheld in the high "Manor Field" one of the most magnificent crops of red clover in blossom to be seen in the county. The ground on which they heard Mass, and on some part or other of which the Holy Sacrifice has been uninterruptedly offered since before the Norman Conquest, was the first in the land to bear such a crop. The old Catholic manor, indeed, was the nursery of scientific agriculture in Great Britain.

Mr. Frederic Harrison, the historian and Positivist philosopher, tells us in his exhaustive "Annals of an Old Manor-House" that Sir Richard Weston introduced into England from "his foreign experiences" (that is to say, his Catholic schooling in Flanders, as fair-minded Mr. Harrison is at no pains to conceal, and his subsequent travels there on the outbreak of the civil wars), certain other grasses, and also the systematic cultivation of turnips. He was the first, we are told, to cultivate turnips as a cattle crop. The importance of this can not be overestimated. As Mr. Wilson says, * "the introduction of turnips as a *field crop* constitutes one of the most marked epochs in British agriculture." Assuredly the "pestilent Popish knight," who was under ban in his day and generation, and whose memory has been scurvily treated

in the well-nigh three hundred years it has taken historians of his race, to recover fair-mindedness, was a prince of those whom Emerson praised when he wrote: "In the great household of Nature, the farmer stands at the door of the bread-room and weighs to each his loaf. . . . He is the continuous benefactor."

Sir Richard's enthusiastic little book on agriculture has a curious bibliographical as well as historical interest. It was frequently reprinted, but remained long without a name, and was never directly acknowledged or even published by its author. It is extremely rare, but it may be seen in various forms at the British Museum. It was first published in 1645, without name, by Samuel Hartlib, Milton's friend and correspondent, a busy Puritan pamphleteer and editor. In 1651 (the year before Sir Richard's death) Hartlib published, in small quarto size, what he calls an "Enlargement of the Discourse of Husbandry used in Brabant and Flanders. Sir Richard Weston's Legacy to his Sons." To that edition Hartlib prefixes a preface of his own, in which he says that the author of the discourse formerly published was unknown to him; but, having lighted on a more perfect copy, he offers it to the public in a second edition.

In 1652 Hartlib published yet another edition, corrected and enlarged, entitled "A Discourse of Husbandry Used in Brabant and Flanders; showing the wonderful improvement of land there, and serving as a pattern for our practice in this Commonwealth."

II.

The work of the Catholic clover-growing knight, Sir Richard Weston, is curious and instructive; and, as being exactly contemporary with Milton's famous tractates, has a certain literary interest. The earnestness, the solemnity, the involved sentences, the occasional dignity of its rhythm, suggest a literary tyro whose prose ideal was that "Epistle on Education," whose author was finally to

* Encyc. Brit., i, 297.

adopt Sir Richard's Faith, if we may accept the recently excavated testimony of the Earl of Dorset and Sir Christopher Milton that the poet "died a Papist."

It is a real testament, or last will. Sir Richard opens thus: "My sonnes, I have left this short ensuing treatise to you as a legacy; if I shall not live myself to show you (what therein is written) by examples which I know instruct far more than precepts; yet precepts from a dying father, instructing of his children what he hath seen and known and received information of from witnesses free from all exceptions, should make such an impression on them as at least to believe their father writ what he thought was true; and therefore suppose those things worthy to be put in practice by them, which he himself would have done if it had pleased God to have granted him life and liberty"—and five or six lines more before the verbose old knight can end his sentence.

He then goes on to show how his method will improve barren and heathy land by ways commonly practised in Brabant and Flanders, but unknown in England, and lead to a noble augmentation of an estate. "That man is worthy of praise and honor who, being possessor of a large and barren demesne, constrains it by his labor and industry to produce extraordinary fruit, which redounds not only to his own particular profit, but also to the public benefit. As Cato saith it is a great shame to a man not to leave his inheritance greater to his successors than he received it from his predecessors."

He says the object of all men is to get land and cultivate it. He waxes eloquent, if not extravagant, like all new projectors, over the vast profits to be made by his system. "By this little treatise you shall learn how to do more than treble your principal in one year's compass; and you shall see how an industrious man in Brabant and Flanders would bring 500 acres of barren and heathy land, that was not worth at the

most about £5 a year, to be worth £7000 a year in less time than seven years." Land to be worth £14 an acre, or (at modern computation of money) to realize £70 a year! Truly the knight is an enthusiast. The estate of Sutton has no very rich soil at all. The water meadows are fairly good, but the upper lands are of the Bagshot sand, with patches of clay. Some of the land is exceedingly poor; and it is interesting to find one of the great revolutions in British agriculture made on one of the poorer soils.

"You must not expect," says the knight, "either eloquence or method in this ensuing treatise, but a true story plainly set forth in the last will and testament of your father, which he would have you execute; but before all things to be sure you lay the foundation of your husbandry upon the blessing of Almighty God, continually imploring His divine aid and assistance in all your labors; for it is God that gives the increase, and believing this as the quintessence and soul of husbandry. . . . These things being briefly premised, I will leave the rest to this short ensuing treatise, and commit you all with a father's blessing to the protection and providence of Almighty God."

Mr. Frederic Harrison comments rather oddly on this passage in his "Annals of an Old Manor-House," that it is curious as written in the height of the Civil War by a Catholic Royalist, because all of it, "except for the use of the Vulgate instead of the Authorized Version, might have come from Milton, Hartlib, or any other Puritan." Puritans, apparently, have the literary monopoly of the First Person of the Most Holy Trinity; and a Catholic author is suspect unless he peppers every devotional sentence he writes with the names of Our Lady, the angels, and the saints. The orthodoxy of Thomas à Kempis would fare badly under such criticism, which seems rather unworthy of a historian who has long shaken off other trammels of his Protestant upbringing.

Sir Richard tells us that he went abroad,

after thirty years' experience in husbandry (that is, in the first years of the civil wars), having improved his land "as much as any man in this kingdom hath done, both by fire and water"; but found he was to learn a new lesson in Brabant and Flanders. We are informed how he landed at Dunkirk, went thence to Bridges (Bruges), a distance of forty miles; thence to Gaunt (Ghent), twenty miles distant, and so to Antwerp. He found the cultivation of flax the wealth of Flanders, and he describes his talk with "the Bores [Boers], so they term their farmers. One acre of good flax," he says, "is worth four or five acres of the best corn." He carefully studies the raising of flax, clover-grass, and turnips. He declares that clover is worth £12 per acre; and he insists on the enormous profit to be made by cultivating clover-grass, turnips, and flax. "*Regina pecunia!*" he cries to his children. "Monie is the Queen that commands all,"—a cynicism pardonable in an old knight whose fellows were being hammered on a dozen battlefields by the new English commercial classes.

But he is a genuine enthusiast, and closes his testament thus: "Besides the excessive profit you will reap by sowing these commodities, imagine what a pleasure it will be to your eyes and scent to see the russet heath turned into greenest grass, which doth produce most sweet and pleasant honeysuckles; and what praise and reputation you will gain by your examples, first introducing that into your country, which, being followed by others, must needs redound to the general benefit of the whole Commonwealth. I do by my will command you for to execute no more than what I would myself to-morrow put in practice, if I had liberty. You should then learn these things I have set down by examples, which I am enforced to leave to you as a father's precepts, and with a father's blessing to you all, desiring God Almighty to guide you and direct you in all your actions. I will leave you to His divine protection and providence."

Then, after this sonorous conclusion, there follows, with delicious naïveté a sort of codicil to his will in these words: "Note that the clover-grass seed will be ripe about a month after it appeareth in the husk."

The little treatise itself is only of twenty-seven small quarto pages; but it contains much careful, practical advice, and is the work of a thorough man of business. No doubt Sir Richard's example was of far greater value than his book. It would seem, indeed, that his estate was seized and put under sequestration by the Commonwealth, which accounts for the form of his "legacy." He lived seven years after its date, and does not seem to have been incapacitated by disease, nor is it clear why he should speak of himself as a dying father. But he was evidently not free to work his estate himself, and he seems to have pushed his industrial schemes with the aid of influential Puritans. No is there in his little treatise one word that betrays political party spirit. According to Mr. Frederic Harrison,* "it gives us a new insight into English life to find that, in the ten years that separate the battle of Edgehill from the battle of Worcester, a Royalist gentleman of wealth and rank in Surrey could devote himself to an industrial revolution, and write very popular pamphlets, as Hartlib tells us, on agriculture."

It should also give Catholics, who are timid in facing the false charge of non-progressiveness, an "insight" into economical church history, from the days of those earliest monks of the West (but for whom, as Montalembert conclusively shows, the Christianized Goths could never have driven a furrow) to their present-day descendants, the Brothers at Les Vauxbelets in Guernsey, the White Fathers in Algeria, and others too numerous to mention.

* "*Annals of an Old Manor-House*," 1st edition, p. 103.

Sorely harassed by the powers that were, Sir Richard Weston was, nevertheless, not only the first to introduce into British farming the systematic culture of grasses and of roots, but the first to popularize in England the method of canalization by locks. According to Aubrey,* it was about 1643 that Sir Richard introduced the grass called "Nonesuch" into the parish of Worplesdon (part of the Sutton estate), along with the first clover grass out of Babant and Flanders; "at which time he also brought over the contrivance of locks, turnpikes, and tumbling bays [weirs] for rivers. He began the making of the new river in 1650 or 1651, but he lived not to finish it, dying May 7, 1652."

Sir Richard, indeed, appears to have been occupied for a large part of his life with the scheme of the canal, and it seriously encumbered his estates and impoverished himself. In 1635, during the ministry of Archbishop Laud, he was named member of the Royal Commission for the consideration of the project; but the Act was not obtained until 1650, under the Commonwealth. A second Act was passed in 1651. By this, navigation was effected from London to Guildford. The canal was not completed in Sir Richard's lifetime. "It is a singular example of devotion to industrial improvement," says Mr. Frederic Harrison, "that the knight, belonging to a Catholic and Royalist family, should have spent seventeen years in carrying through the Wey canalization scheme, and should have had sufficient credit to obtain official sanction for it,—first from Charles I., in the crisis of Strafford's policy; and then from the Commonwealth, after the execution of the King."

It is a little more than "singular": it is in its way something of a miracle; for the editor of Camden's *Britannia* (Suthrey) says that the navigation of the Wey brings in great profits to this

part of the country; and speaks of Sir Richard Weston, "to whom the whole shire is obliged as for this, so for several other improvements, particularly clover and saintfoin."

The canal soon proved of great practical utility, and is still in use, the first of all the canals in Great Britain. It is pleasant to record that quite near its banks, at Weybridge, there is now a fine Catholic college (St. George's), established and taught by the Josephite Fathers, who hail from that Catholic Flanders whence Sir Richard judiciously borrowed the idea of canalization.

Sir Richard was a man of prayer. By the great courtesy of my kind friend Mr. Sidney Harrison, who was brought up, like his brother the historian, at Sutton Place, when their late father leased it from Mr. Salvin, I have been taken to see the two "priest-holes" in the masonry, maintained by Sir Richard through all the years of his projecting. Perhaps it was he who actually contrived them.

Sutton Place itself is no longer leased from the Salvin family by Mr. Sidney Harrison (who continued to reside there for some time after his father's death), but is tenanted by Lord Northcliffe, formerly Mr. Alfred Harmsworth, whose importation into England of what is known as "yellow journalism" enriched him beyond the dreams of avarice, and sent him to the House of Peers. If old Sir Richard, on the strength of nobler importations, cherished ambitions as lofty, they were doomed to disappointment. We may close with a pregnant sentence by Mr. Frederic Harrison: "The practical advices of his legacy were sounder than his cry of *Regina pecunia!* He left his estate greatly reduced and burdened to his children; but he left to his country lessons in husbandry of priceless value, and the first-fruits of an industrial revolution which, down to the age of steam locomotives, was the source of untold wealth and progress."

* "Surrey," iii, p. 228.

Phileas Fox, Attorney.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XX.

JOHN VORST remained silent while Phileas read the following paragraph of the offensive letter:

"William Gross writes these presents to warn you of a snake that has crossed your path, and who bears the ugly name of Fox. A red-headed shyster of a lawyer, he is trying to get the better of you, in conjunction with the old woman in Monroe Street. He was seen more than once at her house, and is understood to be engaged by her, because he is so young and so unknown that he could be trusted to do any dirty work. He plays fair to deceive you, and one of your Romish priests is in the deal."

"That first part of the letter you may pass over, if you wish," laughed Mr. Vorst. "It is a little bit the reverse of complimentary, and, of course, would not have given me a thought. But it is the latter portion of the precious epistle that I thought might be worth considering."

Phileas, who had colored sensitively at the allusions to himself, though he laughed too, and met the kindly glance of Mr. Vorst with a steadfast one from his own blue orbs, gave his attention again to the document. It was written legibly enough, in a round, clerkly hand.

"You've insulted me and ill-treated me for many a year," read Phileas from the paper; "but I'll do you a good turn now at the last, and spite that miserable cur of a lawyer that's plotting to take away your property. I know, and my father before me knew, that John Vorst, senior, left a will, and in it he willed everything to yourself, and nothing to them that claimed a portion on account of a previous will; and, more than that, he wiped out the whole ground of litigation, and cleared up the title that's been in dispute. And no one should know

better than my father, since he witnessed the document."

"A pair of scoundrels, father and son!" cried Phileas. "They knew of the existence of that will and kept it secret."

John Vorst was momentarily silent; Phileas remembered that another had known of its existence and refused to testify to that knowledge.

"He and his father probably stole the will between them, so as to be revenged on you."

"It seems likely," agreed Mr. Vorst. "But we must not jump too hastily at conclusions. The will certainly disappeared in the hours following upon my father's death. He himself had informed me of having signed such a document, and deposited it in the library safe. I did not know its contents, nor did I inquire; but, from the tenor of my father's remarks, I believed that it was such as this fellow has now stated. I understood that he had revoked certain provisions which he had made two years previously, on the occasion of my marriage. He was, however, a reticent man about his affairs, and did not care to be questioned. But he also gave me to understand that he had made some arrangement by which the informalities in the original sale, and which had already led to litigation, had been amended. In that final will he left everything to me, but, as it were, in trust for the other heirs, and that each might receive a due share."

"And it was these wretches," observed Phileas, "who have caused these interminable lawsuits, and kept you out of your property!"

"You are determined to charge everything upon them," said the elder man, laughing; "and they certainly were the cause of much mischief, in the sense that they might have given evidence in my favor. But as to the rest, we must have some charity even for the William Grosses and—their fathers."

"We shall have justice for the son, in any case," replied Phileas, angrily. He

could not think nor speak patiently of the miscreant, especially after what he had just heard.

"And to all this I am prepared to swear," continued the letter; "and to bring forward other evidence, in order to circumvent that villain Fox and to frustrate his schemes. I warn you to turn him out next time he calls on you, and to treat him in all respects as he deserves."

"He little knows," said Phileas Fox, chuckling, "that he has done me, and us all, an immense service in smoothing the way for a final settlement of an intricate affair."

"You may well call it an intricate affair," mused John Vorst; "and of course that arose, as I presume you have long since discovered, from the fact that Martha Spooner was not only mentioned in my father's former will as my wife, but as having had a prior claim to the Monroe Street property through her mother's family, who were the original owners of the dwelling—or at least the ground on which it was built,—and once again through her distant kinship with my father's family."

"My client explained those different points to me in our various interviews," said Phileas.

"Which makes it unnecessary to go into those matters at present," said Mr. Vorst, with evident relief; "though, of course, at any time I shall be glad to clear up any difficulty that may exist in your mind. But what steps shall you take with regard to this letter?"

"Our object must be to get possession, if possible, of that will, if it be still in existence; or at least to obtain such evidence as the rascal may be induced to give. He little knows the rod that the District Attorney's office has in pickle for him. I have been asked this very day to assist in procuring his conviction. If this matter of the will can be brought home to him, it alone will be sufficient to send him up for some years."

"Remember, my dear fellow," objected

John Vorst, with an involuntary smile, "that this William himself could have had no hand in the actual abstraction of the will, since he was not even born at the time of my father's death."

"By his own showing, he was aware of the existence of the document, and probably of its abstraction. His father had evidently made him privy to the fact."

"I think I should be glad to fasten that particular crime upon him,—I mean upon the elder Gross," said John Vorst, slowly.

And Phileas, looking at him, realized what it must have meant to this man to have had during all those years a doubt, which very probably he would scarcely admit to himself, that some one else—some one who had a more direct interest in the transaction—might have abstracted the paper. The young man, therefore did not ask any question, but waited in silence while Mr. Vorst went on:

"Otherwise, I have no special desire to see the wretch punished. As we grow older, we realize that the hour of punishment, lesser or greater, is coming for everyone of us; and we are disposed, as far as we are personally concerned, to leave even the most desperate offenders to the last tribunal."

"But the good of society must be considered," argued Phileas, with the hot zeal of youth. "This ruffian is a menace to every decent citizen."

"I suppose so,—I suppose so," agreed John Vorst; "and it will be your duty to convict him if you can, instead of leaving him to the last Grand Assizes. But, oh, I can find it in my heart to pity such as he, who have never known one generous impulse, one inspiration toward good!"

"But think of his victims," said Phileas.

"Yes, I acknowledge that they must be thought of, and such an offender must be put out of the way of doing evil. I was merely thinking of my personal feelings, you inexorable man of law!"

And Phileas could not help wondering

a little, since the man before him, of all others, had reason to complain of the machinations of this Gross, or Trowbridge, and, as it appeared, likewise of his father.

"Of course," the lawyer said, waiving any further discussion of the abstract part of the subject, "the will can be obtained from him—if indeed he possesses it—only through you."

"Through me?" echoed John Vorst, shrinking back in repulsion; then, almost immediately bracing himself, he added: "But I must be brave, and do whatever is required of me."

"Were I to act," said Phileas, "he might destroy the will and refuse to give evidence. In fact, it is certain that such would be his procedure. You must, therefore, approach him in person, or, possibly, through your attorney. Of course there is the other alternative of causing his immediate arrest on some one of the other indictments which we hope to bring against him, and striving to force him, through the production of this letter, to divulge his knowledge of the whole matter. But I believe the former course to be preferable."

"Come and dine with me this evening, and we can discuss the affair at our leisure," said John Vorst. "My cab is waiting, if you care to come now; or you can call for me at your convenience, and we can decide on whatever hotel you modern man of the day may select."

This being agreed upon, Phileas met and accompanied his newly made friend to one of those great hostleries which have made the name of Manhattan famous, and there they debated the question in all its bearings. They finally decided that the matter should be arranged through John Vorst's solicitor, who should interview the miscreant, and obtain from him a full confession of the affair, and, if possible, the missing document. John Vorst stipulated only one thing: that such confession and the missing will, even if procured, should not be brought in evidence against the wretch, provided

that his conviction could be otherwise procured.

"I have very little doubt," said Phileas, "that we can get all the evidence we need against him in other quarters."

And so, in fact, it proved. It would require many chapters to describe the emotions of that past-master of villainy when, after giving up the will, and freely confessing, under promise of immunity, the share which he himself and his father had taken in those transactions of the past, he discovered that he had unwittingly befriended the lawyer with the red hair and predatory cognomen, against whom he had vowed an everlasting vengeance.

Almost tragic in its intensity was the scene when that discovery was made, and, face to face with Phileas Fox—the latter stern, menacing, and representing the full majesty of the law,—he learned of the fatal mistake that he had made, and of the relations in which Phileas really stood both to plaintiff and defendant in the famous suit.

Phileas was not yet hardened enough to receive with equanimity the storm of invective which was poured out against him by the miscreant. With a cold and deadly malignity more terrible than the fiercest rage, the wretch cursed him and called down the most awful maledictions upon his head. The young attorney could not repress a shudder; and that fearful scene often recurred to him long after the villain, convicted upon one of the numerous other indictments against him, was sent for a term of years to the inferno of dangerous criminals in the innocent-looking village of Sing Sing.

(To be continued.)

JESUS, spare these souls which are so dear to Thee,
Who in prison calm and patient wait in Thee;
Hasten, Lord, their hour, and bid them come to Thee,—
To that glorious home where they shall ever gaze on Thee.

—Cardinal Newman

Lourdes.

BY THE REV. ROBERT HUGH BENSON.

IV.

I AWOKE to that singing again, in my room above the door of the hotel; and went down presently to say my Mass in the Rosary Church, where, by the kindness of the Scottish priest of whom I have spoken, an altar had been reserved for me. The Rosary Church is tolerably fine within. It has an immense flattened dome, beyond which stands the high altar; and round about are fifteen chapels dedicated to the Fifteen Mysteries, which are painted above their respective altars.

But I was to say Mass in a little temporary chapel to the left of the entrance, formed, I suppose, out of what usually serves as some kind of a sacristy. The place was hardly forty feet long; its high altar, at which I both vested and said Mass, was at the farther end; but each side, too, was occupied by three priests, celebrating simultaneously upon altar-stones laid on long, continuous boards that ran the length of the chapel. The whole of the rest of the space was crammed to overflowing; indeed it had been scarcely possible to get entrance to the chapel at all, so vast was the crowd in the great church outside.

After breakfast I went down to the Bureau once more, and found business already begun. The first case, which was proceeding as I entered, was that of a woman (the name I could not catch) who had been cured of consumption in the previous year, and who now came back to report a state of continual good health. Her brother-in-law came with her, and she remarked with pleasure that the whole family was now returning to the practice of religion. During this investigation I noticed also Juliette Gosset seated at the table, apparently in robust health.

There followed Natalie Audivin, a young

woman who declared that she had been cured in the previous year, and that she supposed her case had been entered in the books; but at the moment, at any rate, her name could not be found, and for the present the case was dismissed.

I now saw a Capuchin priest in the room,—a small, rosy, bearded man,—and supposed that he was present merely as a spectator; but a minute or two later Dr. Boissarie caught sight of him, and presently was showing him off to me, much to his smiling embarrassment. He had caught consumption of the intestines, it seemed, some years before, from attending upon two of his dying brethren, and had come to Lourdes almost at his last gasp in the year 1900 A. D. Here he stood, smiling and rosy.

There followed Mademoiselle Madeleine Laure, cured of severe internal troubles (I did not catch the details) in the previous year.

Presently the Bishop of Dalmatia came in, and sat in his chair opposite me, while we heard the account of Miss Noemie Nightingale, of Upper Norwood, cured in the previous June of deafness, rising, in the case of one ear at least, from a perforation of the drum. She was present at the *piscines*, when on a sudden she had felt excruciating pains in the ears. The next she knew was that she heard the *Magnificat* being sung in honor of her cure.

Mademoiselle Marie Bardon came in about this time, and passed through to the inner room to be examined; while we received from a doctor a report of the lame child whom we had seen on the previous day. All was as had been said. She could now put her heels to the ground and walk. It seemed she had been conscious of a sensation of hammering in her feet at the moment of the cure, followed by a feeling of relief.

And so they went on. Next came Mademoiselle Eugénie Meunier, cured two months before of fistula. She had given her certificate into the care of her *curé*,

who could not at this moment be found—naturally enough, as she had made no appointment with him!—but she was allowed to tell her story, and to show a copy of her parish magazine in which her story was given. She had had in her body one wound of ten centimetres in size. After bathing one evening she had experienced relief; by the next morning the wound, which had flowed for six months, was completely closed, and had remained so. Her strength and appetite had returned. This cure had taken place in her own lodging, since her state was such that she was forbidden to go to the Grotto.

The next case was that of a woman with paralysis, who was entered provisionally as one of the “ameliorations.” She was now able to walk, but the use of her hand was not yet fully restored. She was sent back to the *piscines*, and ordered to report again later.

The next was a boy of about twelve years old, Hilaire Ferraud, cured of a terrible disease of the bone three years before. Until that time he was unable to walk without support. He had been cured in the *piscines*. He had been well ever since. He followed the trade of a carpenter. And now he hopped solemnly, first on one leg and then on the other, to the door and back, to show his complete recovery. Further, he had had running wounds on one leg. His statements were verified.

The next was an oldish man, who came accompanied by his tall, black-bearded son, to report on his continued good health since his recovery, eight years previously, from neurasthenia and insanity. He had had the illusion of being persecuted, with suicidal tendencies; he had been told he could not travel twenty miles, and he had travelled over eight hundred kilometres, after four years’ isolation. He had stayed a few months in Lourdes, bathing in the *piscines*, and the obsession had left him. His statements were verified; he was congratulated and dismissed.

There followed Emma Mourat to report;

and then Madame Simonet, cured eight years ago of a cystic tumor in the abdomen. She had been sitting in one of the churches, I think, when there was a sudden discharge of matter and a sense of relief. On the morrow, after another bath, the sense of discomfort had finally disappeared. During Madame Simonet’s examination, as the crowd was great, several persons were dismissed till a later hour.

There followed another old patient to report. She had been cured two years before of myelitis and an enormous tumor that, after twenty-two years of suffering, had been declared “incurable” in her certificate. The cure had taken place during the procession, in the course of which she suddenly felt herself, she said, impelled to rise from her litter. Her appetite had returned and she had enjoyed admirable health ever since. Her name was looked up, and the details verified.

There followed Madame François and some doctor’s evidence. Nine years ago she had been cured of fistula in the arm. She had been operated upon five times; finally, as her arm measured a circumference of seventy-two centimetres, amputation had been declared necessary. She had refused, and come to Lourdes. Her cure occupied three days, at the end of which her arm had resumed its normal size of twenty-five centimetres. She showed her arm, with faint scars visible upon it; it was again measured and found normal.

It was an amazing morning. Here I had sat for nearly three hours, seeing with my own eyes persons of all ages and both sexes, suffering from every variety of disease, present themselves before sixty or seventy doctors, saying that they had been cured miraculously by the Mother of God. Various periods had elapsed since their cures,—a day, two or three months, one year, eight years, nine years. These persons had been operated upon, treated, subjected to agonizing remedies; one or two had been declared actually incurable:

and then, either in an instant, or during the lapse of two or three days, or two or three months, had been restored to health by prayer and the application of a little water in no way remarkable for physical qualities.

What do the doctors say to this? Some confess frankly that it is miraculous in the literal sense of the term, and join with the patients in praising Mary and her Divine Son. Some say nothing; some are content to say that science at its present stage can not account for it all, but that in a few years, no doubt . . . and the rest of it. I did not hear any say that "He casteth out devils by Beelzebub, the prince of the devils"; but that is accounted for by the fact that those who might wish to say it do not believe in Beelzebub.

But will Science ever account for it all? That I leave to God. All that I can say is that, if so, it is surely as wonderful as any miracle, that the Church should have hit upon a secret that the scientists have missed. But is there not a simpler way of accounting for it? For read and consider the human evidence as regards Bernadette,—her age, her simplicity, her appearance of ecstasy. She said that she saw this Lady eighteen times; on one of these occasions, in the presence of bystanders. She was bidden, she said, to go to the water. She turned to go down to the Gave, but was recalled and bidden to dig in the earth of the Grotto. She did so, and a little muddy water appeared where no soul in the village knew that there was water. Hour by hour this water waxed in volume; to-day it pours out in an endless stream, is conducted through the *piscines*; and it is after washing in this water that bodies are healed in a fashion for which "science can not account." Perhaps it can not. Perhaps it is not intended. But there are things besides science, and one of them is religion. Is not the evidence tolerably strong? Or is it a series of coincidences that the child had an hallucination, devised some trick with the

water, and that this water happens to be an occasion of healing people declared incurable by known means?

What is the good of these miracles? If so many are cured, why are not all? Are the *miraculés* especially distinguished for piety? Is it to be expected that unbelievers will be convinced? Is it claimed that the evidence is irresistible? Let us go back to the Gospels. It used to be said by doubters that the "miraculous element" must have been added later by the piety of the disciples, because all the world knew now that "miracles" did not happen. That *a priori* argument is surely silenced by Lourdes. "Miracles" in that sense undoubtedly do happen, if present-day evidence is worth anything whatever. What, then, is the Christian theory?

It is this. Our Blessed Lord appears to have worked miracles of such a nature that their significance was not, historically speaking, absolutely evident to those who, for other reasons, did not "believe in Him." It is known how some asked for a "sign from heaven" and were refused it; how He Himself said that even if one rose from the dead, they would not believe; yet, further, how He begged them to believe Him even for His work's sake, if for nothing else. We know, finally, how, when confronted with one particular miracle, His enemies cried out that it must have been done by diabolical agency.

Very good, then. It would seem that the miracles of Our Lord were of a nature that strongly disposed to belief those that witnessed them, and helped vastly in the confirmation of the faith of those who already believed; but that miracles, as such, can not absolutely compel to belief those who for moral reasons refuse it. If they could, faith would cease to be faith.

Now, this seems precisely the state of affairs at Lourdes. Even unbelieving scientists are bound to admit that science at present can not account for the facts, which is surely the modern equivalent

for the Beelzebub theory. We have seen, too, how severely scientific persons such as Dr. Boissarie and Dr. Cox—if they will permit me to quote their names,—knowing as well as any one what medicine and surgery and hypnotism and suggestion can and can not do, corroborate this evidence, and see in the facts a simple illustration of the truth of that Catholic Faith which they both hold and practise.

Is not the parallel a fair one? What more, then, do the adversaries want? There is no arguing with people who say that, since there is nothing but Nature, no process can be other than natural. There is no sign, even from heaven, that could break down the intellectual prejudice of such people. If they saw Jesus Christ Himself in glory, they could always say that “at present science can not account for the phenomenon of a luminous body apparently seated upon a throne, but no doubt it will do so in the course of time.” If they saw a dead and corrupting man rise from the grave, they could always argue that he could not have been dead and corrupting, or he could not have risen from the grave. Nothing but the Last Judgment could convince such persons. Even when the trumpet sounds, I believe that some of them, when they have recovered from their first astonishment, will make remarks about aural phenomena.

But for the rest of us, who believe in God and His Son and the Mother of God on quite other grounds—because our intellect is satisfied, our heart kindled, our will braced by the belief; and because without that belief all life falls into chaos, and human evidence is nullified, and all noble motive and emotion cease,—for us, who have received the gift of faith in however small a measure, Lourdes is enough. Christ and His Mother are with us. Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. Is not that, after all, the simplest theory?

(To be continued.)

In Gloom or Glee.

(Villanelle.)

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

WITH smile or sigh, in gloom or glee,
By pathway smooth or thorny way,
All journey to eternity.

Beggar and king, the bond and free
Toward that goal press day by day
With smile or sigh, in gloom or glee.

Through hours of joy or misery,
Through days of work or days of play,
All journey to eternity.

Onward in haste some fain would flee,
And some there are would fain delay,
With smile or sigh, in gloom or glee.

Not old nor young of low degree
Or noble birth may backward stray;
All journey to eternity.

While hearts make moan or jubilee,
'Neath cloudless skies or skies of grey
With smile or sigh, in gloom or glee
All journey to eternity.

Margaret's Mission.

BY CLARA MULHOLLAND.

II.

ON hearing that he had become a Catholic, Mrs. Dundas wrenched her hand from that of her nephew and sank down upon the sofa, gazing at him in genuine horror and consternation.

“You a Papist?” she gasped. “You, educated and enlightened, brought up to know and understand the wicked errors of Popery? How in the world have you been led astray? Some crafty priest, hearing you were well off, got hold of you! My poor Cecil! I had no idea you were so weak.”

“I made up my mind to become a Catholic” (quietly) “before I ever spoke to a priest. Some eighteen months ago, I went to fish in Achill, a small island off

the west coast of Ireland. The scenery there is grand, magnificent; but the land is poor. Some of the people live in hovels that we would consider unfit for our cattle. There are few industries, and the poor could not subsist only that the younger men and women go to England and Scotland for the harvest every year, and bring home a few hardly earned pounds. A large portion of the island belongs to a Protestant mission, established there in famine times, and the work is done by men called guardians. When the peasants were starving, their little children ill of fever or dying round their knees, these so-called Christians tempted them with food, clothing, low rents, if only they would give up their religion, deny their God and vert to Protestantism. But with a few exceptions (there are black sheep in every flock) they remained firm, preferring to suffer starvation, poverty, even death itself, rather than enjoy the good things of this world purchased at the expense of an uneasy conscience and the loss of heaven."

"Poor benighted creatures! I always heard the Irish were an ignorant set."

"Benighted! Ignorant! O Aunt, your blindness and bigotry are appalling!"

"I don't" (testily) "turn about with every wind. It's folly to refuse comfort and help for any reason. Your Achill folk seem foolish in the extreme."

"Foolish, aye, with the folly of the Cross, the folly of the love of God their Creator! O Aunt Hildegard, their faith is beautiful, simple, holy, trusting! And they are so bright, so patient, so uncomplaining! Meeting them in the fields, in the bogs, I was struck with this. And on Sunday I followed them to the chapel. It was big and plain, the altar poor and boasting little in the way of adornment. There I saw the secret of their strength, realized the beauty and sanctity of the faith that sustained them. That first Mass was a revelation to me. I saw and understood things that my narrow Prot-

estant mind had never deemed possible. And, surrounded by those poor peasants whose devotion and fervor touched me to the heart, kneeling on the earthen floor of that plain, homely chapel, something stirred within me, and I prayed as I had never prayed before. God heard me: I left the sacred edifice a believer,—in the depth of my soul a true Catholic."

"That sort of thing will pass, Cecil. Emotions of that kind never last."

"With the grace of God, Aunt," he said solemnly and reverently, "I feel sure my faith will never leave me. After much reading, study, and instruction, I was received into the Church three weeks ago. My great and keenest desire is to live and die a Catholic."

Mrs. Dundas rose to her feet, and, with blazing eyes and frowning brows, looked at him steadily.

"I am disappointed and more angry than you can imagine, Cecil Dundas. My intention has always been to make you my heir; now, of course, that can never be. Till you see the error of your ways we must be as strangers. And if that does not happen before I die—well, you will not find your name mentioned in my will."

"I am sorry," he answered with calm dignity,—“deeply sorry, Aunt Hildegard, to have caused you pain. But my soul is my own, and I claim the right to work out my salvation according to the dictates of my conscience. As to your money, I never looked for nor expected it. My father, I am happy to say, left me a fortune sufficient for my wants. I have no desire to be wealthy. The separation from you grieves me; for I love you, and have been happy knowing that we were friends. But—”

"Say no more" (sternly). "And I must ask you to leave me. It is painful and useless to continue this conversation."

"Some day, I hope and pray, you may see things differently, Aunt Hildegard, and understand a little—"

She waved him away with a fierce glance; and, leaving his sentence unfinished, he turned from her sadly and walked toward the door. Here he paused, and, looking back, said gently:

"Good-bye, dear Aunt! But, before I go, there is one thing I want—Miss Tyrell's address. Will you kindly give it to me?"

She started and changed color.

"I have no idea what her address is, and do not wish to know it. I asked her no questions, but, ringing the bell, ordered William to show her out and she went. Lest I treat you in the same fashion, you had better follow her example."

Cecil bowed his handsome head, his eyes full of pain; then, opening the door, he went out, shutting it quickly and softly behind him.

Mrs. Dundas stood for a moment staring straight before her. She watched the door breathlessly, hoping, expecting that he would return. But the sound of his footsteps died away in the distance; the house became silent, and at last she realized that he was gone.

"Poor headstrong boy!" she cried, clinching her fists. "I could have forgiven him anything but that. No Papist shall ever call me friend. My husband's nephew, he was as dear to me as my own son. I would forgive him if I could, but it is impossible. Our ways must henceforth lie apart."

III.

Upon hearing Margaret's account of her visit to Hildegard Dundas, Mrs. Tyrell was deeply moved.

"You were too shy, too frightened to explain things, dear child," she said sadly. "If she knew, understood, she could not refuse to help us. Perhaps, after all, Peggy, I should be brave and go to see Mrs. Dundas myself."

"No, no, mother! It would do no good, and perhaps make you ill," the girl said. "Let us beg no more. I'd rather starve."

"My poor child! O Margaret, I did hope—feel sure—she would be kind!"

"Don't fret, dearest!" Margaret replied soothingly. "Put your trust in God and our Blessed Lady. Something tells me help will come to us from somewhere soon. So keep up your heart."

Next day, to her great joy, Margaret received a message from a well-known authoress, who had occasionally employed her before, asking her to go to her house that evening, as she wished her to do some typewriting at her dictation. This extra work, well paid as she knew it would be, was just what the girl desired; and when she had finished her long hours at the office, she hurried off with a light heart to Miss Lever's dainty rooms in York Street.

"Ah, Miss Tyrell!" cried that lady, as the servant showed her in. "Punctual as usual. Pray take a seat. And now," turning to a young man who stood at a table looking over some books, "I'm afraid I can't go with you to-night, Mr. Dundas. Miss Tyrell and I are going to be very busy."

"Miss Tyrell?" Cecil Dundas started round, and strode across the room.

At one glance he recognized the girl he had met coming out of his aunt's house the day before.

"I must introduce myself. I am a kind of cousin,—at least my uncle's widow, Mrs. Dundas, is," he said, his fine face lit up with pleasure. "I saw you yesterday for a second, and have been longing to see you again ever since."

Margaret gazed at him with questioning and wondering eyes.

"You saw me yesterday?"

"Yes, as you left my aunt's house in Cavendish Square. She had not been kind, and you looked sad."

The girl flushed to her eyes.

"I—I took her by surprise, and intruded at a wrong moment."

"I'm afraid" (sadly) "any moment would be the wrong one, Miss Tyrell. My aunt would not listen to you, and sent you away for the same reason that she dismissed me an hour later."

"Oh, I am sorry! It is hard to ask for help—and be refused. Mrs. Dundas does not like poor people."

He smiled, and looked at the young girl with sympathetic eyes.

"It was not for any reason of that kind that we were dismissed, but because of our religion. She dislikes Catholics."

"Oh! In days gone by grandfather and father were cast off because of their holy religion; but mother felt sure Mrs. Dundas was—"

"More enlightened? Alas, no!" he sighed. "The old prejudices are deeply rooted. She loves me, but has cast me off because, by the help of God's grace, I have found the truth and have recently become a Catholic."

"Oh, I am glad! And" (her eyes shining) "mother will be glad. It is splendid, too, to suffer something for one's faith."

"Indeed it is. But I—well, you see, I am not so strong as you are. May I come to see you and your mother? I want help,—the kind of help you and she can give me."

"Oh, do come! It will be a joy to us both to see you."

"Thank you! Then I'll look in to-morrow evening."

"Do. I shall be here. Have a talk with mother; and then perhaps" (with a soft blush) "you might come in again on Sunday."

"With the greatest pleasure in the world. It is extremely kind of you to ask me."

And, after a few words to Miss Lever, he wished both ladies good-night and went away.

"I can hardly believe this is to be ours," Margaret said one afternoon, about a year later, as Cecil Dundas, now her affianced husband, led her through a handsome house in Hyde Park Square. "Are you quite sure you can afford it, Cecil? It seems far too grand for you and me."

"I can well afford it, dearest!" he answered gaily. "And I hope you will like your new home. Your mother can have quite a suite of rooms to herself, too. Do you think you could be happy here with me, sweetheart?"

She looked at him with dewy eyes, and, clasping her hands, said with deep emotion:

"Happy? Oh, yes, anywhere with you! But this will be a delightful home,—far too good for me."

"Nothing would or could be that, my Margaret!"

"Oh, and to think, Cecil," she whispered low, "that my mission to Mrs. Dundas, which I thought such a failure, should, after all, have been such a success! It brought us together, and made her our friend."

"Your mission did more and better than that, my Margaret! It helped to open the eyes of a hardened bigot, and to show her the truth. Angry with me, she vowed she'd never forgive me for becoming a Catholic. Then the thought of you; and the gentle way in which you took her cruel treatment filled her with remorse, and made her seek you out. Your sweet ways did the rest, and, as you know, she sent for me, and we had a long talk. Gradually things have been made clear to her, and I think she will soon be received into the Church."

"Thank God! I have prayed for that day and night. Truly, Cecil, God's ways are wonderful."

(The End.)

Not a prayer can be said for the Holy Souls but God is at once glorified, both by the faith and charity of the mere prayer. Not an alleviation, however trifling, can befall any one of the souls, but He is forthwith glorified by the honor of His Son's Precious Blood and the approach of the soul to bliss. Not a soul is delivered from its trial but God is immensely glorified.—*Faber*.

A Circle of Golden Years.

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE.

A FEW weeks ago there was celebrated in a number of our cities a golden jubilee that deserves more than passing notice; for the event thus commemorated was the sowing of seeds of love and mercy, which have since blossomed in a thousand deeds and borne the rich fruitage of blessings innumerable for many souls. I refer to the establishment of the Sisters of the Poor of St. Francis, in Cincinnati, Ohio, in the year 1858.

We of this generation view with joy, which we make no attempt to conceal, the numerous conversions to the Church. It would appear as if the trend of non-Catholic religious thought were Romeward, and hopeful minds seem to catch between the clouds a gleam of the long-desired dawn of a reunited Christendom. Yet the beginning of this movement, in our country at least, dates beyond the present, and, with others, the late Archbishop Purcell of Cincinnati had a notable part in its inauguration. Of the many prominent Protestants whom he saw numbered among the children of the Church, this sketch is concerned with but one—Mrs. Sarah Peters, since through her, under God, this country has for the past fifty years been blessed with the ministrations of many holy and heroic nuns.

The story of Mrs. Peters' conversion has often been told: how, realizing the tremendous power exercised by the Pope throughout the world, and grieving for the benighted condition of his spiritual children, she conceived the idea to convert him to her own sincerely held Protestantism. Imbued with the thought, she turned her face to the Eternal City, where dwelt the saintly Pius IX. The result was the exact opposite of the purpose of the visit; and Mrs. Peters, not the Pope, was the convert. All the

zeal of a soul come at last unto its own characterized the after-conduct of this gentlewoman, and her wealth and her life were generously devoted to furthering the kingdom of God on earth. Naturally, her native city was the chief beneficiary; and more space than is here allowed would be required to detail, ever so briefly, the extent and variety of her accomplishments.

Things have made gigantic strides in our country within half a century; and the Queen City of the West, to-day counting her hospitals by the dozens, was then almost destitute of institutions for the care of the poor and afflicted. The suffering among his own little flock pressed sorely upon the heart of the good Archbishop; and on the eve of Mrs. Peters' departure for Europe (this time on a different mission, however), he commissioned her to secure for the diocese a community of Sisters devoted to the care of the sick. After consultation with eminent ecclesiastics, Mrs. Peters was directed to apply to the superior of a lately founded religious society, known as the Sisters of the Poor of St. Francis.

History is the greatest romance, and when the pen falls into the hand of the right chronicler, it fascinates as never can the fiction of the brain; nor do the records of time contain pages more interesting than those which set forth the establishment of our great religious institutions. The development of an idea that started in some single mind, the apparent impossibility of execution, the heroism that would not recognize this, the obstacles placed before it by those whose shortsightedness try our patience (forgetful, as we are, that we are likewise blind to present needs); the first season of success, followed by loss, which not infrequently proves a future gain; the shifting of conditions as if solely for the purpose of giving direction to the cause; the unexpected happenings which to the believing heart are indications of Divine Providence; and through all the growing consciousness among men that the dreamer

again was right, and that the world would have been the loser if the act had failed to illustrate the thought,—all this holds our attention, and with quickening pulse we follow the story until the historian, his task finished, bids us to seek among our hospital wards, our asylums and our schools for its continuation.

Some years before Mrs. Peters set forth to obey the behest of the Archbishop, a young Prussian maiden sought to attain to God by prayer, meditation and good works. She was known to the citizens of her native Aix-la-Chapelle as Frances Schervier, the daughter of a rich manufacturer and associate magistrate of the city. Her mother was a Frenchwoman, and during the days of the Revolution was with her parents imprisoned on account of her Faith, narrowly escaping death in consequence. At an early age, the future foundress joined the Third Order of St. Francis for seculars; and in that association formed the acquaintance of four other young girls, who shared her own desire for spiritual advancement. Gradually they withdrew from the world, and, placing themselves under the guidance of their pastor, entered, unconsciously, upon their novitiate.

Doubtless, they sweetly performed the work that came into their hands until direction was given to it by one of those events that visit communities at periods, spreading calamity abroad. Cholera broke out in the city, followed immediately by small-pox. As a result of the Revolution, there were no devoted nuns to nurse the victims; but Frances and her companions, now numbering twenty-one, stepped bravely to the front. Their offer as nurses for the stricken citizens was gladly accepted by the authorities, and a deserted Dominican convent was given to them for a hospital. Twenty-two young women for a plague-swept city! But they held out against the foe, until, exhausted, it loosened its fateful grasp, and the community felt once more the revivifying breath of returning healthfulness.

The splendid record the little band of valiant women had made for themselves was remembered, and they were permitted to retain possession of the convent. They had been led into their mission, and the pesthouse was now converted into a home for the incurable sick of both sexes. At the same time they opened charity kitchens in various parts of the city, in which food, properly cooked, was given to the sick and the poor.

Though thus engaged in work demanding the complete sacrifice of themselves, they were not as yet recognized as a religious body; but, all doubt of their mission having been removed, this was remedied in 1851, when, their constitution having been approved of, Mother Frances and twenty-three companions, were invested with the habit of St. Francis. The years following saw a remarkable extension of their work; and a field of vast richness was opened for them when, in 1858, a band of six Sisters was sent to Cincinnati to begin their foundation in the New World.

Sadly needed as they were, the poor Archbishop had no home to offer them, and for a time they lived with the Sisters of the Good Shepherd. The vacating, a little later, of a house that had been used as an orphan asylum, made a home for them possible; and there, in greatest poverty, the self-exiled daughters of St. Francis began their work of love and mercy. They had no hospital to which to take the sick poor, but they went into the homes which Disease was aiding Poverty to desolate; and, besides nursing the sick, they gave to the indigent well the food they had procured by begging.

The spectacle of heroism those six foreign Sisters presented, begging from door to door for bread, for people who not only had no claim upon them but were actual strangers to them, had a deep effect upon the public mind. The reverence they awakened in Jew and Protestant and unbeliever has been transmitted to their descendants; and, while

others may be refused, the Franciscan Sister never asks in vain. Doctors may criticise the charity, or lack of it, they find in other hospitals, but their cavilling turns to praise when a hospital of the Sisters of the Poor of St. Francis is named.

A few years after their arrival, the Sisters secured a site in Betts Street, and here they opened their St. Mary Hospital, the mother of their many institutions in America. But the generous woman who had been instrumental in bringing them to Cincinnati was not unmindful of her protégés. After a trial that proved their inestimable worth she gave them for a mother-house and novitiate her own beautiful home in the most exclusive neighborhood of the city. An additional two stories were built and a chapel erected, and here was started the flourishing nursery of the American branch of the Order. For the years following till her death, which took place in 1877, Mrs. Peters lived with the Sisters, finding a crowning joy for her life in the knowledge that, in this convent of St. Clare, Perpetual Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament was instituted. It has been uninterruptedly kept up to the present time.

Thus was the work inaugurated. The year 1861 saw the Sisters with a hospital for the proper conduct of their special mission, and a home where future servants for the sick and poor could be received and trained. Aspirants were numerous; and eight years after their arrival, the little community of six had increased to seventy-seven, of whom fifty-three were professed nuns. This enabled them to respond to calls from other cities. Their next hospital was established in Covington, Ky.; and afterward, in rapid succession, in Columbus, Ohio; Hoboken and Jersey City, N. J.; Brooklyn and New York city; Quincy, Ill.; and Newark, N. J. But the demand was far in excess of the supply, and, following the founding of the Newark hospital, the Sisters were forced to decline all invitations; for,

while generous souls still flocked to enroll themselves among the daughters of St. Francis, the work in their institutions was increasing even more rapidly, and there were none to spare for new foundations. At the end of ten years, however, they were able to send forth other heroic bands.

During this second dispersion another work of interest and importance was accomplished by the Sisters, in the erection of a new mother-house near Hartwell, about ten miles from Cincinnati. Long before the change was made, the site of their first home had lost its residential character, and the noise and turmoil of industry had destroyed its early quietude. Railroads and factories darkened the air with their smoke and poisoned it with their fumes; and regard for the health of their young novices, not less than other considerations, made the change imperative. A beautiful farm of seventy-seven acres was secured, and thereon was erected the new mother-house of St. Clare.

Serving in these various houses of the Order are more than five hundred and fifty religious. In Europe, even greater success has been achieved; the institutions there numbering forty-six, with nine hundred and eighty members,—all this the result of a pious girl's desiring, some sixty-four years ago, to attach herself to God and serve Him in ways according to His will. His will was shown to her; and, though it led her through the gate of absolute sacrifice, she did not hesitate; and to-day her spirit lives in all her daughters. As they stand before you, you perceive, by a certain indefinable aspect, women who have stripped themselves of everything the world holds dear,—women who have stepped from comfort, many from affluence, and still others from places not far distant from a throne, to the position of beggars,—all for love of that perfection which Christ exacts of His disciples.

"Be ye perfect"! Still stands the early command; and, if we brush from our eyes

the scales of ignorance or prejudice, we must see that, not less in altruism than in science, is work best performed by the one who first gains perfection for himself. They tell us this process is selfish. The religious first seeks perfection for her own soul, and then she thinks of the needs of her fellow-creatures. Equally selfish is the scientist who deliberately deafens himself against the cries of the world's ignorance, folly or pain, until he has gained the knowledge or skill he had determined to acquire. Then and then only will he hearken to his brothers, and then and then only will he be of service to them. The passion of service in the one who has not first acquired mastery, lacks the vital principle of success. We must first properly love ourselves before we may hope properly to love our neighbor; and the order of love for our neighbor is not beyond, but as, ourselves.

Last winter, in the city of Cincinnati, before St. Mary Hospital, the first founded by these Sisters in our country, a line of men, numbering many hundreds, daily stood, waiting the opening of the door which admitted them to the long, heated rooms, where the Sisters gave them a good meal of soup and bread. Had you travelled that way, and gained one of those Sisters to speak to you of this sad spectacle of suffering manhood, you would have seen the tranquil eyes moistened by tears, and the sorrow of a compassionate heart breaking through the soft-spoken words. But because the black-veiled Sisters passing through their ranks represented even to the most unthinking of those unfortunate men this supreme ideal, which she holds the sacrifice of all slight to obtain,—because of this knowledge her hands are not reached out to him in charity but in sympathy and in love, her services are not given to relieve the misery of a human being but of a brother and a friend. The nun is the specialist in the work of benevolence, and of these specialists I know of none surpassing the humble Sister of St. Francis.

A Notable Event.

THE Missionary Congress, under the auspices of the Catholic Extension Society, in Chicago last week, was one of the most notable events of the year. Not since the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore has there been a larger gathering of prelates and prominent priests and representative laymen anywhere in the United States. The Polish Catholics, who on Tuesday night welcomed the Papal Delegate, were a host in themselves, not only crowding the spacious assembly hall of St. Stanislaus' parish, but filling the adjacent streets as they were never filled before. An onlooker from New York was heard to say that he had not supposed there were so many Catholics in the whole city. Indeed, a procession of all the Catholics of all nationalities in Chicago would be unmanageable. The enthusiasm throughout the Congress was extraordinary; and at no time more intense than on the closing night, when Mr. Bourke Cockran, in an eloquent address, proclaimed the mission of the Church and refuted charges made against her by present-day opponents.

Some idea of the work done at the Congress may be had from the statement that a full report of its proceedings, with the papers read at the different sessions, will make a book of four hundred pages. Its publication will be immediate. Thousands of Catholics who were prevented from attending the Congress will thus be enabled to learn of its object and success, and of the prospects which it holds out for the conversion of the United States. The volume will show the status of the Church in this country, its wondrous advantages and opportunities, its many disabilities and dangers, and present a solution of all the great problems which now confront it.

It is not to be expected that as a result of the Congress there will be an immediate actuation of all the plans proposed for

the spread of the Faith in the United States. The zeal which prompted them, however, is sure to be enkindled or intensified on all sides, thus preparing the way for future undertakings, and strengthening forces already in operation. The Congress will be a great success if it has no other effect than to make the Catholics of this country realize more fully the double obligation they are under of living up to their faith and of co-operating in its propagation.

The attention of our separated brethren is now drawn to the Church as never before. Think as we may about the prevalence of crime and the indifference to religion, thousands upon thousands of non-Catholics, sincerely desirous of saving their souls, are asking themselves how this may be done. Good example will dispose them to turn to those whom God has constituted the guardians and physicians of souls. Bad example will as surely keep them back. It is not arguments but morals that make conversions. Another thing to remember is that bitterness in religious discussion is not less harmful than scandal. Away with teachers and destruction to books that violate "the peace of love"! A controversial triumph purchased at the cost of charity is in reality a disgrace. The times in which we live are evil, but are we ourselves any better? There are irreligion and scepticism, bigotry and scoffing, and there are also hypocrisy and uncharitableness and scandal and relaxation. The lesson that Frederic Ozanam gave his followers sixty years ago is worth repeating now. "Let us learn above all to defend our convictions," he said, "but without hating our adversaries; let us learn to love those who think differently from us, to admit that there are Christians in every camp, and that God can be served to-day as ever. Let us complain less of the times in which we live, and more of ourselves; let us be less faint-hearted, let us be more worthy."

Lacordaire once said of Ozanam that he was "just toward error." "What a gospel of charity is compressed into these words!" exclaims his biographer. "Ozanam denied to no man freedom of thought, the right to differ from him. Moreover, he believed all his life that the majority of sceptics were ready to embrace truth, could they only be induced to hear it explained. This is why he strove so humbly to make his own exposition of it attractive and persuasive. He had intense pity for unbelievers, looking upon them not as wilfully blind or as criminal, but as brothers who, for some unknown cause, had been denied that blessed inheritance of faith which illuminated his own life; and the sense of gratitude and of his own unworthiness made him merciful. His extraordinary indulgence toward error was sometimes a stumbling-block to his friends, when they were all young together; but there is not one of them now who, on looking back, does not recognize that Ozanam's faith was all the more powerful for being so sweetly tempered by charity. To youth, especially, his tolerance was almost boundless; yet no one will dare to say that there was the faintest touch of cowardice or false liberality in this condescension toward intellectual error. 'It was,' as M. Ampère very justly observes, 'a largeness of view which taught him to recognize sympathies outside the camp where he was fighting.'"

Pity for unbelievers, and the kindly tolerance that always goes with largeness of view, are leading characteristics of the prelate who presided over the Congress and in whose episcopal city it was held. The spirit that animated Ozanam is the spirit of Archbishop Quigley; it was revealed in all that he said and in all that he did on the occasion. He and Father Kelley, president of the Church Extension Society, and all who co-operated with them, have reason to felicitate themselves on a great work well done, on a great movement auspiciously inaugurated.

Devotion to the Holy Sacrifice.

Notes and Remarks.

FOREMOST amongst the characteristic traits of Dr. Grant, the well-remembered Bishop of Southwark, was his great devotion to the Holy Sacrifice, and his zealous efforts to instil a like devotion into others. In one of his pastorals he writes, "Neglected Masses punish the people with unblest homes and a multiplication of sorrows." His parting advice to a girl leaving the diocesan orphan asylum was: "Never let any earthly motive hinder you from hearing Mass when you can." His own fidelity to this advice was remarkable. He would travel all night, get up at unusual hours, and fast almost to fainting, rather than forego the privilege of offering the Holy Sacrifice.

During one of his visitations through Berkshire, having missed the train at Reading (the last leaving for London), he was urged to spend the night there. But, having appointed to say Mass at St. George's for the Sisters, he was determined to get to London anyhow in time. He sought the station-master. This official declared that a cattle train would leave at midnight, but no passengers were permitted to travel on it. Dr. Grant pleaded so earnestly that an exception was made. He procured a note to the station master at Paddington explaining the urgency of the case, and was then stowed in a truck with calves. He reached London at three in the morning, alighting with the cattle, to the surprise of the officials. He was stiff and chilled, but delighted with his success in being in time to offer Mass for the Sisters, who little suspected what it had cost him to keep his appointment.

"It was impossible to look at him in the act of Consecration," writes one who often served his Mass, "without feeling your faith and piety deepened by the sight; his own faith and piety were so intense."

It is to be feared that comparatively few of the people of the United States observed last Thursday as "a day of thanksgiving and prayer"; but it is to be hoped that a great many took time to read the President's Thanksgiving proclamation, the following paragraph of which deserves general consideration:

"For the very reason that in material well-being we have thus abounded, we owe it to the Almighty to show equal progress in moral and spiritual things. With a nation, as with individuals who make up a nation, material well-being is an indispensable foundation. But the foundation avails nothing by itself. That life is wasted, and more than wasted, which is spent in piling, heap upon heap, those things which minister merely to the pleasure of the body and to the power that rests only on wealth. Upon material well-being as a foundation must be raised the structure of the lofty life of the spirit, if this nation is properly to fulfil its great mission, and to accomplish all that we so ardently hope and desire. The things of the body are good, the things of the intellect better, but best of all are the things of the soul; for, in the nation as in the individual, in the long run it is character that counts. Let us, therefore, as a people set our faces resolutely against evil, and with broad charity, with kindness and good-will toward all men, but with unflinching determination to smite down wrong, strive with all the strength that is given us for righteousness in public and in private life."

From the recently-published "Life and Letters of George Bancroft" we learn that almost to the end of his life he was engaged on the revision of his history. There was need of this. Like Motley and Parkman and Prescott, he was a man of prejudices. To compare his books with those of

such writers as Dr. Gairdner and Abbot Gasquet is to notice the difference between reality and rhetoric. Ranke once let fall a barbed remark about Bancroft's history; and Carlyle, who was a friend, after praising the vivid quality of the work, was frank enough to add: "I should say that your didactic theoretic matter gratified me generally much less; that, in a word, you were too didactic, went too much into the origins of things generally known, into the praise of things only partially praisable, only slightly important; on the whole, that here is a man who *has an eye*, and that he ought to fling down his *spectacles* and look with that!" The spectacles were cracked or colored. How hard it was for Bancroft to conquer his predispositions is shown by what he wrote (to his wife, in September, 1861) regarding Lincoln: "We have a President without brains"! Ultimately the same "great historian" delivered the official eulogy on Lincoln.

Young students should take note of such little things as this, and know that history is constantly being rewritten. The unreliability of many anti-Catholic authors now quoted as "authorities" is sure to be demonstrated later on; in fact, this is already being done, to some extent, even by non-Catholics themselves,—writers like Dr. Gairdner, for instance, whose fairness in all his books is as evident as his industry.

In the course of a review dealing with a study in biology, ethics, and art, we find the following quotation from the work ("Parallel Paths") and the adequate comment thereon of the *Academy*.

It may well be doubted whether even the most gracious and human figure in the history of asceticism, Francis of Assisi, would not have better served his time and land by the natural development, in secular life and activity, of the beautiful, if sometimes wildly ebullient, character portrayed in the records of his youth than by cutting away half his life in order to force the other half into a distorted rarity.

But this is surely an ingenious begging of the question. It is certain that the motive of St. Francis, in accepting the monastic ideal of

life, was—whatever [else] it may have been—not one of self-stultification. Furthermore, if such a life be judged by its results, it will be found to have yielded a much greater measure of enjoyment than that of the average citizen, happy in the possession of wife and family. The life of St. Francis is, in fact, one long pæan of joy and praise. He met his sister Death with a song upon his lips. We are as fully alive to the dangers of asceticism as Mr. Rolleston himself, but asceticism is most dangerous when least under control. The service of humanity may well demand the sacrifice of a lesser good in order that a greater good may be thereby attained; and since Mr. Rolleston quotes with approval the divine words, "I am come that ye might have life, and that ye might have it more abundantly," we may remind him that their Author also declared that "he who loseth his life for My sake shall find it."

Mayor Rose, of Milwaukee, would seem to have a fairly correct notion both of present non-Catholic sentiment as to the School Question and inevitable future action on that same matter. He is quoted as having recently stated:

I know that what I am going to say will lay me open to the charge of political heresy. But I believe that with 36,000 children in the public schools, and over 20,000 in the parochial institutions, it is shortsighted public policy that demands that parents who send their children to the schools of their choice shall place upon themselves a double burden of taxation. The day will dawn, and speedily, when either they will be exempt from aiding in maintaining the public schools, or the parochial schools will be aided from the fund for education.

Until some such solution is adopted, it is, of course, sheer irony to speak of this country's being, in any other than a Pickwickian sense, what is called the land of the square deal.

One ex-Socialist who seems to have arrived at a tolerably adequate conception of the issue between Socialism and Religion, is Mr. David Goldstein, of Boston. "It is my personal conviction," he declares—"which I may say I have arrived at without association or affiliation with the institution,—that upon the religious aspects of this great issue the fight now centres around the Catholic

Church, which is the first and only church that has boldly taken up the gauntlet thrown down with scorn and defiance by Socialism. This Church is not merely the only international, or rather universal, one, and so the only one equipped to meet the power of the international enemy, but it is erected upon a basis—upon religious science—which gives it the strength to cope with the aggressions of the approaching foe. There are, I am aware, many persons who would rather see hell reign than that the great Catholic Church should be the victor in so great, so masterful a struggle. For such persons I have but sympathy, for they but veil themselves in darkness. They may be assured if this institution fall in the fight (if that were possible), all religions, sects and cults would collapse in ruins."

Apropos of one of the foregoing phrases, it is pretty certain that should Socialism and its logical outcome, Anarchy, be the victor instead of the vanquished in the great struggle, then in very truth would "hell reign,"—a more dreadful hell even than Sherman identified as the synonym of war.

Like a good many of us on both sides of the Atlantic, the *London Catholic Times* has become satiated with the self-assertiveness of a personage who no doubt has compensating characteristics not so evident. And the *Times* is unkind enough to rally him in this rather trenchant fashion:

We have read nothing less than acres of type on the zeal which is impelling the British missionary to go to the spiritual assistance of the native of Africa. The Congo Reform Association has shed bitter tears in print because facilities enough have not been given him to gratify that burning passion. The White Fathers and the other Catholic missionaries have given their testimony that he has had ample facilities, and that there is nothing to prevent him from doing his work as efficiently as they perform theirs. For a long time we were at a loss to understand how the difference of view arose; but a passage in a work which has just been published—"From Ruevenzori

to the Congo," by A. F. R. Wollaston—appears to afford an explanation. Mr. Wollaston, recounting a wayside experience in Uganda, says he met a White Father setting out on a visit to a chief a week's journey distant. Two boys attended him, carrying a small parcel of clothes and a water-bottle; for the traveller got his food in the villages where he slept. Then he met an English Protestant missionary with thirty porters, three cows, a flock of sheep and goats, a bicycle, and six boys with guns. We do not wonder now why the White Fathers and the British Protestant missionaries have different ideas of facilities.

It is doubtful whether even our worthy and combative President, during his proposed African campaign, will deem it necessary to encumber himself with all the impedimenta of the mighty English evangelist whom Mr. Wollaston met.

To the *Toledo Record* we are indebted for the following item, instancing what Wordsworth calls

That best portion of a good man's life,—
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love.

An evidence of the goodness of heart and democratic disposition of Archbishop Moeller, of Cincinnati, was given during a short stay in Urbana. After an impressive ceremony of class Confirmation in St. Mary's Church was over, he learned that Mary Logsdon, who belonged to the class, had been injured and so was unable to be at the services. Notwithstanding that a banquet had been arranged in honor of the Archbishop, he drove five miles into the country to the humble home, and there confirmed the little girl.

The *Academy* mentions the case of a yeoman farmer in the Eastern Counties who has paid over £20 in fines to keep his sons from school in order to teach them their natural business at home; and adds this comment: "This may be an extreme course in the opposite direction. But the protest has its value. We consider that in country schools only the simplest elementary teaching should be given, but that it should be thorough of its kind, and free from fads. A really important reform would be to restrict all book and desk work to morning school,

and in the afternoon either to provide agricultural training or to allow the children to return to the farm-lands; for the whole secret of rural life lies, and will lie, in the training of the children."

From which it would appear that in England also they have their superintendents and principals who neglect the essential for the ornamental. They are a veritable plague in any country.

A Silver Jubilee especially worthy of favorable notice was that of the Irish Immigrant Girls' Home, or, more properly, the Mission of Our Lady of the Rosary, in New York, recently celebrated. Though the Mission receives no city, State or federal aid, but relies solely on the voluntary contributions of friends, it has this splendid record. Since it was established in October, 1883, there arrived in New York 707,471 Irish immigrants, of whom 336,648 were males and 370,823 females. The ships that carried them over made about 5600 landings, every one of which was attended by representatives of the Mission. Fully 100,000 friendless girls received the hospitality of the Home, and positions were secured for 12,000—all free of charge.

Of one of the seven new Judges recently appointed by the Holy Father for the high court of the Roman Rota, our ever-interesting contemporary, *Rome*, says:

The name of Mgr. Prior will be very familiar to the readers of *Rome*, to which he has been the most valued of contributors since the beginning. His work, "Is the Pope Independent?" which is now the classic on the Roman Question, first saw the light in these columns; and his articles on "Cardinal Newman and Modernism," which have already appeared in Italian in the *Civiltà Cattolica*, and in English in *Rome*, and which we are now about to reprint in pamphlet form, have given the deathblow to the queer contention that the great Oratorian was in any way responsible for the aberrations of the hour. Mgr. Prior was also for several years a regular contributor to the *Tablet*. During the latter years of Leo XIII. he had several

narrow escapes from being made bishop. On two or three occasions he was actually selected by Propaganda; but when the choice was submitted for ratification to the Pontiff, Leo XIII. refused to let him leave Rome, deeming his services at the Beda too valuable to be dispensed with. And now the Holy Father, casting his eyes over the whole English-speaking world for a prelate endowed with the requisite learning and judicial spirit, and familiar with the *ethos* of the English-speaking peoples, has not hesitated to select Mgr. Prior for the delicate and important office.

Our contemporary's phrase "narrow escapes from being made bishop" may sound somewhat strange to our non-Catholic readers; but we can assure them that it is happily chosen, nevertheless. Although there is Scriptural sanction for the statement that "to desire to be a bishop is to desire a good thing," many an ecclesiastic believes, and acts on the belief, that to avoid the purple is a still better thing.

Notwithstanding the ceaseless outpouring of hostile criticism of which the King of the Belgians has been made for the past few years the devoted object, it appears that the venerable monarch is not without honor even in his own country. The bishops of Belgium, in a collective pastoral letter, have this to say:

While the representatives of the nation were grappling with the grave problems arising out of the proposed union of the Congo to Belgium, we silenced the voice of our patriotism. But to-day we may without fear of being misunderstood throw aside the reserve we imposed on ourselves. We share warmly in the joy with which the Belgian people have been inspired by the acquisition of a colony destined to develop greatly the economic conditions of the mother country, and to give to the expansion of the Catholic Faith a new and vigorous impulse. We thank God, the Sovereign Author of all good, for having thus continued to shower His munificence on our beloved country. We offer the homage of our grateful admiration to the initiator, who (at a time when the idea of creating an African colony was surrounded with darkness for less penetrating eyes, and awakened in less perspicacious minds but apprehension and mistrust), alone, or almost alone, possessed the true intuition of our interests,

and, with a force of will which nothing has been able to daunt, transformed what for so many seemed to be an empty dream into a living and fruitful reality. The King has deserved well of the country.

That he has not been used well by the press of several other countries than Belgium, our own included, is presumably a matter over which his Majesty has not lost any perceptible amount of sleep.

Defining wit in its oldtime sense as a synonym for wisdom, Pope says:

True wit is Nature to advantage dressed,
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed.

The couplet occurred to us the other day as we read, in the *Messenger*, this paragraph from a paper by the Rev. William Power, S. J. Writing of a general preventive or corrective for mental aberrations in matters of religious belief or practice, he says:

It is known by the plain, broad title of "the Catholic Sense,"—a title simple enough to the ear, but pregnant in meaning; indicating, as it does, a most precious gift of God, which can never be too highly valued or too carefully cultivated by its happy possessor. This title conveys to our mind a certain spiritual perception, a species of intuition quick to detect a lurking fallacy beneath a fair and specious proposition; a faithful instinct which recoils spontaneously from a false or dangerous proposition, as a delicate musical ear from a harsh, grating note. It may happen at times that the mind does not feel competent to formulate its exceptions in strict technical fashion, as its quick perception outruns the tardy process of analysis; but none the less it will say, and with almost unerring fidelity where important truths are concerned: "Such a proposition has not a Catholic ring about it, and therefore I must flatly reject it or be exceedingly slow to receive it."

Father Dunn, of the Propagation of the Faith, publishes the following contrasting incidents which enforce their own lesson with a vividness unimprovable by any comment:

"No, I think I'll wait until later. Times are hard just now, and I can not afford to give anything," said a young man in one of our parishes who had been asked by a promoter to give the five cents a month to the missions. He

was half inclined to give the trifle, but somehow the sum seemed to discourage him. "I have only fourteen dollars a week," he argued; "and a fellow can't do everything on that."

A young colored man came to the office last week. He is a convert to the Faith, but prizes it above everything. He was neatly dressed, but it was evident that he was not blessed with more than he needed. Upon inquiry, it was discovered that he earned seven dollars a week running an elevator in a down-town building, and could about make ends meet. He came with an offering of two dollars, which he had saved, with the request that it be sent to the mission that most needed help. He was so anxious to give it that the sacrifice on his meagre wage did not seem to him great; and, with some show of feeling, he insisted that he could well afford to give the two dollars.

Although readers familiar with Father Lambert's masterly refutation of Christian Science scarcely need any further reasons for condemning that phase of pseudo-religious thought, the following opinion of an eminent American physician and nerve specialist may interest them. Addressing a recent meeting of the Neurological Association, Dr. S. Weir-Mitchell said:

Although Eddyism, in one form or another, is as old as civilization, I am amazed that the undisciplined minds of Americans, usually so sceptical, should be taken in in such increasingly large numbers by an elderly woman with a smile. It is not against psychotherapy that I charge you, but against the proneness to overstate its claims as an available remedy. No organic disease was ever cured by it, and its legitimate uses are circumscribed. The rational employment of it in some cases is without doubt of incalculable benefit, but its wanton misuse is inexcusable. There are at least seven cults which have grown up about its tested worth, which are alike only in that they despise each other. They thrive partly because of ignorance, partly because of the pride of untrained reason pampered by the conceit that by subscribing to certain dogmas and sometimes paying fees they can themselves become "healers." Persons who refuse credence to stories of the Lourdes cures will swallow these latter marvels complacently.

This reference to Lourdes—where, by the way, organic diseases *are* cured—seems to differentiate Dr. Mitchell from the Zola brand of latter-day sceptics.

FOR YOUNG FOLK



Mario and Giulietta.*



YEARS ago, there sailed forth from the port of Liverpool one morning a huge steamer, which had on board two hundred persons, including a crew of sixty. The captain and nearly all the sailors were English. Among the passengers were several Italians: three merchants and a company of musicians. The steamer was bound for the island of Malta. It was the month of December, and the weather was threatening.

Among the third-class passengers forward was an Italian lad of a dozen years, small for his age, but robust,—a bold, handsome, austere face, of Sicilian type. He was alone near the foremast, seated on a coil of cordage, beside a well-worn valise, which contained his effects, and upon which he kept a hand. His face was brown, and his black and wavy hair descended to his shoulders. He was meanly clad, and had a tattered mantle thrown over his shoulders, and an old leather pouch on a cross-belt. He gazed thoughtfully about him at the passengers, the ship, the sailors who were running past, and at the restless sea.

A little after their departure, one of the crew, an Italian with grey hair, made his appearance on the bow, holding by the hand a little girl; and, coming to a halt in front of the young Sicilian, he said to him: "Here's a travelling companion for you, Mario."

And the girl seated herself on the pile of cordage beside the boy.

They surveyed each other. "Where are you going?" asked the Sicilian.

"To Malta, on the way of Naples," was her reply. "I am going to see my

father and mother, who are expecting me. My name is Giulietta Faggiani."

The boy said nothing. After the lapse of a few minutes he drew some bread from his pouch, and some dried fruit; the girl had some biscuits. They began to eat.

"Look sharp there!" shouted the Italian sailor, as he passed rapidly. "A lively time is at hand!"

The wind continued to increase, the steamer pitched heavily; but the two children, who did not suffer from seasickness, paid no heed to it. The little girl smiled. She was about the same age as her companion, but was considerably taller, brown of complexion, slender, somewhat sickly looking, and dressed more than comfortably. Her hair was short and curling; she wore a red kerchief over her head, and two hoops of silver in her ears.

As they ate they talked about themselves and their affairs. The boy had no longer either father or mother. The father, an artisan, had died a few days previously in Liverpool, leaving him alone; and the Italian Consul had sent him back to his country—Palermo,—where he had some distant relatives. The little girl had been taken to London the year before by a widowed aunt, who was very fond of her, and to whom her parents—poor people—had given her for a time, trusting in a promise of an inheritance; but the aunt had died a few months later, run over by an omnibus, without leaving a *centesimo*; and then she, too, had had recourse to the Consul, who had shipped her to Italy. Both had been recommended to the care of the Italian sailor.

"So," concluded the little maid, "my father and mother thought that I would return rich, and instead I am returning poor. But they will love me all the same. And so will my brothers. I have four,

* Edmondo de Amicis. Adapted for THE AVE MARIA.

all small. I am the oldest at home. They will be so delighted to see me!"

Mario was silent.

At night, as they parted to go to bed, the girl said to Mario: "Sleep well."

"No one will sleep well, my poor children!" exclaimed the Italian sailor, as he ran past in answer to a call from the captain.

"Good-night!" responded Mario. And they descended to their berths.

The sailor's prediction proved correct. Before they could get to sleep, a frightful tempest had broken loose. It was like the onslaught of great, furious horses. In the course of a few minutes it had split one mast, and carried away, like leaves, three boats which were suspended to the falls, and four crows on the bow. On board the steamer there arose a confusion, a terror, an uproar,—a tempest of shrieks, wails, and prayers, sufficient to make the hair stand on end. The tempest continued to increase in fury all night. At daybreak it was still raging. The formidable waves, dashing the craft transversely, broke over the deck, and smashed, split, and hurled everything into the sea. The platform which screened the engine was destroyed, and the water dashed in with a terrible roar; the fires were extinguished; the engineers fled; huge and impetuous streams forced their way everywhere. A voice of thunder shouted: "To the pumps!"

It was the captain's voice. The sailors rushed to the pumps. But a sudden burst of the sea, striking the vessel on the stern, demolished bulwarks and hatchways, and sent a flood within.

All the passengers, more dead than alive, had taken refuge in the grand saloon. At last the captain made his appearance.

"Captain! Captain!" they all shrieked in concert. "Is there any hope? Save us!"

He waited until they were silent, then said coolly:

"Let us be resigned."

At one moment the captain attempted

to launch a life-boat; five sailors entered it; the boat sank; the waves turned it over, and two of the sailors were drowned, among them the Italian; the others contrived with difficulty to catch hold of the ropes, and draw themselves up again. After this the sailors seemed to lose all courage. Two hours later the vessel was sunk in the water to the height of the portholes.

A terrible spectacle was presented meanwhile on the deck. Mothers pressed their children to their breasts in despair; friends exchanged embraces and bade one another farewell; some went down into the cabins, that they might die without seeing the sea. The two children, Giulietta and Mario, clung to a mast, and gazed at the water with staring eyes, as though senseless. The sea had subsided a little, but the vessel continued to sink slowly. Only a few minutes remained to them.

"Launch the long-boat!" shouted the captain.

A boat, the last that remained, was thrown into the water, and fourteen sailors and three passengers descended into it. The captain remained on board.

"Come down with us!" they shouted to him from below.

"I must die at my post," he answered.

"We shall meet a vessel," the sailors cried. "We shall be saved! Come!"

"No, I will remain."

"There is room for one more!" shouted the sailors, turning to the other passengers.

A woman advanced, aided by the captain; but, on seeing the distance at which the boat lay, she did not feel sufficient courage to leap down, and fell back upon the deck. The other women had nearly all fainted.

"A boy!" shouted the sailors.

At that shout the Sicilian lad and his companion, who had remained up to that moment petrified as by a supernatural stupor, were suddenly aroused by a violent instinct to save their lives. They detached themselves simultaneously from the mast and rushed to the side of the vessel.

"The smallest!" shouted the sailors.
 "The boat is overloaded! The smallest!"

On hearing these words, the girl dropped her arms, as though struck by lightning, and stood motionless, staring at Mario with lustreless eyes. He looked at her for a moment; the gleam of a divine thought flashed across his face.

"The smallest!" repeated the sailors, with imperious impatience. "We are going!"

And then Mario, with a voice which no longer seemed his own, cried:

"I give you my place, Giulietta. You have a father and mother and brothers. I am alone. Go down!"

"Throw her into the sea!" shouted the sailors.

Mario seized Giulietta by the body, and threw her into the sea. The girl uttered a cry and made a splash; a sailor took her by the arm and dragged her into the boat. The boy remained at the vessel's side, with his head held high, his hair streaming in the wind, — motionless, tranquil, sublime.

The boat moved off just in time to escape the whirlpool which the vessel produced in sinking, and which threatened to overturn it. Then the girl, who had remained senseless until that moment, raised her eyes to the boy, and burst into a storm of tears.

"Good-bye, Mario!" she cried amid her sobs, with her arms outstretched toward him. "Good-bye! — good-bye! — good-bye!"

"Good-bye!" replied the boy, raising his hand on high.

The boat went swiftly across the troubled sea, beneath the dark sky. No one on board the vessel shouted any longer. The water was already lapping the edge of the deck.

Suddenly the boy fell on his knees, with his hands folded and his eyes raised to heaven. The girl covered her face. When she raised her head again, she cast a glance over the sea: the vessel was no longer there.

D and Dumps.

From Mother Salome's new book, "Stories for You and Me," lately recommended to the readers of THE AVE MARIA, we cull the following capital story, hoping the lesson of it will be taken to heart by all our young folk, and that they will remember this book when they are choosing their holiday gifts.

Did you ever notice what a lot of disagreeable things come under the letter D? For example, "don't" (that tiresome word that does try our tempers so), "dirt," "distress," "disappointment," "distraction," "depression," "detraction," "dumps." Now, I wonder which of all these you think the worst? Those who have learned the Eighth Commandment will say, "Detraction"; and I should agree with them if it was not for the dumps. Detraction is ofal, and detractors are scavengers who pick up all that is nasty and treasure it in their low minds. Still, the dumps is a cause, and nearly all other things are effects. But, as you do not know any logic or philosophy, we won't philosophize nor syllogize, but go straight to the dumps.

I very much hope that most of you girls and boys are staring at this word and wondering whatever it means; and I hope this, because the dumps is such a very ugly complaint, worse than mumps or lumps or humps or bumps, and quite as bad as grumps. It is a sort of illness, only it does not last all the time. It is what some people call low spirits; only, really, it is no spirit at all, which is a dreadful thing. It comes on with people who get it when their sums won't come right, or when their needle won't thread, or when a hem has to come out, or when they have a pain, and feel "out of sorts" in the morning.

And the way that they show that they have got it is by looking dreadfully cross, grumbling and mumbling, folding their hands in their laps, and letting tears roll

down their cheeks and fall on their limp hands. Anybody who knows anything would at a glance know that these people have the dumps badly. The poor things themselves don't know it at all. They think the breakfast is horrid, that persons are unkind, that sewing is disgusting, and "that sums never will come right, so it is no use trying." Dumps, dumps,—unmistakable dumps.

Let us take examples from nursery history. I very much suspect that that well-known gentleman, Daddy-long-legs, who would not say his prayers, and had to be taken by the left leg and thrown down the stairs, had had a bad fit of the dumps. Or else why didn't he say his prayers? It is a very sure sign of dumps when a person does not say his prayers.

Cinderella had the dumps when she sat by the kitchen fire after the haughty sisters had gone to the ball. If it had not been for the good fairy godmother, she would be sitting there still, I am afraid. The spirit had gone out of her and she had not enough even to get up and go to bed.

Little Jack Horner would certainly get them after he had eaten that pie. People who eat pies in corners and put their thumbs in for plums, if they do not get the dumps they ought to, and I hope they may. Jack Horner is a sad example to us in many ways.

But a person in real history once got the dumps, and—would you believe it?—"he was a king and wore a crown." The poetry tells us "his heart was beginning to sink." That's the dumps: the spirit goes down like the mercury in bad weather. This great man was Robert Bruce of Scotland. Now you remember all about him, don't you, and what cured him? Such a little thing! Only a spider! It showed what a great man he was to learn from a spider. It is only clever people who learn from little things like that.

And now have you heard enough of the dumps? And do you know what they are and what they look like? And do you know what to do with them if ever you

should get them? That is the most important thing of all, and nothing else matters in the least.

I have two ways of overcoming my dumps, and I will tell you, because I like you, and I don't want you to suffer from anything so disagreeable. First of all, *do* something. The spirits rise with doing, and the dumps sink. *Do* your hem, *do* your sums, *do* the threading, and *eat* the breakfast. Second (now listen: this is the most important piece of advice of all, and is worth a guinea a box, like Beecham's masterpiece), *smile*. Do you remember that pleasant animal, the cat in "Alice in Wonderland"? It not only smiled, but it left its smile behind it. Now, no one could do more than that, not even a child. But it can do as much. You need not look so surprised. I mean it. You can smile and leave a smile behind you, not only up in the trees of Wonderland, where no one but Alice is the better for it, but in people's hearts, in their eyes, in their memories.

So this is the moral of all this long discourse: if ever we should get the dumps we must, 1st, *do* the things, even if they are horrid, disagreeable, disgusting; 2d, *smile*, even if we should like to cry or sigh; even if we want to grumble, or mumble or sulk. Then the dumps will go like magic and we shall be our own bright, sunny selves again, and never have anything to do with distress, depression, detraction, etc., etc.

Prsvryprfctmvrkpthsprecptstn.

To show the importance of the vowel *e* in all writings, one needs only to refer to the above, which was an inscription over the Decalogue in a country church. It is stated that this was not read in over two hundred years. If you will insert the letter *e* in a good many spaces, you will be able to read:

Persevere, ye perfect men;
Ever keep these precepts ten.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—The A. R. Elliott Publishing Co. has issued, as a brochure, "The First American Medical School," a paper read before the medical faculty of Fordham University by Dr. James J. Walsh. The school in question was not that established in Philadelphia about 1770, but one founded in the University of Mexico some two centuries prior to that date.

—Dinsmore's "Teaching a District School" (American Book Co.) is a splendid book for teachers young and old, giving in small compass many counsels that must be of practical assistance not only in the class-room but in the hours out of school; for this teacher of teachers believes in the part that character must play, and he holds that a teacher must strive to make himself worthy his dignity by constant self-development. There is more real pedagogy in this little book than in many a larger, more ambitious volume.

—The recent religious centenary in the capital of New England gives the note of timeliness to "A Brief History of the Archdiocese of Boston," by the Rev. Michael J. Scanlan (Nicholas M. Williams Co.). A pamphlet of sixty pages, it contains an interesting chronicle of religious happenings in New England from the date of Father Druillettes' visit to Boston in 1650, and more particularly from the date of the first public Mass in that city, Nov. 2, 1788, down to the present time. Father Scanlan gives the present Catholic population of the Archdiocese as about 800,000.

—In a slender volume of ninety pages, the Rev. George S. Hitchcock, S. J., discusses "Sermon Composition: A Method for Students" (Burns & Oates; Benziger Brothers). The method proposed will impress most readers as being in its subordinate lines, if not in its main ones, rather novel. Father Hitchcock's model sermon has no fewer than eleven sections,—to wit: introduction, picture, detail, scope, suggestion, refutation, proof, glad motive, sad motive, grand motive, and conclusion. Our personal conclusion, after a cursory examination of the book, is that the best part of it is its introduction by the Rev. Bernard Vaughan, S. J.

—The Fifth Reader of the De La Salle Series, compiled by the Brothers of the Christian Schools, is a substantial volume of some four hundred and sixty pages. It contains one hundred and twenty-five selections in prose and verse, the authors represented numbering one hundred and eleven. While the index of authors contains a fair sprinkling of Catholic names,

certain other names that might reasonably be looked for in a professedly Catholic reading-book—those of Bishop Spalding and Maurice Francis Egan, for instance—are somewhat conspicuously absent. Apart from this imperfection, the book is worthy of all praise.

—One of the most characteristic anecdotes of Tennyson's calm consciousness of his own powers is printed in the notes to the last volume of the "Eversley Tennyson," just published. In the notes on "The Falcon," the editor, the present Lord Tennyson, quotes this passage out of a letter from Mrs. Brotherton: "Well do I remember your father reading 'The Falcon' to me (still in MS.), in a little attic at Farringford. The ivy outside was blowing against the casement like pattering rain, all the time. When he had finished, he softly closed the simple 'copy-book' it was written in, and said softly, 'Stately and tender, isn't it?' Exactly as if he were commenting on another man's work,—and no more just comment could have come from the whole world of critics."

—"Curriculum," a paper read before the Catholic Educational Association, Cincinnati, O., in July last, by the Rev. William F. Poland, S. J., has been issued as a bulletin of St. Mary's College, Kansas. It is full of excellent matter, forcefully expressed. Here is one paragraph worth pondering by the parents or superiors of feminine teachers:

It may be like flying in the face of fire to say it, but it is a truth beyond question that a teacher can not act as sacristan, as housemaid, as seamstress. It ought to be the pride of the parish so to provide for those who come to teach that they may be absolutely free to teach. Household labors should not be awaiting them when they return from the more arduous day's work in the school. If, when the nervous system is wearied to the limit by the strain of the classes, they have to turn in and exhaust the muscular energy, nothing remains. They are altogether incapable of application to study or to spiritual exercises. The eye strain alone demanded of the real teacher in the class-room and in private study is so great that if the night and the Saturday when the inexorable laws of nature call for repose have to be given over to the work of the seamstress, something has to fail, the school or the teacher, the school system or the human system, or both.

—Mr. Thomas Walsh, whom we are happy to number among our regular contributors, had the honor of being poet at the dedicatory exercises of the Prison Ship Martyrs' Monument, on Fort Greene, Washington Park, Brooklyn, on the 14th inst. The orator on the occasion was President-elect Taft, but we doubt whether he was quite as familiar with his subject as the poet. Many of the "martyrs" were Catholics, and Mr. Walsh was happy to pay tribute to them.

The following lines will give the reader an idea of the extra-fine quality of his ode:

Well might the blue skies and the breeze
Which once perchance swept Delphi o'er,
Well might the star-eyes question: "What are these
Heaped holocausts on Freedom's shrine?
Not even the dullard ox unto our altars led
Of old, but walked 'mid reverent throng
Anointed and garlanded!
What rite of hate or scorn of law divine
Strikes down its victims here
With not a funeral song
Nor poor libation of a tear?"
To-day give answer—ye, who 'mid the battle's roar
Have known the rapture of a patriot's death,—
Ye, who have seen the aureole trembling o'er
Your brows as anguish clutched at Life's fond breath,—
Blessed and radiant now!—look down
In consecration of the solemn deed
Which here commemorates this iron breed
Of martyrs nameless in the clay
As the true heroes of our newer day,—
World-heroes, patterned not on king and demigod
Of charioted splendor or of crown
Blood-crusted; but on toilers in the sod,
On reapers of the sea, on lovers of mankind,
Whose bruised shoulders bear
The lumbering wain of progress—all who share
The crust and sorrows of our mortal lot—
Lamps of the soul the Christ hath left behind
To light the path whereon He faltered not.

Mr. Walsh read numerous other lines quite as stirring as these. He is to be congratulated on producing a notable poem for a memorable occasion.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' price generally includes postage.

"Sermon Composition." Rev. George Hitchcock, S. J. 75 cts., net.

"Virtues and Spiritual Counsel of Father Noailles." \$1.75, net.

"The Little Flowers of St. Benet." 75 cts.

"A History of the Holy Eucharist in Great Britain." Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C. SS. R. Edited by the Rev. H. Thurston, S. J. \$7.

"History of the German People." Johannes Janssen. Vol. XII. Per two volumes. \$6.25, net.

"St. Thomas of Canterbury." Rev. Robert Hugh Benson. 85 cts.

"Stories for You and Me." Mother Mary Salome. 75 cts., net.

"The Thirteenth Greatest of Centuries." James J. Walsh, M. D., Ph. D., LL. D. \$2.70.

"Sermons on Modern Spiritualism." Rev. A. V. Miller, O. S. C. 75 cts.

"Sydney Carrington's Contumacy." X. Lawson. \$1.25.

"The Man's Hands." P. R. Garrold, S. J. 86 cts.

"The Lepers of Molokai." Charles Warren Stoddard. New Edition. Enlarged. 75 cts.

"Vittorino da Feltre." A Sister of Notre Dame. 86 cts.

"A Catholic History of Alabama and the Floridas." A Member of the Order of Mercy. Vol. I. \$1.60.

"Meditations for the Use of Seminarians and Priests." Vol. II. Very Rev. L. Branchereau, S. S. \$1, net.

"Irish Wit and Humor." 50 cts.

"Catholic Life; or, the Feasts, Fasts and Devotions of the Ecclesiastical Year." 75 cts., net.

"The Dangers of Spiritualism." J. Godfrey Raupert. 75 cts., net.

"Modern Spiritism." J. Godfrey Raupert. \$1.35, net.

"The See of Peter and the Voice of Authority." Rev. Thomas Dolan. 60 cts.

"Lourdes: A History of Its Apparitions and Cures." Georges Bertrin. \$2, net.

"Dear Friends." D. Ella Nirdlinger. 60 cts.

"A Conversion and a Vocation." \$1.25.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. John Kiernan, of the diocese of Newark; Rev. John Nagorznik, C. R.; and Rev. Joseph Smith, S. P. M.

Mr. Francis L. Miller, Mr. John L. Misner, Mr. Jeremiah Gallagher, Mrs. Caroline Durbin, Mrs. E. Collins, Mr. H. Osborn, Mrs. E. Burke, Mr. John Dombrowski, Mr. John Grady, Mrs. Maria Bretz, Miss Rose Kirwin, Mr. Louis Neander, Mr. Felix Quinn, Miss Alice Clark, Mr. Thomas Williams, Mrs. Bridget Moynihan, Miss Mary Magee, Mr. Frank Schreck, Mrs. Margaret Halle, Winifred Conneran, Mr. Patrick O'Brien, Miss Nellie Johnson, Mr. Thomas Lally, Mr. W. B. Wingert, Mr. Michael Mulroy, Mrs. Louise Eels, Mrs. Susan Costello, and Mr. Samuel Labrum.

Requiescant in pace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LXVII. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, DECEMBER 5, 1908. NO. 23.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C. S. C.]

Immaculate.

BY M. L. ESTRANGE.

ALL hail! The sacred morn we greet,
Throughout eternal years foreseen,
Which gave to men a Mother sweet,
And to the angel hosts their Queen.
God formed her fair and undefiled;
For Eva's malediction dread
Must never rest upon the Child
Who came to crush the serpent's head.
Before the waters had sprung out,
Ere yet this earth revolved in space,
His love had sheltered her about,
And decked her with the rarest grace.
Immaculate! We long to hear
That word which first from Heaven came;
No wood-notes fall upon the ear
So softly as the Virgin's name.

A Church Feast in Seville.

BY E. BOYLE O'REILLY.



STRANGERS who are so fortunate as to be in Seville during the first half of December, witness some church pageants which, for individuality and magnificence of setting, are probably unequalled in Europe. The feast of the Immaculate Conception, on the 8th of the month, is a great day throughout Spain, but more especially in Seville. Her people look on it as their own special feast; one of her sons, Murillo, has symbolized it for all

time in the seraphic purity of his *Concepciones*. Though the dogma was defined by the Church only in 1854, it had for centuries been held by devout Catholics. That she, so full of grace as to be found worthy to receive the stupendous message of the Angel Gabriel, should have been exempt from all taint of original sin in the very first moment of her being, is but the natural sequence of the prime doctrine of our faith—the Incarnation.

In Seville, the celebration began on the day preceding the feast, with an early-morning peal of bells that lasted half an hour, and was frequently repeated during the day. Nothing can express the mad, exultant peal of these Seville bells: one strong metallic dong backward and forward (or rather over and over, for in Spain the bells are balanced with weights and make the complete circle when in motion), with a running carillon of more musical minor bells. We mounted to a roof terrace to watch the ringers, high up in the famous Giralda tower,—the beautiful landmark seen from every part of the city. In reckless enjoyment, they let the rope of the revolving bell now and then toss them aloft,—a perilous feat that has led to fatal accidents. But high up in the Giralda, above the joyous palm and orange growing town, a triumphant tumult filling the air, you feel, as you breathlessly watch the swinging boys, it were easy to lose your balance of common-sense.

On this eve—*Vespera de la Pureza*—there was a Solemn High Mass in the cathedral; and again, in the afternoon,

a concert of sacred music in the choir. Throughout the city, toward evening, lights were placed along the balconies, which were hung with draperies of blue and white; the balconies of the Archbishop's palace, under the Giralda, being decorated with the national colors—red and yellow. At night, a *fête*, with a military band, was held in one of the smaller plazas, where the children and pretty Seville girls flocked out in full enjoyment, each gay head decorated with the customary rose or bright ribbon bow. No matter how plain the woman, this charming coquetry is universal. People of the upper classes had taken the few open booths around the square, in which they entertained their friends.

Then, on the 8th itself, the bells fairly outdid themselves in tumultuous clamor, calling all to the solemn church, the soul of the city—La Grandeza, its special title among Spanish cathedrals. It rises a huge dark stone pile, with Gothic buttresses and sculptured doorways. Some claim it is larger than St. Peter's in Rome, and cite its 15,642 square metres of ground area, to St. Peter's 15,160. Inside it is vast and dim and truly imposing,—one of the noblest churches in Christendom. Its lofty Gothic piers make double aisles as they rise in springing arches to the roof.

Spanish cathedrals differ from other Christian temples in one important point, which at first strikes the traveller with dismay. This is the placing of the choir (*coro*), with its canon stalls and reading desks, in the nave, where its twenty-foot-high walls block and spoil the unimpeded view of the church. The *capilla mayor*, in the east end of the church, as usual contains the high altar, behind which rises an elaborate reredos, called *retablo* in Spain. The *retablo* of Seville, over seventy years in the making, towers to a hundred feet,—a series of sacred scenes carved in wood. This shuts off the high altar at the back from the ambulatory. And on the front and two sides this

major chapel is enclosed by gilded screens (*rejas*), which rise sometimes halfway to the lofty roof. The brilliant scenes within the sanctuary are heightened in effect by this finely designed dark fretwork enclosing them.

It is impossible to describe a church ceremony here without explaining this position of the *coro*. By being placed in the nave, it is separated from the altar by the space under the lantern at the meeting of the transepts; and it is in this space that the people kneel. In their midst runs a narrow passage with a low railing, through which the bishop and canons, during the services, pass backward and forward, from altar to *coro*. Thus a smaller church is made, as it were, within a larger. The *coro*, too, has a handsome *reja* across its open front; and above it on both sides rise the organs. This usurping of the nave by the *coro* was done in earliest days in Spain, and is so accepted an arrangement that it is not likely to change. In the fifteen and more Spanish cathedrals I have seen, there is but one—that of Oviedo (curiously enough, in the isolated Asturian mountains)—which has removed its impeding choir, and placed modern pews in the opened nave,—an up-to-date arrangement which one meets with a sense of inconsistent disappointment. For one soon grows attached to this Spanish usage, which enables the people to approach close to the high altar, even though it limits the space for the congregation to the transepts. In Seville the transepts are so large they seldom could be overcrowded, except perhaps, in Holy Week, when the court comes, and the flock of tourists descends.

The Spanish women carry their neat folding-chairs to church, and set them up in the sheltered, matted space between altar and *coro*. They are strangely alluring in their severe black gowns, the thin folds of their veils draped over high hair-combs and gathered gracefully round shoulders and waist. When they kneel they make a Sign of the Cross which, like many things

in Spain, has national additions. After the usual sign from forehead to breast, left shoulder to right, they carry the thumb to their lips. I am told this is a token of fidelity to their faith, and is a way by which Spaniards often recognize their countrymen in foreign lands. And since Seville outdoes Spain in most customs, here there are still other additions. They precede the Sign of the Cross by making a small cross on forehead, lips, and breast; and there are many who even precede *this* by a first regular Sign of the Cross, thus making two Signs of the Cross with the Gospel symbol between. All this is done so rapidly it takes several days of close observation to decipher it.

Gradually the church filled, on this 8th of December, until a solid mass of people knelt or stood in slanting wings across the transepts, covering every foot from which the high altar could be seen. There is never any crowding or impatience shown; for this is not to them, as to the average onlooking stranger, a show to see, but their daily place of prayer. The tourist too often forgets this most vital difference. In most cases he is ignorant of the meaning of Church ritual. Mental prayer, meditation on the feasts celebrated, the unspeakable spirituality of the Mass, are completely undivined by him; curiosity or æsthetic pleasure alone brings him there. The strictness enforced in Spanish churches during the solemn moment of the Consecration must come as a surprise to him, after Italy. All who place themselves before the high altar must either bow the knee then, or leave; and I have seen, in Toledo and Burgos, the verger turn out tourists who refused this mark of simple respect to a religious ceremony into which they had thrust themselves uninvited.

The canons chanted in the *coro*, accompanied by the deep, magnificently *male* voice of the organs. Then the Archbishop, in cope and mitre, entered, followed by dignitaries, priests, and acolytes, in vestments rich in gold and rare embroidery,

some of antique, uncommon design. The altar was one blaze of light, with chased silver shrines and pedestals. Beside it, on a table of steps, were displayed the ancient flagons and trays used in divine service on special feasts. The altar is approached by twelve steps, which allow for beautiful groupings as the Archbishop and canons sweep up them in their gorgeous robes. I do not think even one's youthful dreams of grandeur are beyond the splendor and tranquil stateliness of this Seville chancel. Below the altar steps are twelve silver candlesticks, higher than a man; for every accessory is on a vast and noble scale. These churches were built and adorned in ages of vivid faith, when people gave of their best.

Sometimes during the long services, as the *vox humana* of the organs filled the great church, one's eyes wandered aloft to the stone vaulting, to the superb painted windows (placed high, for this is a Southern land that builds against the sun); to the towering gilded screens, wrought by the monk of Salamanca and his fellow-artists in the same spirit of disregard for man's limitations in which this whole cathedral was built. Behind, in the sombre *coro*, lighted by an occasional candle here and there (far more appropriate than the electric lights dropped between each choir stall at Toledo), the lecturn was covered with illuminated psalm books, three feet high, bound in calf and cased in metal, so heavy two acolytes lifted them into place. Treasures such as these, which would be kept under glass in another land, are here in daily use. Around the choir, in their carved seats, were the canons in purple robes,—men of fine type and carriage.

In honor of the feast, there was an orchestra of stringed instruments,—some twenty laymen grouped, in the centre of the *coro*, round the priest who led with his baton. And in the midst of the singers stood the chorister lads, who were the privileged chosen few to dance this year before the high altar, as David once

danced before the Ark. Their mediæval dress—a singularly pleasing Russian blouse of blue and white, with white breeches and slippers—is worn with so unconscious a grace that they are a charming sight as they sing in their shrill childish trebles.

Before the High Mass began, there was a procession round the church to visit the various altars dedicated to the Blessed Virgin. ("For, behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed. For He that is mighty hath done to me great things."—St. Luke, i, 48, 49.) The first altar visited was Luis de Vargas' celebrated picture, the *Generacion*, with Adam and Eve, painted some hundreds of years ago to symbolize to-day's doctrine. Before the procession walked officers in uniform from the garrison; then twenty antique silver crosses were carried on blue pedestals; groups of acolytes followed with thick red tapers, or bearing the six-foot-high silver poles that end in handsome candle shrines, much in use here. Some Seville gentlemen in dress suits walked in line (these, later on, had reserved seats within the screen of the *capilla mayor*); then came the Archbishop, canons, beneficiaries, choristers,—a long, imposing train, that passed slowly round the outer aisles of the church. To those who remained before the high altar, their voices came faintly as they reached the west end, or when they encircled the chancel. Like all well-proportioned things, Seville cathedral does not seem colossal. It is only from effects like this, or when at night the candle-light illumination make the aisles stretch away to dim space, that one realizes the vast size of the church.

Then the Solemn High Mass proceeded, with now the thundering organ, now the delicate stringed instruments and human voices. The guide-books of Spain, in a curious ceaseless spirit of disparagement, say that a gay dance music is played in her churches. I have yet to hear it, and for three months I have gone to frequent services in all

parts of Spain. The music for this feast was an appropriate and most beautiful sacred concert. Only one selection was perhaps in too staccato a time for cathedral usage,—not that it was any more irreverent than many non-Catholic hymn tunes. Its lighter tone was overlooked when one saw the pleasure with which the little choristers sang it, abandoning themselves to its easier measure in an irresistible way. As for the violins, one must remember that a solo sung by a woman in church would seem as strange to a Spaniard as string or wind instruments do to us. Of what use is travel if every different custom rouses adverse criticism? Spain, happily, is sublimely indifferent to what the stranger thinks of her, she is so sure of herself. She has no *mauvaise honte* to hide the deepest, most ineradicable instinct in man's nature, and fearlessly she follows her impulses of worship. Every talent is pressed into the service of praising God.

During the High Mass one noticed additions to the usual ritual. When the kiss of peace was given at the altar, the deacons kissed small silver shrines, which the acolytes (led by the verger in wig and silver staff) then carried to the *coro*, and in turn offered to each canon. By this custom, the separation of the choir from the altar is obviated.

The Epistle was read from its own pulpit; and from the opposite side of the *reja*, a short Gospel was chanted: "*Sequentia sancti Evangelii secundum Lucam.*" This was a most solemn moment; and the people of Seville, with bowed, thoughtful heads, seemed to take in fully the richly freighted words. A spirited sermon followed; and when Mass was over, the Papal Benediction was given. Then the Archbishop (comparatively a young man of fifty-two, to be made a cardinal within a year) passed to the grand sacristy, which was thrown open to-day to the public. It is a domed room in the most elaborate Plateresque style, with pictures by Murillo and other Spanish

masters. The people thronged in to kiss the Archbishop's ring or to speak to him, until, his vestments laid aside, he passed through the crowd, pausing before the chapel where Gonsalvo Nuñez de Sepulveda lies buried,—he who, in 1654, left a fortune to the cathedral, that this Octave of the Immaculate Conception should be fitly celebrated. He passed also the *capilla real*, where is the silver coffin of St. Ferdinand, the king-conqueror who drove out the Moors from the city in the thirteenth century. Here a noble military Mass is said each November 23, and the national colors are lowered as the garrison files past. Leaving the cathedral by the Puerta de los Palos, the Archbishop crossed the plaza to his palace, the people pressing close around him. This scene of respect and love for their church prelate was repeated each day of the Octave. He seemed a father among his children, and they delighted to escort him home.

Even after the three-hour service, some Spaniards still lingered to visit the side chapels. The choristers, in their picturesque costume, gathered in the *capilla mayor* round the gifted ecclesiastic who led the music for these festivals, and in the deserted church continued their songs of praise. Not for outer effect had these hymns been taught them with such care, but to praise One unseen but all-seeing. This is the impression Spanish worship makes on the observing onlooker, who does not bring too deep-rooted a prejudice to a Latin race to judge it fairly. These pageants give eye and ear rare artistic pleasure, but the spirit of inner worship is not lost in its outward symbolization.

During the Octave, the Blessed Sacrament was exposed, and many were the touching scenes of piety and the unceasing offices of praise and song. In the late afternoon of each day, the Archbishop, in his red robes, again entered the chancel, surrounded by the canons, who knelt, some here, some there, in the unconscious groups of true art frequent before Spanish altars. These kneeling dignitaries seemed

like the donors in Italian pictures, with their strong, firm profiles. Some knelt with closed eyes in meditation, others watched the dance of the lads with affection; perhaps they, too, as boys, had been choristers. It is rather a slow, rhythmic stepping to music than a dance; and all the while they sing in their clear, high voices. Twice the music stopped, and for a few seconds the lads moved slowly to the sound of their own castanets. This unique custom commemorates the Christians' entry into the conquered Moslem town, more than six hundred years ago, when the children are said to have danced and sung for joy.

These twentieth-century Christian lads, their part now over, passed up the steps of the altar into a small sacristy behind it; and the musicians continued a lovely concert of sacred music,—a last half hour of peace and prayer that seemed like the solemn blessing of the huge darkened church on the bowed groups of loyal Seville people. They who can claim as the motto of their town the omnipresent *Nodo* ("Thou hast not deserted me"), given them by St. Ferdinand's son, Alonzo el Sabio,—may they not also claim that a heavenly King might use these words to His loyal citizens to-day?

One came away from the cathedral every evening with the feeling that there are many and various ways of praising God. Yet so much criticism has this Seville custom roused that, a few hundred years ago, the Pope ordered its discontinuance, allowing the dance to go on only as long as the costumes then in use should last. The people, who love their old usages, have succeeded in evading this decision by successive patching of the suits. This is the story. But certainly the fresh, graceful costumes of the lads show no tattered signs. They are worn with such unconscious carelessness they make no suggestion of masquerade. The small sacristans do their duties round the chancel, placing music stands, benches, etc., as naturally as if in everyday garb.

Of course there are many who crave a quieter, less magnificent form of worship. They can find this in various parish churches in Seville, and in the severe and grave cathedral services of Northern Spain. But when there are as many who crave this liberty of ear and eye in church worship, why should not they be satisfied as well?

This is the wisdom of the Church: she allows for all tastes and temperaments, knowing man is not cast in one mould. The Puritan in her midst does not have to turn Dissenter and leave her; she has her Salvation Army and her lovers of beauty and old customs. All are allowed free scope. The ascetic fulfils the hard law of his nature side by side with the eager enjoyer of human affections and graces.

This feast of Seville is rich with old traditions, and racy with national character. In this charming Southern city it is beautiful and appropriate. Fortunate is the stranger who lingers each evening in the vast church, lighted only by the solitary great candles against each pier; who wanders slowly behind the kneeling groups, listening to the soaring voices of man and violin raised in praise before the high altar.

And if the traveller comes from the New World, there is a tomb in the south transept of Seville cathedral (brought from Havana in 1899), to which his eyes will often turn with many ponderings. Four mammoth figures of bronze, ungainly on closer inspection, but at a distance singularly majestic, carry on their shoulders a bier which contains the remains of the great discoverer of America. Surely a tomb, in this solemn setting, to rouse the dullest imagination.

FOUR Gospels tell their story to mankind;
And none so full of soft, caressing words
That bring the Maid of Bethlehem and her Babe
Before our tear-dimmed eyes, as his who learned
In the meek service of his gracious art
The tones which, like the medicinal balms
That calm the sufferer's anguish, soothe our souls.

—“*The Poet at the Breakfast Table*,” Holmes.

Phileas Fox, Attorney.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XXI.

SOMEHOW, during the first days following upon Mrs. Wilson's illness, and in the press of work that had coincided therewith, Phileas had been forced to neglect John Vorst, in whose company he had, nevertheless, found an ever-growing charm. From the occasion of that dinner wherein they had discussed the affair of Jason Trowbridge, he had not seen him at all. But after that memorable interview with Isabel, when Love, overleaping the barriers of reserve, had thrown down the gage of battle to unpropitious Circumstance, the lawyer, in view of the girl's warning, had felt uneasy. It seemed incumbent upon him to communicate to the old man the intelligence which he had hitherto sedulously guarded from him,—that of Mrs. Wilson's condition. Isabel's pessimistic view of the situation seemed to justify some preparation of John Vorst for a summons that Phileas felt might be sent to him. Therefore, he took his way to the lodging-house, where he was greeted by Mrs. O'Rourke, with a look of reproach upon her worn face:

“I'm glad you have come at last, Mr. Fox, sir,” she said. “The old gentleman has missed you sorely, and he seems kind of down like these few days back.”

“It was not my fault that I did not come sooner and oftener,” the lawyer answered, as he was ushered into the front parlor, where he found John Vorst seated as usual in his chair near the window. There was in his attitude some trace of despondency, which he instantly threw off when the visitor appeared.

Phileas was oppressed by the consciousness of the mission upon which he had come. He felt persuaded that John Vorst should know, and yet he found it very hard to broach what might be called

the intimate and personal part of the business between husband and wife. Hitherto, it had not been thought necessary to acquaint the old man with the facts concerning Mrs. Wilson's seizure. She had either been unconscious or too weak for even the smallest excitement; while, on the other hand, the physician had assured Phileas that the patient might linger for a considerable period in the same state. Isabel's opinion had, however, brought home to the lawyer, the responsibility of permitting John Vorst to remain in ignorance of his wife's condition; and, moreover, there was the possibility, amounting almost to a certainty, that Mrs. Wilson might ask to see John Vorst.

As the young attorney sat constrained and uncomfortable, the experienced man of the world beside him was observing his perturbation with eyes that were keen for all their gentleness. He wondered what was amiss with his frank and ordinarily interesting visitor. He made no remark, however; but, with his perfect tact, waited for the other's explanation. At last Phileas, taking his courage in hand, blurted out:

"There is something I want to say to you, Mr. Vorst, and I find it hard to make a beginning."

The older man turned to him instantly, with the exquisite sympathy that all his life through had won friends for Mr. Vorst.

"My dear boy," he replied, "I have always found that when anything painful had to be said or done, the safest rule was the sooner the better. If what you have to say concerns me, remember that I am too well inured to trials of all sorts to flinch now. If it concerns you,—why, you must know me well enough by this time to be certain of my sympathy."

"The former supposition is the correct one," said Phileas.

"Then it does concern me?" John Vorst exclaimed quietly, and for the merest instant he bowed his head; and Phileas fancied he was praying. When

he looked up again, Mr. Fox was struck with the brave, bright expression of the face. It was such as a soldier might have worn going into battle. "Old age," he said, "makes cowards of us all. Forgive the paraphrase, and go on with what you have to tell me."

"In the various conversations I have had with you concerning the case of *Spooner vs. Vorst*, or *Vorst vs. Spooner*, I have avoided as much as possible what might be called the personal side of the affair."

"I appreciated your delicacy," said John Vorst, with a slightly perceptible stiffening of the figure.

"The interval since my last visit to you," continued Phileas, "has been one of painful anxiety at the house in Monroe Street. Its mistress was attacked by a seizure of some sort, and has been very seriously ill."

The face of the listener, seeming to grow tense in every line, slowly blanched; while an almost painful brightness centred about the eye.

"She is better," the young man added hastily; "though I have been told by one who has closely followed her case that she is not likely to survive very long."

Still John Vorst gazed at the speaker, maintaining the same rigid attitude, and with an expression of keenest suffering; but he spoke no word.

"Under these circumstances, certain business affairs have been necessarily interrupted," the lawyer went on. "But I feel it only right to tell you that they shall have to be terminated speedily, and that your attention to them will now be necessary."

"Oh, it can not be necessary," cried John Vorst, vehemently, "to disturb a dying woman by details of business!"

"It may be necessary to a certain extent," Phileas said gravely.

"I can not, *will not*, force such details upon her," persisted John Vorst.

"That is entirely my own feeling," said Phileas. "Even though acting in the

capacity of her attorney, I have taken no steps and made no suggestion since her seizure. Nevertheless, I believe that she may wish to see straightened out certain matters that may necessitate your co-operation. You will understand that, in the whole affair, a grave responsibility has been placed upon my shoulders; and I can not entirely rid myself of that burden without at least acquainting you with my client's wishes. She was so painfully anxious that justice should be done to everyone concerned."

"Poor Martha,—poor Martha!" murmured the white lips, so softly that it seemed merely the whisper of the breeze passing the window frame.

"It was her hope and prayer," said the lawyer, earnestly, "that God would permit her to repair all wrongs,—to complete what she called her expiation. Therefore, Mr. Vorst, at the risk of seeming hard, I must respect that trust she has reposed in me, and relieve her mind by complying with the few remaining formalities that are absolutely necessary. You will help me in this, will you not?"

"It is a difficult and delicate question," answered Mr. Vorst; "and all my instincts are against any introduction of business at the present juncture. But still, if it could afford her the slightest comfort and relief, of course you must do what you think expedient."

His voice became so broken as to be inaudible; but he rallied and said firmly.

"May God direct you! Already, at the outset of your career, you are discovering that the right thing is very often that which is at variance with our feeling. I can not advise, but I beg of you to spare my poor Martha all you can; and if you see any other means of accomplishing her wishes, do so. For myself, I am totally indifferent to the result. My course is nearly run. In a few short months, or years at best, I shall have followed her into the shadows, and in the meantime I have sufficient for my actual needs."

"But consider, Mr. Vorst," urged the

lawyer, "that as matters now stand, if these affairs are not settled before my client's demise, the estate must be divided between her next of kin, to whom she is altogether indifferent, and that act of justice which it is her desire to do must remain undone. And remember that besides yourself there are the other heirs for whom you have hitherto contested."

"Yes," assented John Vorst; "there are the other heirs for whom all these legal battles were fought unavailingly."

"For their sakes, then," said Phileas, "but still more for my client's sake, we must make this last effort."

"Do whatever you think best," agreed the old man, in a tone in which there was only infinite weariness.

Phileas felt the tears rise unbidden to his eyes. The tragedy of this life, once so rich in promise, wrecked by no fault of his own, but by the multiplied wrongdoing of another, smote upon the young man with full force at that moment. As he began to realize something of what that other had suffered, his wrath rose and burned fiercely against one who, now as plaintiff, now as defendant, had waged a bitter warfare. But even in the midst of his anger something like pity welled up within him for that other life, so much more surely wrecked than this; and for the old woman who was expending the last of her strength in a pitiful striving after reparation.

"You forgive all?" whispered Phileas.

"Forgive!" cried John Vorst, turning those brilliant and unnaturally distended eyes upon the speaker. "Have you never heard the saying, 'Love is stronger than death. It forgives all, it understands all'? O my dear boy, my whole heart goes out to her, lying alone amongst the shadows! If you could have seen her as I saw her, young, gay and beautiful, you would feel the pathos and the pity of it. Nothing else appeals to me now."

Phileas did not interrupt that retrospect even by a single word. Only partially could he understand the varied emotions

that were rending the strong frame before him with an agony too deep for adequate expression, but which yet had loosened that long silent tongue and given voice to the thoughts of years. Phileas, therefore, sat still, while the clock upon the mantel ticked away the slow moments. That complete forgiveness upon the part of one deeply wronged appeared to him most marvellous, especially when he looked around the lodging-house parlor, and considered the sordid surroundings wherein this man had been glad to find a refuge from legal persecution. He finally roused his friend from a painful reverie to say:

"It seems probable to me, Mr. Vorst, that you might be sent for, should the danger become imminent."

"And I shall most willingly go," said the old man, "if only I can feel assured that my presence shall not be unwelcome."

"I believe that my client may even express a wish to see you."

"I shall be ready at any moment. God forbid that I should refuse any request of hers!"

"And remember, sir," added Phileas, "that you may command me at any time. I am altogether at your service."

The hand-shake exchanged between the two men was strong and cordial; and John Vorst said:

"I thank you from my heart. I will be guided by whatever you and Father Van Buren may think best. But I beg of you, my dear Fox, to make everything as easy as possible for—your client, and to consider me personally not at all."

Phileas went away, pondering deeply upon that first impression which he had got from reading dry legal documents, and thinking how completely the order of things, as they then appeared to him, had been reversed, just as in the successive lawsuits plaintiff had changed places with defendant, and defendant with plaintiff. He further reflected, in the unwontedly solemn tone of thought that had been induced by his late experiences, how often those legal phrases twist and rend the

deepest fibres of human nature and make men's hearts their playthings.

In the midst of his moralizing, Mr. Fox smiled to remember the exaggerated precautions which Mrs. Wilson had at first taken to insure secrecy concerning his visits to the house in Monroe Street; and the subsequent measures to be adopted, until reassured by him on that point. For the poor soul had seemed to forget that greater New York goes on its way unheeding, caring little for what occupies the atoms composing its population.

(To be continued.)

An Advent Song.

BY C. E. F. C.

O MARY, Mother of Jesus,
 Thou who didst bear my Lord,
 Didst hold in thine inmost being
 The dear Incarnate Word,—
 Did not an effulgence of glory
 Transfigure thy wondering soul,
 Till it heard in visions ecstatic
 The anthems of heaven roll?
 What were the solemn revealings,
 Tender and deep and strong,
 Of the mystical purpose of Heaven
 Lying hidden thy heart-strings among?
 O Mary, Mother of Jesus,
 'Twas thou who didst give to my Lord
 That body and blood which He offered
 To stay the avenging sword!
 And so to thee, Mother Mary,
 I offer my Advent song,
 As thou sittest crowned in heaven,
 Thy jubilant angels among.
 Come near me, I pray thee, and teach me
 Thy womanhood grand and true,
 Thy courage and patience and sweetness
 For others to dare and to do;
 That my heart, too, may be fashioned
 A temple where He may abide,
 And His mighty strength and perfection
 My poor human weakness may guide.

Lourdes.

BY THE REV. ROBERT HUGH BENSON.

V.

AFTER *déjeuner* I set out again to find the Scottish priest, who hoped to be able to take me to a certain window in the Rosary Church, where only a few were admitted, from which we might view the procession and the Blessing of the Sick. But we were disappointed; and, after a certain amount of scheming, we managed to get a position at the back of the crowd on the top of the church steps. I was able to climb up a few inches above the others, and secured a very tolerable view of the whole scene.

The crowd was beyond describing. Here about us was a vast concourse of men; and as far as the eye could reach down the huge oval, and far away beyond the crowned statue, and on either side back to the Bureau on the left, and on the slopes on the right, stretched an inconceivable pavement of heads. Above us, too, on every terrace and step, back to the doors of the great basilica, we knew very well, was one seething, singing mob. A great space was kept open on the level ground beneath us—I should say one hundred by two hundred yards in area,—and the inside fringe of this was composed of the sick, in litters, in chairs, standing, sitting, lying and kneeling. It was at the farther end that the procession would enter.

After perhaps half an hour's waiting, during which one incessant gust of singing rolled this way and that through the crowd, the leaders of the procession appeared far away—little white or black figures, small as dolls,—and the singing became general. But as the endless files rolled out, the singing ceased, and a moment later a priest, standing solitary in the great space began to pray aloud in a voice like a silver trumpet.

I have never heard such passion in my

life. I began to watch presently, almost mechanically, the little group beneath the umbrellino, in white and gold, and the movements of the monstrance blessing the sick; but again and again my eyes wandered back to the little figure in the midst, and I cried out with the crowd sentence after sentence, following that passionate voice:

"Seigneur, nous vous adorons!"

"Seigneur," came the huge response, "nous vous adorons!"

"Seigneur, nous vous aimons!" cried the priest.

"Seigneur, nous vous aimons!" answered the people.

"Sauvez-nous, Jésus; nous périssons!"

"Sauvez-nous, Jésus; nous périssons!"

"Jésus, Fils de Marie, ayez pitié de nous!"

"Jésus, Fils de Marie, ayez pitié de nous!"

Then with a surge rose up the plain-song melody.

"Parce Domine!" sang the people.

"Parce populo tuo! Ne in æternum irascaris nobis."

Again:

"Gloria Patri et Filio et Spiritui Sancto."

"Sicut erat in principio et nunc et semper, et in sæcula sæculorum. Amen."

Then again the single voice and the multitudinous answer:

"Vous êtes la Résurrection et la Vie!"

And then an adjuration to her whom He gave to be our Mother:

"Mère du Sauveur, priez pour nous!"

"Salut des Infirmes, priez pour nous!"

Then once more the singing; then the cry, more touching than all:

"Seigneur, guérissez nos malades!"

"Seigneur, guérissez nos malades!"

Then the kindling shout that brought the blood to ten thousand faces:

"Hosanna! Hosanna au Fils de David!"

(I shook to hear it.)

"Hosanna!" cried the priest, rising from his knees with arms flung wide.

"Hosanna!" roared the people, swift as an echo.

"*Hosanna! Hosanna!*" crashed out again and again, like great artillery.

Yet there was no movement among those piteous, prostrate lines. The Bishop, the umbrellino over him, passed on slowly round the circle; and the people cried to Him whom he bore, as they cried two thousand years ago on the road to the city of David. Surely He will be pitiful upon this day,—the Jubilee Year of His Mother's graciousness, the octave of her assumption to sit with Him on His throne!

"*Mère du Sauveur, priez pour nous!*"

"*Jésus, vous êtes mon Seigneur et mon Dieu!*"

Yet there was no movement.

If ever "suggestion" could work a miracle, it must work it now. "We expect the miracles during the procession on to-morrow and Sunday," a priest had said to me on the previous day. And there I stood, one of a hundred thousand, confident in expectation, thrilled by that voice, nothing doubting or fearing; there were the sick beneath me, answering weakly and wildly to the crying of the priest; and yet there was no movement, no sudden leap of a sick man from his bed as Jesus went by, no vibrating scream of joy—"Je suis guéri! Je suis guéri!"—no tumultuous rush to the place, and the roar of the *Magnificat*, as we had been 'ed to expect.

The end was coming near now. The monstrance had reached the image once again, and was advancing down the middle. The voice of the priest grew more passionate still, as he tossed his arms and cried for mercy:

"*Jésus, ayez pitié de nous!—ayez pitié de nous!*"

And the people, frantic with ardor and desire, answered him in a voice of thunder:

"*Ayez pitié de nous!—ayez pitié de nous!*"

And now up the steps came the grave group to where Jesus would at least bless His own, though He would not heal them; and the priest in the midst, with one last cry, gave glory to Him who must be served through whatever misery:

"*Hosanna! Hosanna au Fils de David!*"

Surely that must touch the Sacred Heart! Will not His Mother say one word?

"*Hosanna! Hosanna au Fils de David!*"

"*Hosanna!*" cried the priest.

"*Hosanna!*" cried the people.

"*Hosanna! Hosanna! Hosanna! . . .*"

One inarticulate roar of disappointed praise, and then—*Tantum ergo Sacramentum!* rose in its solemnity.

When Benediction was over, I went back to the Bureau; but there was little to be seen there. No, there were no miracles to-day, I was told,—or hardly one. Perhaps one in the morning. It was not known.

Several bishops were there again, listening to the talk of the doctors, and the description of certain cases on previous days. Père Salvater, the Capuchin, was there again; as also the tall, bearded Assumptionist Father of whom I have spoken. But there was not a great deal of interest or excitement. I had the pleasure of talking a while with the Bishop of Tarbes, who introduced me again to the Capuchin, and retold his story.

But I was a little unhappy. The miracle was that I was not more so. I had expected so much: I had seen nothing.

I talked to Dr. Cox also before leaving.

"No," he told me, "there is hardly one miracle to-day. We are doubtful about that leg that was seven centimetres too short."

"And is it true that Mademoiselle Bardou is not cured?" (A doctor had been giving us certain evidence a few minutes before.)

"I am afraid so. It was probably a case of intense subjective excitement. But it may be an amelioration. We do not know yet. The real work of investigating comes afterward."

How arbitrary it all seemed, I thought, as I walked home to dinner. That morning, on my way from the Bureau, I had seen a great company of white banners moving together; and, on inquiry, had found that these were the *miraculés* chiefly of previous years,—about three hun-

dred and fifty in number.* They formed a considerably large procession. I had looked at their faces: there were many more women than men (as there were upon Calvary). But as I watched them I could not conceive upon what principle the Supernatural had suddenly descended on this and not on that. 'Two men in one bed. . . . Two women grinding at the mill. . . . One is taken and the other left.' Here were persons of all ages—from six to eighty, I should guess,—of all characters, ranks, experiences; of both sexes. Some were religious, some grocers, some of the nobility, a retired soldier or two, and so on. They were not distinguished for holiness, it seemed. I had heard heart-breaking little stories of the ten lepers over again,—one grateful, nine selfish. One or two of the girls, I heard, had had their heads turned by flattery and congratulation; they had begun to give themselves airs.

And, now again, here was this day, this almost obvious occasion. It was the Jubilee Year; everything was about on a double scale. And nothing had happened! Further, five of the sick had actually died at Lourdes during their first night there. To come so far and to die!

On what principle, then, did God act? Then I suddenly understood, not God's principles, but my own; and I went home both ashamed and comforted.

VI.

I said a midnight Mass that night in the same chapel of the Rosary Church as on the previous morning. Again the crush was terrific. On the steps of the church I saw a friar hearing a confession; and on entering I found High Mass proceeding in the body of the church itself, with a congregation so large and so worn-out that many were sleeping in constrained attitudes among the seats. In fact, I was informed, since the sleeping accommodation of Lourdes could not possibly provide for so large a pilgrimage,

* The official numbers of those at the afternoon procession were 341.

there were many hundreds, at least, who slept where they could,—on the steps of churches, under trees and rocks, and by the banks of the river.

I was served at my Mass by another Scottish priest, and immediately afterward I served his at the same altar. While vesting, I noticed a priest at the high altar of this little chapel reading out acts of prayer, to which the congregation responded; and learned that two persons who had been received into the Church on that day were to make their First Communion. As midnight struck, simultaneously from the seven altars came seven voices:

"In nomine Patris, et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti. Amen."

Once more, on returning home and going to bed a little after one o'clock in the morning, the last sound that I heard was of the "*Gloria Patri*" being sung by other pilgrims also returning to their lodging.

After coffee a few hours later, I went down again to the square. It was Sunday, and a Pontifical High Mass was being sung on the steps of the Rosary Church. As usual, the crowd filled the square, and I could hardly penetrate for a while beyond the fringe; but a new experience was to hear that vast congregation in the open air responding with one giant voice to the plain-song of the Mass. It was astonishing what expression showed itself in the singing. The *Sanctus* was one of the most impressive peals of worship and adoration that I have ever heard. At the close of the Mass, all the bishops present near the altar—I counted six or seven—turned and gave the blessing simultaneously. On the two great curves that led up to the basilica were grouped the white banners of the *miraculés*.

Soon after arriving at the Bureau a very strange and quiet little incident happened. A woman with a yellowish face, to which the color was slowly returning, came in and sat down to give her evidence. She declared to us that

during the procession yesterday she had been cured of a tumor on the liver. She had suddenly experienced an overwhelming sense of relief, and had walked home completely restored to health. On being asked why she did not present herself at the Bureau, she answered that she did not think of it: she had just gone home. I have not yet heard whether this was a true cure or not; all I can say at present is I was as much impressed by her simple and natural bearing; her entire self-possession, and the absence of excitement, as by anything I saw at Lourdes. I can not conceive such a woman suffering from an illusion.

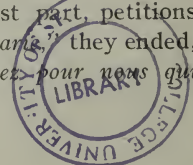
A few minutes later Dr. Cox called to me, and writing on a card, handed it to me, telling me it would admit me to the *piscines* for a bath. I had asked for this previously; but had been told it was not certain, owing to the crush of patients, whether it could be granted. I set out immediately to the *piscines*.

There are, as I have said, three compartments in the building called the *piscines*. That on the left is for women; in the middle, for children and for those who do not undergo complete immersion; on the right, for men. It was into this last, then, that I went, when I had forced my way through the crowd, and passed the open court where the priests prayed. It was a little paved place like a chapel, with a curtain hung immediately before the door. When I had passed this, I saw that at the farther end, three or four yards away, was a deepish trough, wide and long enough to hold one person. Steps went down on either side of it, for the attendants. Immediately above the bath, on the wall, was a statue of Our Lady; and beneath it a placard of prayers, large enough to be read at a little distance.

There were about half a dozen people in the place,—two or three priests and three or four patients. One of the priests, I was relieved to see, was the Scotsman whose Mass I had served the previous midnight. He was in his soutane,* with

his sleeves rolled up to the elbow. He gave me my directions, and while I made ready I watched the patients. There was one lame man, just beside me, beginning to dress; two tiny boys, and a young man who touched me more than I can say. He was standing by the head of the bath, holding a basin in one hand and a little image of Our Lady in the other, and was splashing water ingeniously with his fingers into his eyes; these were horribly inflamed, and I could see that he was blind. I can not describe the passion with which he did this, seeming to stare all the while toward the image he held, and whispering out prayers in a quick undertone,—hoping, no doubt, that his first sight would be of the image of his Mother. Then I looked at the boys. One of them had horribly prolonged and thin legs; I could not see what was wrong with the other, except that he looked ill and worn-out. Close beside me, on the wet, muddy paving, lay an indescribable bandage that had been unrolled from the lame man's leg.

When my turn came, I went wrapped in a soaking apron, down a step or so into the water; and then, with a priest holding either hand, lay down at full length so that my head only emerged. That water had better not be described. It is enough to say that people suffering from most of the diseases known to man had bathed in it without ceasing for at least five or six hours. Yet I can say, with entire sincerity, that I did not have even the faintest physical repulsion, though commonly I hate dirt at least as much as sin. It is said, too, that never in the history of Lourdes has there been one case of disease traceable to infection from the baths. The water was cold, but not unpleasantly. I lay there, I suppose, about one minute, while the two priests and myself repeated off the placard the prayers inscribed there. These were, for the most part, petitions to Mary to pray. "*O Marie*," they ended, "*conçue sans péché, priez pour nous qui avons recours à vous!*"



As I dressed again after the bath, I had one more sight of the young man. He was being led out by a kindly attendant, but his face was all distorted with crying, and from his blind eyes ran down a stream of terrible tears. It is unnecessary to say that I said a "Hail Mary" for his soul at least.

As soon as I was ready, I went out and sat down for a while among the recently bathed, and began to remind myself why I had bathed. Certainly I was not suffering from anything except a negligible ailment or two. Neither did I do it out of curiosity, because I could have seen without difficulty all the details without descending into that appalling trough. I suppose it was just an act of devotion. Here was water with a history behind it; water that was as undoubtedly used by Almighty God for giving benefits to man as was the clay laid upon blind eyes long ago near Siloe, or the water of Bethesda itself. And it is a natural instinct to come as close as possible to things used by the heavenly powers. I was extraordinarily glad I had bathed, and I have been equally glad ever since. I am afraid it is of no use as evidence to say that until I came to Lourdes I was tired out, body and mind; and that since my return I have been unusually robust. Yet that is a fact, and I leave it there.

As I sat there a procession went past to the Grotto, and I walked to the railings to look at it. I do not know at all what it was all about, but it was as impressive as all things are in Lourdes. The *miraculés* came first with their banners—file after file of them,—then a number of prelates, then brancardiers with their shoulder-harness, then nuns, then more brancardiers. I think perhaps they may have been taking a recent *miraculé* to give thanks; for when I arrived presently at the Bureau again, I heard that, after all, several appeared to have been cured at the procession on the previous day.

I was sitting in the hall of the hotel a few minutes later when I heard the roar

of the *Magnificat* from the street, and ran out to see what was forward. As I came to the door, the heart of the procession went by. A group of brancardiers formed an irregular square, holding cords to keep back the crowd; and in the middle walked a group of three, followed by an empty litter. The three were a white-haired man on this side, a stalwart brancardier on the other, and between them a girl with a radiant face, singing with all her heart. She had been carried down from her lodging that morning to the *piscines*; she was returning on her own feet, by the power of Him who said to the lame man, "Take up thy bed and go into thy house." I followed them a little way, then I went back to the hotel.

(To be continued.)

A Prophecy Fulfilled.

BY HERBERT SPRING.

CLOSE to the Marble Arch, and within a stone's-throw of Hyde Park, and consequently right in the middle of fashionable life, is Tyburn! The actual site of the tree is a matter of dispute: some contending for where No. 1 Connaught Place now stands, others for 46 Connaught Square. A few years ago an article in *Temple Bar* yielded the palm to the latter. Evidence of a later date and maps incline to the former. No doubt, however, the gallows did not always stand on the same spot. At times it was shifted; and consequently the place where the gaunt house now rises at the corner of the Edgeware Road was often watered with the blood of the martyrs, while on other occasions some spot close to the site of No. 46 Connaught Square received the sacred tribute. Separated at right angles by about half a dozen houses from the rush and whirl of traffic along the Uxbridge Road, which runs parallel to the drive of Hyde Park, is the Square itself. It has about it an

Old-World air. The garden in the centre is remarkable for some fine trees, which shelter the houses on the west side from the glare of the afternoon sun, and afford a pleasant place to sit on a hot summer's afternoon. This garden is the property of the householders in the Square itself; and though there is a good deal of traffic along the east side to and from the Great Western Terminus at Paddington, still there are intervals when things are comparatively quiet. Altogether, the place may be described as the pleasantest of the smaller squares in Tyburnia. House agents speak of it truly as "a desirable situation."

The rents, like the taxes of the district, are high; but still prices are far removed from those asked in such places as Berkeley, Grosvenor, or Belgrave Squares. Indeed, the houses in Connaught Square are small, very different from the above-mentioned palatial residences. They are mostly of red brick, with a flavor of old Georgian days about them; so a man, provided his family is small, can live there very comfortably on an income of fifteen hundred or two thousand a year. It will be seen, then, that there is nothing of millionaire splendor about the quiet old Square. And yet, though it contains, if the view of the before-mentioned article is accepted, the actual site of the martyrs' death spot, our chief interest to-day lies a few yards farther south of it.

At the back of the Square, and looking directly onto the Park itself, is No. 6 Hyde Park Place, the garden of which, whether or not it actually takes in the sacred ground dyed with the blood of the English martyrs, is, beyond all doubt, within a stone's-throw of the site of the gallows, and situated on what was formerly known as "Tyburn Field." A few short years ago it was just one of many similar handsome houses which stretch in line from the Marble Arch on the east nearly to Queen's Road, Bayswater on the west, including in

it such well-known places as Hyde Park Gardens, Lancaster, and Porchester Gates. But with the gaieties of the world No. 6 Hyde Park Place has now nothing in common.

On the door of the house is inscribed "Tyburn Convent" and "Perpetual Adoration." To the laborer who painted the words they probably meant nothing. He may or he may not have wondered what "Perpetual Adoration" meant; or he may have passed the time of his task in speculating on what sort of a life that of an inmate of a convent really is. Doubtless he would have been surprised beyond measure had he learned that by his toil he helped to fulfil a prophecy made three hundred years and more ago. It was uttered in the midst of the terrible storm of Elizabethan persecution by a venerable confessor of the Faith, one Father Gregory Gunne, who predicted publicly that one day, on the very spot where Blessed Edmund Campian yielded up his life for the cause of Jesus Christ, a religious house would be erected. At the time it was made few things would have seemed less likely to happen.

Well might Dom Bede Camm write in his "Tyburn and the English Martyrs": "Truly it is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes." To the Protestant of those days it must have appeared that if there was one thing really certain it was this—namely, that the Catholic Faith would be destroyed in England, root and branch! It is difficult indeed in these days of freedom for us to realize what it meant to cling to the old Creed under the terrible penal laws. Space does not allow us to enter into anything like an account of those who perished because of it on this sacred spot; but one can not wander round Tyburn, even in spirit, without certain reflections rising in one's mind, and glorious examples of courage and devotion stirring one's heart.

In the sudden bursting of that storm and its causes, is there not for each of us a lesson of warning? Never dawned

a reign with brighter promise than that of Henry VIII. It is little known, but it is none the less a fact, that there was once a time, before the succession to the crown of England fell directly on him, when he whose name hereafter was to have so sinister a sound to Catholic ears entertained thoughts of the priesthood. When he ascended the throne, the Church had no more devoted son than Henry. In Germany heresy had reared its hideous head; and the King, not wanting in controversial knowledge, wrote in his defence his celebrated book; receiving, as we all know, in reward the Papal title, "Defender of the Faith,"—a title (strange anomaly!) still clung to by his Protestant successors to-day, despite their Accession Oath. The Catholic Faith, which in his generous youth Henry defended so eagerly, he was to end his days in seeking to destroy, since it had stood between him and an unlawful passion. Never, we say, dawned a life of brighter promise; never came an end which more strikingly illustrates the depths to which a man may descend once he has set out to trample under foot the grace of God. Is there not, then, for each one of us, we repeat, a lesson in Henry's fall?

A sudden bursting of the storm. We echo the words above used. Years—not many—had passed since the publication of that work in defence of the Seven Sacraments, and what a change in England, what a change in Henry VIII.! When he compiled it every Archbishop of Canterbury from the time of St. Augustine had taken the same oath, that each would be "faithful and obedient to St. Peter, and to the Holy Apostolic Roman Church, and to my lord the Pope and to his canonical successors." His task had been undertaken and completed when he was living happily with his lawful wife; but since those hours a fearful change had come, brought about by a woman's smile.

No need to enter here on the well-known story. At the feet of Anne Boleyn Henry

bowed and fell, *never* to rise again. He who was once so loyal a son to Holy Church, twenty-five years after his accession caused the famous act to become law, declaring the sovereign of this realm "the only supreme head on earth of the Church in England"; and going on to set out that the monarch should have power to reform all errors and heresies "which by any spiritual authority may be lawfully reformed." The blasphemy of applying such a term as "spiritual authority" to any secular person is bad enough, but where Henry is concerned it is increased tenfold when one recalls that he was not only an adulterer, but the murderer of at least two of his so-called wives.

It was after the passing of this Act that the great tempest of persecution broke upon the Catholics of this land. The Monks of the Charterhouse were the first victims to die at Tyburn, drawn thither on hurdles and still clad in their religious habits. Dom Camm has given a touching picture of the last days of the famous monastery; and how, from behind the bars of his window in the grim Tower of London, the once Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain and holder of the Great Seal of England—he who to-day is known in heaven and earth by a greater title still, that of Blessed Thomas More,—beheld their passage with eyes of holy envy. "See," he cried to his faithful daughter, Margaret Roper, "how those blessed Fathers be now as cheerfully going to their deaths as bridegrooms to their marriage!" To Tyburn they came, those glorious fore-runners of the storm, and at Tyburn won the martyr's crown.

No more eloquent word-picture can be fancied than that given by Dom Camm of the last scene, but space does not allow us to quote from the work in question. Blessed Thomas More, though his picture hangs in the Chapel of Relics at Tyburn Convent, did not perish there, but on Tower Hill. Still his name and that of

Blessed Bishop Fisher, of Rochester, will be associated with the spot for all time, since they were the two next to lay down their lives for the Faith. Not on earth shall we know all that is due to those holy and distinguished men. Had they failed, how easily would the less well-instructed have thought that, after all, the Royal Supremacy was not a question that mattered very much? The earlier martyrs of Tyburn may be described as giving up their lives in the Cause of Peter, while the later ones may be said to be more especially the victims of the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar.

No more striking instances can be found in history of how impossible it is to stop at the denial of one doctrine of the Church only. The Act of National Apostasy began in King Henry's reign by casting aside Papal Supremacy. To English ears the words of the Saviour as He made over His trust to the humble Galilean Fisherman were henceforth to be meaningless indeed: "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build My Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. And I will give to thee the Keys of the Kingdom of Heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt bind upon earth, it shall be bound also in heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt loose upon earth, it shall be loosed also in heaven." Protestantism in England had meant at first to advance no further.

Henry's daughter Elizabeth was scarce seated on the throne when she issued the order that the Host should be no more elevated in her presence. With the Blessed Sacrament were cast out the Blessed Mother and the saints of God, till we find the Church founded by Henry standing to-day naked indeed, with the Crown the only supreme head in matters spiritual, with five sacraments out of seven lost, and split into at least three bodies—High, Low, and Broad,—wide asunder as the poles on the fundamental doctrines of Christianity, and with the very doctrines of the Incarnation and the Resurrection

trembling in the balance in the pulpit of the abbey church of Westminster.

But to return. Through the long years of Henry VIII., Elizabeth, James I., the two Charles, Dutch William, and even mild Queen Anne, the position of Catholics was hideous indeed. Under the first three the blood of those faithful to the old creed was shed like water. To Archbishop Cranmer belongs the doubtful honor of advising Henry VIII. to treat the denial of the Royal Supremacy as a capital offence. Nothing more strange can be fancied than the popular ignorance even in these days on this subject. Average Englishmen are fully aware that under Queen Mary Tudor Protestants were unhappily burned at Smithfield; but of the countless host done to death by the rack, the "scavenger's daughter," the red-hot needles, and so forth, they know nothing. It is an ignorance for which no excuse can now be made. In the past, it was natural enough that none but the cultured few were aware of the grim fact, since Protestant histories were simply childish in their folly on the subject, or biassed beyond expression; but now the wide-open doors of the reading-room of the British Museum, and the publication of the State papers have taken away all ground for ignorance on the subject. To be hung at Tyburn and have his heart torn out while still alive was the fate in store for him who dared to cling to the old creed. The knowledge that such was the law would even yet come to many in these better informed days with a surprise as great as that experienced by the horrible Topcliffe, the hangman, at the fortitude of the "Popish recusants."

"Holy Gregory, pray for me!" whispered the dying Father Gennings; while the hangman, with an oath, cried aloud in his amazement: "See the vile Papist! His heart is in my hand and yet Gregory is in his mouth!"

*Ibant gaudentes,** may indeed be said

* "They went rejoicing."

of that great crowd who perished on Tyburn tree. In a paper such as this it is impossible to give even a tithe of those glorious names. As Blessed Thomas More remarked of the Carthusian monks, they went to death as to a bridal. This is the keynote of the story of the martyrs of Tyburn. We meet with the same story all through. "Here is no place for weeping," cried Robert Grissold, "but of rejoicing; for you must come into the Bridegroom's chamber not with tears but with rejoicing." Laid on the hurdle, Venerable John Slade spoke thus: "O sweet bed, the happiest bed that ever man lay in, thou art welcome to me!" All ranks of society, from the highest to the lowest, help to swell the grand muster roll of the Catholic martyrs of Tyburn.

If persecution be a terrible thing, at least one point is sure: that at no other season does God shower down His graces in such amazing prodigality. Faith seems to become almost sight. "The more afflictions for Christ in this world, the more glory with Christ in the next," wrote Philip Howard, the saintly Earl of Arundel, on the walls of his dungeon in the grim Tower of London. We could go on to any length telling tale after tale of those glorious if terrible times, but space does not allow, and we will bring these reflections to a close with an extract from Dom Bede Camm, O. S. B.

"It was indeed," he writes of the road to Tyburn, "*a Via Dolorosa*; and yet, like the first, it was a royal road of triumph. For those men knew how to change ignominy into glory, pain into joy, insults into praise, blows into crown jewels, even by uniting them to the Cross of their Master, in whose steps they trod. They, too, had their Veronica, their Cyrenean; they, too, the holy women, who followed weeping; they, too, the Blessed Mother standing by their cross."*

We have said that a prophecy has been fulfilled by the foundation of a convent

at Tyburn. A few years ago the place was one of the spots least likely to be selected. The price of land near Tyburn alone seemed to put it out of the question. And yet, at the moment which the Almighty had decreed, all difficulties were swept aside. Exiled from Montmartre, the Congregation of the Adoration of the Sacred Heart were asked by the late Cardinal Vaughan to undertake the work. The attempt was made, but the price asked for the property was prohibitive, and the Reverend Mother came to the conclusion that nothing could be done at Tyburn. This decision was reached in the morning of a day some six years ago, but at evening-tide it was changed. The money required was forthcoming. A lady, in return for a favor received some time previously, had vowed a certain sum of money as a thank-offering. Understanding that this was the manner in which Divine Providence had willed her to offer her gift, the sum required by the Order was forthcoming, and the purchase completed. "One may ask," said the Very Rev. Père Lemius, speaking of the prophecy on the occasion of the opening of the chapel on March 20, 1903, "why He has waited for more than three hundred years; and we answer that He is patient because He is eternal."

Those who had the happiness of assisting at the first Mass, which was said by Mgr. Poyer, the chaplain of the convent, are not likely to forget the eloquent and touching words of the preacher. "We are, then, at Tyburn. The Church, after more than three centuries, has taken possession of this land saturated with the blood of the glorious martyrs; Christ has here chosen and sanctified His Tabernacle; here will His name be forever; from here His eyes will rest with love on this country, and His Heart will pour out its treasure upon England. We are, then, at Tyburn. It is not an imagination or a dream: it is the sweetest reality. As the psalmist says: 'This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous,'"

* "Tyburn Conferences"

And then, in eloquent words, he went on to tell of the strange chain of events which led to the foundation, and which we can not forbear to insert.*

"We have to recount," said the good priest, "how a letter written by an ardent Catholic made known to his Eminence that a house was to be sold on the land of the martyrs; and how his Eminence benevolently approved the foundation of a convent of the Adoration of the Sacred Heart in London, and was moved to propose to the new community its establishment on this sacred land. Through his devoted secretary, whom he appointed ecclesiastical superior of the Sisters, the offer was transmitted. An English priest, present when the letter was received, exclaimed that for thirty years he had never passed Tyburn without praying to the martyrs, and asking God that he might one day see there a chapel, and celebrate therein the Holy Mass. The great material difficulties which stood in the way did not daunt this Order, which, exiled from France, was just beginning its work in poverty in London. The community knew the great power of prayer. It prayed and hoped. Then at the precise hour—mark what is said: not the precise day, but the precise hour—when a determination had to be come to, one sent by the Sacred Heart, who several years previously had promised to this Divine Heart to consecrate a considerable sum to a work in its honor, felt inspired to donate the money to the foundation of Tyburn, and thus to contribute the largest part toward the acquisition of the house. This true messenger of the Sacred Heart had arrived from France but a few days before, to spend a short time in England, ignorant of the providential designs which were leading her hither. The erection of the convent of Tyburn, though remaining

difficult, had now become possible. It was marvellous, and this marvel God alone has done."

Such were the words used on the memorable occasion. What had once been a drawing-room was turned into a chapel, with a choir for the nuns, and a *grille*, behind which a congregation of some thirty to forty people can with the utmost difficulty be crowded. On either side of the altar are draped two Union Jacks, since the special object of the prayers of the community is the conversion of England; while daily within the sanctuary burn two tall wax tapers,—one for England, the other for England's King. Night and day the Blessed Sacrament is exposed, and before It rise, as incense in His sight, the prayers of the good nuns. Distant but a few yards from the house, and visible from the windows, lies, as we have said, the drive of Hyde Park, along which during the London season pass in an endless stream the carriages of the great of this world. It is to be feared that in too many cases the occupants of those luxurious equipages have little thought for the things of God, choked as they are with the cares and riches of this world. But there is another and graver reflection. Hyde Park by day is but a scene of frivolity; by night it is even worse. When night falls, it is, alas! given over to the powers of darkness indeed. It is, then, a blessed remembrance that while the Sacred Heart is thus outraged, acts of love and reparation are being made continually by members of the community,—acts which we may well believe keep back the hands of an outraged God from striking.

It will be seen from the brief account of the present chapel that all is as yet on a small scale. Some day, in the future which lies in God's hands, it is hoped that a larger and more suitable one may be erected at the rear of the convent, worthier of the Divine Occupant, where the rush and whirl of the traffic which now often completely drowns the praises

* The translation of the sermon, which was in French, and from which this abbreviation is taken, appeared in the *Tablet* of March 28, 1903.

of the nuns will no longer be heard.

No Catholic who comes to London should fail to visit this sacred spot, so full of interest from an historical point of view, and watered by the blood of God's glorious martyrs, since in so doing he can not fail to draw down on himself the graces of Heaven. Splendid churches, such as that of the Jesuit Fathers at Farm Street, Spanish Place, the Oratory, and so forth, we have in abundance; but in none of these, we venture to think, can such holy memories be roused as in the humble little chapel at Tyburn, where, though space does not allow of grand ceremonies, no altar that we have ever known is better or more reverently served. To our brother Catholics of America we would say in conclusion: come to Tyburn; come and ask there the graces you need. The Sacred Heart will not fail to hear and give of its abundance to all who in any way, either by prayer or humble offering, help in this splendid work. Then indeed shall be fulfilled to you the promise given long ago in old Judea: "Give, and it shall be given to you; good measure and pressed down and shaken together and running over shall they give into your bosom."

THERE is no more beautiful illustration of the principle of compensation which marks the divine benevolence, than the fact that some of the holiest lives and some of the sweetest songs are the growth of the infirmity which unfits its subject for the rougher duties of life. When one reads of the lives of so many gentle, sweet natures born to weakness, and mostly dying before their time, one can not help thinking that the human race dies out, singing like the swan of the old story. . . . And so singing, their eyes grow brighter and brighter, and their features thinner and thinner, until at last the veil of flesh is threadbare, and still singing they drop it and pass onward.

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

A Beautiful Lady Altar.

THE silver altar in the museum of the cathedral at Florence, which was made by Pallajuolo and his assistants between 1429-98, and which was taken each year to the baptistery of the cathedral to be used on the feast of St. John the Baptist, is familiar to many; but it is now to have, if not a rival, at least a companion in beauty in this country. Philadelphia is the city that will be enriched by it, and the Lady Chapel of St. Mark's will be its shrine. The altar—to give the exact proportions—is seven feet long, two deep, and a trifle over three feet high; and consists of a *mensa* in one piece of gray and black Irish marble, supported on a frame of solid silver, backed with wood. The first plan was to provide a movable frontal to the present alabaster altar, which could be used on Our Lady's feasts; but it was later determined to make the whole altar of silver, except, of course, its slab.

The ends of the altar are divided each into four panels with moulded frames, filled in with leaf-work. The front has not an inch unornamented with beauty. Eight columns serve to support the *mensa*, and these divide the surface into seven spaces; six of these are again divided at half their height by a band; while the seventh, or central and largest, space is undivided and entirely filled with a niche. Twisted columns, with jewelled bases and capitals, carry the arch of the niche, and the point of the arch is surmounted by a crown; its background, of pale blue enamel, is powdered with silver fleurs-de-lis, and in it stands a stately figure of the Blessed Mother with the Child in her arms. He clings with one hand to her robe, and in the other holds the orb. The faces and figures are of great dignity, and the drapery is finely moulded.

The twelve panels, which occupy the front, measure $7 \times 11 \frac{1}{4}$ inches each; and, beginning on the left, are silver leaves

from the Blessed Virgin's life: 1. The angel's message to St. Anne; 2. The Birth of the Blessed Virgin; 3. Her Presentation in the Temple; 4. Her Espousal; 5. The Annunciation; 6. The Visitation; 7. The Adoration of the Shepherds; 8. The Flight into Egypt; 9. The Finding of Our Lord in the Temple; 10. The miracle of Cana; 11. Our Lady with her dead Son at the foot of the Cross; 12. Her coronation in heaven.

Each of the eight half columns carries eighteen small niches arranged in sets of three, one above the other; and each niche holds the figure of a saint in full relief. The one hundred and forty-four figures were separately modelled, and bear their respective symbols and names. They represent the saints of the Old Testament and the major and minor prophets, passing on to the saints of the Church; the sequence being interrupted only enough to group the saints and angels of the New Testament on each side of the statue of Our Lady. Then follow the confessors and martyrs, holy men and women of later times, the great doctors of the Eastern and the Western Church, the lesser theologians, the founders of religious Orders, and men famous among the British missionary saints and martyrs.

Four hundred jewels are used, and the capitals of the columns contain each three kneeling angels, — some adoring, some carrying musical instruments. Scroll-work, roses, foliage, and relief-work ornament the altar in well-ordered richness; while the exquisite lines of the cusped and foliated arches, and the clean-cut, noble modelling of the figures and accessories, make it a notable contribution to the art treasures of this country, and a beautiful embodiment of love and devotion to Her who commands our reverence as the Mother of God, our love as Mother of our Redeemer, and our gratitude as Refuge of Sinners.

A Welcome Production.

EDUCATED Catholics as well as Protestants should have a welcome for "Murray's Illustrated Bible Dictionary." It is the latest and best work of its kind in our language, and one of the most creditable productions of modern conservative scholarship among Protestants. The Catholic reader will, of course, bear in mind that the Church is the only authoritative interpreter of the Scriptures, and that all with whom private judgment is the sole guide in their writings, no matter how learned they may be, are apt to go astray. With these provisos, this new Bible Dictionary may be safely recommended to any Catholic student. Substantially, it represents an effort, on the part of some of the most eminent English scholars, to defend or refortify positions which the higher critics are commonly believed to have effectually demolished, and to combine modern research with ancient faith. The editor says in his preface:

While this Dictionary is frankly conservative in the right sense of that much misunderstood term, none of the additions of value made to our knowledge by criticism, which are within the scope of a volume of this size, have been neglected. . . . By "conservative" is meant that attitude of mind which, while welcoming all ascertained results of investigation, declines to accept any mere conjectures or theories as final conclusions; and believes that the Old Testament will emerge with reinforced authority from the ordeal of criticism, as the New Testament did in the last generation.

It will be a surprise to persons, whose knowledge of the attitude and efforts of higher critics is mainly derived from the headlines of newspapers, to learn that they themselves have declared that the Old Testament has emerged "a more interesting, more living, and to that extent also a more authoritative collection of works than to many it appeared before."

The most objectionable feature of the new Dictionary to a Catholic is the treatment of Isaiah. On the crucial subjects

MARY is the Christian's *Benedicite*.

—Faber.

of the Pentateuch, Jonah and Daniel, however, the higher critics are shown to have gone much astray. We quote a few words in reference to the origin of the Pentateuch: "Admissions of non-Mosaic work are not allowed to destroy or break the firmly-linked chain of external evidence, which shows the Jews and the Jews' enemies, the Samaritans, and Our Lord with His Apostles and the Christians down to the seventeenth century, unanimously accepting Moses as the author in some good and substantial sense. The internal evidence is strongly set forth,—the knowledge of Egypt, the signs of the wilderness, the unsuitability of much of the legislation for post-exilic times. . . . The general conclusions, however, stand firm: the Pentateuch as we have it is a *unity*; the JE, P, elements are strands which can not be withdrawn without rending a seamless robe; and the book is essentially Mosaic in its origin."

The genuineness of the Gospel of St. John, the crucial subject of the New Testament, is ably upheld by Prof. Gwatkin. Reliable information will be found in the articles on geography, archæology, history, philology, etc.; those on the Holy Names are "honeyed with the honey of heaven, lightsome with divine light."

The Dictionary is a volume of one thousand pages, profusely illustrated, and generously supplied with illustrations and plans of localities which are sure to add materially to the interest with which the work will be received by many. Paper, print, and binding are most satisfactory.

Until Vigouroux's "Dictionnaire de la Bible" finds a competent translator, Catholics will do well to favor "Murray's Illustrated Bible Dictionary." The spirit which inspired it, says the editor, was "the conviction that the defence of Holy Scripture is a sacred duty of the Church; and the present work has been carried out in the faith that it will be a contribution to a deeper knowledge of, and therefore greater reverence for, the Word of God."

Notes and Remarks.

If all historians of the English Reformation period were like Dr. James Gairdner, our separated brethren would have a very different opinion of it,* and of the Reformers themselves, than is still generally prevailing outside of the Church. The conclusions of this conscientious and learned historian, however, are sure before long to carry conviction to the minds of many of his coreligionists; for, as the *Athenæum* declares, "there is no living writer more thoroughly equipped for producing a trustworthy work on the English Reformation than Dr. Gairdner." Referring to his recent work ("Lollardy and the Reformation in England"), the same high authority says: "The special value that these thousand and odd pages possess arises from the unrivalled first-hand knowledge that the writer has of the questions involved, also from the proof they afford that he has triumphantly resisted the temptation to omit or slur over matters that do not tally with particular prejudice, or to introduce fanciful coloring for picturesque effect." The work is divided into four sections, dealing with "The Lollards," "Royal Supremacy," "The Fall of the Monasteries," and "The Reign of the English Bible." It would be hard to say which is the most interesting and enlightening of these sections.

Dr. Gairdner ventures at the outset to call in question the statement so often repeated that the Reformation was "a great national revolution, which found expression in the resolute assertion on the part of England of its national independence." He also objects to the verdict that there never was a time in England when Papal authority was not resented, and does not regard the final act of repudiation of that authority as the natural result of a long series of acts tending in that direction from the earliest times. Dr. Gairdner emphasizes his mis-

trust of all such surmises, although they have been generally maintained by Protestant writers. He holds that there was no general dislike of Roman jurisdiction in church matters before the day when Roman jurisdiction was abolished by Parliament to please Henry VIII. He fails to find any evidence of this supposed antagonistic feeling in the vast amount of correspondence on religious and political matters which took place in the twenty years before the formal repudiation of Papal authority in 1534. Rome could not, he thinks, have continued to exercise her spiritual power except through the willing obedience of Englishmen in general. It was the power that exercised considerable control over secular tyranny, and this was the secret of the wonderful popularity of the Canterbury pilgrimage for centuries. St. Thomas of Canterbury resisted his sovereign in the attempt to interfere with the claims of the Papal Church:

For that cause, and for no other, he had died; and for that cause, and no other, pilgrims who went to visit his tomb regarded him as a saint. It was only after an able and despotic king had proved himself stronger than the spiritual power of Rome that the people of England were divorced from their Roman allegiance; and there is abundant evidence that they were divorced from it at first against their will.

In her own spiritual sphere, men continued to acknowledge the authority of the Church at large; and they recognized in such matters as sanctuary, and in the extended system of "benefit of clergy," kindly conceived methods of lessening the terrible severity of the civil law.

Dr. Gairdner maintains the view that the Church would have been false to her convictions if she had remained silent or passive under the wave of heresy, especially when it took such lines as that agreement between man and woman was all that was necessary to wedlock; or that the baptism of a child of Christian parents was not only superfluous but even wrong.

The tale of the suppression of the monasteries is set forth with much fresh-

ness and perspicuity. The character of those "two upstart tools of Cromwell," Legh and Layton, is once again exposed, and the falsity of their "Comperta" scandals is made clear in a masterly style. "Now that the one man in all England who has the whole of the facts bearing upon these reports at his fingers' ends has spoken with such deliberation on this question," says the *Athenæum*, "no decent writer, however stanchly anti-Papist in his convictions, ought to cite Legh or Layton to substantiate tales of vicious life."

Concluding its review of Dr. Gairdner's work, the *Athenæum*—whose summaries we have made our own—remarks: "Every student of the reign of Henry VIII. will feel grateful to the writer for the production of a work of the highest standard, wherein is marshalled, with innate honesty of purpose, an abundance of facts concerning a most complex and perplexing period of English history in Church and State."

Synchronizing with the renewed impetus given by the recent Catholic Congress in Chicago to mission work among the Negroes, comes this sympathetic appreciation of the Church from the *Enterprise*, the organ of the colored population of Omaha, Neb.:

For many years we have thought that the Negro would be wise to come more and more under the jurisdiction of the Catholic Church. We have thought this, because that Church offers protection to the Negro which he seems not to be able to get from other sources and organizations in this country. Throughout the Southland this Church has been a guide and a shield. In the Capital of the nation, where the white colleges draw the color line, the Catholic University of America stands out as a glorious exception. And, what is more, the followers of the Church are true to their own. They have made it their special mission to minister to the weak and oppressed of mankind; to throw around the unfortunate the strength of their culture and experience, and lift them to planes of higher usefulness. That Church has erected hospitals and nurseries for the care and maintenance of the poor; and when other such institutions have discriminated against people of color, the Catholic Sisters have extended the

hand of mercy. This beneficent practice has been most helpful to the Negro, because he has stood more in need of help than other races in our land. The doors of this Church are thrown wide open for us; its hospitals are open to us; and its schools also are open to us. And while we are thinking of a way out of the wilderness of prejudice and hate, let us not forget the Catholic Church.

The colored people of this country, as a matter of fact, realize their genuine equality with their white fellow-citizens in no other organization than that divinely-founded one which embraces in the same fold "all nations and tribes and peoples and tongues."

The heroes of Prof. George Wrong's new book, "A Canadian Manor and Its Seigneurs," are Highland officers who became *seigneurs* in the Province of Quebec. They were fierce Protestants, and hated the French both as aliens and as Papists. Yet Prof. Wrong is forced to explain how their expectations that "a few years... would bring the French-Canadians into the Protestant fold" were disappointed; and how the Scots intermarried with the French, and became as French and as Catholic as their neighbors, so that nothing is now left of them but their Scottish names. In the words of Prof. Wrong, they "show their Highland origin in their names, . . . but never a trace of it in their speech or in their customs."

There are few stranger facts in modern history than the transformation of those hardy Highlanders. In Prof. Wrong they have found an historian as impartial as scholarly.

Obituary notices of Lord Justice Sir James Mathew disclose the fact that the British press is unanimous in characterizing him as one of the greatest judges of the age. A nephew of the great temperance apostle, Father Mathew, Sir James was the second Catholic to reach the English Bench after the Emancipation Act in 1829; although since his nomination

in 1881 three other Catholics have been similarly honored,—Mr. Justice Day, Lord Russell, and Mr. Justice Walton. In an appreciative notice of this distinguished Catholic layman, the London *Catholic Times* remarks: "The capacity he displayed on the bench in getting to the heart of complicated business disputes was an object of ceaseless admiration amongst lawyers; and a notable and lasting monument to him is that most successful institution, the Commercial Court, the establishment of which was due to his initiative and action. More creditable to him even than his brilliant endowments was his fidelity to principle and his love of justice. Before he uttered an opinion, it was always strictly weighed in the court of conscience. True to himself, his creed and his country, he did honor to the bench." *R. I. P.*

In 1899, Mgr. Fallize, Vicar-Apostolic of Norway, installed a few Sisters of St. Joseph (of Chambéry) in the maritime town of Drammen. They were to act as home nurses, pending the acquisition of a hospital. In 1903, the hospital was opened in a hired wooden building. Forthwith a band of pious Lutheran ladies, at the instigation of equally pious Lutheran gentlemen, formed a "committee for the erection of a free clinic." Picnics, bazaars, and divers other entertainments were organized for the raising of funds; but the funds came very slowly, principally because the Drammen physicians declared that another hospital was unnecessary. Then the Sisters procured a fine stone building on a splendid site near the Catholic church. The Lutherans became desperate. They demanded from the town council, for their private clinic, a free site. How public opinion settled the matter before the councillors were called on to act is told by Mgr. Fallize himself.

The newspapers of all parties pronounced against any such cession of town property, declaring that "the Catholic

hospital answers all needs, and a second private hospital would offer disloyal competition to the Sisters, whose equals as nurses can not be found in the whole world. Where were these Norwegian ladies and their charity before the arrival of the Sisters, when the town badly needed a private hospital? It was only when the Sisters sacrificed themselves to fill this want that Dames . . . and company all at once discovered that the honor of God and of Lutheranism urgently demanded the building of a hospital. As if there were not enough other works in which Lutheran charity may rival the charity of Catholics! 'Tis not a question of suffering humanity, but of religious intolerance. And can the council afford to favor such intolerance? No,—a thousand times no!" And, by a vote of 34 to 17, the council, not a single member being a Catholic, refused the site.

The death last month of M. Ernest Hébert, at the extraordinary age of ninety-one, removes the oldest of French artists. He worked industriously almost to the very end of his life, and retained all his native vivacity. A complete catalogue of his productions would occupy several columns. He loved to paint women and children, portraits of whom from his indefatigable brush are so numerous as to be almost common in France. Hébert studied law, which he abandoned for art, entering the studio of David d'Angers in 1835, and afterward that of Delaroche. In 1839 he obtained the Prix de Rome, and at the Salon of that year exhibited *Tasse en Prison*, which is now in the museum at Grenoble. From Rome he sent two *Odalisques*, which were much talked of at the time of their exhibition; and he continued to show at the Salon up to and including the present year, when he sent two portraits. Three of his works—*La Malaria* (1850), *Le Baiser de Judas* (1853), and *Les Cervarolles* (1859)—are in the Luxembourg. He travelled much, and was Director of the French

Academy at Rome from 1867 to 1873, and again from 1885 to 1891.

A Paris correspondent tells us that when, in 1906, the Government ordered inventories to be taken of all the valuables contained in the churches throughout France, Hébert wrote a public letter claiming his celebrated *Virgin and Child*, which he had painted, he said, after the Franco-Prussian War, as an *ex-voto* promised to Our Lady if the Prussian army did not enter into his native Dauphiné. This province was spared, and the painter hung up his thank-offering in an humble country church. This picture, he insisted, must not become the property of a covetous government; and the *chef-d'œuvre* was finally restored to him.

Wardley Hall, near Manchester, England, a history of which has just been published, is best known in its own neighborhood as "Skull House," owing to the preservation of a human skull in a glazed recess on the main staircase. This skull is believed to be that of Father Barlow, who was martyred at Lancaster in 1641. He had for twenty years been engaged in the arduous work of a missionary priest, and had spent many months in the dungeons of Lancaster Castle. The old manor house has been carefully restored to much of its original beauty by the present owner. Strange tales are told of the original proprietor, "a gallant soldier," who took part in the Crusades with Robert of Normandy.

It has often been a puzzle to us to understand how Anglican clergymen, when first promoted to charges of their own, "get over" the whole of the Thirty-Nine Articles of Religion, which, on the first Sunday after admission, they are obliged to recite publicly. Now we know, and we are indebted to the Rev. G. E. French for our information, which he supplies in an article on "The Supply of Clergy for the Church of England," contributed

to the current *Nineteenth Century and After*. We quote his words:

Where we have a difficulty about any particular Article, a way out can usually be found by interpreting it either strictly, according to the letter, or generally, according to the spirit. Thus many of the clergy are glad to adopt the Tractarian reading of Article XXII., which, as any plain man can see, intends to stigmatize belief in "Purgatory, Pardons, Worshipping and Adoration, as well of Images as of Reliques, and also Invocation of Saints," as a "Romish Doctrine," and as "a fond thing, vainly invented, and grounded upon no warranty of Scripture." But we all hold that there must be some kind of development after death, though we may not call it Purgatory; and there are a few who desire to reintroduce the Invocation of Saints. Consequently it is convenient to notice that the exact words of the Article are, "The Romish Doctrine concerning Purgatory . . . is a fond thing, vainly invented." Mark, "the Romish Doctrine"; so that it is the Romish doctrine, and that alone, which by the actual words is condemned; and therefore I may hold what doctrine I choose on these subjects so long as it is not the Romish one.

This is called "a mode of escape"; but, honor bright, Mr. French, is it altogether creditable to a man of sincerity and integrity?

A French contemporary relates that one day while Pius X., in the course of an audience, was chatting in fatherly fashion with some French pilgrims, a priest said to him: "Holy Father, we should be so delighted if you would only canonize Jeanne d'Arc."—"I ask nothing better," replied the Pope, with a smile; "but she will first have to work some miracles." As it turns out, the investigations have already established three, each of them authoritatively verified by physicians: a French Sister cured of tuberculosis; and two lay women—one French, the other a Neapolitan—cured of cancer. All three cases had been pronounced hopeless; but, after a novena to Jeanne d'Arc, the cures took place suddenly.

In Propagation of the Faith notes, prepared by Mgr. Freri, we find this interesting extract from a letter received

from the Bishop of Dacca, Eastern Bengal, the Rt. Rev. P. J. Hurth, C. S. C.:

In the spring, on the coast of our mission, a volcanic eruption took place in the sea, and presented the strange spectacle of fire shooting up out of the water. Shortly before that, an island which had risen from the sea a year previous, sank again into the ocean. Is not this an interesting coast? Perhaps navigators, however, would hardly call it a desirable locality.

We are building an addition to the boys' orphanage. I myself am engineer, contractor, and master-mechanic, in charge of the undertaking. Skilled labor in the building line is at present not obtainable in proportion to the demand at Dacca, owing to the very extensive edifices being erected for the new provincial administration and the officials.

I am not the first missionary bishop to be engaged in manual work, nor is this my first experience. But I am sure the friends of the missions in America would be surprised and even amused to see a bishop acting as foreman of a gang of brown and black laborers. May God abundantly bless all the benefactors who are helping us in "the great cause"!

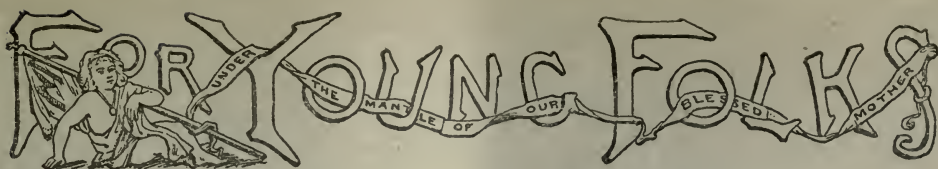
While the statutes of Illinois may make no mention of the specific punishment meted out recently in Chicago by Judge Newcomer to a widow's son who persisted in drinking to excess, we have no doubt that sensible legislators everywhere will admit its propriety. Said the Judge (who, by the way, is not a Catholic, though the offender ought to be one):

It will be mighty hard punishment for you, I guess; but I am sure it will do you a lot of good. Having never seen the inside of a church, it will also be a novelty and a treat for you.

I sentence you to attend early services in the church every day for the next six months, and to fall on your knees and pray for your redemption. The prayers, too, must not be of the short variety. The good old long ones will probably make a man of you.

Furthermore, you must also sign a written pledge before a priest not to drink intoxicating liquors again as long as you live. You can have the alternative of accepting this "sentence" or taking six months in the House of Correction.

We hope the Judge took measures to see that his novel sentence is effectively carried out. If it is, both widow and son will have reason to bless him.



A Welcome.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

OH, welcome is the Winter with frost or rain
or snow,
With winds that sobbing, crying, among the bare
boughs go!
For when the winds blow rudely and snows wrap
hills and dells,
We hear with joy and gladness the merry
Christmas bells.

Oh, welcome is the Winter, though short and
dark the day,
Though all the flowers have vanished, and though
the skies are gray!

For in the dreary Winter when birds forget
to sing,
There comes the best of all days—the Birthday
of the King.

At midnight in midwinter, when cheerless was
the earth,

That Monarch great and mighty and longed-for
had His birth.

A Maiden was His Mother, a manger was His
throne,

And for His sole attendants an ox and ass lay
prone.

Then welcome is the Winter, since it brings
back again

The Birthday of that Monarch in mists or snow
or rain,—

The Birthday of the Monarch who, although
so great and high,

Came in His love and pity for fallen man
to die.

The Story of a Little Boy's Runaway.

TOLD BY HIMSELF; WRITTEN BY AGNES WEBB.

LAST Wednesday Sue had a cold
and I was just getting over one,
so Aunt Emily thought we had
better not go to school. Aunt
Emily has been bringing us up since
mother died five years ago, and has every-
thing to say about our doings. Wednesday
was her day to go to the city; but before
she started she told us not to “scrap”
(auntie calls it quarrelling), not to sit in
a draught, not to tease “Buttons” (that’s
our new kitten), and not to lay hands on
the aquarium, probably because I once
let the goldfish out to see how they’d
behave on land. I can’t yet understand
what was wrong about it, because Uncle
John says it’s by investigating we learn
things. Sue is my sister.

Well, it was rather hard to think of
spending a whole day with so many
“don’ts” hanging over your head. After
a while I began one of Father Bearne’s
books, and was just getting to like it
when Sue, who had been reading the
Annals of the Propagation of the Faith,
interrupted me.

“Say, Rob, it seems ever so foolish to
keep on living, when we could be put to
death for the Faith and go straight to
heaven. Suppose we run away to China
and get martyred like the priests and
Sisters?”

I remembered that the Chinaman who
keeps the laundry in our town reported
some of us boys to Father Raymond just
because—well, because we looked into
his store a few times on our way home
from Christian Doctrine class. It seemed
hardly worth while to die for Chinese
people if they’re mean like that; so I said

THE word paper is derived from
papyrus; the word Bible, from *byblos*,—
the Greek name for the tall, rush-like
papyrus plant and the writing material
made from it.

to Sue we had better change our plans, and try to find some other way to reach heaven quickly.

"How are your tonsils now?" Sue asked.

"They don't hurt much to-day. I was able to drink hot coffee this morning."

"That's too bad," she answered.

"Too bad!"

"Yes, because if they were inflamed we could go over to Dr. Curtin and he'd cut them out, and maybe you'd bleed to death; and if you 'offered it up' beforehand, as Aunt Emily says, you'd be a martyr. And perhaps I'd die of fright."

I told her I was sure the tonsils were cured, and of course no doctor would cut out good ones. Besides, dying that way wouldn't be like a really, truly martyrdom. You must have your throat cut outside."

"Is that all you have in your mind, Sue?" I asked.

She didn't answer. Girls haven't many things in their mind, anyway; so I started to think myself.

"What about imitating St. Teresa and her brother, Sue? You know they ran away to become martyrs, or missionaries, or something or other; but they didn't travel very far from home. I've forgotten why, but it doesn't make any difference. Now, we could go up to the city to Cousin Lucy and offer to help those poor little children in her Settlement House. It's the next best thing to being martyred. Cousin Lucy says it's a practical way to get to heaven. She's a Protestant."

"A little slow; but, if you have no better idea, I suppose we can try it," Sue said. (Think of that!) "What can we teach them?" she asked.

I had to put on my thinking cap. I heard Cousin Lucy say she entertains as well as instructs the children, so I explained:

"Why, I can teach them to play 'Diabolo.' You know the man from the Hippodrome showed me the trick. And you—you might play—let me see! Yes, you might play the piano for them."

Now, if there's one thing Sue is more

proud of than another, it's her piano-playing. To be sure, she's only on exercises, but *she* thinks they're wonderful.

"Very well," she said, brightening. "When shall we start?"

"Right away. I heard Aunt Emily say she has to see the dressmaker and the dentist, then do some shopping, so she'll be away till quite late. Maybe it would be a good thing to take some lunch; for, between riding on trains and doing missionary work, we'll probably feel like having a bite before we get back."

Sue appeared to like the lunch idea. She took the littlest satchel, though,—something of a mistake, I thought; for you *do* get hungry on a journey.

It looked as if our work was "For the greater glory of God," as Cousin George says. He's going to be a Jesuit soon, and told us that will be his motto for the rest of his life. Certainly things seemed to be coming our way. Cook was putting up preserves, Norah was ironing, so it was the easiest thing in the world to slip out without being seen.

Sue had a sudden thought as we were going down the street; for she stopped right before the drug-store.

"What about the draughts, Rob?" she asked.

"I haven't any cold *now*," I answered.

That settled it, and we went on to the station. We weren't so lucky there. We missed the Compton Train by ten minutes.

"Not another for an hour, my boy," said the ticket agent.

Isn't it horrid to have people talk to you that way? I'm going on twelve now, and when you're starting out as a kind of missionary it's nice to be treated like grown-up people.

Well, there was nothing to do but to be philosophic and wait for our train. Philosophic means that something comes along, and you can't think of any way out of it, so you just submit to it. When I told Sue, she said that I talked more like a pagan than a Catholic missionary. She was shocked. Then she finished by

saying she hoped our trip would not be an *insuccès*.

"A what?" I asked.

"An *insuccès*." (She wrote it for me.)

Usually I don't notice Sue's strange words; for girls are conceited enough, and the more fuss you make over them the worse they seem to get. But there was nothing else to take my attention just then.

"Oh, that's a French word, and it means failure!" she said.

Sue has been studying French for two months at the convent, and she's a year older than I am, so I couldn't say anything.

"I was just thinking," she added, "that *you* proposed this undertaking, and I'd hate to believe you couldn't plan well."

"Suppose we eat a little lunch while we're waiting?" I said, to change the subject; for I was beginning to feel sorrowful, and something to eat is good for you when you are sorrowful.

Sue declared she hadn't much appetite, but she *might* take a taste.

She had just placed a Japanese napkin on the seat and spread out the chocolate éclairs and bananas, when a train came thundering into the station. Who should leave it and walk into the waiting-room but Father Raymond! Now, Father Raymond is awfully nice and understands boys real well; but, somehow, I didn't want to meet him just then. I tried to give a signal to Sue to hide the éclairs and bananas, but she pretended not to notice. Anyway, Sue always says, "Stand by your colors."

"What's this, children?" asked Father Raymond. "A little party?"

"Not exactly, Father," answered Sue, rising. (She never forgets her company manners,—I must say that.) "We are going to the city. Rob will explain. Have an éclair, Father?"

"No, thank you! But don't let me interrupt the feast. Go right on,"—and he sat down.

So did Sue. Then she helped herself to an éclair and left me to do the talking. I knew I was "in for it." Our scheme didn't appear so glorious somehow when I began to tell Father Raymond about it. But as I went on, his eyes got a twinkly look; then I felt better and I guessed we were all right.

"Going into philanthropee?" he asked.

I answered "Yes," because his voice went up, but I didn't know what he meant. When I ask Aunt Emily the definition of a big word she always says, "Consult your dictionary." I meant to look up philanthropee, but I haven't done it yet; so perhaps the spelling is a little queer.

"Can't I get you to take an éclair, Father?" said Sue.

"Eat it for me," said Father Raymond, pleasantly; and, sure enough, she began on the second one.

There was only one éclair left, and I was wondering whether she would attack that, when Father Raymond began to tell us about a little cripple who is doing lots of good in his room in a poor tenement. He threads the needles for his mother (a delicate seamstress), takes out the bastings, and keeps her workboxes in order.

"It's like getting a bath of sunshine to visit him," said Father Raymond. "When the neighbors feel worried and cross, they run in to see little John, and they say his cheerfulness makes them ashamed of their fault-finding."

Father Raymond said that little boy is spreading the kingdom of God and working his own way to heaven just as truly as the missionary who goes to Africa or China. Would you ever think it?

Well, after Father Raymond had talked a little more to us, we decided to go home and try to get to heaven some other way than assisting Cousin Lucy. Father Raymond told me if I'd prepare my catechism lessons better, I'd advance one long step on the road.

"Put your traps together and run up

to the house. That's where you must begin work to reach the kingdom of God," were his parting words.

We promised, and he agreed to keep our secret about the "runaway." He didn't give any advice to Sue directly, though I thought she needed it badly when I saw the third *éclair* disappearing; but since then she has apologized to me. Sue said she was so nervous that if she hadn't kept on eating she would have burst out crying. Maybe. At any rate, she's really trying to be less conceited, and not to say things that get my temper roused. In fact, she's doing so well that I'm almost afraid something's going to happen. She was kind enough to tell me to-day that I'm improving myself, but she says I'm a long way from being like St. Teresa's brother.

A Brave Man's Example.

If there was one specially marked characteristic about Rudolph de Lisle from earliest boyhood, it was his absolute fearlessness, whether of danger, ridicule, or hardship, in the discharge of duty. He belonged to a family of English converts, remarkable for faith and piety. Many striking instances of his brave spirit are given. Take one.

There was a French man-of-war stationed not far from his ship in one of the harbors of the Pacific Ocean; and, as there was Mass on board this ship, Rudolph thought it best to take the men under his charge there rather than go on shore. Leave was asked and obtained; so a quarter of an hour before the time, De Lisle arrived with his companions. He himself was invited at once by the officers into the cabin, where they showed him every politeness. But by and by, the quarter of an hour being expired, the English officer looked at his watch and said: "Ah, I see 'tis Mass-time now, gentlemen!"

These Frenchmen were Catholics, but

lived in total disregard of religion. So when Rudolph said, "'Tis Mass-time," they replied: "Mass! Surely you are not going to Mass?"—"Yes, I am," said Rudolph; and, at once taking leave, he went off and entered the cabin where Mass was offered. About the time of the *Sanctus* one of the French officers slunk in; the next Sunday two or three came; the Sunday after, all of them attended Mass from the very beginning; and they continued to do so for the six weeks longer that the two men-of-war were within easy reach of each other.

The Wasatch Pillars.

There are, in the Wasatch Mountains, in Utah, hundreds of slender pillars, ranging in height from forty to four hundred feet, and most of them crowned by large caps of stones. These pillars are not made by human hands, as might be supposed, but are cut from the hills by the action of air and water. They are all that remains of several square miles of solid rock, their greater hardness causing them to resist the corrosion which has caused the rest of the hills to crumble. One double column is capped by a single stone, which forms a wonderful natural bridge.

A Singular Plant.

The Chinese pitcher-plant is very singular-looking. The end of the leaf extends like a tendril, and has an appendage shaped like a pitcher with a regular lid. This is generally closed down, though it may be raised. Even when the rain can not get in, the pitchers always have water in them; some hold about a tumblerful, others even more. The water is a part of the sap that comes to the leaf. In the island of Ceylon this plant is called the monkey-cup, because the monkeys sometimes raise the lid and drink the water.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LXVII. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, DECEMBER 12, 1908. NO. 24.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C. S. C.]

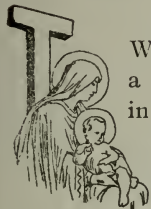
And is this Life?

BY EDWIN CARLILE LITSEY.

AND is this life? To wrestle day by day
With Fate for that mean wage she hates to
pay,—
That starveling wage which soul and body keeps
In friendship strained. The spirit's furthest deeps
Cry out in protest loud at all its woe.
Unruffled, calm, the grim years onward go;
And I, beneath their pall, with prayer and groan,
Alternate fight and faint, bereft, alone,—
And this is life!

And is this life? Can all this be for me?
The warm sweet air, the sun and bird and bee,
And grass and flowers, and gently waving trees,
And all bright things,—am I the heir of these?
Dear eyes of love; a friend's strong hand to hold
(Possessions better than a mine of gold);
Joy in my work, while Time his shuttle plies;
The will to win, 'neath gray or sunny skies,—
And this is life!

The Child and the Mother.



TWO thousand years, not merely
a few centuries, separate us
in point of time from that
memorable day when the
three Sages from the Far East
came, at the end of their
long journey, to the humble dwelling in
Bethlehem which St. Joseph had secured;
“and, going into the house... found the
Child, with Mary His Mother”; yet, like
so many actions recorded in Holy Writ,

this one was but the first typical, or
rather exemplary, act of a long series
in which faithful Christians imitate, and
in all essentials substantially repeat, the
original. The most notable of such actions
are, of course, those in which our Divine
Lord instituted the Sacraments, and
particularly the Holy Eucharist, saying
to His Apostles: “*Do this* for a com-
memoration of Me.” Such were the
laying on of hands and breathing upon
the first priests of the New Covenant, that
they might receive the Holy Ghost. Such,
too, though not a sacrament, was the
washing of the feet of the Apostles.

But there are also many other actions
noticed in the Holy Scriptures which were
the outcome of the piety of individuals
acting under the combined influence of
divine grace and the special circumstances
which called forth those actions. Chris-
tian sentiment has in many instances felt
these to be the most fitting expression of
devotion toward those sacred objects to
which they were first directed; and, since
those objects are to endure forever, such
acts of devotion will go on to the end
of time. Amongst these we may surely
put the pilgrimage of the Wise Men,—
the first of many pilgrimages to the shrine
of the Mother and her Child.

In that Eastern land from which the
Wise Men came, and in which they were
most probably priests, there had been pre-
served by God's Providence a singularly
pure belief in the one God. There, too,
had lived in captivity the great prophet
Daniel, who had foretold not only the
coming of the Saviour, but, with minute

detail, even the time of His birth. From Daniel the people of that land had learned to expect the rise of a King in Judea, who should conquer and rule the whole earth; and to believe Him none other than the Saviour whom Balaam long ages before had beheld in vision rising from Jacob as a Star.

These traditions had come down to the Wise Men. They, like all educated persons in their country, were attentive students of the course of the stars and heavenly bodies. Moreover, again by the disposition of Divine Providence, there was abroad in men's minds a great expectancy and a settled conviction throughout the East that the great King was about to appear in Israel. When, therefore, a new and strange star suddenly shone out in the Orient sky, they thought of the prophecies, and their minds were enlightened by divine grace to recognize therein the bright herald of the Prince of Peace. Full of faith and hope, and with an ardent desire to see and do homage to the Redeemer, they set forth, bearing with them rich and royal gifts.

Reaching Jerusalem, they found that the little town of Bethlehem was the place mentioned in the sacred books of the Jews as the birthplace of Him who should be the Shepherd of God's holy people; for it was written: "And thou, Bethlehem, the land of Juda, art not the least among the princes of Juda; for out of thee shall come the Captain who shall rule [literally "shall shepherd"] my people Israel." To Bethlehem they came, led on again, to their exceeding great joy, by the wondrous star, which stood over the place where the Infant Saviour lay. "And, going into the house, they found the Child with Mary His Mother; and, falling down, they adored Him; and, opening their treasures, they offered Him gifts, gold, frankincense, and myrrh."

What they did then has been done ever since, and will be done to the end of time. Wherever there is a Christian Catholic temple, it is a shrine dedicated to the

Child and His Mother; for these two can not be separated without destroying true Christianity. To separate the Mother from the Child in religious thought and belief and devotion, is to put asunder what God has joined together, and to make another religion that is not the religion of Jesus Christ.

All generations of true Christians, those who have kept undefiled the one and genuine Catholic Faith, have recognized this. Go to the holy city of Rome, the centre of our religion; visit one of those ancient cemeteries called Catacombs, where our forefathers in the Faith were laid to rest in the peace of Christ; and as your guide lifts up his glimmering taper to light you through those subterranean ways, you will see painted upon the walls of gallery and crypt what is not less than a catechism in pictures of the doctrines of the Holy Catholic Church. There is not wanting the sweet image of the Blessed Mother holding her Divine Child. One such picture dates from the first years of the second century. In another crypt is depicted the scene of the Adoration of the Magi; it is the earliest representation in existence of the Epiphany. In spite of the fact that a large part of the remains of Christian antiquity in these cemeteries has been in the course of ages utterly destroyed and lost, there yet remain twenty recognizable paintings, belonging to the first centuries of our era, in which the Blessed Mother of Jesus is represented.

From the first, then, our predecessors in the Christian Catholic Faith saw that the honor of Jesus is bound up with the honor of Mary; that he who neglects one of these two, neglects the other; and he who despises one of them, despises the other. Not many centuries of the Church's life had run before she found it necessary to state, in the clearest and most unmistakable manner, that whosoever denies to Mary her highest prerogative and her highest title—the title and the prerogative of true Mother of God,—

thereby proves himself to have already made shipwreck of the true faith in the Incarnation of Mary's Son. Catholics know what that doctrine is, and their veneration for Mary as God's own true Mother is the safeguard of right faith in the Incarnation of the Eternal Word and Son of God. The Holy Catholic Church teaches that our Blessed Lord is one divine person having two distinct natures, each nature exercising its own proper operations,—the nature of God, which He has from all eternity; and the nature of man, which at the time of His Incarnation He took from His Blessed Mother.

We know by experience and the teaching of our own inner consciousness that what lies at the root of the being of each one of us, and is the source and spring of all our thought and volition and action, making that thought and will and act our very own, for which each one is alone accountable, is not merely that human nature which we possess in common with all the rest of mankind, but something even further and deeper down in our being,—something which we call individuality or personality, which marks off each of us as a self-contained entity, distinct from his fellowmen.

Now, the Catholic Faith is, that in our Divine Lord there is but one single divine personality, or *ego*,—the personality of the Eternal Word that Christ is. He is God the Son made man. He is truly man, because to His divine personality He has inseparably joined a human nature with all human faculties and powers. But the personality, or individuality, that lies at the root of His sacred human nature is not a human personality at all, but something infinitely higher, which supplies its place, and is able to supply the place of human personality because it is higher, nobler, infinitely greater: it is the personality of God the Son.

Hence, if we ask the question about Jesus Christ our Lord, "Who is He?" we rightly answer, "He is God, the Second Person of the Adorable Trinity, and no

other." He *has* a true human nature, and is therefore truly man; but He is not a human *person*. Because He has a true human nature, we rightly add to our reply, "Jesus Christ is truly man as well as God; He is God made man." But we must not say that He is a human person. We rightly assert that all the human actions, therefore, of our Blessed Lord, all the acts performed in and through and by the Sacred Humanity, whilst being truly human, because done by our Blessed Lord's human powers and faculties, are yet also truly divine, because those faculties and powers, with the human nature in which they are inherent, have been assumed and united to Himself by a divine person,—the Second Person of the Adorable Trinity,—God the Son.

Theologians have called the actions of the Sacred Humanity "Theandric," a word meaning divine-human. It follows from all this that it is strictly true, and the only truth, to say that, in the person of our Blessed Lord, God Himself walked upon this earth, and taught the truth, and went about doing good; God Himself suffered and died upon the Tree of shame. Lest any should think that by this statement we assert that the divine *nature* was capable of dying, we are accustomed to add that God died *in His human nature*. But it was *God* who performed that act of giving up His soul and breathing His last; for the act belongs to the person, and the person is God Eternal. Indeed, it was precisely because the Divinity is essentially immortal and impassible, essentially incapable of death or suffering, that the Son of God put on the form of a servant, took a human nature in which to suffer and to die, and thus made Himself able to become obedient even to the death or the Cross. It was this fact, the fact that all the actions by which we were redeemed were the actions of a divine person—of God,—that gave to them their infinite value in the sight of the Eternal Father.

There is one act and one period in our Blessed Lord's human life concerning

which, if the true doctrine be held and taught, we are thereby safeguarded against all error in regard to everything else that is involved in the fact of the Incarnation. That period is the very beginning of His human life, and that act is the act by which He took flesh and became man. If we answer rightly the question, "Who was it that took flesh and was born of the Blessed Virgin?" and if we remain faithful to the right profession of faith on that matter, we can not go astray as to the Person to whom all the human actions of the life of Jesus are to be attributed; we can not make a mistake as to the worship and adoration to be paid to the Sacred Humanity; we can not fail to see how the worship of the Sacred Heart and of all the Sacred Humanity is theologically justified, nor how God-made-man is to be adored in the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar. All these things depend upon the answer to the question: "Who was it, what Person was it, of whom we say in the Apostles' Creed, 'He was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary'?" The answer of the Church is, and ever has been, that it was none other than God, the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity, who was thus conceived and thus born.

It is not difficult to see that a most practical and decisive way of testing a man's faith in this great mystery of revelation is to ask him, "Whose Mother, then, was Mary? Was she the Mother of a man only, or of God?" If he reply, with the Church Catholic, that Mary is truly and literally the Mother of God, he has the right faith in the Incarnation, and has stated a revealed truth which safeguards all the other great truths concerning the marvellous life and being of the God-Man. For he has confessed, by saying that Mary is God's Mother, that the Child born of her was a divine person. He has not asserted that the divine nature was derived from Mary (which would be the most palpable and absurd impossibility, though one with which the Catholic

doctrine is charged by those who do not in the least understand its true bearing); but he has professed his faith in the fact that He who—miraculously indeed, but nevertheless truly—went through the process of human nativity was a divine person, very God, who took His humanity from the stainless Virgin; and in so doing, being God, made her to be the Mother of God, in that it was God she bore.

At the close of the fourth century a heresy arose which declared the Man Christ Jesus, who was born of the Virgin Mary, to be *not* the same person as the Eternal Son of God; and, with that instinct for attacking truth at its very centre which can be attributed only to the craft of the Father of Lies, and which is the one thing in which heresy does not err, it fixed for the point of attack upon the very article of Catholic Faith which is the safeguard and test of true belief in the mystery of God-made-man. "It is madness," wrote one heretic (Theodore of Mopsuestia), "to say God was born of the Virgin. Not God, but the temple in which God dwelt, was born of Mary." Were this true, there would be an end to the Catholic dogma; for the Man Christ Jesus, born of the Blessed Virgin, would not be God at all. He would be as these heretics said He was, a human person, having the Divine Word, God the Son, merely dwelling in Him in a special way, and not Himself *being* that Divine Word. The union between the Word and this human person would thus be only a moral, not a physical and personal, union.

There is a philosophical impossibility in the physical and literal blending together and commixture of two personalities; for "person" precisely implies distinctness from others. It is personality that marks off the one who has it from all others. Hence to talk of two personalities in Jesus Christ—one human, the other divine—was to make the union between the divine and human in our Blessed Lord merely a moral union,—a union of will and affection and love

and moral purpose, but no more. If that were the truth, all the human actions of Jesus would have to be attributed, not to God, but to the human person whom the Nestorian heretics postulated as existing side by side with the divine person of the Word. They would be human actions, and human actions only; not, as they truly are, "Theandric," or "divine-human,"—the acts of God done in and by His human nature that He took to Himself. In this manner the Nestorians took away all the infinite value of our Blessed Lord's passion and death; for they made them to be merely human actions; they deprived the Sacred Humanity of that divinity which comes to it because it belongs to a divine person; and they could not, therefore, worship it with one and the same act of adoration with which is adored the Word to whom that Sacred Humanity is inseparably, physically, personally united.

The whole controversy hinged on the question, "Is Mary 'Theotokos'—the Bearer of God—truly God's Mother?" Those who confessed her to be such and nothing less, thereby confessed the one single divine personality of the God-Man, the Word made flesh, Jesus Christ. Those who denied that title to Mary, thereby asserted that the Man Christ had His own human personality; for if Mary be not God's Mother, she is the mother of a man only; and that could only be if her Son had a human personality. But if, as the Catholic truth is, the personality that sustains the human nature which Jesus Christ had of her be divine, she is God's Mother. And such she was, by God's Providence, declared to be by the famous Council of Ephesus, which secured to her for all time her glorious title of "Theotokos"—*Dei Genitrix*; expressing thereby the true teaching of Holy Scripture and the inerrant Apostolic Tradition of the Church of God.

Thus the honor of Mary and the honor of Jesus go together, not merely as a matter of sentimental piety, but as a

matter of strict truth and actual fact, the denial of which makes Christianity another thing from what Christ Himself made it. Christian Catholic Faith sees that, because of this supreme office of her Divine Maternity, Mary has also a special and unique place as co-operating both physically and morally in the great scheme of man's salvation. Together with Jesus, our only Saviour, Mary, as co-operatrix in His work, was foreordained from all eternity in the counsels of God. Thus is she an integral part of God's plan of redemption, from which to separate her is to substitute for God's plan a man-made scheme suggested by the cunning and jealousy of the great enemy of our race.

Like the Wise Men of yore, if we follow the Star of Faith, the light that shines in God's Holy Church, we shall ever find "the Child with Mary His Mother." This is the reason why, from the beginning of the Church's history, Mary has ever been venerated together with her Son. Love and veneration desire the presence of the object of love and reverence. Jesus we have ever present in the Sacrament of the Altar; Mary is in heaven, but Catholic piety would fain do something to realize her living existence as the ever-potent Advocate and loving Mother of her children. Thus it is that her image has been the centre of loving devotion; and pilgrims, like the Magi, have made their pious journeys to her famous shrines the world over.

And her Son has signified His approbation of this practice by the outpouring of wonderful graces in those places where there are specially frequented shrines of Mary. She herself has been seen in vision at favored spots, to which, in consequence, thousands of her devout clients have gone to seek her powerful intercession. Thus we try to bring her near to us in spirit, until the day shall dawn when she will show to us the blessed Fruit of her womb, and our eyes shall rest at last upon the unveiled, entrancing beauty of the Child and Mary His Mother.

Phileas Fox, Attorney.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XXII.

HE summons for which Phileas had prepared his new friend was not very long in coming. A note in Isabel's hand was brought to the office by Cadwallader. Phileas was busy at the time, and the old Negro had to take his place in the antechamber behind the curtain, and wait his turn with two or three others, each of whom was on pins and needles until admittance was gained into the office and an interview with the lawyer obtained.

When at last Phileas was at liberty, and wondered why the next client did not appear, he drew aside the curtain and discovered Cadwallader asleep, his gray-besprinkled head having fallen upon his breast. Phileas laid a hand gently upon the old man's shoulder, and Cadwallader awoke with a start, brimful of apologies, and quite bewildered by his surroundings.

"I guess it was all a dream," he said ruefully; "but I saw a lot of folks together that I used to know. But where am Cadwallader now?"

He looked up into the lawyer's face with pitiful eyes.

"You're all right, Cadwallader," said Phileas, soothingly. "Don't you remember Mr. Fox?"

A dawning smile of recognition began to play over the old man's face, and the smile broadened till he showed every tooth that was left in his shrivelled gums.

"Why, of course, Mr. Fox, sah,—why, of course I recollect you, most certainly! You must excuse my falling asleep, 'cause I've been up every night for a week."

"Don't mention it at all," said the lawyer. "The heat alone is enough to make you drowsy."

The Negro meanwhile began to feel in his pockets.

"I got here for you," he said at last,

"a note from the sweetest young lady in the world."

There was upon the Negro's countenance a subtle recognition that he knew these words of praise would be agreeable to the young practitioner. He had observed a chain of very small and unimportant happenings between those two; he had seen them walking under the trees, and had marked, with a keenness of vision which time had scarcely impaired, the episode of the blossom which Phileas had picked up.

The conscious blood flew up into the lawyer's face, and he felt a thrill of pleasurable emotion at sight of the familiar caligraphy upon the envelope. He also experienced a very friendly feeling toward the old Negro, who had thus put into words the idea that had penetrated into his own inner consciousness.

"From Miss Ventnor!" he said, with a faint smile hovering about the corners of his mouth.

"Yes, sah," said the Negro; "from Miss Ventnor, sah. And she asked me to bring an answer."

Mr. Fox, taking the missive from the messenger's hand, withdrew behind the curtain, placing Cadwallader at an open window, where the old man amused himself by observing with childish delight the panoramic movements of that huge commercial machine to which he was a stranger, and which had sprung into existence since he had arrived in New York as a pickaninny.

Phileas opened the note with a new feeling, delicate and tender, as though this caligraphy of his love was something exquisitely sacred. The note was no longer from Mrs. Wilson's companion, a delightful girl whom he had from the first admired. It was from a personage who might one day stand in the closest of all relations with himself, to whom he had addressed words of ardent affection, and who had not discouraged him, but answered in a subtly captivating but enchantingly womanly manner, which had

left him hoping, fluctuating, and yet uncertain.

He opened the letter, with an almost absurd hopefulness. It was, however, brief, and without the faintest suggestion of feeling, save perhaps in the postscript.

"MY DEAR MR. FOX:—Mrs. Wilson, who is somewhat stronger and better, expresses a wish to see you upon an important matter. Is there any one else whom it would be well for her to see? I would not advise you to delay. Come to-day, after your office hours, if possible.

"Sincerely yours,

"ISABEL.

"P. S.—It has been a little bit lonely these last days: poor Mrs. Wilson still keeping her room, and no one to talk to, or even to argue with under the trees in the park."

Having read over this epistle for the third time, Phileas set about answering it:

"DEAR ISABEL:—I am bold enough to call you by that name, for I never think of you by any other; and you know I have pledged myself to try to win the right to call you by a nearer and dearer one. If you are angry, forgive me. A lover is always foolish, and I am your lover now and forever, whether you respond or not. This is a sorry attempt at a business letter; but when I am thinking of you, business flies out of my head. Do you know what Cadwallader called you just now in my office? 'The sweetest young lady in the world.' He and I are fully agreed upon that point.

"May I ask your indulgence? This is a lull in a busy day, and the arrival of your letter and the sight of your hand upon the envelope were as the sweet fragrance of a garden. Did that postscript mean that you had missed me ever so little, or that you would be glad to see me? Why did you not say one word to cheer me? A man's life and his day's grind are so dull and commonplace without a woman's thought to raise him up! May I own that until I met you I was

satisfied to work and work alone? *Now* I am always seeing your bright face before me and wishing that I were rich. Of one thing I am satisfied, dearest: that you are poor,—*very* poor. It will be such a happiness when I can make you at least comparatively rich.

"I should like to go on writing and writing, putting down all the thoughts that occur to me about you, only that I fear you would not read them; and, besides, I must not tire out poor old Cadwallader. And better a thousand times than writing is the thought that I shall see you soon again.

"What you say about Mrs. Wilson partly spoils my pleasure in hearing from you. I am truly sorry; but perhaps she may pull through, after all, and be with you until—until—but you have promised nothing, and I must not be too presumptuous. Only you can not keep me from hoping. Each busy day in the office brings me nearer to the possible realization of that hope. For if you had hated me, or found my offer altogether distasteful, you would have told me so at once—would you not?—and so have put me out of suspense and relegated me to my proper place, merely as Phileas Fox, Attorney.

"P. S.—I am reversing the order of your note, and referring business to a postscript. I shall be with you as soon as I can leave the office,—probably about half-past five; and my interview with Mrs. Wilson shall decide on the next step to be taken, and whether she wishes to see one whom I think it advisable that she should see."

This epistle Phileas sealed and delivered to the Negro. And it was read by Isabel with varied emotions, in which displeasure was not uppermost.

"It is absurd how he mixes up all that love-nonsense with business!" she commented; and then she fell to wondering whether if she had merely met Phileas Fox in the ordinary round of society, or if Mrs. Wilson had not fallen ill, and

so brought the young man into such intimate relation with herself, she should have found him so wonderfully interesting and have looked forward so much to his visits. She had to give up the fascinating problem, since one set of circumstances can not be judged by another; and the fact remained that Phileas Fox had become a very important factor in her daily life.

She put the letter away in her workbox and began to arrange her hair, presently arraying herself in a particular gown which had been considered very becoming. When her toilet was thus completed, she regarded herself in the mirror with a swift feeling of compunction; and then she satisfied her conscience by the reminder that Mrs. Wilson liked even yet to see her carefully dressed, and would have remarked at once if her costume was sombre.

"So that I should have put on this blue dress all the same if the lawyer had been a graybeard," she explained to herself, as though another person had been present.

One thing was certain, however: that the said graybeard would not have been expected with the same pleasurable excitement that, despite Isabel's best efforts, filled her mind as she waited in the library, and saw the young man entering at the gate. As she sat there, she recalled, too, as if in justification for her own sentiments, how much Mrs. Wilson had liked the young man, and how Father Van Buren had so often become enthusiastic in his praise.

When Phileas entered, he shook hands gravely with the young girl; and, after an inquiry as to the invalid's condition, he asked if she had been angry at her letter.

"Why should one be angry where no offence is meant?" Isabel replied evasively.

"May I write again?"

"If it should be necessary."

"And even if it shouldn't?"

"Why, I thought you were very busy."

"So I am; but while my head and

hands are busy my heart is busy too, and it would give me so much pleasure to write."

"Sit down now and be sensible!" cried Isabel.

"Is it so very foolish to have fallen in love with you?"

"Since you ask me, I think it is. There are so many rich girls."

"Let who will marry them," Phileas answered. "I know you are thinking that I should not talk about these things now, and you are quite right. Only I lose my head somewhat when I see you, and I am always saying or doing something that I promised myself not to say or do. If I find Mrs. Wilson well enough this afternoon, may I make a full confession to her?"

"It seems so incongruous," objected Isabel.

"But, after all, why should it be? If you were Mrs. Wilson's daughter or any near relative, there might be some force in your objection; but you are merely her companion; and, should she suddenly become worse, you will be left, as you tell me, alone and friendless. Is there any harm, then, in seeking to gain your promise and her countenance in a matter that will insure your future?"

"You are a very obstinate man," she said, with the ghost of her old happy laugh.

"Was there ever a lover worthy of the name who was not?"

"I don't know much about them and their peculiarities," smiled Isabel. "But surely they are not all such men of one idea."

"Oh, yes, they are!" Phileas assured her. "The same idea is always there, and you can't imagine what it does for a man. But I shall feel better satisfied if Mrs. Wilson knows my sentiments."

"Tell her whatever you please," said Isabel; "but I shall reserve my judgment. You must not promise anything for me."

"No?" asked Phileas,—"not even that you will take my case under consideration as the legal phrase is?"

"Oh, that I can't help doing, since you are always talking about it!"

"Then I shall put it this way: I have fallen so deeply in love with Miss Ventnor that she threatens to interfere with all my legal work. She promises nothing, but she has not driven me off; and until she does, have I your consent to win her if I can?"

"Come," said Isabel, without giving any answer to that proposition. "Here is Cadwallader to say that you may go up."

From that moment Isabel might well have been satisfied with the young man's professional gravity. He ascended the staircase carpeted in inch-deep velvet carpet, of a pattern long since vanished from the looms. He passed the cage where the parrot, strangely silent, pirouetted upon his perch, and cast a malevolent glance at the stranger; and all the time Phileas did not even look toward his companion. In a few moments he stood upon the threshold of a large and lofty bedroom, so dark that at first sight he could scarcely distinguish objects. It needed but a glance to convince Phileas that Isabel's worst forebodings were likely to be realized, and a wave of genuine emotion passed over him.

He advanced to the bedside, whence Mrs. Wilson gave him a smile of greeting, pointing at the same time to a chair. In the conversation that ensued, Phileas found his client's mental faculties almost painfully acute; while in her voice and manner were traces of the old imperiousness, and a strained eagerness to be certain that he understood every point at issue between herself and John Vorst and the other heirs, for whose sake had been chiefly carried on that contest, wherein the principal combatant now desired nothing so much as a peaceful settlement of all difficulties. She went into the subject with a force and clearness that were astonishing, considering her situation. She caused the ink to be brought; and, with a hand that had grown painfully tremulous, signed the last of those papers

for which, so far as could be foreseen, her signature would be required; calling in Isabel and Cadwallader as witnesses.

Despite his firm resolution to the contrary, Phileas found no opportunity of explaining his sentiments in Isabel's regard. To the old woman every moment was so precious that she was wholly occupied with matters which she held to be of vital import, and from which her attention could not be distracted. Any attempt that Phileas made in the direction of his own affairs, that imperious will waved aside as of no importance. And perhaps it was as well to add no further burden or perplexity to that sorely tried mind, struggling thus painfully against the last mortal foe.

It is possible, indeed, that the old lady's conservative turn of thought would have recoiled from the prospect of giving Isabel, whom she had regarded as her daughter, to any young and unknown man who had nothing more to offer than his own sterling personality; such an idea might have been merely disturbing to her dying moments. In any case, Phileas soon abandoned the effort to bring his view before her, and sat for the most part in silence beside that melancholy bed, — unless, indeed, his client asked for his opinion. He was surprised at the strange affection which he felt for this old woman who had so deeply sinned and so generously atoned.

From time to time, as she showed signs of exhaustion, the lawyer urged her to rest, suggesting that he would come again at any time.

"No, no!" she cried earnestly. "I must not omit anything important. At my age, even in ordinary health it would be dangerous to delay."

At last, however, she let her head fall back upon her pillow.

"This weakness is stronger than I am," she said, with a smile that was piteous in the extreme. "But everything of importance is done. There are a few points which I would wish to have ex-

plained to you, as, for instance, about Isabel. Should I see you again, I will explain all. But in any case, I want you to promise me one thing."

She fixed Phileas with her piercing eyes as she continued, scarcely waiting for the young man's assurance that he would do whatever she might desire.

"That you will not let me die without seeing John Vorst."

(To be continued.)

Lourdes.

BY THE REV. ROBERT HUGH BENSON.

VII.

IN the afternoon we went down to meet a priest who had promised a place to one of our party in the window of which I have spoken before. But the crowd was so great that we could not find him, so presently we dispersed as best we could. Two other priests and myself went completely round the outside of the churches, in order, if possible, to join in the procession, since to cross the square was a simple impossibility. In the terrible crush near the Bureau, I became separated from the others, and fought my way back, and into the Bureau, as the best place open to me now for seeing the Blessing of the Sick.

It was now at last that I had my supreme wish. Within a minute or two of my coming to look through the window, the Blessed Sacrament entered the reserved space among the countless litters. The crowd between me and the open space was simply one pack of heads; but I could observe the movements of what was going forward by the white top of the umbrellino as it passed slowly down the farther side of the square.

The crowd was very still, answering as before the passionate voice in the midst; but watching, watching, as I watched. Beside me sat Dr. Cox, and our Rosaries were in our hands. The white spot moved on and on, and all else was motionless. I

knew that beyond it lay the sick. "Lord, if it be possible,—if it be possible! Nevertheless, not my will but Thine be done." It had reached now the end of the first line.

"*Seigneur, guérissez nos malades!*" cried the priest.

"*Seigneur, guérissez nos malades!*" answered the people.

"*Vous êtes mon Seigneur et mon Dieu!*" And then on a sudden it came.

Overhead lay the quiet summer air, charged with the Supernatural as a cloud with thunder,—electric, vibrating with power. Here beneath lay souls thirsting for its touch of fire,—patient, desirous, infinitely pathetic; and in the midst that Power, incarnate for us men and our salvation. Then it descended, swift and mighty.

I saw a sudden swirl in the crowd of heads beneath the church steps, and then a great shaking ran through the crowd; but there for a few instants it boiled like a pot. A sudden cry had broken out, and it ran through the whole space; waxing in volume as it ran, till the heads beneath my window shook with it also; hands clapped, voices shouted: "*Un miracle! Un miracle!*"

I was on my feet, staring and crying out. Then quietly the shaking ceased, and the shouting died to a murmur; and the umbrellino moved on; and again the voice of the priest thrilled thin and clear, with a touch of triumphant thankfulness: "*Vous êtes la Résurrection et la Vie!*" And again, with entreaty once more—since there still were two thousand sick untouched by that Power, and time pressed—that infinitely moving plea: "*Seigneur, celui qui vous aime est malade!*" And: "*Seigneur, faites que je voie! Seigneur, faites que je marche! Seigneur, faites que j'entende!*"

And then again the finger of God flashed down, and again and again; and each time a sick and broken body sprang from its bed of pain and stood upright; and the crowd smiled and roared and sobbed.

Five times I saw that swirl and rush; the last when the *Te Deum* pealed out from the church steps as Jesus in His Sacrament came home again. And there were two that I did not see. There were seven in all that afternoon.

Now, is it of any use to comment on all this? I am not sure; and yet, for my own satisfaction if for no one else's, I wish to set down some of the thoughts that came to me both then and after I had sat at the window and seen God's loving-kindness with my own eyes.

The first overwhelming impression that remained with me is this—that I had been present, in my own body, in the twentieth century, and seen Jesus pass along by the sick folk, as He passed two thousand years before. That, in a word, is the supreme fact of Lourdes. More than once as I sat there that afternoon I contrasted the manner in which I was spending it with that in which the average believing Christian spends Sunday afternoon. As a child, I used to walk with my father, and he used to read and talk on religious subjects; on our return we used to have a short Bible class in his study. As an Anglican clergyman, I used to teach in Sunday-schools or preach to children. As a Catholic priest, I used occasionally to attend at catechism. At all these times the miraculous seemed singularly far away; we looked at it across twenty centuries; it was something from which lessons might be drawn, upon which the imagination might feed, but it was a state of affairs as remote as the life of prehistoric man; one assented to it, and that was all. And here at Lourdes it was a present, vivid event. I sat at an ordinary glass window, in a soutane made by an English tailor, with another Englishman beside me, and saw the miraculous happen. Time and space disappeared; the centuries shrank and vanished; and behold we saw that which 'prophets and kings have desired to see and have not seen'!

Of course "scientific" arguments can

be brought forward in an attempt to explain Lourdes; but they are the same arguments that can be, and are, brought forward against the miracles of Jesus Christ Himself. I say nothing to those here; I leave that to scientists such as Dr. Boissarie; but what I can not understand is that professing Christians are able to bring *a priori* arguments against the fact that Our Lord is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever,—the same in Galilee and in France. "These signs shall follow them that believe," He said Himself; and the history of the Catholic Church is an exact fulfilment of the words. It was so, St. Augustine tells us, at the tombs of the martyrs; five hundred miracles were reported at Canterbury within a few years of St. Thomas' martyrdom. And now here is Lourdes, as it has been for fifty years, in this little corner of poor France!

I have been asked since my return: "Why can not miracles be done in London?" My answer is, firstly, that they are done in England, in Liverpool, and at Holywell, for example; and, secondly, I answer by another question as to why Jesus Christ was not born in Rome; and if He had been born in Rome, why not in Nineveh and Jerusalem?

This, then, is the supreme fact of Lourdes: that Jesus Christ in His Sacrament passes along that open square, with the sick laid in beds on either side; and that at His word the lame walk and lepers are cleansed and deaf hear,—that they are seen leaping and dancing for joy.

Even now, writing within ten days of my return, all seems like a dream; and yet I know that I saw it. For over thirty years I had been accustomed to repeat the silly formula that "the age of miracles is past"; that they were necessary for the establishment of Christianity, but that they are no longer necessary now, except on extremely rare occasions perhaps; and in my heart I knew my foolishness. Why, for those thirty years, Lourdes had been in existence.

spoke of it at all, I spoke only of hysteria and auto-suggestion and French imagination, and the rest of the nonsense. It is impossible for a Christian who has been at Lourdes to speak like that again.

And as for the unreality, that does not trouble me. I have no doubt that those who saw the bandages torn from leprosy limbs and the sound flesh shown beneath, or the once blind man, his eyes now dripping with water of Siloe, looking on Him who had made him whole, or heard the marvellous talk of "men like trees walking," and the rest,—I have no doubt that ten days later they sat themselves with unseeing eyes and wondered whether it was indeed they who had witnessed those things. Human nature, like a Leyden jar, can not hold beyond a fixed quantity; and this human nature, with experience, instincts, education, common talk, public opinion, and all the rest of it echoing round it; the assumption that miracles *do not happen*, that laws are laws; in other words, that Deism is the best that can be hoped,—well, it is little wonder that the visible contradiction of all this conventionalism finds but little room in the soul.

Then there is another point that I should like to make in the presence of "Evangelical" Christians who shake their heads over Mary's part in the matter. It is this—that for every miracle that takes place in the *piscines*, I should guess that a dozen take place while That which we believe to be Jesus Christ goes by. Catholics, naturally, need no such reassurance; they know well enough from interior experience that when Mary comes forward Jesus does not retire. But for those who think as some Christians do, it is necessary to point out the facts. And again. I have before me as I write the little card of ejaculations that are used in the procession. There are twenty-four in all. Of these, twenty-one are addressed to Jesus Christ; in two more we ask the "Mother of the Saviour" and the "Health of the Sick" to pray for us; in

the last we ask her to "show thyself a Mother." If people will talk of "proportions" in a matter in which there is no such thing—since there can be no comparison, without grave irreverence, between the Creator and a creature,—I would ask, Is there "disproportion" here?

In fact, Lourdes, as a whole, is an excellent little compendium of Catholic theology and Gospel-truth. There was once a marriage feast, and the Mother of Jesus was there with her Son. There was no wine. She told her Son what He already knew; He seemed to deprecate her words; but He obeyed them, and the water became wine.

There is at Lourdes not a marriage feast, but something very like a deathbed. The Mother of Jesus is there with her Son. It is she again who takes the initiative. "Here is water," she seems to say; "dig, Bernadette, and you will find it." But it is no more than water. Then she turns to her Son. "They have water," she says, "but no more." And then He comes forth in His power. "Draw out now from all the sick beds of the world and bear them to the Governor of the Feast. Use the commonest things in the world—physical pain and common water. Bring them together, and wait until I pass by." Then Jesus of Nazareth passes by; and the sick leap from their beds, and the blind see, and the lepers are cleansed, and devils are cast out.

Oh, yes! the parallel halts; but is it not near enough?

*Seigneur, guérissez nos malades!
Salut des Infirmes, priez pour nous!*

(To be continued.)

In Winter.

BY CHARLES L. O'DONNELL.

LIKE ghosts of birds, the fragile flakes
Among the gaunt trees flit and fly,—
But ah, the songs, what power remakes
Of silence vanished minstrelsy?

The Cameron Pride.

BY MARY M. REDMOND.

I.

ISABEL CAMERON read the letter through a second time. The flush which overspread her face during the first perusal died out, leaving her quite pale when at last she slowly folded the letter and replaced it in the envelope with fingers that trembled slightly.

"I hope you have not got bad news, Isabel?" Miss Cameron inquired, a note of anxiety in her voice.

"No-o, not bad news," the girl returned slowly, as though slightly dazed. "Papa writes that his ankle is improving nicely, but he will not be able to use it for some time yet. It is very unfortunate."

"But it is fortunate, after all, that it happened while he was visiting Colonel Gordon. They—"

"Aunt Caroline," Isabel broke in with unconscious rudeness, "papa has asked me to do a very unusual thing."

"Why, my dear Isabel, you astonish me!" Miss Cameron cried in mild excitement, settling her spectacles upon her aristocratic nose, and peering through them at her niece as though she thought she had suddenly developed symptoms of insanity.

"I will read you the letter; then you will understand," the girl said, unfolding it as she spoke. Her fingers trembled and an unusual color burned in her cheeks; otherwise she was outwardly calm.

"MY DEAR ISABEL:—I am like an old war-horse suddenly disabled in sight of battle, and it requires all my boasted stoicism to keep me within the traces just now. If I did not know that I can rely upon you to maintain the Cameron honor, I should defy the doctor and take the first train North. My ankle is improving as rapidly as can be expected; but the doctor tells me I shall not be able to use it for a week, or perhaps longer. The

Colonel and Mrs. Gordon have made me comfortable, and are doing everything they can think of to entertain me. But it is unfortunate that I am tethered here, when I should be up and doing.

"I have just learned—I shall not take time to go into details now—that young Brandon was *right* in refusing to take my case five years ago. It *was* a fraud. Blakesley, the scoundrel, misrepresented things, and I believed Blakesley. He has absconded, and the truth has just come to light.

"Now, I want you to go to Felix Brandon and tell him that I have just learned the truth, and apologize for my harshness five years ago. I should write to him, but I know he would not read the letter. I shouldn't if I were in his place. I felt the Cameron honor was outraged, and—I used pretty harsh language. But the Camerons have ever been ready to right a wrong. It is a simple act of justice, and I shall not know a minute's peace until it is performed. Do not delay—but I know I can rely on you.

"Hastily but affectionately,

"ROBERT CAMERON."

Isabel dropped the letter into her lap and looked at her aunt. Miss Cameron's face was a study.

"I can't quite recall the particulars," she said slowly. "I always make a point of dismissing disagreeable things from my mind. It was about that new town your father and Mr. Blakesley laid out somewhere in the South, wasn't it?"

"Yes. The land was papa's,—that waste land that came to him through his Uncle Benjamin, you know. Mr. Blakesley 'boomed' it in some way, and, with papa's consent, laid it out in lots, and sold them at a very good price. A little town sprang up. There was a factory or two, several shops, and everything seemed prosperous. Then suddenly Mr. Wattrous, a man who had bought a good many lots, declared something illegal and brought suit against papa. Papa asked Mr. Brandon to defend him. At

first Fe—Mr. Brandon seemed pleased to take the case. He was just a struggling young lawyer then."

"Oh, yes! I remember distinctly now," Miss Cameron cried, a tinge of color creeping into the old ivory of her cheeks. "That ungrateful and impudent young man, after receiving many kindnesses at Robert's hands (your father was infatuated with him, inviting him to dinner and treating him as an equal) had the audacity to tell him that his conscience would not allow him to defend a fraud! A mere upstart to dictate to a Cameron!"

"You forget, Aunt Caroline, that Felix Brandon is considered the ablest lawyer in the State and occupies an unassailable position. He is regarded by everyone as a man of unimpeachable integrity."

Isabel spoke slowly, her eyes fixed upon the patch of blue sky visible between the interlacing trees bordering the gravelled driveway.

Miss Cameron was one of those aristocratic Southern women in whom pride of family is inborn and unquenchable. She had never become wholly reconciled to living in the North, where a man, through sheer force of intellect, may rise from obscurity to prominence. She was not in sympathy with that broad democracy which judges a man's success or failure by his own individual efforts. A man of humble origin, no matter to what height he may have attained, was still a "plebeian" in her eyes.

"And your father wishes you to go to that man and apologize for some harsh words uttered five years ago!" she said at last, breaking the long silence. "It seems to me a rather quixotic notion."

"Papa is right,—he owes Mr. Brandon an apology," Isabel said decidedly. "But I must say I wish he were here to offer the apology himself," she added slowly.

"A too highly developed sense of honor is rather inconvenient sometimes," murmured the older woman. "I dare say it will be wasted on that young man.

He will probably have forgotten all about the matter."

"He will *not* have forgotten it, Aunt Caroline. Wounds leave scars that have an unpleasant way of jogging our memory when we would forget."

The girl spoke quietly, but a closer observer than her aunt might have detected a note of pain in her voice. Her heart was beating heavily and her temples throbbed. How could she go to this man whom she had treated so shamefully, refusing to see him or to listen to one word of explanation, condemning him unheard,—this man who had once been something more than an ordinary friend! Ah, how he must despise her!

"Let me see," Miss Cameron continued. "Wasn't it something about his religion that made him take the attitude he did? I have always heard that Catholics are like children in the hands of their priests."

"As a practical Catholic, his conscience would not allow him to defend a fraud. That is what he said, as nearly as I can remember. I honor and respect a man who has the courage of his convictions. As you know, the average lawyer's conscience is a sort of India-rubber affair that allows of stretching in either direction," she remarked, laughing unmirthfully.

"My dear Isabel, you do talk such extravagant nonsense!" the elder woman began, in a shocked tone. "Your grandfather Cameron was a lawyer, and—"

"Forgive me, Aunt Caroline! I meant no disrespect to grandfather," Isabel interrupted gently. "But we are forgetting papa's letter and the request he makes," she added in a different tone. "You will come with me? Ah, but you must, you know," she said quickly, as the older woman began to demur.

II.

The clock in the hall gave five mellow strokes. Father Tracy stood up to take his leave.

"Felix will be here in a few minutes. Do stay and have a cup of tea," Mrs.

Brandon insisted, touching the bell as she spoke.

"A cup of tea sounds tempting. You know my weakness," laughed the priest, resuming his seat with a whimsical shake of the head. "You are fortunate in your son, Mrs. Brandon," he observed gravely, as that lady returned from giving an order to the maid who appeared at the door in answer to the bell.

"Yes; I thank God every day for making him what he is—a good, kind, dutiful son." (Mrs. Brandon spoke with deep but repressed feeling.) "He inherits his father's upright, sterling qualities."

"Tom was a fine character. We don't meet with many like him these days. He was, as you know, my favorite cousin, and his son seems very near to me. How old was Felix when his father died?"

"Two years and a half. Yet he maintains that he remembers his father,—how he looked, and even how he used to carry him on his shoulder. Felix has a wonderful memory—there he is now!" she broke off as the tinkle of the door-bell reached her listening ear.

At the same moment tea was brought in. Mrs. Brandon, with all the old-fashioned woman's delight in the performance of everyday duties, presided at the little tea-table.

"Sit up, Father Tracy. Felix will be right in," she was saying when the door opened, and, instead of her son, two strange ladies entered.

"Oh, I beg pardon! I fear we are intruding," the young lady began, in some confusion. "We came to deliver a—a message to Mr. Brandon, and were told at his office that we should find him here."

"I am expecting him any minute. Pray be seated; and while you are waiting, may I offer you a cup of tea?" Mrs. Brandon said, with a charming air of hospitality. But broke off in surprise as, with a little exclamation, Father Tracy came forward with outstretched hand.

"Miss Cameron, this is a pleasant

surprise!" he said, shaking Isabel's hand warmly.

"Indeed the pleasure is mutual, Father Tracy," Isabel replied. "I had no idea of meeting you here. Allow me to introduce my aunt, Miss Cameron, Father Tracy."

Miss Cameron bowed stiffly, wondering in an amazed sort of way how her niece had ever come to know a Roman Catholic priest.

Father Tracy introduced them to Mrs. Brandon, who made them welcome with a quiet ease of manner, yet so gracious and hospitable, that Miss Cameron was charmed in spite of herself.

"Really, it is unpardonable intruding in this manner," she was beginning, when the door opened and Felix entered.

He paused for an instant just inside the door. A look of bewilderment crossed his face as his eyes rested on the little group. But he came forward almost immediately, greeting Isabel and her aunt courteously and pleasantly, as though it were the most natural thing in the world to come upon them there in his mother's drawing-room. Only Father Tracy, whose hand he gripped warmly, noted the suppressed excitement in voice and manner:

"This letter from my father, which I beg you to read, Mr. Brandon, will explain our presence here," Isabel said, handing him the letter as she spoke.

"My father did your son an injustice five years ago," she continued, turning to Mrs. Brandon. "The truth of the matter has just come to light, and he is quite cut up about it. He is detained in the South by a sprained ankle, else he would be here to offer an apology in person."

"I am sure my son will be glad to accept the explanation by proxy," Mrs. Brandon said pleasantly. "And, in the meantime, I fear our tea is getting cold. Come, Miss Cameron and Father Tracy. One or two lumps?" she added, addressing the former. "Father Tracy, I know takes two. Hand this cup to Miss Cameron,

Felix. You can talk about the letter afterward."

"Time and tide — and freshly-brewed tea wait for no man," laughed Father Tracy, helping himself to a biscuit.

It was all so simple and informal and "homey"! Isabel found herself sitting between Father Tracy and Mrs. Brandon, and, all things considered, feeling strangely comfortable and at home.

Upon returning the letter, Felix had bowed gravely. No word had been said, yet Isabel knew her father was forgiven.

Aware of Miss Cameron's deep-rooted prejudice, Father Tracy set himself the task of entertaining her, and succeeded so well that she confessed to her niece afterward:

"Really, my dear, I felt inwardly and outwardly refreshed. The tea was excellent, and that Father is a remarkably pleasant, well-bred man."

Father Tracy took his leave immediately after tea, promising Isabel to send her a certain book they had evidently been discussing on some previous occasion.

Mrs. Brandon carried Miss Cameron off to see her roses, so the two younger people were left alone.

"I hope my father's explanation is satisfactory," Isabel said rather hurriedly, making a movement to follow her aunt.

"Perfectly satisfactory. It is both generous and kind. I thank you!"

"It is only just. A Cameron could not hesitate about righting a wrong," Isabel said proudly.

Felix bowed gravely.

"Forgive me," he said presently. "I was very much surprised that you knew Father Tracy. Have you known him long?"

"Yes-s, it seems a long time." She had turned to look out of the window, and her face was hidden from him. "I am to be received into the Church in a few weeks," she added after an instant. "My father has given his consent. My aunt does not know yet."

"Thank God! — thank God, Isabel!"

Felix cried, grasping her hand in a warm clasp. "I have prayed with all my heart that, even though you were not to be my wife, God would open your dear eyes to the Light."

"You prayed for that! You—" Isabel turned slowly and looked at him, joy flooding her heart and looking out of her beautiful eyes,—"you—you did not despise me?"

"I loved you," he said simply.

A Mother's Gift.

BY ELLIS SCHREIBER.

THE day's work was ended, and the shades of evening were beginning to fall in the Austrian Tyrol; for the sun was fast disappearing behind the summits of the western mountains. A sturdy peasant—or, rather, peasant proprietor, for he was the owner of a comfortable, well-stocked homestead—was sitting near the door of his house, telling the latest news to his wife, who sat beside him, busily knitting. War had broken out, and their good Emperor would have to call on the militia, and take an army into the field to chastise the insolent Italians.

The woman sighed. "I know there must be war, but think of our two lads. If they have to go, I do not know how I can bear my life."

"No, no!" her husband replied. "It would not be so bad as that. All that happens is the will of God."

As he spoke, a man in official dress was seen ascending the hill on which the house stood. The woman, when she descried him, sprang to her feet.

"Holy Mother of God!" she cried. "It is a messenger from the Municipality; he has come for our boys."

The parents did not exchange another word until the official stood before them. Then the farmer, in a tone of suppressed emotion, asked his errand.

"My good man, your Sepp* must join the Imperialists. The enemy is advancing, and a hard blow must be dealt him." So saying, he handed a printed paper to the man.

"My God, what a misfortune!" the woman lamented, as she sank back on the bench and covered her face with her hands.

Her husband rose up and moved toward the door.

"Come along, mother! Let him give the order himself. I can not and will not do it," he said.

At this moment the two sons of the farmer came up. They were well-grown, well-proportioned, muscular young men, formed by hard work in the invigorating mountain air. They paused when they saw their parents' perturbation; but guessed, at the sight of the messenger, what was the matter.

"Am I to join the army?" both asked in a breath.

In reply, the father put the paper into the hand of his elder son.

"Joseph Gruber is required by imperial command to join the 27th Infantry Regiment," the young man slowly read out. Then, waving the order aloft: "Hurrah!" he cried. "Now I am off to Italy."

His brother looked disappointed. "Have you nothing for me?" he inquired of the messenger.

"Not at present," was the answer; "perhaps later on."

Meanwhile the good woman threw her arms around her son and renewed her lamentations.

"Poor Sepp, my dear boy, must you go? What a misfortune!" she sobbed, as she fondly stroked his sunburned cheek.

The youth gently tried to console her.

"Mother," he said, "do not take on so. You will spoil all my pleasure. We shall soon put the dastardly Italians to rout, and I shall soon be back again."

The next morning all were astir early at the farm-house. Sepp had to start

betimes in order to reach Bruck before evening, and everyone wanted to see him off and bid him Godspeed. Just before he left, his mother took him aside into the sitting-room, on the walls of which hung a large carved crucifix, a print of Our Lady of Mariazell, and some other religious pictures. She fetched her prayer-book and took out of it a little picture, which she put into her son's hand.

"I did not close my eyes all night," she said. "I have been kneeling before our Lord God and His Blessed Mother, praying them to be your help in danger and difficulty. Take this little picture, and keep it always with you; it will bring you good fortune. I have the greatest confidence in our dear Mother of Mariazell. She will protect you."

With tears in his eyes, the young man thanked her and took the picture. It was one of those cheap little prints which are sold by thousands in Mariazell as a souvenir of the pilgrimage. On the back was a short prayer, underneath which his mother had written: "Do not forget the Blessed Virgin, and she will not forget you."

"Many thanks, mother dear!" Sepp said, as he kissed the picture and put it carefully into his pocketbook. "Never fear, I shall not lose it, nor shall I forget my prayers. Look here!"—and he drew from his pocket a rosary, and showed it to his mother. Then he bade her farewell and went on his way.

Events of European interest took place; the battles of Custoza and Lissa were fought; and in minor engagements also the Austrian forces were almost always victorious in the south of Italy. In the north they were not equally fortunate. The battle of Königgratz marked the close of the campaign. Hostilities were suspended on the 12th of August, 1866; and after the conclusion of peace the troops were ordered home.

Joseph Gruber had been stationed on the Tyrolese frontier. He had taken part in the battle of Custoza, and in several

* Joseph.

engagements with Garibaldi's insurrectionary corps. Everywhere he had evinced unflinching courage, rather courting than avoiding danger. More than once he had been exposed to a storm of musket-shot, but invariably he escaped unhurt. He also had the good fortune to be a favorite with both comrades and officers. Yet he was glad at heart when the order came to return home. He thought of his parents, and the anxiety his absence caused them. He longed to see his mother again, and tell her how her prayers for his safety had been heard. And last, but not least, he looked forward to relating his adventures to his listening and admiring neighbors.

But there was one more proof yet to come of the loving protection Our Lady of Mariazell extended over her client. On the return march the company to which Sepp belonged took up their quarters one Saturday evening in a small Tyrolese town. They were to remain there during Sunday, and resume their homeward march early on Monday morning. Both officers and men were very thankful for the Sunday rest, and the hospitable inhabitants did their utmost to make the soldiers welcome.

In the night between Sunday and Monday the troops were startled out of their sleep by the notes of the bugle calling to arms. In a few minutes all had turned out and stood drawn up in line. Accompanied by two torch-bearers, the colonel walked down the ranks, scrutinizing carefully each soldier. What had happened? No one knew how to explain this unexpected alarm.

Then the colonel stepped back, and said, in a voice trembling with emotion:

"Soldiers! a terrible crime has been committed this night. A young girl has been murdered; and her murderer is, I am horrified to say, one of my soldiers." He paused a moment, then added: "Who is the guilty one?"

There was no answer.

The colonel continued: "I am not

surprised that the cowardly criminal who has disgraced the military uniform in so shameful a manner should wish for concealment, but Almighty God has willed it otherwise; the crime shall not go unpunished. I have the means of detection in my hand. Once more I command the perpetrator of this deed to come forward."

No one stirred.

Then the colonel held up the cockade of a shako, and said:

"Here is the proof of guilt. This cockade was found tightly grasped in the rigid hand of the unhappy victim."

Again perfect stillness prevailed; not a sound broke the silence. Quivering with anger, the colonel shouted:

"Gruber, stand forward!"

The young man instantly obeyed.

The officer looked searchingly at him.

"So you are the vile murderer,—you whom I considered one of the best of my men?"

"I, Colonel?" was the astonished reply.

"Do not deny it, Gruber. Where is your cockade?"

Sepp snatched off his shako. It was true: the cockade was missing.

The colonel held it up before his face.

"Now will you confess your crime?" he asked sternly.

For a few minutes the accused stood silent, dumfounded by the charge brought against him; every eye was fixed on him. Suddenly he took the cockade from the officer's hand, examined it closely, and joyfully exclaimed:

"This is not my cockade, Colonel. In mine there is a little picture of Our Lady. When the order came for me to join the army, my mother gave me a little picture of Mariazell. The first time I went into action I fastened it in the cockade of my shako. It is not in this one. The murderer has certainly taken my shako, but the picture will betray him. I am innocent."

The colonel looked doubtfully at the soldier, but the quiet assurance with which he made his defence gave the impression

that he was speaking the truth. The officer went to the front of the regiment, and began to inspect each man's cockade. The men stood motionless, scarcely daring to breathe.

Suddenly a shot was heard, and a soldier in the hindmost rank fell to the ground, bathed in blood. Involuntarily everyone turned to look in that direction. A sergeant stepped up to the commander, informing him that Private N. had shot himself. The colonel ordered the men to return to their quarters, while he himself, with the other officers, went to the spot where the suicide had fallen. He was quite dead. In the cockade of his shako the little picture of Our Lady of Mariazell was found.

The officers gazed in silence at the dead man; then the colonel bared his head and said:

"A very singular occurrence indeed, gentlemen. The ways of Providence are marvellous."

Sepp soon after reached home. When he related to his wondering family how his mother's parting gift had been the means of enabling him to clear himself of a terrible accusation, it may be imagined with what tearful gratitude the good woman returned thanks, and with what redoubled fervor she paid her devotions to Our Lady of Mariazel.

LYING is one of the oldest vices in the world. It made its *début* in the first recorded conversation in history,—in a famous interview in the Garden of Eden. Lying is the sacrifice of honor to create a wrong impression. It is masquerading in misfit virtues. Truth can stand alone for it needs no chaperon or escort. Lies are cowardly, fearsome things that must travel in battalions. They are like a lot of drunken men, one vainly seeking to support another. Lying is the partner and accomplice of all the other vices. It is the cancer of moral degeneracy in an individual life.—*William George Jordan*.

A Useful Family Remedy.

ONCE upon a time, as the story-tellers say, there lived an old gentleman in a large house. He had servants and everything he wanted; yet he was not happy; and when things did not go as he wished, he was cross. One by one his servants left him. Quite out of temper, he went to a neighbor with the tale of his woes.

"It seems to me," said the neighbor, sagaciously, "it would be well for you to use more oil."

"To use more oil?"

"Yes; and I will explain. Some time ago one of the doors in my house creaked. Nobody therefore liked to go in or out by it. One day I oiled its hinges, and it has been constantly used ever since."

"Then you think I am like your creaking door?" cried the old gentleman. "How do you want me to use oil?"

"That's an easy matter," said the neighbor. "Go home and engage a servant, and when he does right, praise him. If, on the contrary, he does something amiss, do not be cross; oil your voice and words with the oil of kindness and sweetness and gentleness."

The old gentleman went home and followed the advice, and thenceforward peace and comfort reigned in his house.

Every family should have a bottle of this precious oil; for every family is liable to have a creaking hinge in the shape of a fretful disposition, a cross temper, a harsh tone, or a fault-finding spirit.

Blessed is the home which possesses a peace-preserver! Who has not known such children of God? All things grow silently Christian under their reign. There is something in their very presence in their mere silent company, which softens, brightens, refines, and ennobles. Anger and resentment flee at their approach; patience and forgiveness ever attend them. The peacemaker is the angel of his home and the apostle of his neighborhood.

Notes and Remarks.

Frederic Harrison is always interesting, and holds the attention of his readers even when they disagree with him, as Catholics must often do. This is perhaps because of his frankness and evident disposition to be fair. There is a great amount of good reading in his latest volume of collected essays entitled "Realities and Ideals." Much of its contents will not be new to readers of the leading English reviews, to which Mr. Harrison has long been an industrious contributor. One essay on education, however, we do not remember to have read before. The writer sees great danger in making education synonymous with instruction, and great folly in regarding mere information as a mark of culture. The intellectual and spiritual chaos of the time, according to Mr. Harrison, accounts for the evil which all true educators are now deploring. To quote:

The reason for our practice I hold to be that education must normally rest on moral and religious motives, and is inextricably bound up with our ideals of duty in life, and our sense of the place of the individual in the world around him. We all admit that we are now hopelessly divided and in doubt about moral and religious ideals, about the motives to do our duty, and our conception of man's present and future, in our reading of the voice of Providence, and our estimate of a noble life. And, being so hopelessly divided into a thousand schools of opinion, we are resolved to rest education on purely intellectual bases, to surround it with material and pecuniary motives, to limit it "to what will pay," to what we can bring to the visible test of "marks" by the first two rules of arithmetic.

The truth of this, and of much else that Mr. Harrison has to say on the subject of education, will be least questioned by those who have had longest experience in educational work.

There seems to be excellent reason for believing that South Africa will soon have a saint of its own. More than three hundred years ago the Portuguese

Jesuit, Father Gonsalvo Silveira, suffered martyrdom in Monomotapa, Rhodesia. A few years ago, when Father Martin was General of the Jesuits, he was waited upon by the Hon. Mr. Wilmot, of Cape Colony, with the request to have the Cause of Father Silveira opened, and in compliance therewith bade the Postulator of the Order to make inquiries. "What was the surprise and delight of the General," writes Mr. Wilmot in *Rome*, "to find that the researches of the Postulator were eminently successful! He discovered that the necessary process to prove martyrdom had not only been originated shortly after Father Silveira's triumphant death, but that it had been carried to a successful conclusion. All the documents, yellow with age, were brought to light, and it was only necessary to get leave from the Holy See to reopen the case. Everything is now going on successfully; and indeed there is nothing in the way of raising the Venerable Gonsalvo Silveira to the altar, as proto-martyr of all Southern Africa, but the payment of the fees necessary in such cases."

Father Heck, a Marianist missionary and professor of French literature in the Imperial University of Tokio, recently had an audience with Pius X. Speaking of the Apostolic School founded by the Society of Mary at Urakami, the missionary explained to the Holy Father that, to clothe and feed the scholars, recourse had to be had to the generosity of Catholics the world over. After stating that many of the faithful, as well as bishops and cardinals, had assisted in the work, he continued: "If your Holiness will permit me, I shall go and knock at your almoner's door."—"Certainly, I permit you," replied the Sovereign Pontiff. "We will look up the Pope's almoner in a minute or two. Meanwhile, have you any other favors to ask?" The missionary had; he stated them; the Pope granted them with fatherly kindness,

and then smilingly remarked: "Now we'll go knock at the door of the Pope's almoner." Taking up a little key from his table, he opened a drawer of his working-desk, withdrew a small box filled with gold pieces, and handed it to Father Heck. "I didn't know," said the latter, with mingled surprise and delight, "that your Holiness' almoner lived so near you."—"Oh," said the Holy Father, simply, "I don't need so many servants!"

The sacerdotal Golden Jubilee of the Holy Father was nowhere in this country more enthusiastically celebrated than in Albany, N. Y. The population of the city is known to be fully one-half Catholic, and it was taken for granted that our churches would be filled with eager throngs on the appointed day. But the public procession in the afternoon was a surprise, and is referred to by the Albany papers as "the most imposing parade ever witnessed in this city." Says the *Argus*:

It was the most wonderful evidence of the hold the Catholic Church has on its children, and a most striking demonstration of the fact that, despite the grumbling of the pessimists, religion is the powerful, vital force of the present day. No other organization than the Catholic Church could muster such a body of men in this city; under no other auspices than that of the Catholic Church could there be held so tremendous a demonstration. . . . The proportions of the demonstration will not be so surprising to many when it is considered that more than half of the population of the city of Albany are members of the Catholic Church; but the marching side by side of the laborer, the mechanic, the business and the professional man, is a striking example of the loyalty to, and reverence for, the head of the Catholic Church the men of that Church have for him.

The great religious event of the year in London—or, for that matter, in the world—still serves to point a number of interesting morals. Here is one which we find emphasized in the *Messenger*:

An important lesson of the Eucharistic Congress held this year in London is that the way to get religious liberty everywhere else, as

well as in England, is to take it for granted and thank no one for it. Just as one breathes the air or walks the earth with a freedom of which no man or government can deprive him, so also is he free to worship according to his conscience so long as he does nothing to interfere with the rights or liberties of other people. Any and every law or decree pretending to restrict such freedom is either a legacy from days of religious persecution which should be ignored, or an act of oppression which should be resisted. It is safe to say that resistance would never be necessary if those whom such acts concern would go on as if they never existed. None but the veriest fanatics, or their helpless instrument, would care to enforce an act of intolerance; and even they would be ashamed to be discovered enforcing it.

So far as our own religion and our own country are specifically concerned, it should be unnecessary to inform any one that Catholicism is not an alien, a mere intruder in this land; is not here only on sufferance, does not hold its position simply by grace or favor of other creeds. The Church is emphatically *at home* in these United States; is here by right,—by the unquestionable and cumulative rights of discovery, of conquest, of valiant service during war, of progressive nation-building during peace. And to question the patriotism of the Catholic American, as some of our sectarian brethren are at present doing, is both an outrage and an insult.

Quite in line with our recent comment upon the necessity of discipline in Catholic colleges is the following more comprehensive view of a writer in the *San Francisco Chronicle*:

The curse of America is its lack of discipline. In the family, the school and the college, youngsters grow up to do as they please. There is a mawkish sentiment, which is evidence of degeneracy, that prevents the old-fashioned, wholesome enforcement of authority among children and youth. It is not good for society and not good for the individuals. In every family, in every school, it is desirable to have some stringent regulations, if for no other reason than having them complied with. The best foundation for character is the habit of submission to authority, and the time to acquire that habit is in childhood and youth. None

can ever become so competent to direct wisely as those who have first learned to obey. The looseness and instability in American character has its beginning in the looseness and instability of family discipline, and in the insistence of silly and inefficient parents that the same looseness of discipline shall be carried into the schools, from which it easily extends into the colleges.—The fledgling in college will turn out a much more useful member of society if he is made to behave himself or clear out.

A consideration that should not be lost sight of is that, to be an effective commander in any sphere of life—home, college, or business, not less than army or navy,—one must previously have learned, and learned well, the lesson of obedience. It is a truth insisted upon by all founders of religious communities, and one verified innumerable times in history, that a rebellious subject never makes an efficient ruler.

In gratifying contrast to the recrudescence of bigotry of Lutheran and Baptist commentators on Catholic loyalty is the following remark, which we find in *Our Dumb Animals*, apropos of the recent religious centenary celebrated in Boston:

But the great day of this Boston celebration was November 1, when about *forty thousand* men—largely young men—marched through our streets, in solid procession, in files of twelve, to the music of one hundred and eight bands, to be reviewed by Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop O'Connell, and the Mayor of Boston. And as we looked down on this great procession two thoughts came to us: first, that, saying nothing of theological opinions, there can be no doubt that innumerable millions of the human races have, on the whole, lived better lives and died happier because of the teachings and ministrations of the Catholic Church; and, second, that the American Catholic Church is a great protection of property and life; and if anarchist mobs should ever attempt to raise their bloody hands and flags in Boston, these forty thousand men would crush them as quickly as Napoleon did the mobs of Paris.

The average American entertains no doubt as to the truth of this statement; and, if he properly appreciates some of the problems that await working out in this country, he probably thanks God

that it *is* true. Our Lutheran and Baptist fellow-citizens, it is not uncharitable to suppose, have been considerably exasperated by the prominence given of late months to affairs Catholic,—the Eucharistic Congress in London and the Missionary Congress in Chicago, the centenary celebrations in New York and Philadelphia and Boston. And the President's manly statement as to what *ought* to be the procedure in the matter of "Catholics and high office" has simply furnished them with an occasion for expressing their ill-will.

The *Sacred Heart Review* is of the opinion that there should be more unity in Catholic mission work. Commenting on the Chicago Congress, it says:

At present there are the great Society for the Propagation of the Faith, the organization for Negro and Indian missions, missions to non-Catholics, missions for the preservation of the Faith among Catholics in sparsely settled districts of our own country, the Society of the Holy Childhood, etc. All these, in their individual capacity, are constantly appealing to our people for aid. It is very much to be desired that these separate, somewhat rival, and expensive organizations may be combined into one national body, under the auspices of the archbishops of the country. A national organization of this character would save expense, and would guarantee efficient management, more thorough work, and more complete success. The multiplicity of demands now being made on our slender resources bewilder us, and give occasion to the frequent query: "Why so many calls?" One grand organization under such accredited leaders, and established in every parish, would appeal to everyone, and would be the means of raising millions more than the present rival and distracting agencies can ever hope to receive.

While there is much of truth and practicality in the foregoing, it is extremely doubtful that the suggestion will be acted upon; and it is not demonstrably certain that the net results to the missions, domestic or foreign, would be greater than at present. Something of a similar plea might be made for a consolidation of the various religious Orders and Congrega-

tions; but the wise old Church approves a multiplicity of them now, and will no doubt bless many others yet to be founded.

Many interesting topics were touched upon in an interview with which a representative of the *Review of Reviews*, presumably the editor-in-chief, was recently favored by Lord Ripon. After some conversation about India and General Gordon, the interviewer introduced the subject of religion, saying: "This brings me to another point in your career, in which you have recklessly defied the most deep-seated prejudices of your countrymen. You became a Roman Catholic, and yet I have never heard that any one called you a pervert, and it does not seem to have been an obstacle to your official career."—"That," answered Lord Ripon, "is very remarkable, and I owe it to Mr. Gladstone. When I joined the Catholic Church, I was fully convinced that by that act I had cut myself off forever from public service, and the *Times* told me so with the utmost emphasis. That it was not so was entirely due to Mr. Gladstone." To which the other replied: "That is the more remarkable because Mr. Gladstone was a very hot gospeller against the Romans."—"Yes," said Lord Ripon, "he wrote his article on the Vatican Decrees with a special eye for my instruction and edification. He was looking out of the corner of his eye at me all the time he was writing it." A remark which perhaps explains the note of personal resentment in that famous production.

A Catholic actor not generally known perhaps in this country, but enjoying no little celebrity in England, was the late William Farren, long associated with the Haymarket Theatre, London. He died at Siena, in his eighty-third year. The following notice is from the pen of Father Vincent McNabb, O. P.:

The high, proud sense of his profession which won his triumphs was not confined to his player's

life: there was an inner life of faith which was more to him than the glare of the footlights. He was never an aggressive, but always an unmistakable, Catholic. He wore his creed as a badge, not as a rapier. Playgoers who delighted in his finished comedy did not know that William Farren carried his Lady's Beads upon him; and that, no matter how many hours he spent upon the stage or in the greenroom, he offered the Mother of Christ fifteen mysteries of her Rosary day by day. To be a Catholic he was not content, but proud. This was partly the reason why, as he neared the end, he left the land of all his triumphs for the land of all his beliefs. He said that he could not catch his breath so well amidst our Northern mists. We shrewdly suspect that it was the clear, sunlit air of faith that drew him nearer to Rome; and from Rome to his dying bed came the prized blessing of Pius X. It was in Siena, on Friday, September 25, that he was summoned into the presence of all he valued most. They clad him in the brown habit of a Franciscan Tertiary, and laid him, amidst the fellow-townsmen of Catharine Benincasa, in the beautiful Campo Santo of the Misericordia. Almost his last act of faith was to say that any notice of his death might be accompanied by the words, "Fortified by all the rites of Holy Church."

The theatre is associated, and intelligibly so, in the minds of so many persons with laxity of faith and morals, that it is well to have an occasional object-lesson such as the foregoing to remind us that practical Catholicism, not to say exalted holiness, is feasible in every state of life, in every age, and in every clime.

The conversion to the Church of individuals is now so common in all non-Catholic countries as hardly to excite notice. It is only when a whole family are received at the same time that public attention is attracted. We have had occasion many times to chronicle the simultaneous submission of several Protestant ministers; but a letter from London last week informed us of the conversion of an entire community of Anglican nuns. They were received into the Church in a body, with their superioress at their head. Mass has been offered in their convent, and we hear that all will continue their religious life.

Notable New Books.

Ideals of Charity. By Virginia M. Crawford. B. Herder.

In these days of organized charity, one must needs be informed in the matter of ways and means of dispensing one's patronage; and the various channels along which help is distributed by societies, settlement workers, etc., are usually indicated in annual reports, prospectuses, and appeals of said organizations. There is very much less "red-tape" in the workings of Catholic aid societies than in those professedly philanthropic rather than religious; but more and more is there a tendency in these days of "laws and by-laws" to make a science of charity and an art of giving. Whether the poor are the gainers by this is not for us to decide.

A common-sense presentation of the value of organized charity as compared with individual almsgiving is to be found in "Ideals of Charity," by Virginia M. Crawford. There are many points of interest for American readers in this little treatise, though written from the viewpoint of England; and those engaged in the work of helping the poor to help themselves will find many suggestions worth while in meeting conditions in this country.

The writer's remarks on the part Catholics should take in non-Catholic charitable works are to the point. She says:

A considerable portion of non-Catholic social workers candidly confess that they are working to benefit men's bodies, and that men's souls must take care of themselves; that they regard material welfare only, and have no spiritual aims,—which aims, indeed, they sometimes go so far as to regard with dislike and suspicion as vitiating philanthropic effort. Catholic workers, on the contrary, must consider souls as well as bodies; must regard material progress as a means toward a spiritual end; must balance the possible ultimate spiritual loss against the obvious material gain.

It would be well for those engaged in making clothes for the poor—and, in these days of preparation for holiday-giving, the point is worth emphasizing,—to read and reread the following extract:

Some people appear to entertain the stern notion that an ugly thing is somehow more suitable than a pretty thing for a poor child; or, perhaps, they only labor under a false impression that, to be useful, a dress must be unbecoming. . . . Surely, the giving of clothes should afford an opportunity for educating the taste of both parents and children in what is at once serviceable, hygienic and becoming.

Helladian Vistas. By Don Daniel Quinn, Ph. D. Yellow Springs, Ohio.

A book full of Hellenic references speaks eloquently to the youthful admirer of Homer, and arouses in him the desire to visit and see for himself the places mentioned and described.

There is Athens, the city of Athene, the mother of arts. What strange attraction does the student not feel for the mysteries of Eleusis, so often referred to with a kind of awe by the uninitiated! Delphi and Apollo, ever inseparable, awoken memories of wonderful things. And Tempe! Who has not heard of Tempe? The Olympic games, so fresh in the minds of all by the attempts in late years to revive them. The mysterious Odysseus and the many places made famous by the exploits of this craftiest of men. Such and similar subjects are treated in a masterful manner in "Helladian Vistas."

It was a happy thought to collect these articles and put them in a permanent form. The student of the classics may leisurely relish them; they have that charm which comes from the local color of anything written on the spot. Greek quotations are avoided, and that is a wise decision; for they would embarrass rather than assist the ordinary reader; whilst the lover of the classics may hunt for the sources, if he has a mind to do so. "Helladian Vistas" is sure of a warm welcome from all students of Grecian literature.

Arnoul the Englishman. By Francis Aveling. B. Herder.

Something about Father Aveling's picture of the fair valley in the land of Devon, with the gently flowing Dart "laving shelving earth carpeted with violets and primroses and daffodils, and shaded by coppices of noble oaks and beeches," made us think of the picturesque land of "Lorna Doone." So we loved the abbey home of Arnoul the Englishman before we met him, whose young nature was unconsciously influenced by the beauty and the mystery, the peace and the gusts of turbulence, that sometimes swept over Devon, and its placid river.

Arnoul de Vallelort is the hero of this really fine story. Eager to see the world, and satisfied to follow his vocation when it should be made known to him, he left the Abbey for the University of Paris, carrying in his heart a true love for his brother, Sir Guy; and the tender memory of a pure, sweet face, that of Sibilla, daughter of Sir Sigar Vipart of Moreleigh.

Life at the University was very unlike the regular, well-ordered routine of life at the Abbey. At first Arnoul was bewildered; but before long, through the influence of companions, he took part in the social life of the students without qualms of conscience. He studied, it is true; but chose branches and professors to suit his new and independent views. A most interesting part of the story is that which tells of the quarrel between the secular element at the University of Paris and the friars; and St.

Thomas Aquinas is nobly drawn. The account of his influence in Paris, his defence of the brethren before the Papal Court, and the burning of the libel of William of St. Amour, hold the reader's interest.

Student life with its ever-changing, ever-fascinating setting, the relations of Church and University and of Louis and Henry, and the great place of learning, read like pages from history. But romance dominates; for Arnoul and the English maiden are married at the Abbey of St. Mary at Buckfast, where the story began; and St. Thomas of Aquin was largely instrumental in bringing these two faithful hearts together.

Of the Imitation of Christ. By Thomas à Kempis. Translated from the Latin and Annotated by Father Thaddeus, of the Order of Friars Minor. Benziger Brothers.

It would be interesting to know just how many editions of the "Imitation" have carried instruction and comfort to mankind since the author penned or compiled his exhortations. We know that it ranks next to the Bible in number, and that it is read by those of the Faith and those without the Fold. St. Ignatius read every day a chapter from this book, and it was a favorite one with St. Louis Gonzales and many another saint. The Abbé F. de Lamennais used to say that "it is impossible to find elsewhere a deeper knowledge of man, of his contradictions, of his weaknesses, of the most hidden movements of his heart"; and, in one of her novels, George Eliot pays noble tribute to the power over mind and heart of the "Imitation."

But no one disputes or questions the place of this book in Christian literature; so it remains only to call attention to this scholarly and authoritative edition, the introduction to which, alone, sets the seal of excellence on the work of the translator and editor.

Gabriel Garcia Moreno. By the Honorable Mrs. Maxwell-Scott. Benziger Brothers.

Another volume of the St. Nicholas Series has made its appearance; it is the story of Gabriel Garcia Moreno, regenerator of Ecuador; and it reads like a romance, so full of interest is it, and so permeated with the spirit of true heroism. From 1821 to 1875 measures the span of the hero's life; and in that comparatively brief time he showed himself master of himself, leader of men, and obedient and faithful child of the Church.

Moreno's public career was marked by the same manly virtues which characterized his private life. He strove to give to his country an efficient and stable government, and to restore

the Church to its once honored and honorable place as regards the State and the people. The measures judged expedient, and their results, are interestingly set forth by Mrs. Maxwell-Scott, and one follows eagerly the life of the noble Moreno until he falls a martyr to the cause. "An official examination showed that he had received seven or eight mortal wounds. On his breast was found a relic of the True Cross, the Scapular of the Passion and that of the Sacred Heart, and round his neck he wore his Rosary. In his pocket was found a little memorandum in pencil, written that very day: 'My Saviour Jesus Christ, give me greater love for Thee, and profound humility, and teach me what I should do this day for Thy greater glory and service.'"

He must be cold indeed who can read unmoved this story of fidelity unto death.

The Missions and Missionaries of California.

By Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O. F. M. Vol. I. Lower California. The James H. Barry Co.

An octavo volume of six hundred and fifty pages, with portraits, maps, and fac-similes, a detailed table of contents, a good bibliography, and an excellent index, Father Engelhardt's work is a genuinely important addition to the Catholic historical literature of America. Part I., which is of an introductory character, deals in some sixty pages with the period of early voyages and discoveries. Part II. covers, in two hundred and twenty pages, the Jesuit period. Parts III. and IV. discuss the Franciscan and the Dominican periods. The concluding chapter of the work proper treats luminously of the vicissitudes of the Pious Fund, the final adjudication of which was settled by the Tribunal of Arbitration at The Hague in 1902.

Some eleven appendices treat, with admirable conciseness, interesting points referred to in the text; among them being "The First Church and the First Holy Mass in the New World," "Our Lady of Guadalupe," "Indian Veracity," and "Hubert Howe Bancroft's Histories." This last-mentioned appendix is particularly worth while, as it completely justifies, from disinterested and thoroughly competent authorities, the severe strictures made by Father Engelhardt on a number of Bancroft's statements. The *Quarterly* of the Texas State Historical Association, July, 1904, rather effectively disposed of a good many claims made for the reputed author of the Bancroft histories. We quote a few pertinent sentences:

It has long been an open secret that Bancroft is not the sole author of the thirty-nine octavo volumes bearing his name on the title-page. . . . He was in the main, therefore, simply a managing editor. He was the actual author of only about four of the completed volumes. The "North Mexican States and Texas" (which treat of Lower

California), it may here be noted, was not Bancroft's work at all. The first volume of it was written entirely by Henry Lebbeus Oak. In the second, the Texas part is by J. J. Platfield; the rest of the volume is by a Finlander, who wrote under the name of William Nemos.

Mr. Bancroft's lack of frankness, his failure to apprehend the ethics of authorship, could not fail to bring discredit upon his work. His business instincts and training, too, while they made him in some respects an excellent director of a great undertaking, led him to hurry his collaborators with a view to saving expense, and, what was worse, to distort the facts so as to make the work popular. . . . The only characteristics which were common to the literary corps, as shown by the study of their biographies, were good education, ill health, and liberal religious views,—that is to say, like their chief, Bancroft, they never possessed any religious convictions, or had thrown them overboard. Hence it is not surprising that, when they describe the missionaries, their ways and their motives, the Bancroftian scribes and their chief talk like a blind man about colors.

It is precisely the incompetency thus animadverted upon that makes the Bancroft histories so generally unreliable, and renders such a work as this present volume of Father Engelhardt's a veritable necessity to the student who would learn facts as they were and not as ignorance or prejudice, or both, distorted them. The more we have examined the present book, the more we have been gratified at the announcement in its preface, to the effect that a history of the missions in Upper California is forthcoming from the same author.

Auriel Selwode. By Emily Bowles. B. Herder.

Emily Bowles' translations from the French, notably the works of Emile Souvestre and Madame Craven, insure interest in the reading of any book bearing her name on the title-page. Her latest publication, "Auriel Selwode," is a story of English life and has a pleasing setting. There are exquisite pictures of places and persons; one feels the charm of Oxford, Monks Burnham and St. Germain; and learns to love little Auriel and her scholarly uncle, Humphrey Selwode.

History enters into this story; for the time-spirit is that of the troubled period when followers of Prince James and the ex-Queen Mary of Modena were hardly looked upon with favor. Woven with the strands of history are dark threads of jealousy, plots and forgeries; but there are also bright weavings of love; and, of course, all's well that ends well.

A Maiden Up-to-Date. By Genevieve Irons. Sands & Co. B. Herder.

This is an English story with a domestic background, and a maiden up-to-date with a twin brother in the foreground. Both leave home,—Juliet to become an elementary teacher in order that she may be of use in the world, and incidentally to forget an affair of the heart;

Kenelm, in a sort of *wanderlust*, to decide upon a calling in life. Roman Catholics, they serve as a foil to Anglican Catholics whom they meet; and, in the story of Kenelm's partial falling away, one gets what is evidently a picture from the life of certain Anglicans and their views. There is a sharpness in the portrayal that suggests personal knowledge and personal experience,—which suggestion is confirmed when one remembers that the author is of a well-known Anglican family, and is a convert to the Church.

Despite something like crudeness in parts, there is movement and a certain power in the story, and it will be read with interest. It may seem captious to say so, but we think many will take exception to certain passages, notably in chapter ix, where nuns are spoken of in terms neither kindly nor considerate. But perhaps after Juliet was restored to health her opinion of the religious took a healthier tone. At any rate, Oswald Romilly came back, the opposition of ambitious parents was withdrawn, and there was a glad betrothal, at which Juliet, the maiden up-to-date, declared that she was suited "down to the ground."

The Shadow of Eversleigh. By Jane Lansdowne. Benziger Brothers.

This is a story of English Catholic life in the seventeenth century, and is not lacking in tragic material. The Shadow of Eversleigh was a dark one, and under it the flowers and fruits of sorrow grew apace. A promise to build a chapel in honor of Our Lady was broken by the heroine, Muriel; and after death her spirit could not rest until her task was accomplished by some one of the family. Deaths, treachery, revenge, and ghostly visitations, are to be found in this story, which pictures few sunny moments in the Eversleigh records. The manner of telling the story takes from the interest; for the language is archaic and somewhat stilted.

Men and Maids. By Katharine Tynan. Sealy, Bryers & Walker.

There is always point to Katharine Tynan's stories; she is clever in leading up to situations, even if the plots are sometimes ill-chosen; and her characters are well drawn. In this collection there are tales of love, of politics, and of adventure; stories bubbling with fun, stories full of pathos; and under the mirth and the sorrow there is always common-sense. The setting of them all is Ireland, and a beautiful Ireland it is; and there are in these tales few allusions such as have, in some of her late stories, alienated certain friendly readers of this prolific writer.

FOR YOUNG FOLK

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

The Hidden Reward.

BY ANNIE A. PRESTON.

A GERMAN duke of great renown,
Who dwelt quite near a famous town,
Clothed like a beggar, placed one day
A stone full in the traveller's way.
'Twas near his grand old palace gate,
And there he sat him down to wait.
Soon came that way young peasant Bart,
With oxen strong and lumbering cart.
"This rock will not be moved by me:
This is the duke's affair!" cried he.
Next a gay soldier marched along,
With cockade hat and merry song;
Too high he looked the stone to see,
So fell, of course, quite suddenly.
"Misfortune take the blockheads all
Who cause like this a soldier's fall!"
Soon merchants came, bound for the fair,
With horses decked and goods so rare;
To 'scape the stone, they filed each side
(Their carts were broad, the road not wide).
"How long," they cried, "will that rock stay,
And thus impede the traveller's way?"
Then in the road in rich array,
Appeared the duke, and thus did say:
"This rock, good friends, was placed by me,
That I your shiftlessness might see."
With his own hands aside he rolled
The stone, and showed a pot of gold
That lay beneath,—a precious gift
For him who should the stone uplift.

OLIVE THORNE MILLER, who has recorded so many wonderful things about bird-life, tells us that a robin has been known to dip herself in water, fly directly into the dust of the street, and then pick off the mud from her feet and feathers to use in the making of her nest.

The Result of a Mishap.

BY UNCLE EDWARD.



NE cold December day, as the sun was about to set, the widow of an officer in the Austrian army was sitting at her window, busy with some sewing, which she had promised to have ready for a wealthy lady by nine o'clock that night. Her little son Robi was sitting at the table, finishing his Greek exercise. In fact, he had been working at it for the last two hours, and his mother had told him that it was high time for him to put away the work, and rest a while.

"When will you be through with your writing, dear Robi?" inquired the widow. "It is getting dark at the table where you are, and I have not money enough to buy a candle for you; and I shall not have until I take my sewing home this evening. Put aside your writing now, and finish it in the morning."

"Oh, let me just finish the last two lines! It will not take long. Besides, mother, don't think so much about our always being poor. The time will come when we shall be in better circumstances. Why, mother, when I am able to earn money, I will see that you have a nice home and every comfort."

Frau Tesler laid down her sewing a moment, went to Robi, and, embracing him, kissed him several times, her tears falling on his brown locks.

"I know you mean well, Robi," said she. "It is quite natural for children to have pleasant fancies of what they are going to do. Reality is very different. I fear we shall never be in better circumstances than we are this evening."

"Oh, yes, we shall, mother dear!" said

the boy, looking up cheerfully into her face. "A time will come when I shall see that you have chocolate every morning for breakfast, and nice fresh wheaten rolls from the baker's. Never mind, mother: there is a good time coming."

"Bless your generous, cheerful heart!" said she. "I hope the Lord will reward you for being so dutiful a boy."

Now I must tell you something about one relative of Frau Tesler and little Robi. The good woman had a brother residing within a few rods of the very street in which she lived. His house was very large, and furnished in grand style. He never seemed to take any special interest in his sister, however; though he occasionally sent her presents of ten or twenty dollars at a time. Yet all the money that he gave in the course of a year was not more than enough to send Robi to school, and to pay for his books. Still, in another way, this was a great deal: it enabled her to satisfy Robi's great thirst for knowledge.

On the day after the evening of which I am speaking, the widow's wealthy brother was to celebrate his birthday, and was to have a very large party. Many of his acquaintances had been invited; and he had been accustomed, on such occasions, always to make a present to his widowed sister and her little son. Now, Robi was taking more pains than usual with his Greek exercise; for he intended to take that to his uncle, show it to him, and make him a present of it on his birthday. He took great pains with that exercise, and never had he written a better one in his life.

The next afternoon, about three o'clock, Robi went to his uncle's house, and, though plainly clad, was admitted with the rest of the guests. A great many splendid coaches were standing in the street, before the door; for wealthy people had come in to attend the party. When Robi was admitted to the room where his uncle was, the boy blushed deeply; for he had never seen so many finely-

dressed people together in his life. As soon as his uncle saw him, he felt very much ashamed of him, I am sorry to say; and, as quite a crowd was standing around, Robi was told to go off in the corner, and wait until he was sent for to come near to his uncle.

Now, Robi did so, and he lost his courage at the same time. If he had only remembered to place his Greek exercise in his uncle's hands, it would have been something in his favor; but, having forgotten that, he took it off with him to the corner, where there was a large bay-window. There was a little bracket in the window, on which rested a beautiful lamp, which was evidently new and of great value. Robi's head was just about as high as the bracket; and, not seeing the lamp, he hit it with his head, and down fell bracket, lamp, and all.

Immediately the attention of everyone in the room was attracted to the window; for the falling of the lamp had caused a great noise. Robi's uncle saw what had happened; and, being a passionate man, he went to him and told him to leave the room, not even asking if he was hurt,—which, fortunately, he was not. It was some time before order was again restored, the lamp-oil rubbed up by the servants, and all the broken pieces taken away.

Poor Robi scarcely knew how he found his way home; and the first thing that he did, after reaching the little room where his mother lived, was to go to her, throw his arms around her neck, and cry as if his heart would break. His mother could not imagine what had happened; but she knew that something had occurred to grieve Robi and destroy his pleasure.

"Did you give your exercise to your uncle?" she asked.

"My exercise!—my Greek exercise! Why, I had forgotten all about it. I do not know where it is. It is lost."

With that he began to cry afresh, and hour after hour passed by without his

having any enjoyment. He thought that his uncle had treated him badly, as indeed he had. He felt deeply hurt; and it was many days before he could forget his sorrow.

On the second day after Robi's misfortune at his uncle's party, a traveller, evidently a man in good circumstances, and of superior intelligence, was passing through the street where Robi's uncle lived. As soon as he came to a certain corner, he found that a new house had been put up there, and that it was a restaurant. Standing before the building, he said to himself:

"Here is where the school used to stand that I attended thirty-six years ago. There is no trace of the old building left: it is all gone. Instead of it, there is this restaurant. I shall never forget the delightful days that I spent, when a school-boy, on this very spot."

The traveller, being unable to leave the place for a while, went into the restaurant; and, wishing to have some excuse for asking a few questions about the property, ordered a cup of coffee, and then began to talk to the waiter. On going out he noticed near the door a piece of neatly folded paper. He picked it up and began to read the writing.

"Why," thought he, "this is a Greek exercise; and, though I am a professor in the University of Heidelberg, I have never seen more beautiful Greek characters in my life. Why, really, I could not write better letters myself; and I should like to know who wrote them. The boy or the man—for it must be a man—has no ordinary talent."

At the bottom of the exercise, he read: "Robi Tesler, December 1, 1852."

"I should like to know who Robi Tesler is," he said to himself.

He went back to the restaurant, and inquired about Robi Tesler. Not being able to learn anything, he asked for the city directory, in which he soon found the name of Robi's mother; and, fortunately, she lived not far off. He went

to her house, asked to see her, drew from his pocket the Greek exercise, and then asked to see her son.

Robi had just gone off to buy some candles for his mother; and when he returned he was not a little surprised to see this fine-looking stranger in his mother's room. The gentleman told him who he was, where he came from, and what his business was. He asked Robi to write some Greek characters for him, which Robi did with great readiness. Robi was very much pleased to see his Greek exercise in the stranger's hand, and asked the stranger where he had found it. The gentleman told him that he had found it near the door of the restaurant.

Now, without making my story much longer, I will tell you what took place. The professor obtained the consent of Robi's mother to let him go to Heidelberg, after he had been at school a while longer at home. Robi went, and lived in the professor's house, where he studied industriously every day. When vacation came, he used to go home to see his mother, and frequently brought sums of money with him, sometimes as much as twenty-five dollars at once, which he had made by giving private lessons to other students. After ten years had passed, he became a teacher in an academy; and five years later, professor in the University of Munich, the very city where his mother lived.

His uncle, seeing the great progress Robi had made in his studies, and that he had become an honored and popular man, showed him a great deal of attention. But Robi did not have to depend upon his uncle or any other friend. Through the goodness of God he had been led, by the strange instrumentality of a Greek exercise, written on a single sheet of paper, to a position of prominence and comfort, where he could care for his mother, and more than carry out all the bright hopes which he, in his early youth, had expressed to her.

Why they Went to War.

A certain king sent to another king, saying: "Send me a white pig with a blue tail, or else—"

The other, in great rage, replied: "I have not got one; and if I had—"

On this weighty cause they went to war. After they had exhausted their armies and resources, and laid waste their kingdoms, they began to desire peace; but, before this could be secured, it was necessary that the insulting language that led to the trouble should be explained.

"What could you mean," asked the second king of the first, "by saying, 'Send me a white pig with a blue tail, or else—'?"

"Why," said the other, "I meant a white pig with a blue tail, or else some other color. But what could *you* mean by saying, 'I have not got one, and if I had—'?"

"Why, of course, if I had it I should have sent it to you."

The explanation was satisfactory, and peace was accordingly concluded.

Most quarrels are quite as foolish and needless as the war about the white pig with the blue tail.

A Royal Deed.

The Prussian King, Frederick the Great, called by his own people "Old Fritz," was in the habit of working late into the night. One evening, as he sat in his chamber, he rang his bell for a page. No one responded. Getting up, he opened the door of the anteroom, and found his page sound asleep upon a chair. He approached and was about to awaken him, when he noticed a bit of writing-paper protruding from the boy's pocket. His curiosity being aroused, the King cautiously drew the paper forth and found it to be a letter from the boy's mother, thanking him for the aid he had sent her out of his wages. "God will reward

you, my son," she wrote, "if you will be faithful to Him. Be obedient to the King, and earthly fortune will not fail us."

Returning quietly to his room, the King brought a roll of ducats, and placed it in the boy's pocket. Then he went back and rang—so loud that the page awoke.

"So you have slept well?" said the King.

The page stammered out a half excuse, and in his confusion put his hands down into his pockets. Surprised and alarmed at finding therein a lot of money, he took it out, and stood looking at the King with tears in his eyes, unable to utter a word.

"What is the matter?" asked Old Fritz.

"Ah, your Majesty, I am ruined! They have concealed all this money in my pocket!"

"God's gifts come to us sometimes while we are asleep," said the King. "Send this to your good mother, with my compliments, and assure her I shall see that she is always provided for."

Skating.

Skating was first practised in Holland. Where there are so many lakes and canals to freeze, the necessity of getting over the ice in some way was doubtless felt from the earliest times. The Hollanders have preserved some skates found in an ancient mound over which a village was built; they must be thousands of years old. They are made of bone and were fastened to the feet by straps, as many skates are at the present day.

In all the Northern countries, skating has been the favorite sport from time immemorial. Danish historians of the year 1134 tell us of gliding over the ice on runners attached to the feet. Even in England skating was practised long ago. In London, in the twelfth century, the young people fastened the leg bones of animals under the soles of their feet, and, with the aid of a long pole, propelled themselves over the ice.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—A catalogue of books printed in the fifteenth century, now in the British Museum, is announced for early publication. It is to be in six parts, the first of which will deal with xylographica and books printed in movable types at Mayence, Strasburg, Bamberg, and Cologne. The twenty-nine plates will give reproductions of upward of 240 types used at the places named.

—Many readers will be glad to hear that a selection of the scholarly historical papers contributed to the *Sacred Heart Review* by the Rev. Charles C. Starbuck, of Andover, Mass., will soon appear in book form. He is one of the most learned Protestant clergymen in the United States, and his work has the special qualities which distinguish the writings of Dr. James Gairdner.

—Some readers have noted the absence of all critical discussion of the supernatural element in the history of Saint Catherine of Siena, as presented by Mr. Edmund G. Gardner; and that wherever he refers to her mystical experiences he makes it a rule to quote her own words. In view of the author's religious standpoint, this was the safest course. "These are things," he says, "of which it is impossible to speak in the language of modern life."

—"The Story of St. Francis of Assisi," by M. Alice Heins (Burns & Oates; Benziger Bros.), is a new biography of a favorite saint, written especially for boys and girls, and warranted to interest not them alone but their elders as well. A charming Introduction to the book is contributed by Father Cuthbert, O. S. F. C. Several good illustrations will enhance the interest of the story in the opinion of youthful readers. So lovable a character as St. Francis can not but appeal to souls unspotted by the world; and this little volume will make an appropriate gift to put in a Christmas stocking.

—In the second edition, corrected and enlarged, of "The Veneration of St. Agnes, V. M.," by the Rev. T. Shearman, C. SS. R., we have an example of what is meant by scholarly research and loving appreciation of one's subject. The little martyr Agnes has been venerated in all lands wherein her heroism has been told in song or story; and all that love has done throughout the world to commemorate her purity, her fidelity, her virginal strength, has been gathered into this book of St. Agnes by her devoted historian. The saints and holy persons who held her dear and sacred, the religious Orders and societies dedicated

to her, the place of St. Agnes in liturgy, literature, and art,—all are wrought into Father Shearman's tribute of praise to the child-saint, whose name is shrined among those mentioned each day in the Holy Sacrifice of the Altar. Benziger Brothers.

—"Some Roads to Rome in America," compiled and edited by Georgina Pell Curtis, will soon be published by Mr. B. Herder. His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons contributes an Introduction. The spiritual histories which form this book, besides being entirely new for the most part, are so remarkably varied as to recall the saying, "All roads lead to Rome." Most readers, we think, will wonder that Miss Curtis was able to secure the narratives of so many converts. A book of genuine value and exceptional interest, it is sure to have a wide sale.

—We take especial pleasure in welcoming a new arrival among our exchanges, the *Philippine Catholic*, of Manila, P. I. From a perusal of its first three numbers, we judge that it may be counted on to accomplish very successfully the programme set forth in this extract from its modest foreword:

The *Philippine Catholic* is only a little Catholic paper. But it may prove a means of awakening the "still, small voice" that makes men do the right thing. It can animate, direct, enlighten, judiciously blame or praise. It can urge progress, induce unity of thought and action, and possibly harmonize conflicting sentiments. It can bring to light the good things—and they are many, past, present, and to come—of the people among whom its lot is cast. It appears therefore to have an adequate reason for its existence. Hence, in a truly Catholic spirit, it gives greeting to its friends and co-religionists, and confidently expects their good will, encouragement, and support.

—The abandonment, by the Boston *Herald*, of the comic supplement, has evoked very general comment, most of it wise and some of it distinctly otherwise. The main contention of those who dissent from the *Herald's* view is thus dealt with by *Newspaperdom*:

The strongest argument that may be advanced in favor of the continuance of these offences to good taste is "public demand." This may be true in part, but certainly no Board of Education in any community would permit of the admission of such publications into a course of instruction in the public schools; and why should they be forced on the children in the homes of this country by the newspapers, whose duty of conservation of the public welfare is certainly as great as that of the public school?

The point is well taken, as is the following on a cognate subject:

Taking almost equal rank in infamy with the "comic" supplement is the collection of horrors, embellished with colors, and yclept "Magazine Section." It is only less

thoroughly despicable, in that it appeals to the elders of the family instead of the children. Hideous in its conception, mendacious in its statements, revolting in its illustrations, done in a conglomeration of colored inks, it serves absolutely no good purpose, and should with its associate pander be relegated to the journalistic scrap heap.

—"Some Roads to Rome in America," compiled and edited by Georgina Pell Curtis, will soon be published by Mr. B. Herder. His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons contributes an Introduction. The spiritual histories which form this book, besides being entirely new for the most part, are so remarkably varied as to recall the saying, "All roads lead to Rome." Most readers, we think, will wonder that Miss Curtis was able to secure the narratives of so many converts. A book of genuine value and exceptional interest, it is sure to have a wide sale.

—For more than twenty years Mr. Jeremiah Joseph Andrews, who died a few weeks ago at Wanstead, near London, was an active and valued member of the editorial and reporting staff of the *Catholic Times*. He was one of the veterans of Catholic journalism, to which he had devoted the best years of his long life. He had a remarkable, often a first-hand, knowledge of the history of Catholic progress in England in the last half century; and was a tactful, painstaking and thoroughly reliable journalist. Those who worked with him will not forget his spirit of kindly comradeship, his readiness to help others, and the unassuming modesty that concealed, till one had known him for some time, the extent of his knowledge and his abilities. *R. I. P.*

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' price generally includes postage.

"The Story of St. Francis of Assisi." M. Alice Heins. 75 cts., net.

"The Veneration of St. Agnes, V. M." Rev. T. Spearman, C. SS. R. 45 cts., net.

"Ideals of Charity." Virginia M. Crawford. 75 cts.

"Gabriel Garcia Moreno." Hon. Mrs. Maxwell-Scott. 86 cts.

"Helladian Vistas." Don Daniel Quinn, Ph. D. \$1.65.

"Arnoul the Englishman." Francis Aveling. \$1.50.

"The Missions and Missionaries of California." Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O. F. M. Vol. I. Lower California. \$2.75.

"Auriel Selwode." Emily Bowles. \$1.60.

"A Maiden Up-to-Date." Genevieve Irons. \$1.60.

"Of the Imitation of Christ." Thomas à Kempis. Translated and Annotated by Father Thaddeus, O. F. M. \$2.

"The Shadow of Eversleigh." Jane Lansdowne. \$1.25.

"The Letters of Jennie Allen." Grace Donworth. \$1.50.

"The Lord's Prayer and the Hail Mary." Stephen Beissel, S. J. 90 cts., net.

"A Manual of Bible History." Vol. II. Charles Hart, B. A. 75 cts.

"A History of the Holy Eucharist in Great Britain." Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C. SS. R. Edited by the Rev. H. Thurston, S. J. \$7.

"Sermon Composition." Rev. George Hitchcock, S. J. 75 cts., net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Thomas Adams, of the diocese of Brooklyn; and Rev. J. F. Mohr, diocese of Alton. Brother Abraham, of the Brothers of the Christian Schools.

Sister Mary Xavier (Gordon) and Sister Veronica, of the Sisters of St. Dominic; Sister Vincent de Paul, Sisters of Charity; and Sister Celestine, O. S. B.

Mr. Charles Canning, Mrs. Ida Bracken, Miss Lucille Brennan, Judge Joseph Franklin, Mr. Bernard Horan, Mr. Augustine Scheiber, Mr. Michael Nicholson, Mr. Joseph Racht, Mrs. Nora O'Connor, Mrs. Margaret Hope, Mr. Dennis Kannen, Mrs. Susan Weston, Mr. John J. Higgins, Mrs. William Haskins, Mr. Louis Doyle, Miss Mary Morris, Mr. Thomas Chalkley, Mrs. Margaret Boyle, Mr. George Bothwell, Miss Nettie Hanlon, Mrs. Anna Wolff, Mr. John Decker, Anna and Bridget Henry, Mrs. J. B. Wernette, Mr. Joseph Lynch, Miss Margaret Grein, Mr. James Hill, Mrs. Nora Wall, Mr. Thomas Maxwell, Mr. Martin Henneberry, Mrs. Mary Wilson, Mr. Michael Cleary, Mr. Francis Channing, and Mr. George Lessard.

Requiescant in pace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LXVII. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, DECEMBER 19, 1909. NO. 25.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C. S. C.]

An Advent Thought.

BY S. M. R.

A LITTLE longer, O my soul,
And night shall pass away!
Along the marge of Advent gloom
There dawns the promised day.

A little longer, O my soul,
And shadows of the night
Shall lose themselves in radiance
Of everlasting light.

A little longer, O my soul,
And there shall break the morn
When heaven and earth shall sing aloud,
"The Christ, the Christ is born!"

A little longer, O my soul—
Oh, can it, can it be?—
The Christ that came to Bethlehem,
That Christ shall come to thee!

The Celebrations of a Year.

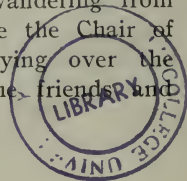


MOST interesting reading has been the accounts published, in the daily and weekly press of the celebrations of the year. Each has served to awake, not only locally but throughout Christendom, the true Catholic spirit, and, overriding sectional or national prejudices, intensified that magnificent solidarity of the household of faith.

The two celebrations which pre-eminently belong to all Catholics are the Jubilees of Mary Immaculate in her privileged sanctuary of Lourdes, and that

of the Head of Christendom. The former recalls one of the most touching and yet majestic chapters in the dealings of Heaven with earth. Fifty years ago a little child, wrapped in her innocence and simplicity as a garment, saw, as it were, the heavens open to permit the descent of their Queen. Radiant with glory, clad in the familiar and symbolical blue and white, a Rosary in her hand, Mary proclaimed her dearest privilege, "I am the Immaculate Conception," and exhorted all to pray for the conversion of sinners. Bernadette, when asked for a sign from one who had a right to demand proof, was instructed to seek for water in the earth, and thence gushed forth a crystal stream which has become the instrument of miracles innumerable, that baffle all human science. Throughout France and the Catholic world at large, the Jubilee of the wondrous event at Lourdes, with the resounding harmonies of its songs of praise, has found an echo in every heart.

The Sacerdotal Jubilee of the Pope occurs at an historic moment, when the white-robed figure at the Vatican is engaged in a splendid struggle not only for Catholicity but for Christianity itself. "Confusion heard his voice and wild uproar stood ruled." The Holy Father has defined once more the fundamentals of faith, that are not to be explained away by the ambiguous phrases, or sounding periods, of those who, wandering from the circle of light outside the Chair of Peter, resemble Satan flying over the deep void of chaos. The friends and



trusted servants of the Divine Master, hearing His declaration to the disciples when they disputed amongst themselves, "Unless you become as little children you shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven," have, through the ages, with childlike simplicity and faith, clung to the garment of Peter, putting aside their doubts and questionings. Ardent hearts, burning intellects, mighty souls have followed, by the light from the appointed torch-bearer, the only safe path; or if for a moment they strayed thence, it was only to return with tremulous eagerness.

The actual attitude of the Pope toward France, and the corresponding demeanor of the French hierarchy and clergy, form one of the most momentous crises in Papal history. Never perhaps in her palmiest days has the Eldest Daughter of the Church shown so unanimous an adhesion to the Apostolic See. The persecution has emphasized the truly Roman spirit, and left, as it were, a clear sky, whence have been banished the last faint clouds of Jansenism and ultra-nationalism. The Pope's Jubilee has been celebrated chiefly by the spiritual offerings of the faithful—innumerable Masses, Holy Communions, prayers, and good works. Charitable and educational institutions have been endowed, gifts and donations of every sort have reached Rome, and thousands of pilgrims have turned their faces to the Eternal City with love and loyalty in their hearts.

The Eucharistic Congress held in London has been likewise of universal importance. Its objects are thus defined in the pastoral of the Most Reverend Archbishop of Westminster:

We are engaged in a great and public act of faith, proclaiming aloud to the world our unswerving belief in the central mystery of our religion,—the fact that our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, true God and true man, ever offers Himself a sacrifice on the altars of our churches, and unceasingly dwells in our tabernacles. The Sacrifice of the Mass, the Real Presence,—these are the facts which the Eucharistic Congress proclaims.

This memorable assembly was presided over by a Legate eminent in the Sacred College, Cardinal Vincent Vannutelli, the first Papal Envoy to England since the Reformation. Present also were seven cardinals, representing, amongst others, the American Church, the historic and primatial See of Armagh, and the ancient Castilian hierarchy. Fifteen archbishops, seventy bishops, and twenty abbots lent dignity to the occasion. The clergy, secular and regular, assembled in a countless number.

That was a stirring and dramatic scene when the Prince Legate arrived at Charing Cross,—when the scarlet and purple of the prelates made a glorious spot of color, and the thunderous cheering of the people gave evidence of the Second Spring of faith and fervor in an heretical land. That same evening, the official opening of the Congress took place at Westminster Cathedral, when the Cardinal Legate read the Papal letter announcing his mission, and declaring that from "the Eucharist, as from its source, supernatural light is diffused over the whole body." He expressed the hope that it would be given them to revive that Eucharistic age once so characteristic of the Island of Saints; and to unite all in that Faith formerly the most precious treasure of the bishops, priests, kings, princes and people of England.

At the mass-meeting in Albert Hall a resolution was passed, pledging those present to an increased devotion to the Most Blessed Sacrament; after which notable addresses were heard from eminent leaders, clerical and lay. The Duke of Norfolk then moved that "this International Eucharistic Congress proclaims the unalterable fidelity of its members to the Apostolic See, and their desire to conform themselves in all things to the instructions of the Holy Father."

Instead of the proposed procession of the Blessed Sacrament, which bigotry prevented, a sublime scene took place when the commanding figure of the

Legate, in his scarlet robes, appeared upon the balcony of Westminster Cathedral, and, raising high the sacred monstrance, gave solemn Benediction to the multitude prostrate in adoration. That was one of the moments during that indescribable week when the assistants were moved to tears. "No religious services I have ever witnessed," said Cardinal Gibbons, "impressed me so forcibly as those of the Eucharistic Congress. They were a revelation of the devotion of English Catholics. . . . The Congress will have a splendid result in bringing together the different branches of the Catholic Church, Latin and Anglo-Saxon, which have been kept somewhat apart."

It is impossible and needless, since they have been already chronicled, to give a detailed list of the many speakers, or of the papers read, during the progress of the Congress. The music and literature for the occasion were in such competent hands as those of Sir Charles Santley and Mr. Hilaire Belloc, M. P.

Preceding those extraordinary celebrations by a fortnight, occurred the twofold festival of the Blessed Sacrament and of the unveiling of a statue to Québec's first Bishop, the illustrious Laval. Both events coincided with the national feast of French-Canadians, and consequently that of the St. John Baptist Society. It is customary to hold the procession of the Blessed Sacrament on the Sunday within the Octave of Corpus Christi, which fell this year on the 21st of June. After the eight-o'clock Mass, there marched some twenty-five thousand people, including the Papal Delegate, Mgr. Sbarretti, carrying the Sacred Host, fifteen archbishops and bishops, with the secular clergy and representatives of half a score of religious Orders of men, and at least a dozen communities of women. Notable and most touching amongst these latter were members of the two cloistered communities—the Ursulines and Hospitallers,—who, by special permission of the Ordinary,

were seen in the streets of Quebec for the first time in two hundred and fifty years.

Amongst the laymen of distinction who walked were Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Prime Minister of the Dominion, and other Cabinet Ministers and members of the Federal Government; Premier Gouin and members of the Provincial Parliament; Mayor Garneau and the civic officials; the St. John Baptist Society and the other religious and charitable organizations; with judges and lawyers, in their silk gowns, headed by Sir Charles Fitzpatrick, Chief Justice of the Dominion.

Up the steep, winding streets of that city of many memories passed the cortège, praying aloud or singing alternately, with seventeen choirs stationed at intervals, and the music of the bands. Benediction was given at the terminal point of the procession, and in the square in front of the basilica, where it is estimated that a hundred thousand people were gathered. So inspiring was the scene that numbers of well-known Protestants were observed to bow down to the ground; and the respectful, admiring comments of the daily press were truly surprising.

All who had the privilege of being present are enthusiastic in their accounts of the affecting character of that grand demonstration, there on those high cliffs dominating historic ground, where the valiant men of old sowed the seed that has now been reaped. The whole city was decorated with banners, boughs of green, and appropriate mottoes. Nothing had been spared to give good greeting to the God of the Tabernacle. It was a never-to-be-forgotten spectacle. And equally long must be remembered the singing of the *Tantum Ergo* and *Te Deum*, before the repository, by that multitude of voices, resounding over the valley of the St. Charles, and beyond the great river, to the Levis shore.

That solemnity was the opening of a triduum preparatory to the Laval celebration, including numberless Holy Communions and a Pontifical Mass at

the tomb of the apostle-bishop, in the chapel of the seminary he founded. The actual ceremony at the base of the monument saw the same gathering of notabilities, ecclesiastical and secular, as on Sunday, with the addition of the vice-regal party from Ottawa. His Excellency the Governor General, accompanied by a detachment of cavalry, arrived to the strains of "God Save the King!" It was his office to pull the silken cord which unveiled the bronze statue of Laval and permitted a crown to fall upon the noble and impressive head. The Coadjutor Bishop of Quebec preached a particularly fine sermon on the text, "*Christus vincit, Christus regnat, Christus imperat.*" Earl Grey then made a felicitous speech, in which he declared himself happy to be permitted, in his "capacity of representative of the King, to offer a tribute of respectful homage at the foot of the magnificent bronze, which, imperishable as his virtues, sets forth the fame of the great apostle, François de Montmorency de Laval. It is fortunate that the unveiling of this statue coincides with the third centenary of Quebec, the city ever glorious."

All around were the soldiers in their uniforms, the clergy in their vestments, and the societies with their various insignia. At the foot of the statue were the school-children, whom Laval had so dearly loved; also a detachment of those other children, likewise dear to his paternal heart, the remnant of a once powerful tribe—the Hurons of Lorette. A chorus of six hundred voices, placed near at hand, sang hymns and songs appropriate to the occasion, and the bands pealed forth the inspiring strains of "God Save the King and Canada!" It was veritably a national apotheosis.

In the whole of Canadian history, no figure seems to shine out more gloriously than that of the eminent ecclesiastic who, belonging to an ancient family that had distinguished itself in court as well as camp, left behind him a career of

distinction, to devote his energies to the arduous mission of Canada. Little wonder that he has retained the love and veneration of the entire nation. Not only was he a great churchman, resisting the civil authority of his day whenever it trenched upon the more sacred rights of his people, but he was a great patriot as well, leaving nothing undone to secure the welfare and advancement, spiritual and temporal, of the colony. His name shall endure as long as Quebec itself holds its proud position upon the rocky heights.

To pass from the quaint Old-World atmosphere of the "Gibraltar of America" to the United States, the spirit of jubilation was likewise rife there; for, during this past year of 1908, as many as four dioceses celebrated the centenary of their foundation. These were Bardstown, which is identical with Louisville, whither the See was transferred in 1841; Philadelphia, Boston, and New York. All these bishoprics were erected synchronically in 1808, at the request of Archbishop Carroll, who had the whole of the United States under his jurisdiction.

Bardstown then included Kentucky, Tennessee, the present States of Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, Wisconsin, and Ohio,—in fact, most of the West and Southwest. Its beginnings were very small when, in 1811, the saintly Bishop Flaget—one of those heroes of learning and sanctity wherewith the early American Church abounds—arrived there with two priests and three seminarians. There was, of course, no church in the region, and the herculean task to which the prelate had to set himself may be better imagined than described. He had, later, for coadjutor the truly eminent Bishop David, that Sulpician of holy and zealous memory, who aided him in his arduous apostolate, and who founded St. Mary's Seminary, which gave to the Church such illustrious members of the hierarchy as Martin John Spalding. Religious, charitable and educational monuments exist

throughout the whole Mississippi valley, as witnesses to the fervor of these associated churchmen. The history of that diocese has been, in truth, one of struggle against difficulties manifold. In that region has long lingered the fierce and sanguinary anti-Catholic spirit which occasioned the Know-Nothing riots and the excesses of "Bloody Monday," and which found renewed expression as late as 1894.

Philadelphia was more fortunate, except for that early outbreak which resulted in the burning of two churches and a tumultuous rising throughout the city. Otherwise the tolerance of the gentle Quaker, Penn, manifested itself, and permitted Catholicity to make a beginning there at an early date. In 1732, Father Joseph Greated, S. J., assembled a small congregation at old St. Joseph's, which is still open for service, and in which has occurred many an historic event. There, at the close of the War of Independence, by request of the Marquis de Luzerne, Minister Plenipotentiary from the court, of France, was sung a *Te Deum*, in presence of Washington and Lafayette, the members of Congress, the States Council of Pennsylvania, and the principal generals, and many distinguished citizens.

Another historic edifice was opened in Philadelphia by an Augustinian, Father Matthew Carr. His Order has been much identified with the history of Pennsylvania and its capital city, which has, in fact, been under the ægis of the religious Orders since its inception. Its first Bishop, the Right Rev. Michael Egan, was a Franciscan, and, as Archbishop Carroll wrote, "a learned, pious and modest priest, deeply imbued with the spirit of his Order."

In the episcopal chair have sat such notable men as Francis Patrick Kenrick, afterward Archbishop of Baltimore and Apostolic Delegate to the first Council of that city; and the holy John Neumann, whose cause of beatification has been introduced at Rome, and whose eminent

sanctity has reflected such glory on the Redemptorists. Archbishop Wood, a convert and ex-banker, was succeeded by the present incumbent, whose very name is synonymous with piety, learning, and oratorical gifts. What has been accomplished, especially under the present régime, was forcibly brought to mind during the celebration of last April. The number of churches, priests, and schools, as well as monumental institutions of charity and education, has increased manifold.

Boston, which likewise celebrated its centennial this year, at first embraced the whole of New England, now divided into many and flourishing dioceses. Its first Bishop was one of the most remarkable of that group of French exiles who played so important a part in the foundation of the American Church. Jean Louis, afterward Cardinal de Cheverus, like many of his co-workers, had experienced the full horror of the French Revolution, and had even been imprisoned in the Cordeliers. His career in Boston was truly marvellous, considering the epoch, and the fierce Puritanical hatred of Catholicity which prevailed. He might be fittingly called the St. Francis de Sales of America, such an empire did he gain over the most malignant of his adversaries. It was some years after his return to France that, in a recrudescence of the anti-Catholic fury that had been lulled during his episcopate, the Ursuline convent which he had founded at Charlestown was burned to the ground by an infuriated mob, without the slightest effort being made by the civic authorities to prevent the outrage. Happily, such occurrences are in the distant past; and Boston diocese, in the beauty of its churches and institutions; and its vital progress, is second to none in the United States.

Despite the fact that a fine of £250, with three days in the pillory, was imposed on those who should harbor a priest, and that he himself was in danger of death or banishment from the ironical device on the banner of the "Sons of

Liberty," the scattered Catholics of New York were collected by Father Ferdinand Steinmeyer, S. J., commonly called Father Farmer. That was before St. Peter's, Barclay Street, was built by Father Peter Whelan, a Franciscan; and completed later by the famous Jesuit, Father Kohlmann. The latter acted also as administrator, after the diocese had been erected, and its bishop-elect had died on his way out, at Naples. He proved a host in himself. Bishop Connolly was, therefore, the first prelate to occupy the See, "less a bishop than a missionary." He was followed by another of the French exiles, Father John Dubois, a Sulpician and head of the Emmitsburg Seminary. As coadjutor, he had, later, a young priest from Philadelphia, the Rev. John Hughes. He, as first Archbishop, steered the Church in New York through strenuous times. By his commanding qualities of head and heart, he became a power in the land, and during the Civil War was consulted by the National Government and sent upon a semi-official mission to France.

His coadjutor and successor was the scholarly and elegant Bishop of Albany, afterward Cardinal McCloskey; and he in turn gave place to the Bishop of Newark, the Right Rev. M. A. Corrigan. Upon the death of the latter, the heavy charge devolved upon the present incumbent, Archbishop Farley, who was already known and beloved by New Yorkers as secretary and coadjutor. Mainly through his exertions was organized the stupendous celebration of April 26 and the succeeding days. A few of its leading features may be recalled. Upward of seventy thousand Communions of preparation and thanksgiving were offered in the metropolitan churches on the previous Sunday. Thousands of children were assembled, and special services held for them, during the week. Most impressive were the ceremonies on Sunday at the cathedral, when Archbishop Falconio, Papal Delegate, officiated; and the special

Envoy of the Pope, the gracious and genial Primate of historic Armagh, Cardinal Logue, occupied the pontifical throne. Archbishop Farley welcomed the visitors, and preached an eloquent and forcible sermon on that passage of the Apocalypse describing the vision of the New Jerusalem. The proportions which the Church in New York has attained would seem visionary, indeed, to the first Bishop of New York or to his immediate successors, could they arise from their century-long sleep in the crypt of the cathedral.

The vast edifice was again filled on Tuesday, when Cardinal Logue officiated. Cardinal Gibbons delivered an eloquent sermon, wherein he referred to the triple cord which bound bishops, priests and people in the United States, and which no earthly power could break. After the sermon, Archbishop Farley read letters from his Holiness and from the President of the United States, and at the conclusion of Mass the Papal Delegate gave the Blessing of the Holy Father.

On Wednesday evening Carnegie Hall was filled to the uttermost with a veritable mass-meeting, and appropriate addresses were delivered by a number of distinguished speakers. Indescribable was the enthusiasm when the Irish Cardinal rose to address that immense auditory. The cheering was loud and prolonged, not only for his own winning personality, but as being the representative of the Pope, and also because of the beloved country whence he came. His appearance there in the emporium of the New World was doubly touching because of the relations that have always subsisted between the Isle beyond the Western wave and the United States.

On Saturday took place a monster parade, in which participated men of every walk of life,—professional, commercial, political; the rich and the poor, and of at least a dozen nationalities. Though necessarily limited to forty thousand, it took three hours to pass from Washington Square to St. Patrick's

Cathedral, where it saluted the cardinals, the fifty prelates who were present, and the numberless clergy.

With that event came to an end one of the most remarkable demonstrations that ever graced the soil of America. The comments of the non-Catholic press were not the least gratifying part of the affair. To our saintly forefathers, accustomed to a very different style of greeting, they would have been truly astounding. The whole demonstration was a magnificent manifestation of faith and loyalty, — another of those splendidly vitalizing reunions in which, as has been seen, this year has abounded. The display of strength surprised and delighted Catholics everywhere; for New York is becoming more and more every day, a stronghold of Catholicity; and in wealth, power, and numbers, no less than in the fervor of their faith, its citizens are almost unrivalled in the world at large.

What a glorious message that metropolis of the West has left to posterity in its late demonstration! What an "All hail!" to a past which, in its successive stages, few living people remember! Pathetic in the smallness of its numbers, it had to pass through tribulations innumerable, when prelate and priests were little more than missionaries, when ill-will and obloquy were their daily portion. In celebrating, then, the glories of the present, all honor to the generations of brave, loyal, disinterested Catholics of the past, who laid the foundations of the magnificent fabric of actual prosperity! They have pointed the way to that City of God where in peace they rest after their labors.

One word must be said of that other notable gathering chronicled in a recent number of THE AVE MARIA — namely, the Missionary Congress in that nobly progressive and enlightened emporium of the West, Chicago. It has witnessed, in its comparatively short period of existence, many important events, but it may be fairly doubted if it ever drew

together a more imposing assemblage, and one which had loftier aims in view, than that which met there in November last. It was in connection with the Church Extension Society, that veritable new Crusade. It brought thither, under the ægis of its own accomplished prelate, Archbishop Quigley, more than half a hundred archbishops and bishops, as well as priests and laymen innumerable, to consider ways and means for the fostering and developing of the missionary spirit in the United States. Its sessions and religious services were to the full as interesting and as momentous as any demonstration of the year.

So this year, then, in Rome and at holy Lourdes, in London and quaint, mediæval Quebec, in the metropolis of the New World, in the historic City of Brotherly Love, in intellectual Boston, in Louisville, and in the chief city of the West, have Catholics given evidence of loyalty to the See of Peter, of love for Mary the Queen of heaven and earth, of reverence for the Eucharistic God, while emphasizing their community of interests and their wondrous vitality. It is, in fact, only in taking all these celebrations together that their full significance can be realized. And truly they all point in one direction — to the coming of the Kingdom of Christ: *Christus vincit, Christus regnat, Christus imperat.*

God is a Being most simple in His essence, admitting no composition whatever. If, then, we desire to render ourselves as much like Him as possible, we should endeavor to become by virtue what He is by nature; that is, we ought to have a simple heart, a simple soul, a simple intention, a simple mode of action. We ought to speak simply and to act frankly, without deceit or artifice, always letting our exterior reflect our interior, and never regarding anything in all our actions except God, whom alone we should endeavor and desire to please.

—St. Vincent de Paul.

Phileas Fox, Attorney.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XXIII.

VERY soon Phileas had reason to congratulate himself upon having prepared Mr. Vorst for his summons to the dwelling in Monroe Street.

"Come as quickly as you can," was the message he received from Isabel. "The doctor and Father Van Buren think that Mrs. Wilson is now sinking fast."

This announcement gave Phileas a shock. It was not that he was unaccustomed to death. He had lost his mother before he was out of his teens; his father had died while he was still at college; and he had seen other relatives dropping round him like leaves in autumn weather. Nevertheless, this sudden news temporarily unmanned him. He had begun to identify himself so closely with the house in Monroe Street that he almost felt as if he were one of the family. The personality of the old woman, despite all that he knew to her disadvantage, singularly interested him; and he had learned to look forward to his visits to the mansion, even apart from the potent attraction which he had found in Isabel. But, all unwittingly, he had anticipated a considerable interval during which matters would remain at a standstill, and he should enjoy his present foot of intimacy,—always with the hope that he should be enabled ultimately to win the girl whom of all others he desired for his wife. It had never occurred to him as possible that death should so swiftly tumble this house of cards about his head.

His promise to Mrs. Wilson immediately recurred to him, and he resolved to lose not a moment in putting it into execution. In a very few seconds after the receipt of Isabel's message, he was in his street apparel and hastening toward the elevated train, which he believed to be the quickest means of transport to his destination.

He was admitted by the lodging-house servant, and not by Mrs. O'Rourke herself; which Phileas held to be a fortunate circumstance, precluding the idea of delay. He found Mr. Vorst seated, as was his wont, near the window; and when the young man entered the room he laid aside the "Imitation" which he had been reading,—placing it, as the visitor noticed, upon a table, with a Rosary that had likewise been in use.

"This is an early visit, sir," said Phileas, gravely, taking the chair indicated.

"Early or late matters little to an old hulk like myself, who is merely existing in the sunshine," said Mr. Vorst; but even as he spoke he looked keenly into the other's face, and saw there what caused his own face to pale.

"Mr. Vorst," observed Phileas, leaning forward and laying a hand gently upon the old man's arm. "I have just heard from the house that our patient is still weaker to-day, and I think it is time to fulfil a promise which I made since I saw you last."

John Vorst did not ask what that promise was: he simply waited till the younger man explained:

"I promised *her*, sir, that I would not let her die till she had seen you."

"And has it come to that? O my God, has it come to that?"

There was a wail in his voice,—the deep, awful wail of an uncontrollable anguish. He rose, however, in a bewildered way, and said:

"We must not lose any time, Mr. Fox. We had better go at once, if only you will help me a little with my toilet. I am shaken somewhat, my hand trembles, and I don't see as well as usual."

He shook, in fact, as one who has a chill, while Phileas gave him the desired help in putting on his garments for the street.

Ten minutes later the two were seated in a coupé, which the lawyer had summoned from a neighboring stand. As they drove along, there was silence between them. The old man gazed out of the

carriage window, his face drawn and pinched, his whole mind and soul back in those days when he had been young and had first met Martha Spooner, then scarcely out of her teens.

When the carriage reached the iron gates, Phileas made the driver a sign to stop there. Alighting first, he offered his arm to the old man, and so the two passed through the gates. John Vorst was trembling more than ever,—quivering with the stress of that emotion which threatened to overpower him as his feet trod once again those long familiar ways.

The door of the house stood open, and the pair, ascending the steps, entered. Before they had proceeded far, they were met by Cadwallader, who greeted Mr. Fox grimly and solemnly, oblivious at first of his companion. Then all of a sudden he stared, seeming to blanch under the ebony of his skin; his knees shook; he trembled from head to foot.

"Massa Vorst!" he cried, with such a look as he might have given to a ghost, clasping and unclasping his hands as though he were praying. "Massa Vorst!" His face worked, his eyes rolled, and he broke into a very paroxysm of sobs.

"Cadwallader, old friend!" Mr. Vorst said; and, extending his hand he seized that of the ancient servitor in a warm grasp.

At that very moment, with a bounding of the heart, Phileas saw, as a gleam in that dark valley of the shadow, Isabel Ventnor descending the stairs. Her face, too, was paler and graver than he had ever seen it. She shook hands with him, and cast a look of troubled inquiry at his companion.

"I have brought," said Phileas, in answer to the look, "some one whom Mrs. Wilson has desired to see before the end."

Isabel glanced again at the courtly old figure and the finely featured face, upon which were evidences of deep emotion. She merely said, however, as she returned the old man's courteous salutation:

"I will go and let her know that you are here, Mr. Fox, and that you have brought some one to see her. Will you please wait in the library?"

The men did not enter the room, but waited in the hall; for Isabel was gone only a moment.

Mrs. Wilson, on hearing her tidings, had cried out with unexpected strength: "Go and bring them here at once!"

Isabel, appearing upon the stairs, made Phileas a sign; and he, offering his arm to Mr. Vorst, led him up those stairs which his feet had so often trod with the buoyant step of youth. Presently they reached that same massive room which Phileas had visited before, with its furniture of carved mahogany, and its deep-set windows, from one of which the heavy curtains were now drawn back.

There, upon the high four-post bed, lay Martha Spooner Vorst. She wore a dressing-gown of pale heliotrope, which emphasized the ghastly color and emaciation of her face. Her hair, smoothed back from the forehead, showed snow-white in the darkness. Her hands, skeleton-like, lay outside the coverlet.

Phileas was quick to perceive the change for the worse that had occurred even since his last interview, and rejoiced that he had wasted no time in the fulfilment of his promise. He advanced first, as if to prepare the occupant of the bed, who greeted him in a faint but perfectly distinct voice:

"Has everything been done, Mr. Fox? Or is anything more required of me?"

"I think everything has been done," said Phileas; "and the recovery of the will, of which I informed you in my letter of last week, has simplified matters, so that you need not have any anxiety."

"So that everything will be right for *him*,—for them?" she asked.

Her voice was strangely calm and hushed, as one speaking from a distance. It had lost all the strained eagerness of the former interview.

"There are so many things that I

wanted to explain to you," she continued; "but there is no time now. I never even told you about Isabel. She is John Vorst's niece, the daughter of his only sister."

Even in the solemnity of that moment Phileas felt as if he had received a blow, so unexpected was that announcement. But the eyes of the dying woman were already travelling past him to the door, and she made a movement almost as if she would push him aside.

"Mrs. Wilson," said Phileas, "I have kept my promise: I have brought *him* to see you."

A smile parted the lips, there was a suggestion almost of youthfulness in the countenance. As the lawyer drew back, his companion advanced, trembling.

"Martha!" he cried,—*"Martha!"*

"John!" said the old woman. "Forgive!—forgive!"

In her voice was only the calmness of the great silence into which she was about to enter and a gladness more pathetic than any tears.

Phileas softly rose, and, choking with an emotion that threatened to overpower him, he stole out. In the corridor he met Isabel, and they passed downstairs in silence. Apart from the effect produced upon him by the solemn scene which he had just witnessed, Phileas felt Isabel to be henceforward at an immeasurable distance from him. Mrs. Wilson's companion, whom he had wooed and almost, as he hoped, won, had been suddenly transformed into an heiress, a girl of high station, and of a position to which he could not aspire. His manner was, therefore, so cold and formal as to occasion in Isabel a swift movement of surprise.

"She has taken the place of my mother, who died a few years ago," said she. "I feel now as if I were altogether alone in the world."

Phileas' reply was cold and studied. He made no effort to take her hand or to utter any word of comfort. The only thing he could think of to say was:

"I am sure you will find other relatives."

It was only when the Negro, trembling and gasping with emotion, summoned them to the apartment above, where that great reconciliation had been effected, that Isabel, grasping Phileas convulsively by the sleeve, cried:

"Who is it you brought?"

And Phileas, thrilling with love and pity, and deeming the need for concealment over, said, looking down upon her:

"That is Mr. John Vorst."

Following upon Mrs. Wilson's death, were some busy weeks for Phileas, in settling up that long-disputed estate. It is true that the case never went to the courts (as at the first blush had seemed probable), nor given the young man that forensic opportunity for which he had hoped. But before the final arrangements had been concluded, notwithstanding the efforts of the deceased to put everything in order, Phileas had been brought into communication with half a dozen or more prominent legal firms, and had made quite a name amongst them as an honest, energetic, capable attorney, and one who was determined to maintain the highest professional standards.

Mr. Vorst meanwhile took up his abode in the dwelling at Westchester, with Susan O'Rourke as housekeeper. She had agreed to give up lodgers, and she and her children were located in a small cottage adjoining that of the Germans'. Cadwallader likewise accompanied "Massa Vorst," as did also Isabel. Phileas had a cordial invitation to spend his Sundays with them, and to visit there as often as possible. But he rarely availed himself of the privilege, save when he was compelled to hold personal communication with John Vorst.

One Sunday, however, he had run out to Westchester to confer with Mr. Vorst on some legal point that had arisen during the week, resolving to return by the noon train, and to spend the afternoon in town. He could not find the master

of the house anywhere on the groundfloor; nor could he meet with Cadwallader, by whom to send a message. He, however, encountered Isabel, seated upon that portion of the veranda where he had held the colloquy with the Teuton. Her plain black dress fitted her to perfection; its sombreness was relieved only by white muslin collar and cuffs, daintily finished by the girl herself, in drawn-work. Her complexion was less bright than he had seen it formerly; and her manner was somewhat cold, or so the lawyer thought; and he held it to be a further indication that she was now aware of the difference in their relative positions. "As if she thought me capable of the meanness," he reflected bitterly, "of taking advantage of my position as family solicitor to win an heiress!"

Isabel laid down her book, and, looking at him gravely, said:

"Won't you sit down, Mr. Fox? My uncle has not come down yet."

"Perhaps he would see me in his room," Phileas suggested. "I have to catch the noon train back to town."

"Busy even on Sunday!" Isabel said, with a gleam of her old merriment in her eyes.

Phileas reddened and bit his lip. He remembered how he had told her that he always enjoyed the Sunday rest. He muttered something about an engagement; and, though he was still standing, he lingered.

"Mr. Vorst (that is Uncle John) keeps remarkably well; don't you think so?"

Isabel asked the question a little anxiously, and Phileas answered:

"Yes, perhaps, as regards his bodily health; but I find him much aged and broken since my first meeting with him."

"Oh, I had forgotten that you knew him before!" said Isabel; and then there was once more a silence. "I suppose you are always busy?" she added presently.

"Why, yes," Phileas answered, "I have been pretty steadily upon the grind. But I like work. It braces a man's mind

much as athletics do the body. But I must really try to find Cadwallader, and send a message to Mr. Vorst, or I shall miss my train."

"I think Cadwallader is in the garden, gathering lettuce for luncheon; but you can either find him there yourself, or I—"

"Oh, of course I shall find him! Don't disturb yourself. I have interrupted your reading too long already. So good-bye, if I do not see you again."

"Good-bye!" said Isabel. "The garden is over that way, just beyond that clump of trees."

"Oh, I shall find it easily!" he replied.

But before he had gone many steps he was perceived from an upper window by Mr. Vorst, who called out:

"I say, Fox, is that you? I thought I heard your voice. You're not thinking of going, surely! Can't you stay and have a chop with us?"

"I was not going without seeing you, of course," said Phileas. "I was trying to find Cadwallader to send you a message, sir. But I just ran out, you see, after eight-o'clock Mass, and I thought of catching the noon train back into town."

"Take the afternoon train instead," urged the old man from the window. "I have wanted to see you, and you never come near us except you are furnished with wings. Go and talk to Isabel till I come down."

Phileas had, therefore, to turn his steps backward, and to say awkwardly:

"I hope you heard Mr. Vorst's commands from the upper window?"

"Oh, yes, I heard!" said Isabel. "And I think it very much wiser for you to wait, so that you will have time for a long talk."

There was the same unsmiling gravity about the mouth as she thus spoke, but Phileas caught a gleam of repressed humor in the eyes.

"I was going to say," continued the young man, "that if you had not heard, you would be forced to conclude that I was as unstable as water in my resolves,"

"What any one else thinks doesn't matter very much, does it?"

Her eyes rested a moment upon his face, and then wandered out over the vast expanse of water.

"What *you* think will always matter to me. That you must know and believe, whatever else happens."

"You seem to be taking the matter very seriously," said Isabel, looking at him with the same calm expression.

"Some matters have to be taken seriously. There is no other way."

Isabel did not ask him why the subject of staying to luncheon should be taken seriously, though the words trembled on her lips. She leaned back in her chair and laughed lightly. But she was as conscious as he of the slight and invisible barrier which had arisen between them. She was accustomed to hear the young man's praises sung daily by her newly-found relative, as they had been sung before, though in more measured terms, by her late patroness. In the latter instance she had heard those eulogiums without annoyance, even with pleasure; but it was not so in the former case. She even heard Mr. Vorst's opinions with a distinct resentment.

While Phileas sat beside her in the chair which he had perforce accepted pending the descent of Mr. Vorst, he was pondering whether some form of explanation might not be due to Isabel, after what had already passed between them. For, as he reflected, the question between them was higher than any mere difference of wealth or any other convention. He loved her, and had told her so; while she had met his confession of love in such a manner that perhaps, after all, it behooved him to introduce the subject once more before it was laid aside forever.

"Since chance has thrown this opportunity in my way," Phileas said, after an awkward pause, "perhaps I had better speak of things upon which I had resolved to keep silence—"

"Silence is golden," interrupted Isabel

softly, under her breath, thinking that his remark sounded very much like an Irish bull; though she, too, was agitated, and guessed that he was about to refer to those passages of love between them.

"Of course you remember certain things which I said to you in those days preceding the illness and death of Mrs. Wilson?"

"Yes, I remember you used to be much more communicative than you are at present," said Isabel, deliberately misunderstanding him.

"I was more than communicative," said Phileas, gravely: "I was perfectly frank in all that concerned myself, and remarkably foolish and indiscreet where you were concerned. Indeed—"

"Indeed!" exclaimed Isabel, and this time there was no doubt about the humorous expression in her eyes. "And it is not everyone who so promptly discovers the error of his ways."

"The discovery was forced on me by circumstances," responded Phileas, his face pale, his eyes scintillating. "I saw that I had been foolish, and what the world might consider worse than foolish."

"I fail to see what the world has to do with the matter," commented Isabel.

"It has this much to do: it can take away a man's reputation for honor and integrity, and lower him in his own self-esteem."

"Just for being foolish?" asked Isabel.

"Just for being weak enough and mad enough to feel as I did, above all to *speak* as I did."

The color rose into Isabel's cheeks, softly, captivantly, as the young man thought, and spread upward till it reached the very hair that lay in soft ripples upon her temples.

"I am not going to remind you," he continued, with the traces of deep emotion in his voice, "of what I then said. God knows every word of it was genuine and came from my very heart."

Some of those words Isabel chanced to remember, and the color deepened,

while her hand that still toyed with the book trembled.

"But whatever I said was spoken under a misapprehension, and I want to ask your forgiveness that it was spoken at all. I should have found out the true state of affairs—"

His voice broke, and he turned away, looking out over the waters in an effort to recover his composure.

"I want to ask your forgiveness," he repeated; "and also to make you feel certain that I never knew, never guessed that you were any other than Mrs. Wilson's companion."

"It would have been hard for you to know when I didn't know myself," said Isabel quickly.

"That does not necessarily follow," Phileas declared frankly. "For Mrs. Wilson had made me acquainted with so much of her history that it might have seemed probable—"

"What?" demanded Isabel, somewhat abruptly. "What might have seemed probable?" she asked again, and for the first time the lawyer's gaze faltered before her resolute glance.

"Why, it might have been reasonably supposed that my client had told me what, in fact, she promised to tell on my return from Boston,—the relation in which you stood to her, or rather to Mr. Vorst. You will believe, however, upon my definite assurance, that she never did give me such information until that last moment when I accompanied Mr. Vorst to her deathbed."

"I do not quite see," said Isabel, who had but imperfectly caught the young man's meaning, "what particular difference all this would make."

"But don't you see — or perhaps in your inexperience you do not see—what the world would say, what it would think of an attorney who had abused his position as confidential adviser to further certain interested views of his own?"

Phileas spoke thus from the height of that experience which he had gained

during his brief sojourn behind the newly-varnished sign. But a few weeks before he had been well-nigh as inexperienced as the girl herself in the crooked windings of a wicked world, and in the carping criticisms that pursue men upon every step of their career. He ventured again:

"Even you yourself—"

"You had better stop there," said Isabel, imperiously, "and do not charge me with thinking so meanly of one whom I regarded as a friend. I could never believe that of *you*."

"Thank you!" said Phileas, with a glance that, despite his best efforts, was more eloquent than any words could have been, and which touched a responsive chord in the heart of the girl who had been very lonely and desolate, despite the kindness of her new-found relative.

"As for any words that you may have spoken on the impulse of the moment," she added, "they had better, indeed, be forgotten; there is little use in recalling what is past. But for any deliberate calculation on your part as to my prospects, I entirely acquit you of *that*."

"It is a great weight off my mind," he said, disappointed, nevertheless, at her indifferent tone. "I am glad I had the courage to speak, so that I know you understand, and that I can think of those days and hours—the happiest of my life—without a sense of bitter mortification and humiliation. I shall never forget myself again—you need not be afraid,—and I shall continue to stand in the same relation to Mr. Vorst as I did to Mrs. Wilson, but without intrusion upon you."

"I see no reason why we should not continue to be friends," said Isabel. She held her head very straight, and she looked at the lawyer with frank eyes; for she had a pride and a courage of her own, which would not permit her to show either annoyance or displeasure, much less any sign of weakness.

Phileas interrupted her almost sternly.

"I can not promise you that," he cried, and his face looked pale and worn in the

strong sunlight. "For the present, at least, friendship would be a very meaningless term on my part. I should be deceiving you were I to let you suppose otherwise."

"Well, that must be as you please, of course," Isabel said quietly, though there was a touch of the old humor in the expression of her face. "I suppose I shall have to cultivate a special manner for Uncle John's attorney."

"Make it as cold and distant as you can, then," said Phileas, stung by her jesting; "let it be even disdainful and abrupt,—anything you will, in fact, that will keep the attorney in his proper place and help him to forget a foolish and impossible dream."

Mr. Vorst was at this moment heard descending the stairs, and Phileas went forward to meet him, while Isabel sat smiling at what had passed. She did not by any means resent Mr. Fox's rejection of her offers of friendship; nor did she at all desire that her whilom lover should forget that dream which had been dreamed under the trees beside the old mansion,—a spot that she loved dearly with a warm and tender affection, because it had been the scene of that first love-making.

(Conclusion next week.)

The White Shepherd.

(On a Painting.)

BY HENRY C. McLEAN.

OLY Shepherd, clad in white,
 Seeking souls by lantern light,
 Guard me in the gathering night!
 Lord, Thou hast for sinners borne
 Weary plight and death and scorn,
 Print of nail and lash and thorn.
 And in dark Gethsemane
 Sweat of blood didst shed for me,
 All the world forsaking Thee.
 When mine hour of death is near,
 Mighty Lord I love and fear,
 Dry Thou each repentant tear!

Lourdes.

BY THE REV. ROBERT HUGH BENSON.

VIII.

THE moment Benediction was given, the room began rapidly to fill; but I still watched the singing crowd outside. Among others I noticed a woman, placid and happy,—such a woman as you would see a hundred times a day in London streets, with jet ornaments in her hat, middle-aged, almost startlingly commonplace. No, nothing dramatic happened to her; that was the point. But there she was, taking it all for granted, joining in the *Magnificat* with a roving eye, pleased as she would have been pleased at a circus; interrupting herself to talk to her neighbor; and all the while gripping in a capable hand, on which shone a wedding ring, the bars of the Bureau window behind which I sat, that she might make the best of both worlds—Grace without and Science within. She, as I, had seen what God had done; now she proposed to see what the doctors would make of it all; and have, besides, a good view of the *miraculés* when they appeared.

I suppose it was her astonishing ordinariness that impressed me. It was surprising to see such a one during such a scene; it was as incongruous as a man riding a bicycle on the Judgment Day. Yet she, too, served to make it all real. She was like the real tree in the foreground of a panorama. She served the same purpose as the *Voix de Lourdes*, a briskly written French newspaper that gives the lists of the miracles.

When I turned round at last, the room was full. Among the people present I remember an Hungarian canon, and the Brazilian Bishop with six others. Dr. Deschamps, late of Lille, now of Paris, was in the chair; and I sat next him.

The first patient to enter was Euphrase Bosc, a dark girl of twenty-seven. She rolled a little in her walk as she came

in; then she sat down and described the "white swellings" on her knee, with other details; she told how she had been impelled to rise during the procession just now. She was made to walk round the room to show her state, and was then sent off, and told to return at another time.

Next came Emma Sausen, a pale girl of twenty-five. She had suffered from endo-pericarditis for five years, as her certificate showed; she had been confined to her room for two years. She told her story quickly and went out.

There followed Sister Marguerite Emilie, an Assumptionist, aged thirty-nine, a brisk, brown-faced, tall woman, in her religious habit. Her malady had been *mal de Pott*, a severe spinal affliction, accompanied by abscesses and other horrors. She, too, appeared in the best of health.

We began then to hear a doctor give news of a certain Irish religious, cured that morning in the *piscines*; but we were interrupted by the entry of Emile Lansman, a solid artisan of twenty-five, who came in walking cheerfully, carrying a crutch and a stick which he no longer needed. Paralysis of the right leg and traumatism of the spine had been his up to that day. Now he carried his crutch.

He was followed by another man whose name I did not catch, and on whose case I wrote so rapidly that I am scarcely able to read all my notes. His story, in brief, was as follows. He had had some while ago a severe accident, which involved a kind of appalling disembowelment. For the last year or two he had had gastric troubles of all kinds, including complete loss of appetite. His certificate showed, too, that he suffered from partial paralysis (he himself showed us how little he had been able to open his fingers), and anæsthesia of the right arm. (I looked over Dr. Deschamps' shoulder and read on the paper the words *lésion incurable*.) It was certified further that he was incapable of manual work. Then he described to us how yesterday in the

piscine, upon coming out of the bath, he had been aware of a curious sensation of warmth in the stomach; he had then found that, for the first time for many months, he wished for food; he was given it, and he enjoyed it. He moved his fingers in a normal manner, raised his arm and let it fall.

Then for the first time in the Bureau I heard a sharp controversy. One doctor suddenly broke out, saying that there was no actual proof that it was not all "hysterical simulation." Another answered him; an appeal was made to the certificate. Then the first doctor delivered a little speech, in excellent taste, though casting doubt upon the case; and the matter was then set aside for investigation with the rest. I heard Dr. Boissarie afterward thank him for his admirable little discourse.

Finally, though it was getting late, Hononrie Gras, aged thirty-five, came in to give her evidence. She had suffered till to-day from "purulent arthritis" and "white swellings" on the left knee. To-day she walked. Her certificate confirmed her, and she was dismissed.

It was all very matter-of-fact. There is no reason to fear that Lourdes is all hymn-singing and adjurations. It is an exceedingly scientific place. It is a pleasure to think that, on the right of the Rosary Church, and within a hundred yards of the Grotto, there is this little room, filled with keen-eyed doctors from every school of faith and science, who have only to present their cards and be made free of all that Lourdes has to show. They are keen-brained as well as keen-eyed. I heard one of them say quietly that if the Mother of God, as it appeared, cured incurable cases, it was hard to deny to her the power of curing curable cases also. It does not prove, that is to say, that a cure is not miraculous if it might have been cured by human aid. And it is interesting and suggestive to remember that of such cases one hears little or nothing. For every startling miracle that

is verified in the Bureau, I wonder how many persons go home quietly, freed from some maddening little illness by the mercy of Mary,—some illness that is worthless as a “case” in scientific eyes, yet none the less as real as is its cure?

Of course one element that tends to keep from the grasp of the imagination all the miracle of the place is this very scientific accuracy. In the simple story of the Gospel, it seems almost supernaturally natural that a man should have “la’n with an infirmity for forty years,” and should, at the word of Jesus Christ, have taken up his bed and walked; or that, as in the “Acts,” another’s “feet and ankle-bones should receive strength” by the power of the Holy Name. But when we come to tuberculosis and *mal de Pott* and *lésion incurable* and “hysterical simulation,” in some manner we seem to find ourselves in rather a breathless and stuffy room, where the white flower of the supernatural appears strangely languid to the eye of the imagination.

That, however, is all as it should be. We are bound to have these things. Perhaps the most startling miracle of all is that the Bureau and the Grotto stand side by side, and neither stifles the other. Is it possible that here at last Science and Religion will come to terms, and each confess with wonder the capacities of the other; and, with awe, that divine power that makes them what they are, and has ‘set them their bounds which they shall not pass’? It would be remarkable if France, of all countries, should be the scene of that reconciliation between these estranged sisters.

That night, after dinner, I went out once more to see the procession with torches; and this time my friend and I each took a candle, that we might join in that act of worship. First, however, I went down to the *robinets*—the taps which flow between the Grotto and the *piscines*,—and, after a heart-crushing struggle, succeeded in filling my bottle with the holy water. It was astonishing how selfish one

felt while still in the battle, and how magnanimous when one had gained the victory. I filled also the bottle of a voluble French priest, who despairingly extended it toward me as he still fought in the turmoil. “*Eh, bien!*” cried a stalwart Frenchwoman at my side, who had filled her bottle and could not extricate herself. “If you will not permit me to depart, I remain!” The argument was irresistible; the crowd laughed childishly and let her out.

Now, I regret to say that once more the churches were outlined in fairy electric lamps, that the metallic garlands round our Mother’s statue blazed with them; that, even worse, the old castle on the hill and the far-away Calvary were also illuminated; and, worst of all, that the procession concluded with fireworks—rockets and bombs. Miracles in the afternoon; fireworks in the evening!

Yet the more I think of it, the less am I displeased. When one reflects that more than half of the enormous crowd came, probably, from tiny villages in France—where a rocket is as rare as an angelic visitation; and, on the carnal side, as beautiful in their eyes,—it seems a very narrow-minded thing to object. It is true that you and I connect fireworks with Mafeking night or Queen Victoria’s Jubilee; and that they seem therefore incongruous when used to celebrate a visitation of God. But it is not so with these people. For them it is a natural and beautiful way of telling the glory of Him who is the Dayspring from on high, who is the Light to lighten the Gentiles, whose Mother is the *Stella Matutina*, whose people once walked in darkness and now have seen a great Light. It is their answer, the reflection in the depths of their sea, to the myriad lights of that heaven which shines over Lourdes. Therefore let us leave the fireworks in peace.

It was a very moving thing to walk in that procession, with a candle in one hand and a little paper book in the other, and help to sing the story of Bernadette, with

the unforgettable *Aves* at the end of each verse, and the *Laudate Mariam*, and the Nicene Creed. *Credo in . . . unam sanctam Catholicam et Apostolicam Ecclesiam*. My heart leaped at that. For where else but in the Catholic Church do such things happen as these that I had seen? Imagine, if you please, miracles in Manchester! Certainly they might happen there, if there were sufficient Catholics gathered in His Name; but put for Manchester, Exeter Hall or St. Paul's Cathedral! The thought is blindingly absurd. No: the Christianity of Jesus Christ lives only in the Catholic Church.

There alone in the whole round world do you find that combination of lofty doctrine, magnificent moral teaching, the frank recognition of the Cross; sacramentalism logically carried out, yet gripping the heart as no amateur mysticism can do; and miracles. 'Mercy and Truth have met together.' 'These signs shall follow them that believe. . . . Faith can remove mountains. . . . All things are possible to him that believes. . . . Whatsoever you shall ask of the Father in My Name. . . . Where two or three are gathered together in My Name, there am I in the midst of them.' There alone, where souls are built upon Peter, do these things really happen.

I have been asked lately whether I am "happy" in the Catholic Church. Happy! What can one say to a question like that? Does one ask a man who wakes up from a broodless dream to sunshine in his room, and life and reality, whether he is happy? Of course many non-Catholics are happy. I was happy myself as an Anglican; but as a Catholic one does not use the word; one does not think about it. The whole of life is different; that is all that can be said. Faith is faith, not hope; God is Light, not twilight; eternity, heaven, hell, purgatory, sin and its consequences,—these things are facts, not guesses and conjectures and suspicions desperately clung to. "How hard it is to be a Christian!" moans the persevering non-

Catholic. "How impossible it is to be anything else!" cries the Catholic.

We went round, then, singing. The procession was so huge that it seemed to have no head and no tail. It involved itself a hundred times over; it swirled in the square, it humped itself over the Rosary Church; it elongated itself half a mile away up beyond our Mother's garlanded statue; it eddied round the Grotto. It was one immense stream and river of lights and song. Each group sang by itself till it was overpowered by another; men and women and children strolled along, patiently singing and walking, knowing nothing of where they went, nothing of what they would be singing five minutes hence. It depended on the voice-power of their neighbors.

For myself, I found myself in a dozen groups, before at last, after an hour or so, I fell out of the procession and went home. Now I walked cheek by jowl with a retired officer; now with an artisan; once there came swiftly up behind a company of "Noelites"—those vast organizations of boys and girls in France,—singing the *Laudate Mariam* to my *Ave Maria*; now in the middle of a group of shop-girls who exchanged remarks with one another whenever they could fetch breath. I think it was all the most joyous and the most spontaneous (as it was certainly the largest) human function in which I have ever taken part. I have no idea whether there were any organizers of it all,—at least I saw none. Once or twice a solitary priest in the midst, walking backward and waving his arms, attempted to reconcile conflicting melodies; once a very old priest, with a voice like the tuba stop on the organ, turned a humorously furious face over his shoulder to quell some mistake,—from his mouth, the while, issuing this amazingly pungent volume of sound. But I think these were the only attempts at organization that I saw.

And so at last I dropped out and went home, hoarse but very well content. I

had walked for more than an hour,—from the statue, over the church and down again, up the long avenue, and back again to the statue. The fireworks were over, the illuminations died, and the day was done; yet still the crowds went round, and the voice of conflicting melody went up without cessation. As I went home the sound was still in my ears. As I dropped off to sleep, I still heard it.

(Conclusion next week.)

A Brave Deed.

BY B. DE LA FONTAINE.

IT was in the year 1797, when France, though freed from the Reign of Terror by the death of Robespierre, still groaned under the laws made by the Jacobins. A priest was coming! The whispered message had gone forth; and, in answer to the summons, misty forms could be seen hurrying toward the little hamlet of Saint-Maurice. One by one they came, though the dew still lay thick on flower and hedge; and each one, as he reached the hamlet, looked cautiously round before entering the house where, in defiance of all edicts, Mass was to be celebrated.

The Mademoiselles de Gagnière, who owned the house, were well known in the country round for their piety and charity. Their mother, Madame de Gagnière, had been arrested and condemned to death some years previously for harboring a priest. Yet these brave girls—Sophie, the eldest, was only seventeen—turned one of the upper rooms into a chapel, where the Blessed Sacrament was kept and Mass celebrated whenever a priest succeeded in eluding the vigilance of the gendarmes.

On this particular Sunday morning one was expected,—a venerable old priest, who long since had made the sacrifice of his life and led a precarious existence, hiding now here, now there; but, though hunted from place to place, consoling

the persecuted and bringing many back to the Faith they had lost.

The room which served as a chapel was soon crowded; and, while watch was kept in the street below, the Holy Sacrifice was offered, the low voice of the priest and the answering treble of the acolyte alone breaking the silence. At the *Domine, non sum dignus*, peasant and nobleman advanced side by side to receive the Lord of Hosts; then, after a hurried thanksgiving, the congregation began to disperse. The priest soon followed, leaving the sisters to efface all traces of the recent gathering.

But, though the congregation had succeeded in dispersing unmolested, danger threatened the pious household; for while the crowd melted away and the little room was restored to its usual state, four gendarmes were starting out from Saint-Just-d'Avray, a large village, from which a good view could be had of the tiny hamlet in the valley. As they rode down the hill, their suspicions were aroused by the large number of persons issuing from Saint-Maurice; and, after consulting together, they determined to search the house which formed the centre of the unusual movement.

On being admitted by a rather scared-looking maid, the gendarmes proceeded to search the premises. The lower rooms, however, revealed nothing; but when they reached the upper floor they found themselves confronted by a door which was locked.

"Why is this?" demanded one of the men. "Open at once!"

"If you please, sir," said the girl, "the room is seldom used, and the key is not at hand."

She spoke with such an air of sincerity that the men were about to retire, when a telltale odor of incense came from beneath the closed door. On observing this, the leader of the gendarmes thrust the girl aside with an oath, and, assisted by his companions, broke open the door.

The small chamber thus revealed looked

innocent enough; but a few minutes' search brought to light a tiny lamp which usually hung before the Blessed Sacrament, and which still smoked, having been extinguished only when the alarm was first given. Shortly afterward one of the men drew forth from its place of concealment a golden pyx containing several consecrated Hosts. With an exultant cry, the man thrust his prize into a bag which he carried, and, with his companions, left the room.

It would be impossible to describe the feelings of the unhappy women who thus saw the Treasure committed to their care in the hands of these godless men. Sophie especially was inconsolable. As she stood listening to the tramp of the horses below, a farmer's wife came hurrying up, all out of breath.

"Mademoiselle," she exclaimed, "the gendarmes are going to the Lion d'Or, a mile up the road, and they have slung their travelling bags across their saddles. O Mademoiselle, do you think we could get It back again?"

Sophie understood the woman's meaning, and caught eagerly at her suggestion. In a few minutes she had exchanged her ordinary dress for a peasant's costume, and had set out on her desperate expedition, accompanied by the farmer's wife. The mist was slowly rising as they hurried along, now through hedges covered with brambles, now through golden cornfields waving in the morning breeze. The damp earth clung to their stout leather boots, and overhead larks filled the air with liquid notes. But Sophie heeded neither the song of the birds nor the signs of the coming day; she was consumed with the desire of rescuing the Blessed Sacrament from the sacrilegious hands into which It had fallen.

In the courtyard of the Lion d'Or Sophie met the innkeeper's youngest daughter.

"Where are the horses, little one?"

"In the stables, Mademoiselle."

"Then listen! Run in and tell your father to supply his guests with as much

wine as they desire. I will pay the bill."

"Yes, Mademoiselle," replied the child, with a bright smile that promised well for the success of the message.

The two women now ran to the stables and began to search the travelling bags. Sophie's delicate fingers tugged and strained at the hard straps. Would she get at the contents in time? In the tap-room the men were laughing and talking loud. At any moment they might come out and find her surrounded by their scattered possessions.

Suddenly a door slammed! Sophie, utterly unnerved, sprang to her feet. But it proved a false alarm, and she returned to the search, chiding herself for her cowardice. Desperately she once more set to work, though she trembled at every sound. The return of the innkeeper's daughter increased her alarm.

"They are coming!" she cried, dancing in her excitement. "The gendarmes are coming! They are all standing up ready to go."

Happily, at this moment the farmer's wife gave a cry of joy.

"I have It! Quick, Mademoiselle! Let us escape while we can."

In a trice the two women had slipped out of the stables and were flying down the road. Not a moment too soon. The gendarmes, coming out of the inn, caught sight of their vanishing figures; and, at once divining their purpose, set out in pursuit, with many an oath and threat.

Happily for the women, a bend in the road soon concealed them from sight; and, taking advantage of this fortunate circumstance, they ran down a narrow path, and, turning into a cornfield, threw themselves down among the sheaves. Scarcely were they safely hidden when the gendarmes came in pursuit; but the fields of corn stretched in every direction, safely concealing the fugitives. The baffled gendarmes finally went back to the stables, thus enabling the women to continue their flight.

At the entrance to a wood the two

decided to separate. While the farmer's wife, who carried the pyx, sought concealment in the trunk of a hollow tree, Sophie started for home in order to warn her sisters. Now that the Blessed Sacrament was safe, she saw more clearly the danger to which she had exposed her family. She scarcely dared to think what might be their fate, should the gendarmes arrive before her. Spurred on by her anxiety, she flew along, across stubbly fields and marshy meadows, until the little white house came in view.

To warn her sisters was the work of a moment, and in a remarkably short space of time the inmates of the house had escaped into the woods lying at the back of the house. Scarcely had they departed, when the gendarmes arrived, to find an empty house, and only one old woman who stoutly refused to answer their questions.

The Mademoiselles de Gagnière took refuge with a woodcutter and his wife, who, as it happened, were already sheltering the priest. And before long a new recruit was added to the little party; for at nightfall the peasant woman made her way to the little hut, where, with tears of emotion, the old priest took from her hands the pyx and heard the story of their brave deed.

A week had passed by, during which the fugitives had scarcely dared to leave their place of concealment, when an unforeseen event made it safe for them to return to their homes. The gendarmes, who had laid sacrilegious hands on the Blessed Sacrament, were murdered on the highroad by a band of robbers. Not long afterward, too, came the reassuring news that the Revolution was at an end, the Directoire having given place to the Consulate; and Bonaparte, by his proclamation of the "*Liberté des Cultes*," soon brought priest and faithful flocking back to their deserted parishes.

A Thought in Season.

ST. PAUL exhorted his dearly beloved Philippians to work out their salvation with fear and trembling. Joy and confidence are the dominant notes in the liturgy of Christmas; but during Advent, which is a season of meditation and prayer, the Church often reminds us of the Apostle's admonition, seeking to inspire us with a higher appreciation of the gifts of grace, and a deeper desire of attaining the happiness of heaven. In the Mass of Wednesday in the Ember Week of Advent, she prays: "Grant, we beseech Thee, Almighty God, that the coming solemnity of our Redemption may both confer upon us the helps of this life and bestow the rewards of everlasting blessedness." In the Gradual of the same Mass, we are reminded that "the helps of this life" are never wanting to those who earnestly seek them. "Nigh is the Lord unto all that call upon Him,—to all that call upon Him in truth."

"The rewards of everlasting life" are for all who truly desire them. The fruit of the observance of Advent should be an increase of hope. As the great day of Christ's Nativity approaches, this virtue is more and more inculcated by the Sacred Liturgy. "Take courage, and now fear no more," sings Holy Church. Akin to joy is hope that is salutary; but pusillanimous fear is of the nature of despair. Perseverance in prayer is the prelude of perseverance in grace. This is perhaps the most helpful thought for those who are tormented with doubts as to their eternal lot. The holiest souls may sometimes experience them.

Thomas à Kempis relates that a pious person was one day greatly troubled, feverishly anxious with regard to his final perseverance. Prostrating himself before an altar, he raised his eyes to heaven and exclaimed: "Oh, if I only knew that I was to persevere in good to the end!" He thereupon instantly heard an interior

GIVE the holy mysteries to the dead.

—*St. Ambrose.*

voice replying: "Well, if you did know, what would you do? Do now what you would wish to have done in that hour, and you will be in perfect security." Consoled by this response, he abandoned himself entirely into the hands of God, seeking to discover and fulfil His holy will in all things. "If I only *will*" is an infinitely better habitual saying than "If I only *knew*"; for, if we only will, we shall certainly work out our salvation.

The crucial question is often put more specifically, Am I in the way of salvation? Am I doing what I should in order to make my calling and election sure? Spiritual writers answer in many ways, all agreeing that those who have been called to the Faith may look forward to the future with great, but not absolute, confidence. Cardinal Franzelin, in the last page of his elaborate treatise, "On the One God," asks himself the question whether there are any signs from which the predestination of a man may be conjectured; and he quotes St. Bernard as saying that there are these: care to avoid sin, fruits of penance, and good works. He himself adds, as more special signs, esteem for the Eight Beatitudes, zeal for perfection in each one's state, love of God and one's neighbor, contempt of the world, diligence in prayer and the use of the Sacraments, devotion to the Blessed Mother of God and to St. Joseph, the patron of a happy death.

Yet another sign of predestination given by many saints is devotion to the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. Unquestionably the best means of practising this devotion is to make use of the Missal. It abounds in such prayers as we have quoted,—prayers suited to every need of the soul. Its use strengthens faith, increases hope, deepens charity, and intensifies contrition. By the graces which such petitions must win, and the watchfulness which they can not fail to inspire, those who fear that they are not predestined can make themselves, nevertheless, sure of salvation.

Notes and Remarks.

One who had spent some time in China without having learned anything about Confucianism, the official cult of the Chinese, would probably be ashamed of any betrayal of his ignorance. Yet there are many learned men among us whose knowledge of the religion of Catholics, despite the number of its adherents and of the books in explanation of it, is hardly more extended than that of the "heathen Chinese." A distinguished American once amused and amazed a number of Catholics by asserting that he had seen an Ursuline nun saying Mass one afternoon in New Orleans. So eminent a scholar as Mr. Goldwin Smith gave conclusive proof, two or three years ago, that he had no idea what the dogma of the Immaculate Conception really meant. Sir Oliver Lodge in his new book, "Man and the Universe," betrays a like ignorance. Yet this eminent scientist has the hardihood to attack the dogmas of the Christian religion! He has become an ardent spiritualist; and, though he does not openly express the conviction, he evidently cherishes it, that spiritualism will be the cult of the future.

Judging from an extended review in the *Athenæum* (Nov. 28), Sir Oliver's book will neither enhance his reputation as a scientist nor win converts to spiritualism, the errors and dangers of which one need not be learned in order to understand. Says the reviewer:

Through all the different parts of his book runs like a thread the assertion of his belief in the so-called spiritualistic phenomena, and of the idea, more or less distinctly expressed, that we are living in "a period of religious awakening," when all the world is waiting eagerly for some announcement that shall heal the supposed breach between what Sir Oliver Lodge calls "orthodox religion" and "orthodox science." It may be greatly doubted whether the latter contention can be effectively maintained; and the examples of the late Sir George Stokes and Lord Kelvin, to say nothing of Continental scholars like M. Branly and the late Prof. Virchow, might be sufficient to assure

us that even "the average Fellow of the Royal Society," which is the expression Sir Oliver Lodge takes as the synonym of "the recognized official exponent of science," has sometimes been able to reconcile the profession of Christianity with active questioning of Nature, and without treading the middle way recommended by Sir Oliver Lodge. . . .

We think that Sir Oliver Lodge's friends and admirers—and their name is legion—can not but be sorry that he should have published this book. He has made himself a great name as a skilful experimenter and a lucid expounder in physical science; and has proved himself a brilliant and enthusiastic, if not always a very sound, mathematician; but even a well-deserved reputation in one branch of science does not enable its possessor to speak *ex cathedra* on others in which he is not expert. For the rest, as M. Lucien Poincaré has lately said, every age thinks its own scientific discoveries of far greater importance than they appear to the eyes of future generations; and the world is not waiting, as Sir Oliver appears to think, for a voice from Birmingham to tell it how it may manage—by taking something from and adding much to its creeds—to go on believing pretty nearly what it believed before. Nor, it may be added, when it does find itself in need of a new revelation, is it likely—at least in our view—to accept the message of spiritualism.

From the Advent pastoral of Bishop Hedley we quote the following passage, in exposition of the spiritual side of the holy state of marriage. It deserves the widest reading:

Marriage is not meant to provide a man with a housekeeper or a drudge, nor a woman with a breadwinner; neither is it intended for the mere gratification of passion or of personal love, nor even to form a home and bring up a family. Views and purposes of this kind may be more or less justifiable. But, over all and above all, a Christian's end and aim in marriage ought to be personal sanctification, the doing of the will of God, the eternal salvation of both the parties, and the bringing up of children in the fear and the love of God. The marriage contract differs materially from every other human contract. True, every promise and agreement made between Christians must be made in justice, in charity, and with reverence for God's law. But marriage is the most momentous of human contracts. It affects a man or a woman all through life, and in every hour of life. It calls for a constant self-restraint which can be obtained only through a special grace. It

demands a mutual love and affection, which must not depend upon mere feeling or attraction, but which must endure and be active even when Nature gives no help, when the fancies of youth have died out, and when the other side has perhaps grown to be faulty or unamiable.

Marriage requires that most difficult of all attainments—the repression of one's native selfishness, and the constant exercise of considerateness for others; for a married man or woman is not permitted to live for mere personal convenience or comfort, but is bound to study every day the well-being and the happiness of every member of the family. Moreover, the care and bringing up of children is a most weighty responsibility. If children, by the fault of their parents, grow up without faith or piety, in bad habits that lead to vice, and in a neglect that causes bodily or spiritual ruin, Almighty God holds those parents answerable, and their judgment will be heavy. So that marriage touches all the springs and depths of the spirit, and it is by their behavior in the married state that married persons will secure salvation or incur damnation.

At a time when our people have constantly before their eyes the example of imprudent marriages,—marriages of mere impulse,—marriages which are wrecked by temper, cruelty, dishonesty, and intemperance,—marriages which too easily result in quarrels, separation and divorce,—the necessity of such instruction as this becomes more and more urgent.

The retirement from public life of a famous English Catholic furnishes the *London Catholic Times* with the occasion for this graceful and grateful tribute:

Had Lord Ripon really been excluded from public life, as he is reported to have anticipated he would be when he became a Catholic, he need not and would not have led a useless or idle life. There would have been open to him the prospect of helping to build up again the structure of the Catholic Faith in his native land. Such a prospect contented many other men who worked gladly and efficiently for the great end. What they did will be fully known some day; and perhaps they did it all the better from being bound to do it as their only occupation. In public life Lord Ripon's works are known. What he has done for the Church may be fittingly touched upon at this time. He has always taken a great interest in education, and has

borne an active part in what is now called the Catholic Education Council. He is, and has long been, an energetic member of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul. Many Catholic bazaars has he opened, and many foundation-stones of schools formally laid. If the miserable prophecy of the *Times*, that his work as a politician was done when he became a Catholic, has been falsified, it is still remembered as a spiteful attempt to blight a career that has ever been in accord with the law, and allowed by the Catholic Relief Act. How some partisans interpret that Act we know. If it rested with them, the liberties it allows would have no effect whatever. Lord Ripon has broken down barriers of bigotry in public life. This is no small feat to his credit, and generations to come will owe him gratitude for the most laudable achievement.

Not all journalists, of course, will agree with the foregoing. There are still left, we presume, both in England and in England's colonial possessions, editors of the calibre of that Canadian scribe who wrote a few years ago that "Newman was no loss to the Church of England and no acquisition to the Church of Rome." Opinions of that kind, however, are interesting simply as patent evidence of cerebral derangement.

Introducing in the House of Commons a Bill to remove certain disabilities affecting the Catholic population, and to make certain alterations in the Accession Oath, Mr. William Redmond said, among other good things:

The object which I have in view is plain and clear. It is simply to place the Catholic people on terms of equality with people of other religious denominations. The Bill which I ask leave to introduce endeavors to secure this. The Catholics claim equality. They ask for no more, and will be satisfied with no less. There is not, I need hardly say, the faintest idea upon the part of the Catholics or their representatives of asking for anything whatever in the shape of favor, privilege, or advantage. It is equality, and simply equality, which the Catholic people ask for, and which they are, I am certain, in the opinion of every fair-minded man inside and outside of the House, entitled to have.

It might come as a surprise to many people in England to learn that Catholics do not enjoy equality with other denominations to-day. The popular belief is that the Emancipation Act of

1829 removed all the laws of which Catholics had reason to complain. As a matter of fact, the very Act of so-called Emancipation in 1829 contains provisions of the most offensive and insulting character toward the Catholic people.

The various statutes which it is sought by the present Bill to repeal will be found set forth in the Bill when it is printed before second reading. It is not, therefore, necessary for me to refer to all the objectionable statutes of which Catholics complain. I may mention, however, one or two. In the Catholic Relief Act of 1829 there are several sections of the most offensive character toward Catholics, and these it is proposed to repeal. Sections 26 to 38 provide frankly for the suppression of the religious Orders of the Catholic Church. Priests are forbidden, under heavy penalties, to exercise any rites or ceremonies of their religion, to wear the religious garb anywhere save in Catholic places of worship or private houses. Furthermore, it is frankly stated that the object of the sections of the Act of 1829 is to make provision for the gradual suppression, and final prohibition in the United Kingdom, of Jesuits and other Orders. Section 28 states: "Whereas Jesuits and members of other religious Orders, communities, and societies of the Church of Rome, bound by monastic and other vows, are resident within the United Kingdom, and it is expedient to make provision for the gradual suppression, and final prohibition, of the same therein. . . ."

Mr. Redmond's Bill, or an equivalent one, will, of course, become law. This is the twentieth century, and the House of Commons will certainly refuse to stultify itself by failing to repeal the obnoxious statutes.

This interesting summary of events commemorating the Holy Father's Jubilee is given by *Rome*:

Here are some of the manifestations of the Jubilee Year. Twenty of the cardinals who live out of the Curia have come to Rome to offer their congratulations to the Vicar of Christ; and the others, hindered by age or ill health, have sent their congratulations by letter; over four hundred patriarchs, archbishops, and bishops, from all parts of the Catholic world, have knelt before the Pope, often with hundreds of the members of their flock, testifying their affection and loyalty to his person; his Holiness has received in the Vatican one hundred and fifty pilgrimages and deputations, among which the English-speaking countries have been

magnificently represented; special embassies and missions, felicitating him on his Golden Jubilee, have been sent by the Emperor of Austria and the King of Hungary, the Emperor of Germany and the King of Prussia, the Czar of Russia, the King of Spain, the King of Portugal, the Queen of Holland, the King of Belgium, the Prince Regent of Bavaria, the King of Saxony, the Prince of Monaco, the Presidents of the Republics of Argentina, Brazil, Colombia, Chili, Peru, Costa Rica, and San Salvador; tens of thousands of Masses and Communions have been offered up for the Holy Father throughout Christendom; solemn services have been celebrated for him in many thousands of churches; public bodies have passed votes of esteem and congratulation; precious gifts have been sent to his Holiness by all ranks of society, from emperors to children in the schools; the Catholic people have increased their offerings of Peter's Pence for the occasion; and an immense number of vestments, chalices, and other objects necessary for the celebration of the Divine Sacrifice have been contributed for distribution among the poor churches of the world.

In the list of sovereigns or heads of States who sent to the Sovereign Pontiff their congratulations on the auspicious occasion, several are conspicuous by their absence, which by this time is probably most regretted by themselves.

Apropos of the so-called "Medieval attitude" of the German Emperor, evinced in his apparent belief that the reward or punishment of nations is a direct concern of Divine Providence, the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* remarks:

This may seem "Medieval" to the intellectual tendencies of the day, with their disposition to remove God very far away from daily life, and to make Him little more than a sort of vague and intangible Oversoul of the universe, and just a convenient expression for what is called "Natural Law" or "the Process of Evolution," or any other term of the sort of philosophy that, when asked for Ultimate Causes, answers, "We don't know and we can't know."

It may be noted, however, that this Cromwellian fibre of stern faith, to which the English-speaking peoples owe their liberties, and to which the United States of America owes its existence, is of the kind that moves mountains. The men who so believe are the men whose names mankind will not let die from memory,

and remember with reverence. The man who believes in his cause as the cause of God is the man who makes history.

As for the reward or punishment of nations, it must be remembered that, while the Last Judgment will mete out to individuals their full deserts, nations, as such, must be judged in this life. The glory and prosperity which congruously crown their virtue, or the obloquy and ruin which not less congruously follow their vice, must be given not in eternity but in time; and no Christian student of history can entertain a doubt that in this respect the wisdom of Divine Providence has been abundantly justified.

Read in the light of the latent zeal fanned into at least an ephemeral blaze by the recent Congress at Chicago, "The Need of American Priests for the Italian Missions" takes on an interest somewhat keener perhaps than would invest it in ordinary periods. The writer of a paper thus entitled in the *American Ecclesiastical Review* sums up in this wise the suggestions which he proffers:

1. Let us form guilds of persons who will interest themselves in Italian children. It would be easy to induce a number of ladies to assume the care of girls, and even of boys up to a certain age.
2. Enlist the services of Catholic societies, whose members will assist priests in caring for Italian boys and young men. Many talented young men in our Catholic societies will cheerfully spend an evening or two of the week in instructing and helping the Italian young men to get on in life under American conditions. Our Catholic societies will teach them real American patriotism and American loyalty to the Church.
3. Let some effort be made to interest our American sisterhoods in the Italian children of the country.
4. Let us awaken to the fact that the substantial work in this great movement is not to be done by the native Italian diocesan or regular priest, but by the diocesan and regular American priests who go to Italy, not for titles and honors, but to fit themselves for a harvest of souls in our own glorious country.
5. The best way to interest the majority of Italian adults, and to make them practical Catholics, who will attend Mass on Sundays and receive the Sacraments regularly, is to interest their children, making of them

intelligent, practical Catholics. We shall then have as an asset the children's missionary activity united to our own.

In connection with the fourth of these suggestions, it is interesting to note that the author of the paper, Father McNicholas, O. P., makes the statement that "the Provincial of the Dominicans of St. Joseph's Province approves of these suggestions and has determined to assign some religious who, by two years of preparation in Italy, will fit themselves for work among the Italians in this country." Many will agree that American priests trained in Italy for the specific work will most readily solve the problem of effectively preserving our Italian immigrants to the Church.

It appears that Baptist indignation at the suggested possibility of a Catholic's ever sitting in the White House has extended even as far as Biloxi, Mississippi. The Rev. W. A. Roper, Baptist preacher in that place, recently wrote to the official organ of his sect:

Our growth is slow down here. There are many things against us, chief among which is the predominating influence of Catholicism, which has ruled here for more than two centuries. Catholicism does not stand for the Bible, nor for personal responsibility, nor for moral living. Do as you please, only make your confession to the priests and look to them for salvation. It is but little removed from heathenism, and is less excusable; for it is sin against the light. The standard of morals is very low here, as is always the case with priest-ridden districts.

The maligned Catholics did not lynch Brother Roper, or even tar and feather him and ride him on a rail; they merely insisted on his going before a notary public and solemnly asseverating that of his own free will and accord he had signed the following apology:

To the People of Biloxi:—I, the undersigned, W. A. Roper, do hereby apologize to the Catholics in this community for the contents of my communication to the *Baptist Record* of Nov. 12, 1908; and do retract everything therein which reflects on the Catholic Church, the character

and morality of the priests and congregation, and on the community at large.

Brother Roper should now resign and take his departure from Biloxi,—the sooner the better. He has learned a lesson. He is not likely to repeat his offence, and there are some localities where it would hardly be judicious for him to do so.

R. C. Gleaner, of the *Catholic Columbian-Record*, quotes the Hon. W. F. Brennan, mayor of Xenia, Ohio, as saying:

Since I've been mayor, I have changed my mind about punishing the man who drinks; and I think that the generally accepted idea of giving him a fine, accompanied by a work-house sentence, is wrong. As a usual thing, the man who comes up before me for drunkenness has a good heart; and after I point out to him the error of his ways, and show him what his failing is leading to, he wants a chance to do better; and I give him that chance, regardless of what any one may think of my course.

Good! The transgressor who is sincerely desirous of a chance ought to get it every time, though it may be long before he is brought to a thorough realization of the error of his ways. Mayor Brennan apprehends a great truth—namely, that justice which is not tempered with mercy is rather injustice. One can not be just without being generous. Too rigid enforcement of law may have the effect of actually increasing crime, as it unquestionably does of hardening criminals. It is no surprise to learn from R. C. Gleaner that Mr. Brennan is a Catholic, and that he felicitates himself on having been grounded in the Catechism.

The Census revelations as to the decidedly alarming increase of divorce in this country have naturally awakened widespread interest even in circles not usually concerned in national dangers. The Census declaration that one marriage in twelve in the United States is a failure is supplemented by Cardinal Gibbons' statement that, as divorces among Catholics form a negligible quantity, the proportion is in reality one in ten.



A Little Child Before the Tabernacle.

BY EMILY HICKEY.

SWEETEST Jesus, kind and dear,

For my sake abiding here,
Not in glory bright and great,
But in poor and mean estate;
Look on me, who kneel before
This Your little curtained door.
Through that door, if I could see,
You would look like bread to me;
But Yourself is there, I know;
For Yourself has told me so,
Humbly here I kneel and pray:
Help me, Jesus, day by day,
Till the time when I shall see
You in all Your majesty.

Help me, Jesus, to refrain
From all naughty words and vain,
And from every naughty deed
Like the things that made You bleed.
By the wounding of Your side,
Keep me from the sin of pride;
By the wounding of Your hands,
Break the power of Satan's bands;
By the wounding of Your feet,
Teach me Your obedience sweet.

Bless my dear ones, dearest Lord,
In their thought and deed and word;
Bless, dear Jesus, every one—
Jesus sweet, my time is done.
Now good-bye! And yet I know
How Your love will with me go,
Though within the church You stay
All the night and all the day.

OUR familiar "a red letter day"—a day of special good fortune and happiness—refers to the custom, adopted by the old-time monks, of printing the great feasts and saints' days in red ink.

The Robber's Statue at Lubeck.

BY J. F. HURST.



ANY years ago, there lived a celebrated merchant in the old city of Lubeck. His ships sailed upon all seas, and brought rich goods to him from many foreign countries. He had a splendid house and a beautiful garden in the most attractive part of the city. In short, this man had, in the opinion of the world, everything that his heart could desire. Whenever he drove about in his splendid coach, he was drawn by a span of white horses; two richly clad servants rode behind, and two drivers in front. He was a member of the city council, honored and respected by everybody.

Yet the rich merchant of Lubeck had something that tried him sorely. His business had been going on from year to year with increasing prosperity, and his fellow-citizens reposed implicit confidence in him. Many had even placed their money in his hands, that he might invest it for them; and he had always acted honorably. Recently, however, he had bought many thousand dollars' worth of costly goods in Leipsic, and had sent them in his own ships to India; but by the time that the next Fair came, he must pay for them all. Strange to say, none of the ships returned promptly, and he waited day after day for some news of them. He had really not been very wise in the matter; for he had made too great an investment at once, not thinking that some great accident might befall the cargoes that he had sent abroad.

As time passed and he heard nothing about his ships, his mind was filled with fear lest they were lost. "Could not a

storm, which destroys so many splendid cargoes, have destroyed my vessels?" he soliloquized. "Could not a fire, which breaks out so frequently, have also been the ruin of these ships and their precious freight? Is it not possible that the men have risen against the captains, and taken the property themselves?"

All this delay was a terrible blow to him. The rich food and rare wines that he saw upon his table day after day did not taste well, and he could not partake of them. At night, sleep did not visit his eyes, and he tossed about in agony. He knew that if the ships did not come before the Autumn Fair in Leipsic, he would be a ruined man. His reputation would be gone, his dear ones would be impoverished, and the families that had trusted their money to him would also become penniless. As for himself, he would have to go to the debtors' prison, or take a beggar's staff in hand.

He went every morning down to the harbor to watch the ships come in. One after another sailed proudly into port, but none belonged to him; and, though he inquired of the captains of the newly arrived vessels, he received no news to comfort him. Not one of them had seen his ships anywhere. So the merchant always went back to his house with a heavier heart than when he had left it.

One day, in the sorrow of his heart, he entered St. Mary's Church at Lubeck. There was the altar where the sacraments were administered, and the weary and heavy-laden were refreshed. There stood the pulpit, where words of comfort and grace were preached. There hung the image of our crucified Redeemer, who had brought peace and salvation to countless hearts. Oh, if there had been a spark of faith and piety in that poor man's soul, he would have bowed his knees, lifted up his hands in prayer, and asked God for comfort and guidance! And he would certainly have found that holy peace which preserves our hearts and guards us against evil. But he was

in despair, and looked around restlessly, scarcely knowing what he was about.

At last the merchant's eyes fell upon an iron chest standing near the altar. It contained the money offerings that had been given by the congregation for the poor for many months. It was opened by the trustees only once a year, and it was now almost time for this to be done. The good people of Lubeck have always had the name of being very benevolent; and no person departs from the church without leaving some gift for the poor and the sick. Hence the money-chest in St. Mary's Church, as well as in other churches, was well filled with gold. Every child in the city knew this, and so did the unhappy merchant.

Now, why did his eyes look so staringly and wildly at that iron chest? Why could he not turn away from it? Why did his heart beat so hurriedly? Why did his face change so suddenly from red to white, and from white to red again? A fearful thought had passed through his soul, just as once through the heart of Judas when he was about to betray his Master for thirty pieces of silver. The merchant had lately given one splendid feast after another in order to drown his care, and to conceal from his fellow-citizens the threatened collapse of his business and the disgrace of his family. Hence his ready funds had become almost exhausted. If he had been asked then for a hundred dollars, it would have been utterly impossible for him to give it, though he could easily borrow a much larger sum.

He now asked himself, "How can I prevent the ruin of my business and of my family?" In answer to this question, he kept looking at this money-chest, which he knew to be almost filled. The tempter said to his soul: "If you only had the money that is there, you would be relieved until some of your ships arrive. Help yourself to it. There will be plenty of time to restore it."

At first the merchant was terrified at

this awful thought. He revolted against the dreadful crime which would stain his hand and his fair name. Oh, if he had only then prayed, "Lead us not into temptation," he would have been spared! But the tempter enchanted him with his flattering voice, saying: "The money belongs, of course, to the poor. But are you not also poor—indeed, one of the poorest men in Lubeck? You would be helped out of your need and despair. This would not be stealing: you would be only borrowing the money. Who knows but that to-morrow or the day after a number of your ships will be home again, and you will be richer than ever? Then you can return the money with tenfold interest. Nobody will know or ever hear of what you have done. Do not be a fool. Help yourself now, if you want to avoid ruin."

Such were the thoughts that Satan was putting into this man's heart. He fought against them for some time, but at last the enemy triumphed. The merchant hastened to his home, and began to collect all the keys that he could find. He took one after another, then a pair of pincers, and then a little hammer and chisel. He packed them all up in a small parcel, so that he could slip back again into the church with the parcel under his coat. Here he hid himself in a dark corner, and waited until night. He heard the old town clock strike hour after hour; and at last, at one o'clock in the morning, he set about his task. He soon found a key that fitted the box. He lifted the lid, and his heart rejoiced at the sight of the gold and silver which shone brightly in the light of his little hand-lantern. He whispered: "I will not take you, but only borrow you for a while."

With this thought the unhappy man stifled the warning voice of his awakened conscience. He emptied the contents of the chest into his pockets and into a bag which he had brought for the purpose; then slipped through a little side door,

which the sexton was in the habit of using, and which the merchant could easily open by the aid of a key that he had brought with him. In a quarter of an hour he was back to his house again; and he now rejoiced that he could pay one debt after another that had been accumulating of late. At any rate, he felt sure that he would have money enough to help him till some good news should come. But still, in the midst of these comforting thoughts, there was something beginning to gnaw at his conscience,—the worm that never dies, the fire that can not be quenched. "You are a thief, a church-robber!" said the voice that gave him no peace whatever. Nowhere could he hide himself from his awakened conscience. Nowhere could his spirit find rest.

The next morning the sexton found open the little door through which the merchant had passed; for the latter, in his hurry and fright, had forgotten to close it. But the sexton never once thought of a thief, and accused himself of having been very negligent. He looked around the church, and felt satisfied that nobody had entered it before himself. He went to the iron money-chest, and found that it was locked. So he gave himself no further trouble about the matter.

One day, some weeks later, the unhappy merchant was sitting in his private room almost in despair, when his chief clerk ran in to where he was, with joy beaming from every feature. He brought him news that three of his long-expected vessels had just returned to port, laden with cargoes of immense value. The merchant, who had almost given up hope of such good fortune, scarcely believed his ears when he received the joyful message.

He snatched up his hat and hastened down to the dock. True enough: there were his splendid ships riding at anchor near the pier. His heart rejoiced with unspeakable joy. He now imagined that there was a splendid future in store for

him. The rich wares were taken from the vessels, and merchants came quickly to purchase them. The exhausted treasury was refilled, and again this merchant was the wealthiest man in the city of Lubeck.

But, with all this good fortune, the merchant could not forget the awful crime that he had perpetrated in the church that night. He called four strong, trusty citizens, and paid out to them a sum of money ten times as large as that he had taken from the poor chest in St. Mary's Church. He had this great sum of money put into a bag, and the four men carried it on their shoulders through the streets to St. Mary's Church, the merchant himself going with them. The people were astonished at such a sight, and soon a multitude followed these five persons to their destination. The men bore their burden into the church, and set it down beside the money-chest. The people came in with them, and soon every part of the church was filled. When the men had discharged the contents of the bag into the box—that is, as much as the chest would hold,—and it had been securely locked, the merchant, accompanied by the men, went homeward. On his way the people followed him with loud cheers, thanking him and lauding him to the skies for his kindness to the poor and suffering.

But the louder the people cheered him, the louder the voice of his conscience spoke within him: "You are a thief,—a thief of the poor!" This voice persisted by day and by night, and he knew no peace. His agony became greater than it had ever been, and finally he found himself prostrated upon a bed of sickness. Week after week passed by, and there was no relief for his sorrow. In his moments of delirium he related what he had done. His wife, who was also his devoted nurse, was terribly frightened at such a confession; for she had had no idea of the awful crime her husband had committed.

As he continued to grow worse, he sent for the pastor of St. Mary's Church, and told him that he had been a great sinner. He related to him the crime that had caused this awful agony. The priest advised him to repent, and spoke to him of the mercy and goodness of God. His words fell like the dew of heaven upon the poor man's troubled soul. He made his confession, promising to make a public confession also, if his life should be spared. His life *was* spared, and at last he was well again.

One day, as the great council of Lubeck was convened in solemn session in the large chamber of the city hall, the merchant entered the door to take his place. The members of the council all arose when he appeared, saluted him, and accompanied him to his seat. The mayor congratulated him on his good fortune and restored health. But the merchant could only bow in acknowledgment. When silence was restored, and each had taken his place, he stood up, and, in a penitent voice, spoke as follows:

"Gentlemen of the council, I beg you to hear the confession of a great offender. When you have heard it all, then throw me into prison, and pronounce judgment upon me, and I will willingly suffer it."

He then related the crime just as it happened. He spoke of his need and despair, and acknowledged his sin in not trusting in God and expecting His help. He portrayed the temptation which came upon him in that awful hour, the struggle through which he passed, and how he yielded at last. He confessed the agony and remorse that he had experienced ever since, and how he had paid back tenfold the money which he had stolen. He closed with these words: "I desire nothing further than that a strict and impartial judgment shall be pronounced upon me. If it should be thought best, I will even lay my head beneath the executioner's axe. I am willing to lose my life, if only my soul can be saved."

The gentlemen of the council were

astounded at this revelation. The merchant was the last man whom they would have thought capable of such a crime. The whole city was soon in a state of excitement, and the population was almost unanimous in declaring that a man who had done so much for the poor, and who had so freely confessed his sin, should be granted pardon, and permitted to enjoy all his former rights and privileges. The different societies of the city invoked the council for pardon for him; and even the children in the streets formed processions in his behalf.

The council took into consideration the deep penitence of the culprit, and thus decided: "The merchant shall have a marble statue carved, and placed near the money-chest in St. Mary's Church. It must represent a thief in the act of robbing the poor chest. This will be an atonement for the deed, and a continual warning against similar crimes."

The merchant was then brought to the council chamber, and his sentence read to him. As he heard it, he folded his hands and prayed in silence. He then thanked the members for the mercy that had been shown to him, and left the hall. The people met him at the door, and accompanied him to his house, shouting for joy at his deliverance. He immediately ordered the most skilful sculptor of the city to come to his residence, and told him that he must execute the statue in the best possible manner, quite regardless of expense. The sculptor went to work at once.

The merchant positively refused to take his place in the council. And even when he was re-elected, and the members of the cabinet unanimously invited him to resume his old place, he said: "Never again can I be worthy of such an honor. Never can I take my seat there again. Every judgment that I should pronounce on others would be a witness against myself. Silence and retirement are more becoming to me now. I thank you very sincerely for your kindness and charity. But my mind is made up; and, with

the help of God, my resolution shall remain unbroken."

In a few months, the statue was finished; and on the day that it was to be placed in position, the merchant, weeping bitter tears, stood by it, and said to the assembled multitude:

"Never forget to pray every day, 'Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from all evil.'"

I do not know whether the stone image is still standing in St. Mary's Church at Lubeck; for all this happened a great many years ago. The name of the rich merchant has long since passed away and been forgotten. His bones have become dust, and very likely the image has disappeared. But the story admonishes us to take new heed to Our Lord's warning: "Watch and pray that ye enter not into temptation."

The Antiquity of the Microscope.

The microscope was known to the ancients, the magnifying power of a transparent substance with convex surfaces having been discovered at a very early date. When excavating among the ruins of the Palace of Nimrod, the scientist Layard found a lens of rock crystal almost as perfect as those made to-day. After the invention of glass, hollow spheres of that substance were used as magnifiers. The perfection with which ancient gems were cut testifies to the fact that excellent microscopes were used by the oldtime lapidaries.

About Plants.

Some plants are starch factories, as, for instance, the potato; some are medicine factories, examples of which are camphor, opium, and castor-oil; other plants are gum factories, as India-rubber; others are perfume factories; and still others are color-makers, not for themselves only, but for man's use.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Mr. B. Herder brings out in pamphlet form "May Women Sing in Our Church Choirs?" an interesting paper contributed to the *Catholic Fortnightly Review* by the Rev. Ludwig Bonvin, S. J.

—Among publications recently received from the London Catholic Truth Society we note: "Holy Mass," by Mother Loyola; "Our Faith," by Cecil Lylburn; and "The Divine Liturgy of our Father among the Saints, John Chrysostom," done into English by Adrian Fortescue. The last-mentioned is exceptionally interesting.

—"A Mohawk Maiden," by Alice Howarth (London Catholic Truth Society), is an interesting biographical sketch of Kateri Tekakwitha, a petition for whose canonization has been forwarded to the Holy Father. She was born near the site of Auriesville, New York, in 1656, and died at the village of Sault St. Louis, Quebec, in 1680.

—In a neat pamphlet of one hundred and twenty pages, the Rev. J. J. Pike gives a "History of St. Charles' Church and Centenary of the Congregation." Father Pike is pastor of the church in question, which is situated at St. Mary, near Lebanon, Kentucky. While for the most part the brochure is of local rather than general interest, the story of the early days in Kentucky is not without a charm for the historical student.

—The centennial number of the *Mountaineer*, the monthly publication of Mt. St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg, Maryland, is a substantial brochure of one hundred and sixty pages, copiously illustrated. A casual examination of its contents—sermons, addresses, toasts, poems, etc.,—convinces one that the recent celebration at "The Mountain" must have been notably successful and gratifying. This issue of the *Mountaineer* constitutes a fine souvenir of the joyous occasion.

—Like all of Mr. and Mrs. Castle's novels, "Wroth" is uncommonplace in plot, vivid in style, and distinguished by skillful character-drawing. The hero of it is an English nobleman of the Georgian period; the heroine, an Italian countess, with whom he falls in love on their first meeting. After a somewhat theatrical scene in the desecrated precincts of Hurley Abbey, the story gains force and impetus at every page. Only at the very end is the reader's attention relieved. The improbability of some of the incidents is then realized. These pages are full of portraits, among the best of which

are Bertram and Panton. There is a certain moral in the book, which we take to be the recuperative and redemptive power of pure affection. The foreword and epilogue both have fine touches. The warmest admirers of "Wroth" could not call it great, but it is distinctly superior to most novels. The Macmillan Company.

—We have received two bulletins of Catholic Educational Associations,—one, a pamphlet of a hundred pages dealing with the diocesan association of Helena; the other, a paper-covered volume of 480 pp., containing a report of the fifth annual meeting of the national association, at Cincinnati, in July last. Both are full of excellent material, well worth reading and digesting.

—"Er Soll Dein Herr Sein," by Paul Heyse, edited by M. H. Haertel, and "Fritz auf Ferien," by Hans Arnold, edited by M. Thomas, are among late editions to the American Book Co.'s Modern Language Series. Both stories hold interest for the young student; and teachers will find vocabulary, notes, and suggested composition exercises all that could be desired. The mischievous humor of Arnold's story will please the younger set, while the more advanced will enjoy the touch of satire in Heyse's narrative.

—"Bible Studies," by the Rev. John Mullaney, L.L. D., is a collection of interesting biographical essays, contributed originally to *Mosher's Magazine* and the *Sunday Companion*. The book deals with ten characters or personages from the Old Testament, and fifteen from the New. An excellent volume for general reading, and a timely one as well in an age when excessive criticism of the Bible among scholars is offset by increasing ignorance of the Bible among the masses. In his preface to the work, the author acknowledges the assistance he has received from several sources, among others Père Didon's Life of Christ. We would suggest that in revising the essays for a second edition, another Life of Christ, that of Mgr. Le Camus, may be advantageously consulted. The volume is attractively produced by the Mason-Henry Press, Syracuse, N. Y.

—Some new publications of Fr. Pustet & Co. call for special recommendation to organists, directors and members of choirs, etc., there being an urgent and general demand for just such books. "Hymns for the Ecclesiastical Year," by Alphonsus Dress, is an excellent collection

of hymns, sufficiently large to meet ordinary requirements. The harmonization is altogether pleasing and so simple as to present no difficulties for even moderately accomplished organists. In an appendix will be found the *Pange Lingua*, *Veni Creator*, *Salve Mater*, *Miserere*, *Laudate Dominum*, and Responses for Mass. The organ score for this manual leaves nothing to be desired on the part of the organist. It is a perfect production, showing taste and care in every detail. The same praise is merited by the *Graduale Romanum*, in Gregorian notation (*Editio Ratisbonensis juxta Vaticanam*), to which the latest feasts have been added. It would be difficult to suggest the slightest improvement in this work, which is as conveniently indexed as a missal, and even supplied with silk markers. Only experts will be able to appreciate the trouble and expense involved in the production of such a volume. The usefulness of a fourth book, "*Cantus Missalis Romani juxta Editionem Vaticanam*," is not plain to us, Ratisbon missals are all so complete; however, there must be a demand somewhere for such a work. As for the externals of all these publications, the name of Fr. Pustet & Co. is a sufficient guarantee of excellence. Paper, type, printing and binding will satisfy everyone. The wonder is that books costing so much to produce can be sold at the low price asked for them.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' price generally includes postage.

"The Story of St. Francis of Assisi." M. Alice Heins. 75 cts., net.

"The Veneration of St. Agnes, V. M." Rev. T. Shearman, C. SS. R. 45 cts., net.

"Ideals of Charity." Virginia M. Crawford. 75 cts.

"Gabriel Garcia Moreno." Hon. Mrs. Maxwell Scott. 86 cts.

"Helladian Vistas." Don Daniel Quinn, Ph. D. 55.

den Up-to-Date." Genevieve Irons.

"Auriel Selwode." Emily Bowles. \$1.60.

"The Missions and Missionaries of California." Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O. F. M. Vol. I. Lower California. \$2.75.

"Of the Imitation of Christ." Thomas à Kempis. Translated and Annotated by Father Thaddeus, O. F. M. \$2.

"The Shadow of Eversleigh." Jane Lansdowne. \$1.25.

"The Letters of Jennie Allen." Grace Donworth. \$1.50.

"The Lord's Prayer and the Hail Mary." Stephen Beissel, S. J. 90 cts., net.

"A Manual of Bible History." Vol. II. Charles Hart, B. A. 75 cts.

"A History of the Holy Eucharist in Great Britain." Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C. SS. R. Edited by the Rev. H. Thurston, S. J. \$7.

"Sermon Composition." Rev. George Hitchcock, S. J. 75 cts., net.

"The See of Peter and the Voice of Authority." Rev. Thomas Dolan. 60 cts.

"Lourdes: A History of Its Apparitions and Cures." Georges Bertrin. \$2, net.

"Dear Friends." D. Ella Nirdlinger. 60 cts.

"A Conversion and a Vocation." \$1.25.

"The Queen's Daughter." Joseph J. Wynne. \$1.

"History of the German People at the Close of the Middle Ages." Johannes Janssen. Vols. X. and XI. \$6.25, net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Henry Chastel, of the archdiocese of New Orleans; Rev. E. P. Lorgan, diocese of Seattle; and Rev. John O'Keefe, archdiocese of Boston.

Brother Andrew, C. S. C.

Sister M. Conception and Sister M. Alexis, of the Order of the Presentation; and Sister M. Clement, Sisters of Charity, I. C.

Mr. S. K. Burd, Mr. Joseph Jones, Miss Margaret Leary, Mr. Xavier Wolfe, Miss Abbie McLaughlin, Mr. Nicholas Benziger, Sr., Mr. B. A. Cusack, Mr. F. M. Rose, Mr. John Lee, Mrs. Ellen O'Brien, Mrs. Marion E. Holmes, Mr. Dennis and Miss Lehane, Mr. Donald McDonald, Miss Marie La Blanche, Mr. John A. Welch, Miss Mildred Meader, Mrs. M. A. Sullivan, Mr. Henry Kauffman, Mrs. Mary McLaughlin, Mr. Arthur Smith, Miss Mary Loutzenheiser, Mr. Anthony F. Keating, and Mr. Charles Stocker.

Requiescant in pace!

26. 1

Spring Lake, Michigan

BY ORDER OF THE BOARD OF
TRUSTEES

No. _____



ADORATION OF THE CHRIST CHILD.
(F. RAIBOLINI.)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LXVII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, DECEMBER 26, 1908.

NO. 26.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C. S. C.]

The Announcement of Christ's Nativity.

FROM THE ROMAN MARTYROLOGY.

IN the year from the creation of the world, when in the beginning God created heaven and earth, five thousand one hundred and ninety-nine; from the flood of Noe, two thousand nine hundred and fifty-seven; from the nativity of Abraham, two thousand and fifteen; from Moses, and the coming forth of the people of Israel out of Egypt, one thousand five hundred and ten; from the anointing of David, king, one thousand and thirty-two; in the sixty-fifth week according to the prophecy of Daniel; in the one hundred and ninety-fourth Olympiad; in the year from the building of the city of Rome, seven hundred and fifty two; in the two-and-fortieth year of the empire of Octavian Augustus, when the whole world was in peace, in the sixth age thereof, JESUS CHRIST, eternal God, and Son of the eternal Father, intending to sanctify the world with His most blessed Presence, having been conceived of the Holy Ghost, and nine months being past after his conception, is made man, born in Bethlehem, Judæa, of the Virgin Mary. The Nativity of our LORD JESUS CHRIST, according to the flesh.

The same day, . . . at Nicomedia, the passion of many thousand martyrs, who when upon the day of Our Lord's Nativity they were assembled together in the church to hear Mass, Dioclesian the emperor commanded the church doors to be shut, and a fire to be made round about it, as also a vessel with incense to be placed before the doors, and the common crier to proclaim with a loud voice that such as would escape burning, should go forth and offer incense to Jupiter; and when they all with one voice answered that they would rather and more willingly die for Christ, the fire being kindled, they were all burned, and deserved to be born in heaven the same day that Christ vouchsafed to be born on earth for the salvation of the world.



The Closed Door.

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE.

'TWAS Mary at the gate
 Who tremblingly did wait
 (Our Lady without sin),
 Before the shining inn,
 And begged, in anguish sore,
 That Love might ope the door.
 O Mary, it was thou
 (Would we might hear thee now!)
 Who pleaded, soft and mild,
 For Him, thine unborn Child;
 Who asked a shelter brief
 In hours of joy and grief.
 Let me believe thy word,
 O Mary, was not heard!
 Let me feel through the years
 They did not see thy tears;
 Else now my heart would break,
 Mary, for thy dear sake.
 If lock and seal were set,
 Let me such deeds forget;
 Only let me recall
 Thy voice was meant for all,
 And that each Christmastide
 My heart shall open wide.

A String of Pearls.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

A YEAR ago, August and Lotte had been an engaged couple, with at last—at long last—their marriage-day in prospect. They had been so long engaged that it seemed a strange and wonderful thing to think of being married.

August would have given up in despair long ago, would have settled down to a miserable life of teaching the piano to young ladies in schools for a miserable pittance, if Lotte had not been at his elbow to inspire and uplift him.

"Ah, that is good!" she would say, all

her soft face ashine as she listened to his music. "That is good! There must be some to have ears for such music. Courage, August! The day will come for thee and me. Such a musician as thou art, my August, can not remain hidden and in obscurity. Thou wilt come to thine own one day, and soon."

A year ago they had married, because a very small prosperity had come to them. August had had two or three songs accepted,—not of his best; and Lotte had unexpectedly come upon an old friend, a professor of the Academy of Music, under whom she had worked a year or two at the violin. He had procured her some engagements to play at concerts and private houses. On the strength of the achievement and the hope, they married.

They had married just before Advent. A few weeks later, both being freer than usual because of the closing of schools, they took a walk through the glittering streets to see the Christmas shops. They were exquisitely happy being together; and they had found out that there were so many delightful treats to be enjoyed in London for very little money, or no money at all. They had, indeed, known that for a long time; but it was another matter when, after a concert or a picture-gallery, or a walk in the Park or down Regent Street, they had to go their separate ways, instead of going home together.

It was exquisite, Lotte thought, pressing August's arm against her side, to be going home, after the sight-seeing and the engagements, together to the little room and the little fire and the little meal, over which there would be such happy laughter, each insisting upon the other's sitting still and being waited on, till the dispute should end in the two preparing and serving the meal, and washing up the dishes afterward.

Well, on that far-away, exquisite afternoon of December, with the light haze in the air, and the touch of scarlet in the smoky sky above the high houses, and all

the electric lights sparkling like so many jewels, and the happy, present-giving people skurrying from shop to shop, a wonderful thing had happened.

August had pulled up in front of a jeweller's window.

"Thou art to have a Christmas present, Lotte," he said, "for which I shall pay the sum of two whole pounds. Ask me not if I can spare it. I have it here"—he slapped his pocket proudly,—“and it is for thy present. Not for anything useful nor prudent, little Lotte. A present thou shalt have, so seek not to turn me from my purpose.”

All in a happy tremor, Lotte scanned the glittering windows. She had always been prudent, always tried to look at every penny before spending it; but the recklessness was only the sweeter because of that. It was good for once to be reckless; and August—her dear August, her handsome, gifted husband and lover—was laughing like a boy as they scanned the beautiful things in the shop window, playing at being rich people, and considering whether a diamond and sapphire bracelet or a diamond and emerald tiara would be more suitable to Lotte's needs and desires.

At last they went in without having decided upon anything. The shop was in two parts,—one with barred windows, behind which the precious things blazed in their cases; the other showing only pretty, trumpery things, which Lotte thought every whit as lovely as the others. August and Lotte went into the cheap part, which was crowded with customers, two and three deep in front of the counter, and the tired-looking, hurry-skurrying assistants.

In time August got some one to attend to him,—a bewildered-looking, freckled youth, plainly put on for the Christmas pressure. He set before them tray after tray of brooches and rings and such things, all so pretty that Lotte found it more and more difficult to choose.

Suddenly August caught sight of some-

thing in a case on the shelf behind the assistant,—a pearl necklace which seemed to shine with a soft moving light in the obscurity. Of course it was imitation, but how excellently done! He pointed it out to the assistant, who took it up in a tired way and dropped it into his hand. He and Lotte bent their heads over it. The setting was beautiful. August was a person of taste and he recognized the beauty. To be sure they were copying all the old wonderful settings and designs now for the imitation jewellery.

"What price?" he asked.

The assistant took it back, found no tab appended, and turned hastily to a whole row of pearl necklaces for comparison.

"Thirty-five shillings," he said.

So there would be a whole five shillings over for some fruit and a bottle of white wine to grace the little supper.

August did not care for imitations. He had meant Lotte to have a genuine thing, even if it were small. Still the necklace was lovely. He glanced at Lotte's white neck showing above the fur jacket. The necklace would look lovely on it.

He bought and paid for the necklace, and took it away in its shabby old case, he and Lotte in the seventh heaven of delight.

A year ago! And Christmas was again upon them. But how sadly things were changed! August was ill, very ill, every day growing thinner and paler before Lotte's terrified eyes. Ill clad, ill fed, he had taken a chill at the beginning of the winter, and had not been able to shake it off. The fogs were particularly heavy and black that Christmas—so different from the last happy one,—and they got into August's throat and chest, half strangling him.

"If you could only get him away!" said the overworked young doctor. "It is madness to keep him here. He is a big, strong fellow naturally, but he has run down hill at a pace. It would be life to him."

It would be life! And the utmost Lotte

was able to do was to keep a fire going day and night, and, by incessant pinching and contriving, to procure a little nourishment for August, from which he would turn away with a groan, knowing that Lotte pinched herself in order to feed him. And there was something Lotte had not dared to tell August. She wept when his eyes were not upon her, and prayed incessantly to the good God; and, meantime, her eyes grew bigger and bigger, and her soft cheeks showed hollow places. She did not dare think of the future. And—August's life might be saved by a few of those pounds the rich people were squandering in the great city every hour of the Christmas-time.

Well, Lotte would keep up her heart for August's sake. With one of the few shillings, she bought a little Christmas Tree, and decked it with the tinsel and colored things saved over from last Christmas. She dressed it up one afternoon in August's room, while he lay in bed and smiled at her weakly.

"I do not know what our gifts will be yet," she said, nodding her head at him with a pathetic pretence of gaiety. "But they will come, August,—surely they will come."

She was to play the violin that night at a big party in a West End square. She hated to go out and leave August; but there were a few guineas, and they would tide them over Christmas. It was a great thing that somebody's birthday should have fallen at such a slack time, and been celebrated by a dinner party and At Home. But for these few guineas Lotte did not know how she would have got over the Christmas. She fervently thanked the good God for the engagement.

She put on her little shabby black evening dress. She clasped the pearls about her neck, standing before the glass.

"How they become thee, little one!" August said. "They are wonderfully pretty, seeing that they are only imitation. It is well thou canst keep them, seeing they have no value."

Lotte smiled at him, although her eyes were bright with tears. She was thinking how different it had been last year. How strong and well her August, her bridegroom, had been! And now! His life depended on something she could not give him, although she would have given her own life for it.

The pain and the trouble seemed to have got into the violin, which was a good old instrument. It might come to selling that to procure August the things he wanted. But the violin was what they lived by; with a cheap violin, Lotte's engagements would dwindle and cease.

She played beautifully, with a poignant sweetness. Her thoughts were full of sorrow. The violin sobbed and cried, like a heart in suffering because it can not avert trouble and death from those it loves. The audience was moved,—some of it too deeply to join in the conventional applause. One or two came up to thank Lotte for the pleasure she had given them. And Lotte was pleased. She would have something to tell August when she returned home.

While she put her violin into its case in a little anteroom, from which she could see the gleaming supper table covered with all the out-of-season delicacies, and was wishing she could have carried home some of the things to tempt August's sick appetite, a little old gentleman with a hooked nose stood beside her.

"Allow me to congratulate you," he said, with a little snuffle, "on your—"

Lotte expected him to say "playing," but the word was "pearls."

"My pearls!" she said, in amazement.

"There was nothing like them in the room," he went on. "I know—I know all about pearls. They are unique."

Lotte stared at him. Was he joking? But no: his look and manner forbade the idea.

"Indeed, sir, you are mistaken," she said. "My pearls have no value. They are not real."

"Not real! No value!" he repeated,

in a shriek. "My dear lady, I will give you for them six thousand pounds." He lowered his voice as he made the offer, and glanced about him anxiously; but there was no one within earshot.

Lotte was frightened. She thought the old gentleman must be a bit mad. She began to move toward the door, with her violin held between him and her.

"I will give you six thousand pounds," he went on, growing more and more eager. "Will not that content you? Well, then, I shall make it seven. It is as much as they are worth. Here is my card."

He forced a card into her hand.

"I must ask my husband," she said, more to pacify him than anything else.

"Ah, yes, the husband! He will consent. When shall I know? To-morrow?"

"I will let you know to-morrow," Lotte answered.

She was getting into her cab by this time, and the importunate man had followed her to the cab door.

"Your address?" he shouted, as the cab began to move.

But Lotte was glad the cabman had whipped up his horse. She was quite glad to get away from the madman who offered her seven thousand pounds for a string of mock pearls.

She had the card still in her hand when she came in on August, whose face brightened at sight of her.

"Thou hast been long, sweetheart!" he said. "And I have wearied for thee."

"And thy fire is low and the fog is in the room," she replied, kneeling down to replenish the fire.

While she ate her bread and cheese by his bedside, she told him of the madman who had offered her seven thousand pounds for the pearls. He listened with languid interest till she picked up the card which had fallen on the floor, and read out the name and address. Then he looked startled.

"Why, Lotte," he said, "he is one of the richest Jews in London, and his Park Lane house is filled with beautiful things.

Supposing — supposing — he were right about the pearls?"

Lotte uttered a little cry. She saw August strong and well again; she saw prosperity and comfort and freedom from carking cares, and it was like a mirage in the desert. Suddenly her face fell.

"Then, to be sure," she said, "we should not really own the pearls at all. It would be some one's mistake."

"Thou shalt take them back, Lotte. To-morrow thou shalt take them back to the shop, and tell them what has happened. It is strange if the Jew is mistaken."

"And at least they will give me back what we paid for the pearls," Lotte said. "Sometime thou wilt give me another string, August,—perhaps real ones; who knows?"

The next morning after breakfast Lotte put on her little fur jacket and cap and went off to the West End. Fortunately, the fog had drifted away, and the streets were quite bright. Lotte had the case inside her muff. She hurried on as well as she could for the crowded streets. She did not dare glance into the shop windows, there were so many things she would have wanted for August. When she was coming back, she might perhaps be able to get him some little delicacy, if the people at the shop should take back the pearl necklace and return her the price paid for it.

August had told her what to do. She was to march into the shop boldly, and ask to see one of the principals, and tell her tale, and hand him back the pearls.

"They may treat thee as a madwoman, Lottchen," he said. "I wish I could go in thy place. Yet tell them the name of him who said he would give thee seven thousand pounds for the necklace. If the story should be true—"

"O August, if it should be true!" she repeated. "Seven thousand pounds! Think what that would mean to thee and me!"

"If it is worth so much, it is not worth it to us. It is worth to us just thirty-five shillings. We are honest folk, thou and I,

Lottchen. Come back soon, dear one!"

There were as many *pourparlers* before Lotte gained admittance to the comfortable room where "Mr. Arthur" sat by a huge fire, leisurely smoking a cigar, as though he were a royal personage. There was quite time enough for Lotte to feel that if she had come on a fool's errand it would be an unpardonable matter to have insisted on seeing "Mr. Arthur," before she found herself following an assistant down a carpeted passage to the great man's door.

Mr. Arthur stood up with his back to the fire, his cigar behind his back, as Lotte came in. It was a concession to her delicate refinement of air; and it said something for Mr. Arthur that he recognized it, despite her shabby clothing.

"Well, Madam," he said, "what can I have the pleasure of doing for you?"

His manner was a trifle supercilious. He did not see how Lotte could have important business such as must be dealt with by one of the firm, and he rather suspected an appeal for alms.

"I called about a pearl necklace which I—" Lotte began.

Mr. Arthur flung his cigar into the fire. He jumped at Lotte and snatched the necklace from her. He flew to the door and shouted. Three other gentlemen, as like himself as possible, but a little older or a little younger, came in answer to his summons.

"The pearls!—the pearls!" he shouted.

The other gentlemen shouted too. To Lotte's imagination the room seemed full of excited "Mr. Arthurs."

Presently the excitement calmed down a bit; and the oldest of the gentlemen turned his attention to Lotte, who was waiting to tell her story.

"These were sold to you, Madam, by mistake, as a string of imitation pearls, a year ago. We have been advertising everywhere for you since."

"I never saw the advertisement," said Lotte.

"But you discovered that the pearls

were not what you had supposed them to be? How did you discover it?"

"I was playing the violin at a party this week. A gentleman noticed the pearls. He said he would give me seven thousand pounds for them. I thought he was jesting. But I went home and told my husband,—who is very ill, or he would have come to you himself."

"Who was the gentleman?"

Lotte produced the card which she had brought with her. It passed from one gentleman to another, and they smiled at one another. The youngest said, "Cute old fox!" and stroked his fair mustache.

"May I ask what reward you expect for restoring the pearls?" inquired one.

"Reward, sir?" Lotte answered, lifting her eyes to the questioner. "I never thought of reward. The pearls are yours and not mine. I suppose you will let me have the money I paid for the necklace?"

"You have restored this without hope of fee or reward, although you have been offered seven thousand pounds for it!"

"But it was not mine to sell,—not ours; so my husband said when I told him."

All the faces seemed to look wonderfully kind at Lotte.

"As a matter of fact," said the eldest gentleman, "the necklace is practically priceless. It belongs to the Duchess of Westshire. It has cost lives as well as years and money to find these pearls, perfectly matched, perfectly graduated. Her Grace entrusted it to us to repair the clasp. By some incredible error, it was laid down where an inexperienced assistant found it and sold it to you. Her Grace has been very considerate with us. Such a thing never happened us before. We have had crown jewels before now in our hands. My dear young lady, you have done us an incalculable service!"

"I will go now," said Lotte. "I am very glad, sir, that we found out about the necklace. I will wish you good-morning."

She made a little old-fashioned curtesy. Then she remembered and blushed.

"Please may I have the thirty-five shillings?" she said. "We are poor and my husband is ill."

"Thirty-five shillings! Good heavens! Why, the firm is indebted to you for more than it can pay! And, in any case, there is a reward of a thousand pounds for the restoration of this."

The room seemed to go round with Lotte. "A thousand pounds!" she repeated. "August would not take it. It is too much for just being honest."

"I will come with you and see your husband," the elder man said. "It is on my way to the Duchess'. I must let her know at once that the pearls are found. It will be better to talk business matters over with your husband."

A few minutes later Lotte found herself flying noiselessly westward in an electric brougham, the gentleman by her side saying little, but looking very kindly at Lotte now and again, while his hand caressed the jewel case which he was carrying.

Lotte waited for him while he interviewed the Duchess and restored the precious jewels to her keeping.

He came from the house radiant.

"Her Grace is coming to see you," he said. "My child, whom the Duchess befriends is fortunate indeed."

It was like a dream to Lotte. There was a thousand pounds in bank for them, and the jewellers had also insisted on providing August and Lotte with their passage money to Italy. And before they had got over these wonders there was a most beautiful young lady in the doorway of the poor little room, asking for Lotte and August, and smiling at them with the most bewitching kindness; while her bright eyes roamed hither and thither, taking in the evidences of poverty and refinement in the room.

"You are to get strong," she said to August; "and next season you shall both play at my parties. The Duke adores music and so do I."

Her eye fell on a sheet of manuscript

music, on which August had been working when he fell ill. She seemed to understand without asking questions.

"You shall dedicate this to me," she said. "I am going to look after you both. I adore artists, and you have rendered us an incalculable service. It would have been so easy to break it up and scatter the pearls. I am going to bring my own doctor to see you. You must be got away to a good climate as soon as possible, the doctor says."

The Duchess never did things by halves. All sorts of dainties and delicacies for a sick man were rained on August and Lotte. Every hour of the day a big van seemed to stop at the door with another hamper or another parcel. Fortunately, there were the landlady and her children to share these perishable gifts. She had been very patient with August and Lotte since the bad times had come. And the gentleman from Hurley Street decided that August might be moved almost at once by easy stages.

So Lotte dressed her Christmas Tree for the landlady's children, and loaded it with all manner of wonderful things. And the little child-angel at the top of the Tree, with outspread wings, seemed to hover over them as in the act to bless them. All the wonderful things had come true. August was going to be strong and bonny once more, and the world would listen to his beautiful music. The good God had not forgotten them.

And now, with her head on his breast, and hidden eyes, wonderful in their obscurity, Lotte might tell August her mother-secret.

In the thirteenth century it was the custom on Christmas Eve to have a three-fold vesting: first of black, to signify the time before the declaration of the Law of Moses; on the removal of this, white, to indicate the days of prophecy; and then red, to symbolize the love and charity to mankind that the coming of Christ brought into the world.

Noël.

BY R. A. A.

'T was not when the joyous Spring
 Had made a balmy morn,
 All radiant in loveliness,
 That our dear Lord was born;
 It was not when the Summer flowers
 Had strewn the verdant sod,
 And filled the air with incense sweet,
 To offer to our God;
 Nor was it when the gorgeous hues
 Of Autumn decked the plain,
 And bright the skies and sweet the breath
 Of fruits and ripened grain,—
 But when the frosts of Winter bound
 The bare and shivering earth,
 The Angels sang in Bethlehem
 The dear Redeemer's birth.
 The silent stars, the sentinels
 That watch above His bed;
 His resting-place a stable poor,
 Where only cattle fed.
 How pitiless the Wintry air
 That meets the Child Divine,
 And chilled the weak maternal arms
 That His frail form entwine!
 But warm the heart that beats within
 His Mother's sinless breast;
 And there, and only there, He finds
 A fitting place of rest.
 O blessed Jesus, fill my heart
 With love like hers for Thee!
 And at the blessed Christmas-time
 Come Thou, abide with me.
 For one thing more, dear Lord, I plead:
 Let joy and peace divine
 Descend upon each faithful heart,
 And make it wholly Thine.

Phileas Fox, Attorney.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XXIV.

EVEN while Phileas Fox, with a
 resolute and manly pride, dis-
 claimed that past which the girl
 so vividly remembered, she could
 hear in every vibration of his voice
 the sentiment that was stronger than
 his resolution, greater than his pride;
 and she had never been half so certain
 that he really loved her as now, when he
 almost indignantly repudiated the idea.
 He had *not* forgotten, let him say and do
 what he would; and the thought caused
 the blue air of the summer day to palpitate
 with a new feeling, and the beautiful
 scene thereabout to shine with an added
 lustre. Isabel had a secret conviction that
 the young man's pride and his sensi-
 tive honor would yield in the end to that
 deeper feeling which, even in the finest
 natures, so frequently carries all save
 conscience before it.

She laughed as she had not done for
 many a day when she saw Cadwallader
 coming out of the garden, and nearly
 drop his basket of lettuce in his joy
 at sight of Phileas, who reminded him,
 as he said, of "ole Missis." Nor was her
 amusement lessened when the German
 came hurrying up to complain that the
 "black man" had let the pigs into the
 garden.

During the delightful luncheon that
 followed, the old servitor waited with
 special assiduity upon "Massa Fox," and
 even provoked a smile from the others.

"It is really touching," said John Vorst,
 when Cadwallader had retired to the
 pantry, "what a faithful, affectionate
 heart exists under that dusky exterior!"

"I fear he and the German will come
 to blows some day," laughed Isabel.
 "I have been called upon to mediate
 between them a good many times already.
 And it is all sheer jealousy for the favor
 of Uncle John—"

THE word Noël was anciently a cry
 of joy, and was sung at Angers, France,
 during the days preceding Christmas Day
 after Gaudete Sunday. It is said to be a
 corruption of Emmanuel.

"And the 'sweet young lady,'" said John Vorst, with that smile of his which, since the late events, Phileas found to be sadder than any tears.

During the meal Phileas found Isabel, in some unaccountable way, more attractive than ever. The shadow which sorrow had given to the conspicuous brightness of her face added to its charm, and the lawyer felt that the chains which bound him were being more securely riveted than ever. He almost regretted having revived a past that should be irrevocably dead, and stirred chords that should be silent. He mentally vowed that he would never again trust himself within this girl's reach. For he realized that she possessed a far more subtle and dangerous power of attraction than even he had hitherto supposed; and her very presence, though they conversed but little during the progress of the meal, constituted a grave danger of causing him to forget his excellent resolutions.

Almost immediately after luncheon Isabel left them, saying:—

"I think I shall take a stroll by the water, Uncle, and leave you with your attorney."

There was a mischievous gleam in her eyes as they encountered those of Phileas, and she held out her hand.

"In case I should not see you again," she said calmly, "I shall say good-bye."

Phileas took her hand, but almost immediately relinquished it. Then he silently watched her walking downward through the long grass, with that same, erect and graceful carriage he had always admired. Beside him sat John Vorst, leaning back in the chair, and gazing out over the landscape and at Isabel's retreating figure. Presently the old man fell into a reminiscent vein of talk, touching upon vanished scenes, and, for the first time since her death, mentioning the name of Martha Spooner. She seemed to exist for him now as she had done in those old days. All else was apparently forgotten. In death, the strong, indissoluble

bond that had once united her to him was whole and inviolate once more.

Suddenly Mr. Vorst remarked to Phileas:

"You have been so good, so helpful to me in all those troubles! No money can ever repay you for your delicate consideration, your thousand and one kindnesses, as well as your able settlement of these intricate affairs."

"I was very glad to be of use to you," said Phileas, with a sincerity and warmth that went to his listener's heart.

"If I had a son of my own," continued John Vorst, "he could not have been kinder to me than you have been. You have far, far exceeded all that your professional duties required."

There was a considerable pause again, when John Vorst said:

"Will you forgive an old man's freedom? But I had sometimes fancied, with regard to Isabel, that there had been something more than friendliness."

He stopped; and Phileas, painfully embarrassed, knew not what to say.

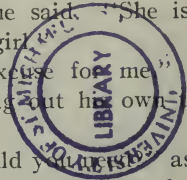
"You see," the old man went on, "I already love this dear niece of mine as a daughter. I have no desire to intrude upon your private feelings; but the circumstances of this case are peculiar, and I had thought, with gratification, that there might be something between you."

"Mr. Vorst," said Phileas, flushing to the very roots of his despised red hair, "I will not conceal from you that there was, and is, a great deal more than friendliness on my part. I was thrown by circumstances very constantly into Miss Ventnor's society, and I lost my head and judgment. From the first she attracted me; before many weeks had passed I was deeply and truly in love with her."

The old man nodded and smiled. "I am not surprised," he said. "She is an unusually charming girl."

"There was one excuse for me," said the attorney, following out his own train of thought.

"What excuse should you have?" asked Mr. Vorst. "I think the better of you



that you are not one of the cold, cynical type of young men that seem to abound in these days."

"I fell in love, as I said," Phileas went on sternly, as though he were judging another; "and I had the presumption to tell Miss Ventnor of the fact. I have just been begging her pardon for that folly."

"It is a folly that most women will forgive," replied the old man, smiling. "But was there so very much to pardon?"

"Under ordinary circumstances, not so very much, I grant you; and I made that declaration in all good faith, believing her to be — a companion. When I discovered the truth I was bitterly ashamed of my conduct."

"When you acted in good faith, why should you be ashamed?" said John Vorst. "You see, it pleased Martha to keep up a certain mystery concerning Isabel. When her mother died abroad, I was notified of that circumstance; but, in answer to my inquiries concerning the surviving child, I was merely informed that she had been adopted by a wealthy lady — a devoted friend of her late mother, — had returned with her to New York; for it chanced that Martha was on the Continent at the very time that Isabel lost her mother. My subsequent inquiries failed to elicit any further information, since Martha had purposely arranged to keep her secret. It was not until my visit, with you, to my former home in Monroe Street that I discovered the truth."

"It was exactly the same with me," Phileas declared; "but my position as attorney, as confidential adviser to the deceased, would inevitably leave me open to the gravest suspicions. It might be readily inferred that I had known of Miss Ventnor's prospects and her true position even before she was aware of them herself."

For a moment John Vorst looked thoughtful.

"Yes, I see," he assented; "that might

be the world's verdict." Then he leaned forward and laid a kindly hand on Phileas' shoulder. "But we are living in Elysium here," he said. "We have got rid of the world, its pomps and vanities, and its misconceptions. I trust you fully and unreservedly. I know that if you love Isabel, it is solely for herself. To my mind, there is only one point to be considered. Does my niece return your affection? Has she given you any encouragement?"

"The whole matter was left in abeyance, owing to the late event. And when I spoke to-day, it was to apologize for my mistake and to withdraw my petition."

"If it be true that she responds to your sentiments," said John Vorst, slowly, "I should regard it as the most honest and straightforward course for you to proceed as though circumstances were such as you had believed. For, after all, what do you or I care for the opinion of a world that we know to be, in great measure, base and heartless? A true affection, a real union of hearts, is one of those gifts which life but rarely bestows, and ought to be sought eagerly, and securely grasped when found. My span of life can not be very long. I want to see Isabel married to a good man, and above all a practical Catholic, who will make her happy, and in whose hands I can confidently leave her future. I shall have to go back after a time to the old house and live there, according to Martha's dying request, and I shall sorely need company. You have been so much identified with its latest developments that, somehow, you will seem to have a place there. And meantime," the old man said, smiling into the young man's embarrassed but radiant face, "what so delightful a place to spend a honeymoon as here in Westchester? It would seem to bring back the past, in so far as I am concerned, and make me feel happier than anything else could now do to know that two whom I love as my own children were happy in this house as once I was."

Looking keenly at his friend to see the effect, the old man went on:

"You might be married at once, always providing that Isabel sees matters as we do, and that on your part nothing more than a scruple stands in the way. Father Van Buren, who is your enthusiastic friend, and has told me all about you and your family, could perform the ceremony. You two could spend the autumn here, and rejoin me at the old place before the holidays. And you see, my dear boy, that would be the final settlement, in love and happiness, of the famous case of *Spooner vs. Vorst*."

Phileas had meanwhile turned red and pale, and pale and red again; the light of a great happiness shining out of his eyes, and surging up in his heart so as to sweep away all those obstacles which pride and conventionality still opposed.

"Will you promise, my friend," said John Vorst, affectionately, "to realize this waking dream of mine,—to become the strong staff of my old age, and the guardian of my new-found treasure?"

"God knows," cried Phileas, "in a voice hoarse with emotion, 'it would be too great a happiness, if Miss Ventnor is willing to throw herself away upon a struggling attorney, and if you think it right!'"

"Right!—right! Why of course it's right!" said the old man. "The finger of Providence is in the whole business. But there is Isabel down yonder, walking beside the water. Run and overtake her, and find out if she is really fond of you and will consent to be your wife."

"But," Phileas stammered, "I have just told her that I should never again intrude upon her with such confession."

"At lovers' perjuries they say Jove laughs," quoted John Vorst, now all eagerness and animation for the success of his scheme. "If she cares for you, my dear boy, she will overlook the inconsistency; and if she does not, things will be no worse than before."

And so Phileas went, all on fire with

this new resolve, his blue eyes flashing like steel, as when he had a difficult case in the law to overcome. John Vorst, watching him, smiled to see him leaping fences, and, as it were, clearing away obstacles between him and the object of his attachment.

"That is a young man after my own heart," he reflected; "a fine, generous, impulsive nature, with energy and determination and remarkable brain power, as all the old stagers of the law assured me. Isabel is a lucky girl, if she has sense enough, as I believe, to appreciate him."

Phileas soon stood beside the girl, all glowing with the exercise he had taken, and the new hope and ardor which had inspired him.

Isabel looked at him with quiet eyes, in which there was some astonishment.

"You will think me a fool," he began; "but the only real question between us is, do you love me enough to throw yourself away upon a struggling attorney?"

"You are nothing if not sudden," said Isabel, laughing her old merry laugh, partly to hide her confusion.

"Mr. Vorst has argued out the whole matter for us," cried Phileas; "and made me feel like a poltroon to heed what the world says, and to be afraid to tell you that I love you a thousand times more than I did before, even if you *are* an heiress."

Time slipped away swiftly between the two after that, for there was so much to explain and to recall and to question; Isabel laughed to scorn the idea that she could ever have suspected Phileas of plotting to secure her wealth.

"And that may sound very conceited," she said; "but it is not of my charms I am thinking, but of what I know of your character."

During the interval John Vorst, out of whose face had died the fire and animation, dozed peacefully in his chair, while the old ardent words once spoken in that place were being repeated under the same blue sky and amongst the waving grasses,

the Sound flowing swiftly upon its way as it had done during the successive generations; and the lover of old times started from his sleep, to greet the lovers of the present with a—

"Bless me, how the afternoon has passed! Eh, what? Oh, yes, I remember! Come here, my dear Isabel, and give me a kiss. I can see by your face that you have made up your mind to make us all very happy by marrying—"

"Phileas Fox, Attorney!" interrupted Isabel, with a laugh.

It was the cheery Christmas-time in New York. The shops were fairly radiant, displaying their masses of rich and costly gifts. Christmas was in the air. It rejuvenated the great city, growing old in its mercantile wisdom; and over its rush and its roar, over its merchant princes with their palaces, and the crowded masses of the poor, arose the soft radiance of the Star of Bethlehem. Its influence for the time was paramount. With its subtle, compelling force, it arrested the Titanic world of business, the financier and the trader, infidel and Jew; and for the time it said to them: "Deny as you may, scoff as you may, but this day is born to you a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord. In your own despite, He makes you pause in your headlong career of materialism, and infects you with the cheerfulness and warmth, the hope and joy, that He brought into a saddened world. He will triumph, if it be but for a day, over your new paganism, and will give you glimpses of the light that broke over the Shepherds on the Oriental hillside, and that has shone through the darkness of the centuries, and shall shine unto the end."

On the morning of Christmas Eve Phileas Fox, hastening to the office, found the elevator crowded with office-holders in that huge human hive of a many-storied building. Each one, with a particularly hearty and jovial expression of countenance, cried out: "A merry Christmas to you!" Even those who had

never spoken before, disregarded conventional forms and gave the greeting.

Arrived at his sanctum, where the sign was no longer conspicuously new, and all within began to show those symptoms of wear that denote prosperity, Phileas found that the whole place had been decorated with a most wonderful display of evergreens by his young factotum. The latter's countenance was radiant, and became more so on the receipt of a substantial sum of money as a gift, and on being dismissed with the news that a hamper from Washington market for his widowed mother, with sundry other remembrances, was on its way to his dwelling from the presiding genius of the mansion in Monroe Street.

Left alone, Phileas looked around him at the familiar four walls, the desk, the office chairs, and the folios. He paused an instant before that one containing the case of *Spooner vs. Vorst*, which plunged him into a retrospection. A deep thankfulness, a wonder at his good fortune—or, rather, at the providential direction that had been given to his affairs,—seized upon him. In that bulky volume had been the first link of a chain that had turned to gold in his hands. Presently the chimes of old Trinity began to play a gladsome carol, and to sound and resound in his ears like actual words.

After having at last settled his mind to read and to answer half a dozen letters, Phileas stood before the little mirror behind the curtain, brushing his red hair, which had once been so sore a grievance, especially when the thought of Isabel had begun to give a particular direction to the dreams of youth. He could have cried out in amazement at all that had happened. "Can this indeed be I, a poor and obscure attorney, who has in so brief a space won so enviable a position and the love of so charming a girl?" For, visionary as it would have appeared a short time before that he should be installed in the mansion in Monroe Street, which was now his real home, it seemed

to him more wonderful still that he should have won the desire of his heart. And, with the enthusiasm of a genuine first love, he counted all the rest as little in comparison with the fact that Isabel was really his, and that, till death came to sever their union, they should pursue the path of life together.

At the familiar iron gates, though he had been passing them every day for the last three months, he stopped with a whole new set of emotions, his eyes lighting at thought of her who had been for these twelve full weeks the one ray of love and hope in his struggling life; and dimming again as the remembrance forced itself upon his mind of the pathetic figure in the library 'chair, at whose call he had first come to this dwelling. The trees waved in the wind, bereft now of their luxuriant foliage; and the lawn, sere and brown, still bore here and there vestiges of the autumn leaves. But the chill desolation of nature had no power to depress the soul of Phileas Fox. He saw rather the sunshine, the brightness of the sky, and the cheerful glow that came forth from a grate fire burning in the house.

Scarcely had he rung when Cadwallader threw open the door with alacrity, though the frosts of age had seemed of late to settle upon his limbs. He greeted his "young Massa," as he now called Phileas, with a kind of subdued cheerfulness. As he took possession of the young man's greatcoat and hat, he remarked:

"It looks as if we were goin' to have heavy snow for Christmas. At least that's my own opinion, sah. And, sure enough, thar's a bitin' frost in the air. Mebbe you don't feel it; but when we've done grown old, that's the time the cold strikes us. Ole Missis, she used to say: 'Cadwallader, you and I is growin' old, and we feel kind of chilly in our bones.'"

As the old man thus talked, the parrot, roused by the voices, raised its own, more cracked and querulous than ever, with its everlasting cry of "John Vorst!"

followed by some unintelligible muttering, as though it were striving to acquire new names, with a faculty of imitation that time had dulled.

At the library door appeared Isabel, smiling and joyous, though her cheerfulness was tempered by that which had befallen the household. Her black dress showed off her figure to advantage, as well as the fresh color of her complexion and the tints of her hair. She had been very busy for some time previous. There had been all sorts of preparations to be made for the festival. Christmas cheer and Christmas presents of various kinds had gone forth from the mansion in Monroe Street to many indigent homes. A packing case had been dispatched to Mrs. O'Rourke, now permanently established in Westchester; and the contents of that case were calculated to bring joy to the hearts of her children and many a smile to her own countenance, which had lost its careworn and haggard expression, and put on almost a semblance of youth. Nor was the German forgotten. His fireside likewise felt the radiance emanating from the newly constructed household in Monroe Street.

"I'm glad you are home early, Phileas," said Isabel; "for we haven't half finished the decorations. And," she added in a lower tone, "I want to make everything particularly cheerful because of all the sadness; for I am sure *she* would have wished that uncle's first Christmas after the home-coming should be as happy as possible."

Somehow, as Phileas crossed the library threshold that day, there recurred to his mind with compelling force the look of that room as he had seen it first. In that chair which had been so often occupied by the late mistress of the mansion sat John Vorst. On the table stood the silver gong which was now seldom used, and which caused the young observer to reflect how the smallest inanimate object will so often survive the strongest and most forceful human

personality. In the safe in the corner, toward which involuntarily his eyes wandered, he seemed to see again the rows of jewel-cases as they had been revealed to him at an imperious command, and the glittering contents of which had been displayed in a weird and ghastly fashion during Mrs. Wilson's delirium. Phileas was aware that the greater portion of them were to be bestowed upon Isabel next day as a Christmas gift from John Vorst; but to him they should always preserve, he felt, that character of mystery with which they had been primarily invested.

John Vorst had aged considerably, the young man thought, as he noted him there in the glow of a fire which Isabel had caused to be enkindled upon the hearth. It was evident that the grief which had befallen him in the recent death had far outweighed the sorrow, the bitterness, the privations of years; for the more noble, the more generous the nature, the speedier the forgiveness and the more unimpaired the original attachment. The old man's eyes lighted at the sight of Phileas, for whom he had a warm and ever-growing regard. He began at once to talk of matters of common interest to both, while Isabel hovered about, busy in making wreaths.

As John Vorst talked, his gaze wandered often to the portrait of Martha Spooner Vorst,—for so in his own mind she was always designated. This portrait, now brought to the light of day, was the very same which had been shown to Phileas by the original herself. It represented her as she had been when the bride of the handsome young man whose portrait now hung beside hers, and when she had been flitting about the old house and dominating it with her energetic character. It seemed as if she were once more amongst them, erring and fiercely proud no longer, but clothed as with a garment in her best attributes. Oh, how sweet to think that blessed Christmas Eve that

all was forgotten and forgiven, and that, in the mercy of God, full compensation had been made ere that weary soul appeared before the tribunal of Divine Justice!

Isabel held up a completed wreath of freshest evergreens, entwined with holly, whose berries, vividly scarlet, gleamed in contrast. "This is for the portrait, Phileas," she said.

And, standing upon a chair, he at once placed it; while John Vorst bent his head, the unwonted tears falling from his eyes; and Isabel softly quoted from the most genial of novelists, "Lord, keep my memory green!" The pictured face, gay and youthful, smiled upon the three as if to assure them of her presence, and of her sanction of all that had been done.

"If the dead can know," thought Phileas, "how glad she would be to see John Vorst seated there!"

Isabel now strove to divert the old man from what was painful and to remind him of the pleasant to-morrow, when Father Van Buren had promised to dine with them,—or, at least, to look in upon the festivity. But the old man's thoughts were still with the past, and presently he uttered aloud the sentiment which was very much in accord with the thought of the lawyer:

"Poor Martha, if only she could be with us! How pleased she would be to see the happy outcome of the long-contested case of Spooner *vs.* Vorst! And," he added, taking a hand of each of the young people, whom he now regarded as his children, "nothing could please her better than to see installed amongst us one whom she had learned to value so highly, and who was a chief factor in this fortunate settlement."

"I remember so well," laughed Isabel, trying, through tears, to give a lighter tone to the solemnity of the moment, "the first time he came to this house, and I thought 'Phileas Fox' so ominous a name for a lawyer."

The Light Eternal.

BY MARY KENNEDY.

THE Christmas Star was shining in Judea's
skies of blue,
And all the lands were silvered, and the heavens
silvered too;
For a little Child was lying in humble manger
berth:
The Christ was come to waiting man,—the God
of Heaven to earth!
The Christmas Star has shone no more across
the skies of blue;
But, ah, the lands are silvered, and the heavens
silvered too!
For the Child is with us always, our Guide in
deed and way;
The Christ is with His loved ones as the Light
of Truth to-day.

The Abbot's Christmas.

BY GABRIEL FRANCIS POWERS.

THIS was the Lord Abbot himself,—
this haggard man, gaunt and lean,
wrapped in the dark habit of his
Order and looking as though he
were shivering inside it. He had dismissed
his train and secretary at the door. He
would be alone,—his mood had need of
it. And the study-hall was cold indeed,
but the Lord Abbot's soul was colder.
Yet this was Christmas night. Solemn
Matins were over, and High Mass, and
he had heard the boy-novices sing their
Adeste at the Crib. In his illuminated
Book of Hours, his finger had kept the
place, unconsciously, of some of the beau-
tiful prayers the Church had uttered by his
lips that hour; inwardly, he was all dark-
ness. It seemed to him only a very sad
and bitter world the Christ-Child came to.

And this was the Lord Abbot who sat
among peers, who was primate of the
abbotcy, master of all its gardens and
fair lands, titular of the historic cathedral

with its famous nave and choir and
chantries. He ranked with princes, had
been to Rome innumerable times, and
was said to possess the Sovereign Pontiff's
ear. His own boast, had the Lord Abbot
any, was that he had made the shrine
of Our Lady Sent Marye, where so much
wax was burned every day, one of
the most beautiful and devout spots in
Christendom. But the Lord Abbot did
not boast. He was a simple and earnest
man, who disdained not to give dole with
his own hands at the monastery gate.
When forced to appear at Court, he re-
fused to travel with the pomp and state
his predecessors had made customary
before his time; the only reproach against
him had been that he lived as barely
and poorly as any clerk. Then things
changed. Quarrels were brought into
his province; the Parliament intrigued;
the King was disaffected; a grave threat
arose of war between Church and State.
The Abbot stood bravely first, grew to
know that he was personally loathed for
his resistance, persisted still for conscience'
sake, and understood at last that all was
lost. No wonder the Midnight Mass, said
this year behind barred portals, had only
added to his pain.

Behind him, the door closed softly which
he had but just now closed with his own
hand. The Abbot started, wondering at
the intrusion. A young boy was crossing
the room toward him, smiling happily as
he came. His feet made no sound; light
was woven-in with the bright texture of
his hair; he wore a garment of white,
like the garb of an acolyte, or the vesture
of a child too young for other attire.
The Abbot considered him silently. This
was not one of the serving-boys, not a
lad from the singing school, not one of
those who waited in the sanctuary.

"Who art thou?" he asked at length.

"Knowest thou me not?"

"Nay, not I."

"Thou hast forgotten me, but not I
thee. Thou must go with me, my Lord,
to-night."

"I with thee? And wherefor?"

"For the comfort of one about to die."

"Is it I myself thou meanest, not one of my monks?"

"It is thou thyself."

"Let us haste, then, in the name of God. Wait till I fetch the holy oils."

"Thou wilt not need them."

The Abbot turned to the child again.

"Who art thou that summonest me?"

"Thou shalt know anon."

But a doubt was in the Abbot's mind that this was no child of flesh; and he thought he recognized in the radiant face the features of a young brother dead, many years since, in childhood.

"Art thou Pierce?" he queried.

The lad shook his head gently and led on. He moved verily with the steps of childhood,—blithe, airily light, and rhythmic, with a peculiar swaying grace. They came to the great front gate, and he raised his hands and put his body, boylike, against it; but it swung softly back on its hinges without a creak.

The Abbot paused. It was Christmas night, and there was no snow upon the ground. The air came to him balmily sweet from great spaces of country undulous in the starlight. He thought he discerned in the dim radiance vast sweeps of brown and amethyst, as though all the hills were clothed in summer heather. And he knew, through the gloom, a delicate, faint scent as of wayside hawthorns blossoming in the English spring. Had not the quadrangle been white when he crossed it, and did not pendants of icicles festoon the cloister arches? Here his unprotected feet felt no chill, and trod a yielding sod soft as velvet.

The child walked a little before him, and spake not; yet a feeling of joy, a sense of rest and security, had stolen into the Abbot's heart. As they went farther from the monastery, he seemed to leave behind him the fear, the anxiety, the questions that must be answered, the appalling difficulties that must be solved.

He no longer asked whither they were going. The world was beautiful unspeakably, and his own soul had perfect peace. On such a night as this, he thought, the Christ must have been born,—a night without rigors and temperate as paradise; a night wherein the whole of nature stands still in a holy calm. Only the starlight poured itself down, as a mild rain of silver, into the immense fragrant spaces of earth. The silence of the sleeping moorland was so great they seemed to hear the low breeze stirring the grass on the distant hills. On and on they went, and the soft motion was itself a pleasure. They drew near the house of a Catholic gentleman, whom the Abbot knew well, and he asked quickly:

"Is it here?"

The answer was a negative. There the old place stood, positive and distinct, in the wondrous landscape that had appeared transformed. Through the mullioned windows, the red of fire and torchlight blazed. Mass was over in the chapel as at the abbey. Masters and retainers were gathered around the hearth; the wassail bowl flowed; laughter and happiness, faith and innocence, love of God and love of the poor, abode under that roof. The child stood still. Strains of rude music floated dimly from where, in the gallery, the minstrels had taken their stand:

God rest ye, merry gentlemen!

Let nothing you dismay;

For Jesus Christ, our Saviour,

Was born on Christmas Day.

The dawn rose red o'er Bethlehem,

The stars shone through the gray,

When Jesus Christ, our Saviour,

Was born on Christmas Day.

The Abbot felt the quick tears come to his eyes. This was Christmas as it had been; the Christmas of his childhood; the Christmas of the great faith of England, the days of holy joy. From that house sons had gone to the altar, and daughters to the cloister; and still it was blessed with children and children's children; so

that in its shelter the sanctuary lamp would never be put out, for five centuries, through England's darkest days. To the little ones whom the Abbot specially loved, the martyrs of the future, pressing with their flower-like faces and wondering eyes around their father's knee, the next verse was addressed:

God rest ye, little children!
 Let nothing you affright;
 For Jesus Christ, our Saviour,
 Was born this Christmas night.
 Along the hills of Galilee
 The white flock sleeping lay,
 When Christ, the Child of Nazareth,
 Was born on Christmas Day.

Looking about him, with the remembrance of his errand quickened upon him, the Abbot missed his guide. Even as he thought it, the child was with him again, motioning eastward. After the Abbot's day, and even to our own, a tradition was preserved in the family that, on a Christmas night before the great trouble, a golden-haired child entered, and, crossing the hall before them all, kissed William, the stripling heir, as he stood beside his mother. They never knew whence he came nor whither he went.

Faint, in the ears of the Abbot, grew the end of the song as they moved away:

God rest ye, all good Christians!
 Upon this blessed morn
 The Lord of all good Christians
 Was of a Woman born.
 Now all your sorrows He doth heal,
 Your sins He takes away;
 For Jesus Christ, our Saviour,
 Was born on Christmas Day.

"Now all your sorrows He doth heal," murmured the Abbot as the notes died in broken measures behind him. He had parted from his sorrows: they were miles away, ages indeed away, in that monastery where he could have been so happy had it not pleased God that there he should have suffered so much. Joy thrilled through his whole being as he walked behind his guide in the heavenly night. There was in him a delight of newness and freshness, as though he had issued

forth alone into a world that had never been inhabited before, or ever blotted.

They had reached a vast plain, spreading out beneath them, with ridges of hills making sinuous lines of dark blue against the more luminous blue of the sky. And the boy paused. The glimmer of his vesture was discernible in the clear darkness.

"Hark!" he said low, with upraised hand; and the sound of his voice, and his breath, mingled with the faint, sweet scent upon the air.

This was no music of familiar human voices, joined in a carol however tuneful: it was a fine, ethereal strain that the ear hungered after, and which seemed to float midway between the high heavens and shadowy earth. It came in waves, now louder, now fainter, as music is borne over vast fields of water; many voices, silver-timbred as lutes and viols, were singing together; the fleeting white clouds caught and held part of the melody; then the great choirs sank nearer in their flight and rose again on wing-beats, but the words were ever too far or too difficult to understand. Beside the Abbot the boy-messenger knelt on the sod; and the man, who had well-nigh forgotten his own long-ago cares and toil, saw the young face lit up and radiant as the faces of the blessed must be in heaven.

"Christmas night,—Christmas night!" the childish lips moved in an ecstasy to say.

The Lord Abbot knelt softly down beside him; and, as he did so, he saw the light breaking gradually over the farthest ridge. It was not dawn, but it lit the hillside; and in it a billowing of milky forms grew visible, where the flocks stirred in their sleep. Then the songs broke forth afresh, clearer, triumphant, and the light faded slowly away.

"Where are we?" the Abbot asked.

The child showed him a star shining steadily and brightly low down in the east. And toward it they moved, circling

the hilltops, up and down moorland slopes, but ever advancing rapidly and with the greatest ease. In the distance, creeping into sight as it were, lay the upper outlines of a town,—roofs and square-topped buildings, grey and dark, huddled together. They came to it, and passed, skirting its walls. There were other hills in front of them, beyond the city; and against one of them, unseen until they were close upon it, a low, rustic abode propped against the rock and partly built in it. The Abbot seemed to know what this place was. Had he not, the great star burning overhead, the beacon all ages have bowed before, would have lighted his mind. The silence around this hovel of masonry and timber was deeper than any silence of cloister or mountain-top,—a breathing silence of awe, in which unseen presences might move.

A group of shepherds in uncouth garments, and speaking low together in a strange tongue, passed close beside the Abbot, and, apparently, did not see him. Looking about, they found the door and entered. The Abbot would have held back, but the child drew him in after them. He found himself in a shadowy place, where one small oil-lamp cast a peculiarly soft and golden beam. The bulky forms of the herdsmen showed black against it. Beyond them a white-veiled Woman knelt, with her arms around a Child in a bed of straw. A man had risen to confront the strangers. The breathing and shuffling of cattle in the stalls was the only sound.

The Abbot knelt, and as he did so the Woman raised her head to glance at him. All he saw of her face was a glimmering in her eyes as though the starlight and the sharp icicles had melted there together in tears. A deep pang went through him at this Woman's weeping. He crept nearer, and, unable to speak his anguish, yearningly kissed the wood and the poor straw. The bliss and sweetness that flooded his heart lasted one long moment. Then some voice bade him go.

"Nay, I will not!" he whispered. "There is only pain without. I will stay here."

"Thou must even go, if thou wouldst find Him."

"I *have* found Him. He is here. I will not leave Him."

"Go back, Thomas the Abbot. He awaits thee at thy own gate."

Thomas looked at the Woman. He saw her head bowed imperceptibly; then she turned her eyes upon him again—eyes full of mercy and sweetness and compassion,—and her tears fell like pearls upon her Son's low head. The Abbot rose and staggered forth. At his own gate? How? And what did it mean? Should he find Him there a pauper,—a Child friendless and helpless? Or would he really see Him again, as he had but now seen Him, with his own eyes?

Forth into the darkness they went from the sweet glow of the Crib. Winds of tempest soughed up, sobbing, in the far corners of the hemisphere. Livid clouds blackened the starry spaces of the sky. The little messenger moved forward, silent, hastily, as though fearful the dawn should overtake them. Once a sigh broke from him, wofully, tuned to the wind and tempest. The first, faint rednesses of day blushed wanly over the dusky hilltops.

Long was the way, but they travelled swiftly; and, as they drew near his own territory, the Abbot felt the old agony close in upon him remorselessly and press him down. Should he yield? Would it mean peace, really? Would it be best? And, afterward, what? No, please God, he would not compromise! Too much was at stake. After to-day's concessions, to-morrow's. No! thank God! For all that one poor man's word could do, for all that one poor man could lose (and welcome!) England should be Catholic still. But, for strength and solace, he must think back upon that mysterious, sweet scene of the Mother and Child; think back on the Woman's tears, and

on that long moment in which he had felt the warmth of the Crib as a living thing against his heart.

This was to-day again, unquestionably; no dream or vision. This was the beginning of real dawn over the English country. Yonder (the Abbot's spirit sank) lay the undoubtable King's road to London. It was dark still when he reached the abbey gate; and the abbey lay all silent and slumberous, wrapped in peace. No one awaited him, and at this he wondered. But the boy went before him, a serene, fair presence, even to his study-hall.

"Rest a while now, my Lord," the child said, pointing to the empty chair. And he poured a cup of wine, presenting it on bended knee, as the Abbot's servers were wont to do. The Abbot laid a hand upon the bright head.

"Who art thou, little child," he asked, "that hast led me this night even to Bethlehem and hast shown me such rare and wondrous things?"

"I am Godfrey whom thou didst shrive and anele, two-score years since this Christmas Day."

"Blessed, then, be God who sent thee to me!"

"Yea, my Lord; and that thy prayer be more perfect say also: 'Blessed art Thou, O my Lord Jesus Christ, for all those who pardon for the love of Thee!'"

But when the Abbot turned to ask an explanation of these words, he saw he was alone. The question came to his mind then suddenly, too, as to why he had been summoned forth "for the comfort of one about to die?" Strange that the child Godfrey should have used those words. He had thought he went upon a sick-call.

Daylight was coming on now apace. The Abbot felt cold, and drew his cloak around him. As he did, loud voices of wrathful men broke upon his ear. One moment he listened, then moved rapidly to the window. In the bitter, rosy-red sharpness of morning, horses were trampling the pure snow at the abbey gate.

Nearer, armed men hammered the iron-bound door.

"Ho, within, open, in the King's name!"

From the inside, voices parleyed.

"We seek that pestilent rebel and most obnoxious priest, Thomas the Abbot. Open, in the King's name!"

Thomas the Abbot threw back the casement.

"I am here, good sirs. Desist, and disturb not my monks this Christmas morning."

"Come forth thyself, then, traitor!"

The Abbot came with his head high, the warmth of a soldier's blood mantling his cheeks. They saw him stand at full height on the threshold.

"I am here, Thomas of Surrey. What is your will with me?"

"The will of the King's Majesty is that thou go forth with us now, instantly, to answer for most treasonable acts and seditious practices, before the King's high bench."

"I have none such to answer for; but I will go, as you will."

And he stepped into the snow, which now was as fire to his feet,—the snow that was so soon to be dashed with blood.

Through his short and iniquitous trial he bore himself as a man should and may who has suffered injustice and persecution for conscience' sake, and who knows at heart that he has been foredoomed. But ever, as he fell silent, a soft light dawned in his eyes,—the gaze of the seer upon past visions. He was wondering, perhaps, how soon he might be permitted to follow the little Child who had met him indeed, as it was said to him, in the red dawn at the abbey gate.

In Trust.

SAFE in God's hand the bright New Year,
 With all its promise, lies;
 But into His forgiving Heart
 He takes the Year when it dies.

Lourdes.

BY THE REV. ROBERT HUGH BENSON.

IX.

NEXT morning I awoke with a heavy heart, for we were to leave in the motor at half-past eight. I had still a few errands to do, and had made no arrangements for saying Mass; so I went out quickly, a little after seven, and up to the Rosary Church to get some pious objects blessed. It was useless: I could not find the priest of whom I had been told, whose business it is perpetually to bless such things. I went to the basilica, then round by the hill-path down to the Grotto, where I became wedged suddenly and inextricably into a silent crowd.

For a while I did not understand what they were doing beyond hearing Mass; for I knew that, of course, a Mass was proceeding just round the corner in the cave. But presently I perceived that these were intending communicants. So I made what preparation I could, standing there; and thanked God and His Mother for this unexpected opportunity of saying good-bye in the best way—for I was as sad as a school-boy going the rounds of the house on Black Monday,—and after a quarter of an hour or so I was kneeling at the grill, beneath the very image of Mary. After making my thanksgiving, still standing on the other side, I blessed the objects myself—strictly against all rules, I imagine,—and came home to breakfast; and before nine we were on our way.

We were all silent as we progressed slowly and carefully through the crowded streets, seeing once more the patient brancardiers and the pitiful litters on their way to the *piscines*. I could not have believed that I could have become so much attached to a place in three summer days. As I have said before, everything was against it. There was no leisure, no room to move, no silence, no

sense of familiarity. All was hot and noisy and crowded and dusty and unknown. Yet I felt that it was such a home of the soul as I never visited before,—of course it is a home, for it is the Mother that makes the home.

We saw no more of the Grotto nor the churches nor the square nor the statue. Our road led out in such a direction that, after leaving the hotel, we had only commonplace streets, white houses, shops, hotels and crowds; and soon we had passed from the very outskirts of the town, and were beginning with quickening speed to move out along one of those endless straight roads that are the glory of France's locomotion.

Yet I turned round in my seat, sick at heart, and pulled the blind that hung over the rear window of the car. No: Lourdes was gone! There was the ring of the eternal hills, blue against the blue summer sky, with their shades of green beneath sloping to the valleys, and the rounded bastions that hold them up. The Gave was gone, the churches gone, the Grotto,—all was gone. Lourdes might be a dream of the night.

No, Lourdes was not gone. For there, high on a hill, above where the holy city lay, stood the cross we had seen first upon our entrance, telling us that if health is a gift of God, it is not the greatest; that the Physician of souls, who healed the sick, and without whom not one sparrow falls to the ground, and not one pang is suffered, Himself had not where to lay His head, and died in pain upon the Tree.

And even as I looked we wheeled a corner, and the cross was gone.

How is it possible to end such a story without bathos? I think it is not possible, yet I must end it. An old French priest said one day at Lourdes, to one of those with whom I travelled, that he feared that in these times the pilgrims did not pray so much as they once did, and that this was a bad sign. He spoke also of France

as a whole, and its fall. My friend said to him that, in her opinion, if these pilgrims could but be led as an army to Paris—an army, that is, with no weapons except their Rosaries,—the country could be retaken in a day.

Now, I do not know whether the pilgrims once prayed more than they do now; I only know that I never saw any one pray so much; and I can not help agreeing with my friend that, if this power could be organized, we should hear little more of the apostasy of France. Even as it is, I can not understand the superior attitude that Christian Englishmen take up with regard to France. It is true that in many districts religion is on a downward course, that the churches are neglected, and that even infidelity is becoming a fashion; but I wonder very much whether, on the whole, taking Lourdes into account, the average piety of France is not on a very much higher level than the piety of England. The government, as all the world now knows, is not in the least representative of the country; but, sad to relate, the Frenchman is apt to extend his respect for the law into an assumption of its morality. When a law is passed, there is an end of it.

Yet, judging by the intensity of faith and love and resignation that is evident at Lourdes, and indeed by the numbers of those present, it would seem as if Mary, driven from the towns with her Divine Son, has chosen Lourdes—the very farthest point from Paris—as her earthly home, and draws her children after her. I do not think this is fanciful. That which is beyond time and space must communicate with us in those terms; and we can only speak of these things in the same terms. Huysmans expresses the same thing in other words. Even if Bernadette were deceived, he says, at any rate these pilgrims are not; even if Mary had not come in 1858 to the banks of the Gave, she has certainly come there since, drawn by the thousands of souls that have gone to seek her there.

This, then, is the last thing I can say about Lourdes. It is quite useless as evidence—indeed it would be almost impertinent to dare to offer further evidence at all,—yet I may as well hand it in as my contribution. It is this, *that Lourdes is soaked, saturated and kindled by the all but sensible presence of the Mother of God*. I am quite aware of all that can be said about subjectivity and auto-suggestion, and the rest; but there comes a point in all arguments when nothing is worth anything except an assertion of a personal conviction. Such, then, is mine.

First, it was borne in upon me what a mutilated Christianity that is which practically takes no account of Mary. This fragmentary, lopsided faith was that in which I myself had been brought up, and which to-day still is the faith of the majority of my fellow-countrymen. The Mother of God, the Second Eve, the Immaculate Maiden Mother, who, like Eve at the Tree of Death, stood by the Tree of Life, in popular non-Catholic theology is banished, with the rest of those who have passed away, to a position of complete insignificance. This arrangement, I had become accustomed to believe, was that of Primitive Christianity and of the Christianity of all sensible men: Romanism had added to the simple Gospel, and had treated the Mother of God with an honor which she would have been the first to deprecate.

Well, I think that at Lourdes the startling contrast between facts and human inventions was, in this respect, first made vivid to my imagination. I understood how puzzling it must be for "old Catholics," to whom Mary was as real and active as her Divine Son, to understand the sincerity of those to whom she is no more than a phantom, and who yet profess and call themselves Christians. Why, at Lourdes Mary is seen to stand, to all but outward eyes, in exactly that position in which at Nazareth, at Cana, in the Acts of the Apostles, in the Catacombs, and in the whole history of Christendom, true

lovers of her Son have always seen her—a Mother of God and man, tender, authoritative, silent, and effective.

Yet, strangely enough, it is not at all the ordinary and conventional character of a merely tender mother that reveals itself at Lourdes,—one who is simply desirous of relieving pain and giving what is asked. There comes upon one instead the sense of a tremendous personage—*Regina Cæli* as well as *Consolatrix Afflictorum*,—one who says “No” as well as “Yes,” and with the same serenity; yet with the “No” gives strength to receive it. I have heard it said that the greatest miracle of all at Lourdes is the peace and resignation, even the happiness, of those who, after expectation has been wrought to the highest, go disappointed away, as sick as they came. Certainly that is an amazing fact. The tears of the young man in the *piscine* were the only tears I saw at Lourdes.

Mary, then, has appeared to me in a new light since I have visited Lourdes. I shall in future not only hate to offend her, but fear it also. It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of that Mother who allows the broken sufferer to crawl across France to her feet, and to crawl back again. She is one of the Maries of Chartres, that reveals herself here, dark, mighty, dominant, and all but inexorable; not the Mary of an ecclesiastical shop, who dwells amid tinsel and tuberoses. She is *Sedes Sapientiæ, Turris Eburnea, Virgo Paritura*, strong and tall and glorious, pierced by seven swords, yet serene as she looks to her Son.

Yet, at the same time, the tenderness of her great heart shows itself at Lourdes almost beyond bearing. She is so great and so loving! It affects those to whom one speaks,—the quiet doctors, even those who, through some confusion of mind or some sin, find it hard to believe; the strong brancardiers, who carry their quivering burdens with such infinite care; the very sick themselves, coming back from the *piscines* in agony, yet with the faces of

those who come down from the altar after Holy Communion. The whole place is alive with Mary and the love of God—from the inadequate statue at the Grotto to the brazen garlands in the square, even as far as the illuminated castle and the rockets that burst and bang against the steady stars. If I were sick of some deadly disease, and it were revealed to me that I must die, yet none the less I should go to Lourdes; for if I should not be healed by Mary, I could at least learn how to suffer as a Christian ought. God has chosen this place—He only knows why, as He, too, alone chooses which man shall suffer and which be glad,—He has chosen this place to show His power; and therefore has sent His Mother there, that we may look through her to Him.

Is this, then, all subjectivity and romantic dreaming? Well, but there are the miracles!

(The End.)

A Christmas Legend and its Lesson.

WHAT a curious old custom, observed in many parts of Germany, is the kindling of the Christmas brand or log! It was once observed also in English-speaking countries, and is celebrated in some of our old verses:

Kindle the Christmas brand, and then
Till sunset let it burn;
Which quencht, then lay it up agen
Till Christmas next return.

Part must be kept wherewith to blend
The Christmas log next year;
And where 'tis safely kept, the fiend
Can do no mischief there.

But the oddest part of the fancy is that the best part was to be burning all night, “to keep the Divine Infant from the cold”; so that if it burned low or was extinguished, it was said: “Jesus is cold,”—“The Christ is cold.” And truly it may be thought the thing is not without its meaning. We have heard a story of a miserable soul who, although

he had plenty of wealth, lived in a wretched manner, on bad terms with himself, and therefore on bad terms with everybody about him. He did not like Christmas-time at all; he said it was a bad invention, the only reason of which was that it put ideas into people's heads for the purpose of coaxing money out of their pockets. So he kept his Christmas all alone; he begrudged even the bit of wood for his miserable grate; and he paid just a little obedience to the usage of the day by choosing one of the smallest clumps, which he kept from blazing up into a bright flame. And he sat there shivering by the side of what scarcely deserved the name of a fireplace; and so he went off to sleep.

Now, while he slept he dreamed that he heard a voice in the room; and, looking up, he saw a little Child, and he knew by the glory that surrounded it that it was the Christ-Child; and the Child said, as He fixed his wonderful eyes on the old man, "Jesus is cold." Now, the old man had no great amount of religion to boast of; but still he bestirred himself a little, and tried to kindle his poor stick into a flame. But the Child came no nearer to the fire, and stood still in the distant part of the room, and repeated, "Jesus is cold. It is you who make me cold. You are so cold, you make me cold."—"Then, what can I do to warm you?" said the old man.—"You must give me a golden coin," said the Christ-Child.—"Well, there's my money-chest; I can trust you to take it; you can open it without the key, I'll be bound."—"Oh, yes, I could open it; but you must give me the key." So the old man fumbled a long time, and at last he found the key, and he gave it to the Child, and He took out the golden piece.

But now a miracle happened; for as the Christ-Child held up the gold piece, lo! the dull and dingy old room became bright and cheerful, and a quantity of fuel, such as had not been in the old

grate for many years, kindled up into a cheerful blaze. But, still more singular, the Child Himself began to set off the room in a kind of gay attire. First, He put up some trim bits of laurel and holly, saying, "That is for *life*"; and then He put upon the shelf two tall candles, saying, "These are for *light*"; and then He gave the fuel another stir, and as the blaze rose higher He said, "That is for *love*." But the strangest thing of all was when, opening the door, the Child brought in a young widow who lived in the lane hard by, and a rheumatic old man, and some orphan children; and the table was spread. And, as they all sat down to a merry meal, the Child said: "Jesus is warm now." And the old man said: "O Lord, I think I am warmer, too!"

And then all in a moment, although the feast remained the same, and the lights and the holly and the fire, and the guests continued their enjoyment, the little Child suddenly appeared as the Lord God in all His manlike and divine majesty. "Know, then," said He, "that although I am in heaven, I am everywhere. But know also that although I can not suffer as I once suffered—and you can not know what I mean,—when my children are cold and hungry and tired, my human body which I have with me in heaven is hungry and cold and tired too; and whenever my children are made warm or happy, I feel it too,—then Jesus is warm. And even in the little nameless acts of love, like offering a flower or kindling a fire out of love to me, I know it all. Did I not say, 'Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto me'? And so Jesus is warm."

The legend does not tell us how it befell the old sinner to whom this dream was given. Let us hope it converted him. In many of the oldtime legends there is a sweet lesson; and a good question for any house while the Christmas merrymaking is going on, and the bright log is burning, may be, "Is Jesus cold?"

Notes and Remarks.

Writing in the London *Tablet* of the first American Catholic Missionary Congress, the Rev. Dr. Herbert Vaughan refers as follows to a point which he touched upon in an address delivered at one of the meetings:

The Catholic Church in America is certainly full of activity and zeal, but it appears to me that one thing at least is necessary to make the work complete. They need a national universal league or confraternity of prayer for America's conversion. It seems as if this spiritual side of the work was somewhat neglected. . . . I pleaded for such a society as the Guild of Our Lady of Ransom or the Archconfraternity of Our Lady of Compassion,—for a league of prayer that would be preached everywhere and erected in every parish of the United States. Surely such a confraternity, added to the organized and systematic work which is now being carried on with such signal success, would hasten the conversion of one of the greatest nations in the world.

It may be that the spiritual side of the work in question is "somewhat neglected"; however, we are happy to inform Dr. Vaughan that such an association as the one for which he pleaded has been in existence many years; and we like to believe that the following prayer, approved by Leo XIII., with the prescribed "Our Father," "Hail Mary," and *Gloria Patri*, is being faithfully offered by thousands of American Catholics:

O Holy Spirit of Truth, we beseech Thee to enlighten the minds of unbelievers in the midst of us, to incline their hearts to receive Thy word, and to believe the teachings of Thy Church. Give them courage to accept the Faith and openly to profess it; that they may come into union with Thee and the Father, through Christ our Lord, who liveth and reigneth forever and ever. Amen.

Mr. H. G. Wells has been described as "the most clear-headed, the gentlest, and not the least courageous of all the modern heretics." It is very difficult to classify him. In some pages of his new book ("First and Last Things") he would

seem to be a Pantheist, in others a fatalist; by turns he is mystic and emotional. One article of his creed is worth quoting in its fulness. He sees clearly and states clearly that he is part of a scheme which he is unable to understand:

I dismiss the idea that life is chaotic because it leaves my life ineffectual, and I can not contemplate an ineffectual life patiently. I am by my nature impelled to refuse that. I assert that it is not so. I assert, therefore, that I am important in a scheme; that we all are important in that scheme; that the wheel-smashed frog in the road and the fly drowning in the milk are important and correlated with me. What the scheme as a whole is I do not know; with my limited mind I can not know.

In an emotional mood, this gifted man further says:

At times, in the silence of the night, and in rare lonely moments, I come upon a sort of communion of myself and something great that is not myself. It is perhaps poverty of mind, and language obliges me to say that then this universal scheme takes on the effect of a sympathetic person; and my communion, a quality of fearless worship.

Mr. Wells may be clear-headed, but he is not always consistent. He rejects Christianity, and yet expresses the opinion that "in a sense all we moderns are bound to consider ourselves children of the Catholic Church"! Were it not for words like these, all such books as "First and Last Things" would be unbearably sad reading for a Catholic.

The question of the unemployed is solved in some portions of Switzerland with a direct simplicity that is decidedly attractive. Says a writer in the *Nineteenth Century and After*:

There are cantons where the life of any man who even tries to loaf is made a burden to him, and where at the first sign of alcoholism the patient is packed off to a home for inebriates. For the Swiss, being a robust race, have no scruples whatever about setting at naught individual rights, when these rights either clash with the interests of the community, or threaten to entail on it expense. Switzerland claims to be the freest of lands; but no man is free there to be idle, unless he can prove, to the satisfaction of his district authorities, that he has the

means wherewith to provide for himself and those dependent on him without working. Nor, even if he has the necessary means, is he always free to drink at his own discretion. Whether he is or is not depends on the temper of his local authorities, who may, if they choose, imprison in homes for inebriates habitual drunkards, so as to prevent their setting their fellows a bad example; just as they may imprison in penal workhouses loafers, even before they become a burden on the community, so as to prevent their ever becoming a burden. Both homes for inebriates and penal workhouses are regarded in Switzerland as "bettering" institutions; and they who are sent there are sent to be bettered—cured of their moral infirmities.

Such methods as the foregoing are no doubt somewhat drastic, but a good many sociologists would probably not be adverse to their adoption in more countries than Switzerland. Compulsory work for tramps has indeed been adopted, at different times, in specific portions of this country, with the result that such localities have been sedulously avoided by the weary and wary "Knights of the Road."

There is very much both to elevate the mind and to stir the heart in the brief letter of farewell in which the Right Rev. Bishop Spalding, once a leader, now, alas! an invalid, announces his resignation as Bishop of Peoria. Every word breathes the spirit of faith and piety, of humility and resignation. All unconsciously, he reveals the secret of the affection in which he is held by his own flock, and of the high regard entertained for him by the general public. The Bishop writes:

When my severe and long-continuing illness compelled me to recognize that it was the will of God that I should withdraw from the active ministry of the Church, that a younger and abler man might assume the burden which infirmity and age had made me incapable of longer bearing, the first and keenest pang this sacrifice caused me sprang from the knowledge that my step, which had not been hastily taken, involved separation from the priests and people of Peoria diocese, who for so many years had been my strength and joy. May God bless them and hold them ever within His sheltering arms! Had I not deliberately chosen this course, His

unfailing messenger, Death, would have come to sever the ties of love. May the Heavenly Father watch over you along the one true way to the Gates of Everlasting Life! . . . Though no longer your bishop, it is my hope that I shall be permitted to spend the remainder of my days with you. Be mindful of me in your prayers and supplications as one who walked modestly and lovingly among you, doing as best he could the work God gave him to do.

May the "unfailing messenger," to whom the Bishop so touchingly refers, be long delayed! The mere presence among them of one so venerated and so much beloved will be a blessing and an inspiration to the priests and people of Peoria,—the inculcation of lessons always to be remembered, the enunciation of truths never to be forgotten.

One of the by-products of the recent discussion as to the loyalty of Catholics to the Republic was a masterly address delivered before the Newman Club of Los Angeles by the Right Rev. Bishop Conaty. A number of prominent non-Catholic citizens were guests of the Club on the occasion, and the non-Catholic press of the city accords unwontedly high praise to the lucidity and force of the prelate's vindication of the Church in the matter of good citizenship. We quote:

Nowhere in the Catechism, nowhere in any teaching of theology, in no school in which I ever have been bred, by no teacher who has influenced me by his thought, have I been taught other than one great fundamental truth, the Gospel truth—thou shalt love thy God, and thy neighbor as thyself. Never have I been taught other than that there is upon me, and upon every man belonging to the Church to which I belong, an obligation to love his God and to love his country. The truth of the teaching is that we owe to the Church our spiritual allegiance, we owe to our country our temporal allegiance. These two allegiances are absolutely distinct one from the other. The Church dictates to me nothing but what I shall know and believe of God and the human life,—the commandments which I must obey in order to save my soul; and places before me the means by which those commandments may be followed and my salvation effected. The Church dictates not to me, nor to any Catholic, what shall be my relation toward the government, except

one thing,—that is, obedience and love. I must love my God and I must love my country; and I can not love my God and not love my country. . . .

The laws of the Church, its commandments, its prohibitions, are concerned about and confined to things appertaining directly or indirectly to the spiritual order. The Church does not interfere with our political duties except as it teaches us conscientious fidelity to all that concerns the welfare of our fellowman. It forbids what already is forbidden by the law of God, and it exacts that which is already demanded by virtue of divine law. The obligations of obedience to the lawfully constituted civil power is a moral obligation, and we hold that to come from God.

No new doctrine this, of course; but it evidently possessed all the interest of the novel and unexpected for the non-Catholic portion of the Bishop's audience, in whom, possibly, dwelt the same misinformation and prejudice that animate the President's Baptist and Lutheran critics.

There is yet another Golden Jubilee to chronicle before 1908, notably prolific of such celebrations, draws to a close. Fifty years ago the Grey Nuns of the Cross began their beneficent ministrations in Buffalo, N. Y.; and the golden anniversary of the event was recently observed with appropriate religious and social ceremonies. The date coincided with the twenty-fifth anniversary of the establishment of Holy Angels' Academy, and upon the alumnae of that excellent institution devolved the pleasant duty of fittingly commemorating the twofold-joyous occasion. From the *D'Youville Magazine*, organ of D'Youville College, we learn that an elaborate programme was carried out with notable success. The Grey Nuns have been an appreciated blessing to the Catholics of Buffalo, and unnumbered friends will pray that their second half century may be still more prosperous than has been their first.

Among all the cures for inebriety nowadays heralded through the press, none impresses us as being simpler or more

likely to prove effective than the following plan, which we find detailed in the *Catholic Watchman*, of Madras:

Nothing deters men from transgression like the thought of the revealing day when every secret sin shall be known. It is this that explains the good sense shown by a wife who had suffered all things at the hands of a drunken husband. When he became sober, no one could convince him that he was a beast when drunk and that his face was stamped with idiocy. So the wife took lessons in photography, and photographed him, taking one snapshot after another during the hours of idiotic drunkenness. Grown sober, in one of his better hours the man received twenty photographs of himself taken in hours of debauchery. Then fear came upon the man; horror overwhelmed him; in utter disgust he revolted against himself. The sunshine had drawn his portrait in hideous lines. The public portrayal of himself, as he was when drunk, shocked the man into sobriety.

Vanity is an unfailing ingredient in the average man's character, and a remedy based on his dislike to being made an object of ridicule or disgust has one strong element of success.

The creation of the new See of Rockford shows the wondrous progress of the Church in Illinois during the last half century. Fifty years ago there were only two dioceses in the whole State—Chicago and Alton,—and the number of priests was less than ninety. The great Western metropolis had nine Catholic churches, and the whole diocese of Alton contained only fifty-eight. The Catholic population of Illinois at the time did not probably exceed 120,000. And now! The Polish-Americans alone are so numerous as to warrant their having a bishop of their own. In 1858, Peoria and Belleville, at present the seats of flourishing dioceses, had only one church each!

The new diocese of Rockford is blessed from the start with a Bishop who has already given ample proof of tireless energy and indefatigable zeal. Under his fostering care it is sure to make giant strides. No sacrifice for the cause of religion, we are sure, will seem too great

to pastors and flocks with a leader and exemplar like Bishop Muldoon.

Few, if any, other churches in the land can claim a distinction that belongs to the church of the Immaculate Conception, Buffalo, N. Y.,—that of having, as habitual attendant at daily Mass, a venerable parishioner who is just rounding out that full century to which, according to Sir James Chrichton-Browne, every man is entitled. "Parishioners attending daily Mass at the church are wont," says a writer in the *Catholic Union and Times*, "to watch for a quaint old gentleman in high silk hat, black suit, and handsome black broadcloth cape with huge buckle, who never fails to appear morning after morning. If John Haas lives until the first of next year, he will have rounded out the great cycle of one hundred years; and, judging by his present good health, slightly impaired faculties, and keen interest in life and those around him, the fine old gentleman will surely outwit Father Time."

We trust that Mr. Haas may be spared well on into his second century, with sufficient health and strength to continue affording his neighbors an instructive object-lesson in the performance of an incomparable act of piety—that of attending daily the August Sacrifice of the Altar.

A notable tribute to Catholic missions and Catholic missionaries, by an outsider, is being quoted by our home and foreign exchanges. It was paid by Sir Robert Hart, the veteran Inspector-General of Chinese Customs and Ports; the occasion being a recent Wesleyan missionary exhibition in Leeds. Sir Robert said:

Although many of you may not agree with me, I can not omit, on an occasion such as this, to refer to the work done by the Catholic missionaries, among whom are to be found the most devoted and self-sacrificing of Christ's followers. The Catholic missions have done great work in spreading the knowledge of our God and our

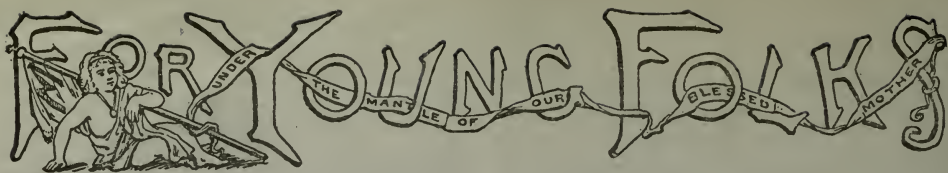
Saviour, and more especially in their self-sacrifice in the cause of deserted children and afflicted adults. Their organization as a society is far ahead of any other, and they are second to none in zeal and self-sacrifice personally. One strong point in their arrangement is in the fact that there is never a break in continuity, while there is perfect union in teaching and practice, and practical sympathy with their people in both the life of this world and the preparation for eternity. The Catholics were the first in the field, they are the most widely spread, and they have the largest number of followers.

Having lived in China for more than half a century, Sir Robert Hart may be said to know whereof he speaks. Both the source and the occasion of the tribute render it especially noteworthy.

One reads so much about the literary merits and demerits of Mr. Gilbert K. Chesterton, his "quips and cranks and wanton wiles," that it is somewhat refreshing to meet with this bit of cordial appreciation which Papyrus contributes to the *London Catholic Times*. It is the conclusion of an extended notice of Mr. Chesterton's latest book, "Orthodoxy":

Withal, Mr. Chesterton has a kind word for Ireland, whom he loves and befriends devotedly. Men call the Irish visionary and priest-ridden, do they? "It is constantly said of the Irish that they are impractical. But if we refrain for a moment from looking at what is *said* about them and look at what is *done* about them, we shall see that the Irish are not only practical, but quite painfully successful. The poverty of their country, the minority of their members, are simply the conditions under which they were asked to work; but no other group in the British Empire has done so much with such conditions. The Nationalists were the only minority that ever succeeded in twisting the whole British Parliament sharply out of its path. The Irish peasants are the only poor men in these islands who have forced their masters to disgorge. These people, whom we call priest-ridden, are the only Britons who will not be squire-ridden." God bless you, sir! Your heart is in the right place. And now your head is there too.

To which Mr. Chesterton might congruously reply: "Approbation from Sir Hubert Stanley is praise indeed."



A Swedish Christmas Eve.

BY HENDERSON DAINGERFIELD NORMAN.

MOTHER, make a little cake
Of finest meal and oil;
The dear Christ-Child, He comes to-night,
Forspent with loving toil.
And, Mother, let a candle burn
Upon the window seat,
That it may guide with mellow light
The little loving feet.
Then with His cake beside the door,
His taper burning clear,
The Child will know we love Him well
And bid Him welcome here.
Will He accept the childish things—
The taper and the bread?
*By love's small gifts the Holy Child
Is cheered and warmed and fed.*

A Gift to the Christ-Child.*

BY LOUIS FRECHETTE.

FEW years ago, some peculiar circumstances had led to Nicolet—a pleasant little town situated on the banks of the Nicolet river—a family of five persons, neither rich nor poor, of neither humble nor brilliant condition, but in whose home the Angel of Happiness had always had his corner at the hearth and his place at the table.

At the time of my story, the youngest of the three children—a delicate fair-haired little maiden, with dark eyes—was just four years old; but her pretty face and her winning ways had already made her friends with the whole neighborhood.

Her name of Louise—which she pronounced “Ouisse”—was familiar to everyone, from old Boivert’s Ferry to the Bishop’s palace.

When she leaned over the railing of the balcony, or when, light as a lark, she wandered in the alleys of the garden, her little head emerging here and there among the rosebushes and honeysuckles, the priests who passed by on their way to the Bishop’s, the students who turned the corner of the college avenue, the gentlemen and the ladies who followed the sidewalk of the main street, never failed to say:

“*Bonjour, Louise!*” (Good-day, Louise!)

To which a fresh and laughing baby voice invariably answered:

“*Bonzour!*”

The carters and the lumbermen who returned from the sawmills after their work, smiled to her with a pleasant word:

“*Bonsoir, Mamzelle Louise!*” (Good-evening, Louise!)

And the little one answered in her clear, ringing voice, like a bird’s call:

“*Bonsoir, Monsieur!*”

In short, Louise was a general favorite. Did she love any one in return? Did she love any one! Why, she loved everybody. Oh, yes! But, after her father, mother, brother and sister, the Bishop and priests, the one she loved the best was her dog, Corbeau. For Mademoiselle Louise had a dog, a fine French *griffon*, very queer in his heavy fleece, which completely covered his eyes,—a good doggy, who had been named Corbeau on account of his being a jet black. And, on his part, the dog had taken a great fancy to the child, and rarely left her side.

As the winter feasts drew near, her papa had gone to Montreal for a short trip. He returned home at a late hour on the very day before Christmas, with

* Adapted for THE AVE MARIA.

a small but rather heavy trunk. He could not open it, having, to the great disappointment of the little ones, unfortunately mislaid the key. Of the contents of the mysterious trunk, he had no recollection. At all events, it could not be Christmas presents, as, for one reason or another, all the stores of Montreal were closed at night. And, what was even more annoying, he had been short of money. Under such conditions, how could he have purchased anything at all? It was very disappointing indeed; but everyone knows that on Christmas Eve Santa Claus makes his round with his basket full of presents for good children.

"Well, now, my honeys," said the father, "put your shoes in the fireplace, hang up your stockings at the foot of your beds, say your prayers, and—quick, under the blankets! To-morrow morning we shall see what the little ones' Friend will have brought to you. If you sleep well, you may be sure that the Christ-Child won't forget you."

The boy smiled with a certain air of incredulity; the elder sister remained somewhat pensive; but Louise began to dance, clapping her hands, uttering bursts of laughter and loud, ringing cries of joy. Suddenly she stopped, and had a moment of serious thought. Then, lifting up her inquisitive eyes, she said to her father:

"Will Santa Claus also bring something to the Infant Jesus in the church?"

"No, my child."

"Why not?"

"Because the Infant Jesus needs nothing: all things belong to Him."

"Yes, papa, He needs something; He is poor. Ouisé saw Him to-day. He has no clothes; He must feel cold, cold."

And the little one, almost moved to tears, put her finger to her trembling lips, her breast quivering like that of a bird seized by a feather of its wing. But childish emotions pass quickly; the good-night parting and the preparation for rest made a happy diversion.

Three good, sounding kisses to papa,

three tender hugs to mamma, and ten minutes later three pairs of shoes lay on the stones of the hearth, and three gentle heads, fair and dark, sank into three white pillows, in the shadow of the curtains caressed by the trembling glimmers of the night lamp.

As one may guess, the key of the trunk was found, and presents of all kinds soon crammed the shoes in the fireplace. A big doll, gorgeously dressed, was laid across those of Louise; the little stockings hanging at the foot of the beds were filled up with candies and pretty gifts by the discreet hand of mamma; and when, before retiring, papa threw a loving glance through the half-opened door behind which rested his treasures, he fancied he could see a swarm of those winged spirits called dreams fluttering around the brow of his darling pet, murmuring to her ears some of the divine secrets which, that night especially, the angels of heaven exchange among themselves in the enchantments of their eternal felicity.

And while the servants passed the threshold on tiptoe to attend the Midnight Mass, the father and mother, detained at home by parental duty, went to sleep, lulled by the solemn chimes of the bells chanting their aerial hymns through the night.

At the first gleaming of the day, both were wakened up by joyful exclamations. An uproar of trumpets, of drums and fiddles, broken by silvery voices, came up from the lower story. In about two minutes the house was all astir, gathered in one group.

"But where is the other one?" asked the father, kissing the two eldest children. "Is not Louise up yet?"

"She is," said the mother. "Her bed is empty."

"Where is she, then?"

"Don't know," answered the little ones.

"Louise! Louise!"

Rather puzzled, all began a search.

"Where is the dog?" asked the father, anxiously. "Corbeau! Corbeau! Corbeau!"

No answer,—not even a growl.

The poor father gave a cry of alarm:

"The dog is not here! The child is gone! Good Heavens, where is she?"

And, almost frantic, he rushed out bareheaded, without even noticing that the door bolt was drawn.

A thin coat of snow had fallen during the night; footprints were visible crossing the front garden and leading toward the cathedral. One could easily detect the tracks of two little feet, together with that kind of rosette which the foot of a dog imprints.

This somewhat reassured the anxious father, who continued his chase in the direction indicated by the traces. He had not gone a hundred paces when he stood face to face with the Bishop, an old collegé companion, who came to him, holding by the right hand the little maiden, whose left hand disappeared among the long and shaggy hairs of Corbeau.

"I bring back to you a little angel," said the Bishop.

The father was soon acquainted with what had happened. It was still dark; and the lamps, lighted since five o'clock at the Bishop's palace, had not yet yielded before the morning dawn, when the door-bell was heard.

It was old Thérèse, the Bishop's house-keeper, who answered the call.

"*Bonjour!*" said a little voice.

Thérèse drew near. It was Louise with her dog, and a little parcel which she held with outstretched arms.

"Why, is it you, little one?" cried the old woman. "What in the world are you about at such an hour?"

"Want to see Monsieur Monseigneur" (Mr. Bishop).

"You want to see Monseigneur? Come in first and warm yourself. Did any one ever see the like?"

"What is it?" asked a kind, gentle voice, well known to the little girl; and the good Bishop appeared in the opening of the antechamber. "What is it?"

"It's me—Ouisse."

"Louise! So it is. Who is with you?"

"Corbeau."

"Does your father know?"

"Is asleep."

"And what are you here for?"

"Ouisse brings a dress for the Infant Jesus."

"You bring a dress for the Infant Jesus?"

"Yes. Ouisse saw Him yesterday; has no dress; feels cold, cold."

"But where did you get that dress?"

And Louise told, in her baby language, with hesitation and stammering efforts at the long words, how she had put her shoes in the fireplace before going to bed; how Santa Claus had come during the night and brought her a big doll with a nice new dress; and how she had taken off the doll's dress to bring it to the poor little Jesus.

The Bishop looked on and listened.

"But now your doll is going to be cold too," said he.

"Oh, no! She's wrapped up in Ouisse's shawl."

"Well, then, come away," said the good prelate, stealthily passing the end of his finger in the corner of his eye. "I shall take you back to your papa; you will dress up your doll again; and, as to the Infant Jesus, don't be anxious about Him. I shall have the manger warmed so that He will be quite comfortable."

"Sure?"

"Sure! I shall attend to it myself. And, besides, I promise you the nicest picture of the Infant Jesus you ever saw."

Santa Claus on Sea.

The children of Honolulu never connect Santa Claus with a sleigh and reindeer, but believe he came in a great white ship from the far North. The picture of his arrival is presented in this manner. Many a little tot in Hawaii has endeavored to remain awake, and begged to be taken to the shore in the night to see Santa Claus in his ice-covered vessel laden with green trees and beautiful presents.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—"Butternut's Punishment," an operetta in one act for boys, written by Clara J. Denton, and set to music by S. T. Paul (J. Fischer & Bro.), should be welcome to teachers who are looking for something new in the way of entertainment which is bright and effective and at the same time refined. This operetta is arranged for a Christmas festival, or may be used at any time of the year.

—The Christian Brothers of St. Michael's College, Sante Fé, New Mexico, have issued a set of pictorial post-cards as a guide to the oldest church and the oldest house in New Mexico. Among the illustrations are the church of San Miguel, a reproduction of an *Annunciation* by Cimabue, and a bell which was cast and hammered in Spain in 1366, and brought to Sante Fé over a century and a half ago. The set includes eight cards, with an explanatory leaflet.

—The death a few days ago, at the age of eighty-six, of Donald G. Mitchell was probably less interesting tidings to the average American than would have been, a half-century ago, the news that "Ik Marvel" was no more. Under this pen-name, Mr. Mitchell published in 1850 the "*Reveries of a Bachelor*," and immediately won an enviable reputation, which "*Dream Life*," appearing the following year, did not lessen. Although the late author wrote many other books, these two are beyond question his most notable contributions to American literature.

—From Mr. Joseph F. Wagner comes a substantial volume of more than four hundred pages—"The Sunday School Teacher's Explanation of the Baltimore Catechism," by the Rev. A. Urban. The well-known work by the same author, "*Teacher's Handbook to the Catechism*," would be more precisely called "*Teacher's Handbooks*," etc., since the work consists of three volumes. The present book is a compendium of these volumes, and has been compiled in response to numerous requests. From a casual examination of its contents, we are inclined to believe that it will meet with very general favor.

—The lectures delivered before the University of Copenhagen a few months ago by Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia University, have been published in a well-printed and neatly bound volume of one hundred pages, by the Macmillan Company, under the title "*The American as He Is*." Dr. Butler discusses the

American "as a political type," "apart from his government," and in connection with the intellectual life. The book makes interesting and suggestive reading for Americans themselves, as well as their neighbors on either side of the Atlantic.

—From the Angelus Co., Norwood, London, we have received "*The Catholic Diary for 1909*." It is an excellently arranged handbook, well printed and bound, and of convenient size. Besides containing the usual features common to such publications, this diary gives a fund of information of peculiar interest to the Catholics of the British Empire; and its series of daily thoughts and sayings is notably good.

—"Lucius Flavius" is a drama in five acts, adapted from Father Spillmann's story, by the Rev. P. Kaenders, and published by B. Herder. While the cast of characters comprises twenty-eight personages, we are told in a footnote that the number "may be reduced by easy doubles." As one-fourth the number are female characters, the play will hardly suit those college stages on which only male personages are permitted to appear. To those who are not familiar with the original story, it may be well to state that the scenes are laid in Jerusalem, Bethania, Cæsarea, and Masada, and that the time is that of the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus Flavius.

—Readers who found pleasure in that exquisite short story, by Christian Reid, "*The Coin of Sacrifice*," when it appeared in THE AVE MARIA, will be glad to know that it is now to be had in neat and attractive book form. A special holiday edition, artistic in every detail, will carry far and wide, we hope, the beautiful lesson of a mother's love, a mother's sacrifice; or, rather, the sacrifice two noble women were ready to make because of their strong and their perfect love. The philosophy of the story is contained in these words:

Do you want some great favor from God? Buy it with the coin of sacrifice. Do you wish to avert a great evil? Pay with the coin of sacrifice. Do you desire to win blessings and graces, or do you long to avert evil from a beloved head? The answer is ever the same: pay in the coin of sacrifice, stamped with the royal insignia of the Cross.

—A second edition of "*The Young Converts*," by the Rt. Rev. L. De Goesbriand, shows that there is always interest in soul-histories that are genuine. In these simple memoirs of three sisters, there is nothing of the extraordinary in the way of human events; but there is much of the supernatural in the unhesitating corre-

spondence with divine grace, and the noble influence exercised by sweet, unaffected sanctity. The converts reflected in their lives the directness and firmness of their parents; and there is something heroic in their acceptance of whatever God willed,—a heroism especially touching when death threw its shadow over these fair young followers of Christ. The book is published by the Christian Press Association Publishing Co.

—"The Catholic Church and Science" is a cloth-bound collection of eleven pamphlets published by the London Catholic Truth Society. While the variation in the size of the type employed, and the lack of consecutive paging, leave something to be desired by the critically inclined bibliophile, no one will deny that the volume contains a most excellent forty-cents' worth of opportune reading. Four of the eleven papers are the work of Father John Gerard, S.J.,—Agnosticism, Modern Science and Ancient Faith, Science and Its Counterfeit, and Some Scientific Inexactitudes. The Rev. P. M. Northcote contributes: Reason and Instinct, The Powers and Origin of the Soul, and The Use of Reason. Two other papers—Scientific Facts and Scientific Hypotheses, and Some Debts which Science Owes to Catholics—are from the trenchant pen of Dr. Bertram C. A. Windle; and Pantheism, by William Matthews, and The Decline of Darwinism, by Walter Sweetman, complete the collection.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' price generally includes postage.

- "The Coin of Sacrifice." Christian Reid. 15 cts.
- "The Young Converts." Rt. Rev. L. De Goesbriand. 85 cts.
- "The Sunday School Teacher's Explanation of the Baltimore Catechism." Rev. A. Urban. \$1.
- "The Catholic Church and Science." \$1.
- "The Story of St. Francis of Assisi." M. Alice Heins. 75 cts., net.
- "The Veneration of St. Agnes, V. M." Rev. T. Shearman, C. SS. R. 45 cts., net.
- "A Maiden Up-to-Date." Genevieve Irons. \$1.60.

- "Ideals of Charity." Virginia M. Crawford. 75 cts.
- "Gabriel Garcia Moreno." Hon. Mrs. Maxwell Scott. 86 cts.
- "Helladian Vistas." Don Daniel Quinn, Ph. D. \$1.65.
- "Auriel Selwode." Emily Bowles. \$1.60.
- "The Missions and Missionaries of California." Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O. F. M. Vol. I. Lower California. \$2.75.
- "Of the Imitation of Christ." Thomas à Kempis. Translated and Annotated by Father Thaddeus, O. F. M. \$2.
- "The Shadow of Eversleigh." Jane Lansdowne. \$1.25.
- "The Letters of Jennie Allen." Grace Donworth. \$1.50.
- "The Lord's Prayer and the Hail Mary." Stephen Beissel, S. J. 90 cts., net.
- "A Manual of Bible History." Vol. II. Charles Hart, B. A. 75 cts.
- "A History of the Holy Eucharist in Great Britain." Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C. SS. R. Edited by the Rev. H. Thurston, S. J. \$7.
- "Sermon Composition." Rev. George Hitchcock, S. J. 75 cts., net.
- "The See of Peter and the Voice of Authority." Rev. Thomas Dolan. 60 cts.
- "Lourdes: A History of Its Apparitions and Cures." Georges Bertrin. \$2, net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Henry Prat, of the archdiocese of New York; Rev. Emile Chapolard, diocese of San Antonio; Rev. Francis Wilson, archdiocese of Boston; and Rev. George Nyssen, archdiocese of Baltimore.

Sister Mary Inez, of the Sisters of Charity, I. W.; and Sister M. Isabel, Community of St. Joseph.

Mr. Amos Bosquet, Mrs. Thomas Wheeler, Mr. Michael Carroll, Mr. James Murdock, Mrs. Mary Fagan, Mr. Joseph Schill, Mr. James O'Neill, Mr. Henry Wagner, Mrs. Hanora Ryan, Mr. George Turner, Mrs. Elinor Collins, Mr. Denis Parrington, Mrs. Margaret Kelley, Mr. Joseph Stoeckel, Mrs. Bridget Hurley, Mr. Anthony Hoffman, Mr. Joseph Doetsch, Mr. James Callaghan, Mr. Patrick Callaghan, Mr. Mathias Bregenzer, Mrs. Margaret Bregenzer, Elizabeth and Susan Bregenzer, Mrs. Anna McFadden, Mr. John Willis, and Miss Julia Chasse.

Requiescant in pace!





BX 801 .A84 SMC

Ave Maria.

AIP-2242 (awab)

Does Not Circulate

